

# Glimpse 2013

*Like the cocoon, under the sun,  
We lay in this world, tiny infinitesimal.  
Fringed in the silent rosy spirit,  
Slowly strengthening to get beyond the restrict.  
Promptly learnt to crawl and to love,  
The green calm below and blue quietness above.  
And one fine day, the dreams came true,  
When we mounted wings, fresh and new.  
Set free in the colourful gardens to fly,  
To adorn the the world like a dazzling butterfly.*

**GOVERNMENT MEDICAL COLLEGE & HOSPITAL  
SECTOR 32, CHANDIGARH**

# Heaven's Grocery Store

As I was walking down life's highway,  
Many many years ago  
I came across saw a sign that read,  
"HEAVEN'S GROCERY STORE"

As I got a little closer  
The door swung open wide  
And when I came to myself  
I was standing inside.

I saw a host of ANGELS.  
They were standing everywhere.  
One handed me a basket and said,  
"My Child shop with care".

Everything a Human needed  
Was in that grocery store.  
And what you couldn't carry,  
You could come back for more.

First, I got some PATIENCE:  
LOVE was in the same row.  
Further down was UNDERSTANDING:  
You need that everywhere you go.

I stopped to get some STRENGTH and COURAGE  
To help me run this race.  
By then my basket was getting full,  
But I remembered I needed some GRACE.

I didn't forget SALVATION,  
As it was free,  
So I tried to get enough of that  
To save both You and Me.

Then I started up to the counter  
To pay my grocery bill,  
For I thought I had everything  
To do the MASTER'S Will.

As I went up the aisle, I saw PRAYER:  
And put that in,  
For I knew when I stepped outside,  
I would run into Sin.

Then I said to the angel,  
"Now, how much do I owe?"  
He smiled and said,  
"Just take them everywhere you go".

Again, I smiled and said,  
"How much do I really owe?"  
He smiled again and said,  
"MY CHILD, GOD PAID YOUR BILL  
A LONG, LONG TIME AGO".

- Kristen M Saccardi



MNEMONICS are wonderful aids to bluffers.

They vary,

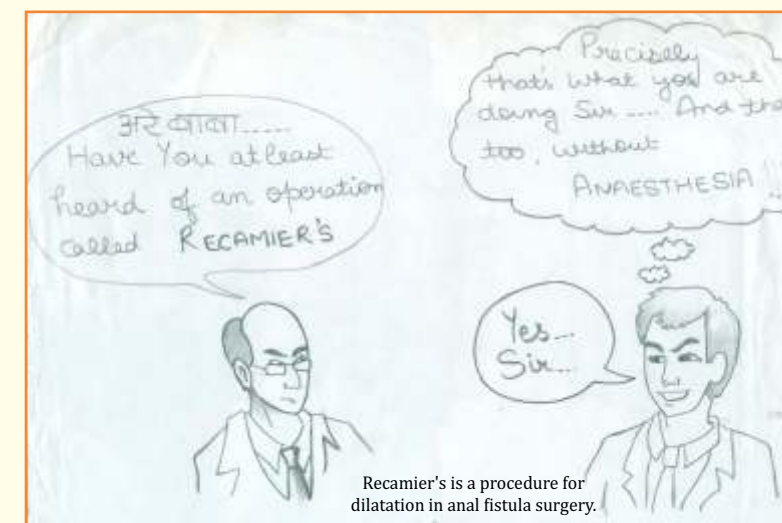
From certain universal ones, -  
to some, which are strictly confined to  
the premises of the boys hostel.

They are usually written like this -

XXX XXXX XX,

Or XX XXX XXXX XXX

Sometimes, the examiners may be  
In a mood to fun you around



Have  
your  
'Basics'  
clear.

**Learn to Bluff.**

**It is a good practice.**

**You can score with it, ... especially in the 'vivas'.**

(Idea courtesy - Tanvi Khera, cartoons courtesy - Deepam Vashist)

# Metamorphosis



Time changes people. They metamorphose from either the good to the bad or from the bad to the good. But is it just time alone bringing the change? I guess not. With time come experiences and situations, one faces them; moves on, becoming a new person.

For someone that change comes through facing something as hard as death and for some others it is being loved or shown care for. These little experiences give birth to something new; something that wasn't there before, something that might have never been, had they not experienced what they did.

We enter the portals of GMCH as naive, apprehensive and impatient beings. Here we begin to explore newer dimensions, enrich our minds and souls and ultimately metamorphose to exhibit our newly acquired flying colours. With these hues we aspire to brighten the lives of those less privileged than us and strive to serve the humanity to the best of our abilities.

*Change is beautiful...*

*Change is progress...*

*Change is a sign of Life...*

*Designed by :*  
**Aakanksha Sharma**  
2k10



**Shivraj V. Patil**  
*Governor of Punjab*  
*and*  
*Administrator*  
*Union Territory, Chandigarh*



RAJ BHAVAN  
CHANDIGARH



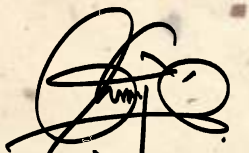
## *Message*

*I am glad to learn that students of Government Medical College and Hospital, Sector 32, Chandigarh are going to bring out their annual literary journal "Glimpse".*

*To meet the rather exciting academic demands of the medical profession, doctors in the making, have to endure tough regimen of classes, exams and hospital duty which is often stressful.*

*I also appreciate the extra hours put in by the editorial team and the contributors to bring out this year's edition.*

*I extend my best wishes on this occasion.*



(Shivraj V. Patil)



**Sh. Anil Kumar, IAS**



Home Secretary  
Chandigarh administration  
Chandigarh



## *Message*

*It gives me immense pleasure to acknowledge that the students of Government Medical College & Hospital are bringing out the annual edition of the literary journal titled "Glimpse."*

*It is good to know that students of medicine are devoting time even for literary pursuits and exploring life beyond the classroom. Creative activities like writing would help the students express their feelings, emotions and aspirations and in the process become more balanced in their outlook.*

*The journal 'Glimpse' is not only a platform for students to express themselves but also an excellent tool that will help motivate youngsters who intend to take up the study of medicine in future.*

*I greatly appreciate the efforts of the teachers and students who are a part of the editorial group of "Glimpse" and wish them all success.*

**(Anil Kumar)**



**Professor A.K. Grover**  
Vice-Chancellor



**PANJAB UNIVERSITY**  
Chandigarh, India 160 014  
No. 589 VC/DS

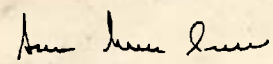


## *Message*

*I am very happy to know that the students of the Government Medical College & Hospital are bringing out their annual literary journal 'Glimpse 2013'.*

*In addition to the numerous achievements of the College, this would be yet another milestone into their extra-curricular and literary activities. I congratulate all who are involved in this publication. I believe the publication would be very informative and resourceful to the students who are pursuing their medical studies. I appreciate the faculty for their commitment to value-based quality teaching.*

*On this occasion, I send my blessings and best wishes to the budding doctors for their bright future in the medical field.*

  
**(Arun K. Grover)**



**PROF. ATUL SACHDEV**

MD, DM (Gastroenterology) MNAMS, FIMSA, FIACM  
Director-Principal  
Government Medical College & Hospital,  
Sector 32, Chandigarh-160 030



**CHANDIGARH ADMINISTRATION**

Room No. 210, Level II, Block-D



*Message*

*I am very happy writing this message for the college magazine - **GLIMPSE**.*

***GLIMPSE** means a peek, a look or a glean into situations and in the context of Government Medical College also, it is no different. This magazine provides a peek into the hidden talents of the medicos and the important happenings at GMCH in the previous year.*

*The name **GLIMPSE**, chosen after a lot of deliberation is very appropriate and showcases the literary creativity of the college students and the faculty. It is very heartening to see the improvement in the standards of the **GLIMPSE** with every passing year. The contents and the articles are always original and make for enjoyable reading.*

*The editorial team under the leadership of Prof. S. Mitra has again done a wonderful job and need to be complimented.*

*Hope you enjoy sifting through this "**GLIMPSE**".*

*Atul Sachdev*

**(Atul Sachdev)**



# Editorial Board



**Prof. Atul Sachdev**  
(Patron)



**Prof. Sukanya Mitra**  
(Editor-in-Chief)

## English Section



**Dr. Robin Kaushik**



**Dr. Anshu Palta**



**Dr. Anshu Sharma**



**Dr. Parul Ichhpujani**



**Dr. Deepak Aggarwal**

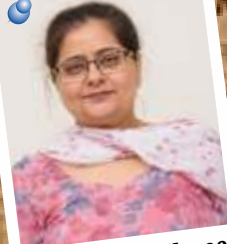
## Hindi Section



**Dr. Seema Gupta**



**Dr. Kamal Kumar Singhal**



**Prof. Kanchan Kapoor**



**Dr. Manjit Talwar**

## Punjabi Section





## FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.....

*This is my second year as the Editor of our magazine "The Glimpse". The first year was one of trepidation, anxious moments, keeping fingers crossed.....would the magazine come out well? Would it be appreciated by all? Could we keep the time? And so on and so forth. Then it was published, in time (well, just in time!), and was well received and appreciated by most (well, most!). We all at the Editorial Board heaved a big sigh of relief. We also felt very confident that the second year was going to be easy and smooth, now that we had weathered the storm. The second editorial would be a breeze!*

*Now that second year is there, and I am writing my Second Editorial. No, our predictions have not come true. We are again filled with trepidations and anxious moments, and we are again keeping our fingers crossed. We are again hoping - and at the time of this writing it appears but natural to hope - that the magazine will come out in time and come out well.*

*GLIMPSE is more than simply a motley collection of stray articles conjured up from the smoke by perplexed, fatigued would-be-medicos. GLIMPSE is actually a reflection - a glimpse - of the indomitable spirit of these budding doctors. GLIMPSE catches the glimpse of their creativity, their longing for expression, their soaring spirit. It is important to reflect this properly in the short span of the magazine and that is what we the editorial board strive today.*

*The cover of the magazine portrays the theme of "Metamorphosis". The little boy/girl who once walked into the premises of GMCH, anxious and helpless like a larva, undergoes teaching and training through a grueling schedule to metamorphose into confident doctor. A medico faces myriad hues of existence, different flavours of life and emerges strong adept to face various rapacities that life often puts forth. Just like a beautiful butterfly that comes out of its cocoon to face this new world with its good and bad. The metamorphosis is arduous and daunting and yet this cycle continues!*

*Glimpse 2013 is the kaleidoscope of yet another eventful year. It is the beacon of hope and creativity of the students and teachers alike. The making and editing of the "Glimpse" has been a long journey, a multilayered responsibility and we all enjoyed the editorial work of the magazine. This year's magazine contains a rich mix of items to cater to the varied needs and tastes of the readership while all the time trying not to lose sight of the right perspective. Many hands have gone into what you hold today and let the pages of Glimpse 2013 continue the tale.*

**Prof. Sukanya Mitra**  
Editor-in-Chief

On behalf of the Editorial Board



## FROM THE STUDENT EDITOR'S DESK

*A sense of accomplishment and happiness prevails over us as we make the final amendments in this year's college magazine. We believed that all the anticipation and heebie-jeebies would subside once we were through with the compilation of Glimpse 2013. But here we stand at the threshold of its release only to realize that anxiety has peaked up to the never before levels, for it's the readers' reviews that determine the worth of our efforts. In the words of Hannah Stephenson:*

*The florist reads faces, reaches out to the customers,  
Turns their thoughts into rose petals.  
She selects a cut bloom, a bit of leaf,  
Of colours so bright, sizes just right.  
Lays stem alongside of stem, as if building a divine string.  
She binds them and says, here, these do not grow together,  
But in this new arrangement is a language,  
The things you could not say with your ordinary voice.*

*Such a bouquet is Glimpse 2013 in which we as florists present to you the myriad shades of life hoping its fragrance lingers on in your minds for a long time. Undoubtedly, this herculean task would not have been possible without the guidance of our esteemed Editorial Board and overwhelming contributions from students, staff and faculty alike.*

*This year's theme 'Metamorphosis' depicts the enriching and life altering journey of a Medical Student from his initial years as a naive and a careless individual to a well-informed and astute professional. His diverse attributes are like the vibrant colours of a butterfly's wings, spreading bliss and alleviating distress. Viewing from a broader perspective this applies to one and all, as each one of us is at a different stage of this beautiful and inevitable phenomenon. We hope that our readers relate to it and experience the exquisiteness of what we have tried to convey.*

*In this edition of Glimpse we have drifted from the conventional linguistic categorization of the content and have instead broken barriers by formulating five interesting sections namely Bloom, Flight, Burst, Senescence and Vivid to suit the inclinations and pursuits of our readers.*

*We would like to thank our Director Principal Prof. Atul Sachdev for providing us with this wonderful opportunity to exhibit our creativity. We also extend our heartfelt gratitude to Prof. Sukanya Mitra and other members of the editorial board for their continuous supervision and reinforcements and for navigating us through the thick and thin. Our special thanks to Mr. Gupteshwar, who generously provided us with innumerable pictures of the annual college events. We are grateful to our friends Tanvi, Tejveer, Sagar, Maninder & Manmohan for their suggestions which added to the wit quotient of the magazine. In the end we would like to thank 'Azad Hind Printers' and our dear Nutan Bhaiya for helping us realize this vision.*

*We deeply regret any omissions or commissions that may hinder your reading experience. We sincerely hope that you revel in while flipping through the pages and enjoy reading it as much as we did while making it. Your reviews are most welcome at [glimpse2013@gmail.com](mailto:glimpse2013@gmail.com). We now urge you to take a plunge into this unique edition of Glimpse and savour its flavours to the utmost. Hope you like it. BONJOUR...*

**Student Editorial Team**  
Glimpse 2013

# Student Editorial Board



## Aakanksha : THE LIVE WIRE OF THE TEAM

From the detailed artistry to the minute stroking, she pulled it off in the best manner. The time she spent with the printers along with others in perfecting the highlights of the pages shows up really well in the magazine.

## Hardeep : THE JACK OF ALL TRAITS

From driving to printers at the ring of a bell to searching, downloading and sending, he was the "Tech Guru", the chaos manager of the team and a real "jugaadi". A designer without whose ideas the magazine would not be as colorful as it is.



## Arshpreet : THE PEACE MAKER

Calm and composed even in the most turbulent waters, she brought innumerable heated arguments to an amicable end. Not to forget her 'ever ready' attitude for any magazine work that we came across.

## Deepam : THE REAL SPARKLE

The ever smiling, happy go lucky person, he did it all from attending meetings, requesting the faculty for articles to editing the Hindi section. He has given his heart and soul for adding the fun quotient to the magazine.



## Urvi : THE WAN (Wide Area Network) OF THE TEAM

The person in contact with the seniors and even those who lived ashore, she did the best use of her networking skills in shaping up the magazine and giving her innovative ideas to make it a memorable one.

## *Dr. T. Lazar Mathew*



*D*r. T. Lazar Mathew, a specialist in Health Technology and Environmental Health, is the Advisor, Medical Sciences, Engineering & Technology, PSG Institute of Advanced Studies, Coimbatore. A truly illustrious and inspiring character, he continues his lifelong soaring for perfection and improvement in health education in India.

Prof. Mathew has a doctorate in Medical Physiology from University of Delhi and has about 45 years of experience in teaching, research and administration. He has nearly 200 publications and nine technical books to his credit, and received 16 awards, including the Scientist of the Year Award of DRDO. Recently he has initiated Indo-Singapore Networking Project on Health systems research called SIGNET.

**Q: Who is the person you admire the most and why?**

A: It is an interesting question. Among the living Indians, Prof. Amartya Sen gets my vote. To me, he is not only a Nobel laureate, but also a great Indian. His honesty and integrity, his philosophy of inclusive growth of our nation, his style of simple living and high thinking, his love for poor and downtrodden, his secular credentials and the practical vision for a developed India with social justice, makes me really proud of him

**Q: What hardships did you have to overcome during your pursuit of your career?**

A: I belong to that generation when our country, especially my home state Kerala was very poor. I am the oldest of six children. My parents were primary school teachers. Even though we had some agricultural land, cultivating rice was a losing proposition in those days. Therefore there was immense struggle to pay the fees for school as well as the college education. By the grace of God, I always stood first in class. Despite this, there was no scholarship available. Hence I took up a job immediately after graduation, and later did my post graduation while working as a lecturer at Kasturba Medical College, Manipal. I could get a fellowship only for my doctorate work. During all these years I had to support my parents. Those initial years were hard.

The opportunities and facilities available to individuals were also severely limited in those days, as compared to the modern era.

**Q: Any incident from your student life that you would like to share?**

A: Yes, there are many, but let me narrate an important incident. During the final year examination the university authorities suddenly preponed one practical and viva voce examination. It was rumored that this arrangement was done to satisfy the need of the external examiner. Almost all my classmates decided to boycott the exam and ask for a postponement, which would delay the examinations by almost a month. Only three of us wanted to complete the exam in time. With many arguments and persuasions, I could convince the whole batch and we completed our final exam, 3 days ahead of the scheduled time and got the

results early. This was an incident of struggle and triumph. This experience helped me later in my life, as a scientist as well as science administrator.

**Q: What advice can you give us on being a doctor, or pursuing our dreams?**

A: We should know that life is not simple; it is for those who are ready to take challenges. As a doctor you should consider yourself as a privileged person. You have ample opportunities to serve humanity. We should strive for happiness and not for pleasure. Real joy comes from service. When a person gets cured and goes home with a pleasant smile of gratitude to you, it brings immense joy. So we should be passionate about our profession, and pursue our goal with a pleasing personality. Success will follow. We should avoid comparisons, as God hath created each individual unique. What job we do is less important than how we do it. So my suggestion is to have an achievable dream, follow it with a vision and pursue it in a mission mode.

Tagore wrote: "I slept and dreamt that life was joy. I awoke and saw that life was service. I acted and behold, service was joy." Many of you may not have noticed it, but this guiding principle of life is placed on one of the entrances to the B-Block of GMCH.

**Q: What do you want to say about the increasing stress levels amongst medical professionals today?**

A: The stress levels are high not only for doctors but for everyone. Road rage, and murders on trivial provocations are related to this. Since a doctor is a part of the society he or she has to face stress. Of course it is definitely more for you as compared to olden days. This is because of the moral and ethical degeneration of social values. However, stress alone cannot make serious problems. In fact some amount of stress (Eustress) is good for achievement. We should not allow stress to become distress, by over reactions. Faith in God, patience, perseverance, daily walks, meditation (yoga) and disciplined way of life can reduce stress. Too much television or computer should be avoided.

**Q: As an Indian citizen what do you expect from young doctors?**

A: India is still a developing nation. More than 25% of its people are below the poverty line. The next 50% are of lower middle class. Any serious illness of a member of the family makes them highly vulnerable. The present system of health care being an industry only adds to their pains. As an Indian citizen, a young doctor should be aware of this fact and should show empathy to his/ her patient and the family members. The doctor should listen to their problem through the heart rather than hearing through the ears. Further, health care is a team work. Doctor may be the captain, but has to be part of the team. One's ego should not disturb the team spirit. Our healthcare efforts should be patient centric as the sick person is the focus of all our efforts.

**Q: Coming to the theme of our magazine, what does the word "metamorphosis" signify to you?**

A: We know the biological meaning of metamorphosis. In the present context, it is the process of transition from a budding medico to a confident doctor. I remember the story of the man who watched the struggle of a butterfly to come out of its pupa. He felt bad. So he tried to open the pupa very carefully and waited for the butterfly to emerge. The struggle ceased, but no butterfly came out. In short, it is essential for the butterfly to struggle and come out, otherwise it dies. This is true for a budding medico also. He or she has to struggle to become an excellent clinician or academician. There is no short cut for learning.

**Q: Any message you would like to give to the budding doctors reading this magazine?**

A: My dear young friends, the world today is much better scientifically and technologically for a doctor to perform. Any young doctor equipped with sound knowledge, good behavior, sufficient communication skills and personal discipline can do wonders in the profession. So try to make use of this opportunity with sincere hard work and passion for your profession. Awards and rewards will follow in its time.

*Courtesy : Prof. Sukanya Mitra  
(Dept. of Anaesthesia & Intensive Care)*

Any young doctor equipped with sound knowledge, good behavior, sufficient communication skills and personal discipline can do wonders in the profession.

Travelling through a road full of co-incidences, Dr. K. Bhujang Shetty reached where destiny wanted him to be - an Ophthalmologist, a family man and most importantly philanthropist. Someone with a very decent background, a struggling childhood, no proper schooling, and then moving on to become a top class doctor, takes guts, faith and lot more. Recognizing the need to provide comprehensive eye care to the ever growing number of patients, he established Narayana Nethralaya in 1993 which is amongst the best in the country.



*Dr. K. Bhujang Shetty*

**Q: Who is the one person you admire the most and why?**

A: As a child I admired my grandfather for the love and care he showed towards me.

As a medical student I admired my Medical Professor Dr. K.G. Das as I thought he was an Ideal Doctor, Fantastic teacher and a great Human being.

And now I admire my internal intelligence that works 24 x 7 to keep me hail and healthy.

**Q: What/Who was your source of inspiration to become a doctor?**

A: I am a doctor by chance and an eye surgeon by accident - I see no design anywhere by me.

**Q: Any incident from your medical student life that you would like to share?**

A: I studied in a Government Medical College and that made me aware of the sheer helplessness of the poor and the underprivileged as far as health care is

concerned. It was then I decided that in my future practice the under privileged will be part of it because my skills as a surgeon was honed, thanks to the under privileged.

**Q: Please tell us about your healthcare initiative, and how it is helping a large number of common men and women.**

A: Apart from conducting regular free eye camps for urban & rural poor, our programme for Retinopathy of Prematurity (ROP) has had international recognition. Through mobile units and tele-ophthalmology we cover more than 60% of the states premature infants. This has been recognised as the largest tele-ophthalmology network for ROP in the world. This involves so far 35,000 imaging sessions, 8500 babies screened, 850 laser treatments given and Rs.242 crores of blind man years saved.

**Q: What do you have to say about the pattern of medical education in India? Any specific suggestions for improvement?**

A: We definitely need more doctors and specialists. We should have atleast one medical college for each district. PG seats must be equal to number of graduates passing out every year so that every one gets an opportunity to specialise if they so wish.

**CHASE NOT SUCCESS,  
MONEY OR FAME,  
CHASE EXCELLENCE  
AND EVERYTHING ELSE  
WILL CHASE YOU.**



**Q: Do you think that research should be an important component of undergraduate curriculum?**

A: Yes, research should be an important component of our under graduate teaching as this will help more and more doctors to take up research after they graduate - only then can we make a mark at international level.

**Q: Youngsters today are being allured by USMLE over Indian PG. What do you have to say about this trend?**

A: There is enough and more to learn and do in our own country. Our country needs us and we need to pay back to society for what it has given us.

**Q: What do you want to say about the increasing stress levels amongst medical professionals today?**

A: Stress comes from unnecessary anxiety about the future. If we can live one day at a time, do our best today, there will be no room for stress

**Q: Coming to the theme of our magazine, what does the word "metamorphosis" signify to you?**

A: "Metamorphosis" means change and to me, the change must come from within, every body wants to change the world, but the world will change when individuals change - So be the change you want to be.

**Q: Any message you would like to give to the budding doctors reading this magazine?**

A: Chase not success, money or fame - Chase excellence and everything else will chase you.

*Courtesy : Dr. Parul Ichhpujani  
(Dept. of Ophthalmology)*



## Mrs. Neelam Mansingh Chowdhry

Director of the theatre group 'The COMPANY', a Professor at the Punjab University, Mrs. Neelam Mansingh Chowdhry is a world renowned name in the Theatre Industry. In her career of 28 long years she has directed famous plays like 'Kitchen Katha', 'The Suit', 'Nagamandala' and has touched upon numerous social issues like gender discrimination, brutality against women and caste disparity among others. A recipient of numerous prestigious awards including the Padmashree in 2011, this graceful lady spared time for a candid chat with us over a cup of coffee and a yummy cake. Here is what followed..



“Anybody can lose faith in you but it is very important that you believe in something that holds you on to life. It's very easy to despair in hard times but you have to have a philosophy, a spiritual core, believe that there is someone up there taking care of you.”

**Q: Ma'am, please tell us something about your childhood days, your home town....**

A: My family and I lived in Amritsar and I grew up within the medical college complex as my father was a doctor. I had a very happy and an uncomplicated childhood and there was a great sense of family values. Then we shifted to England for five six years and finally I moved to Chandigarh to attend college.

**Q: We hear that your father was an Ophthalmologist, and so is your brother, then what inspired you to take up theatre direction as a career?**

A: I always thought I would be a doctor like my father (who retired as the Principal of the Medical College Amritsar), because one really honoured that profession. So I did take up pre medical but I realized I had no interest in the sciences, I just didn't know what was happening so 3 months before the exam I switched over to Arts. Even as a child I was very fascinated by the annual functions that were held and always sat right in front. The performances intrigued me. I was always more inclined towards the arts, towards subjects that were abstract, where I could make my own answers. During my college days I happened to see two plays and got a chance to go back stage. That was a whole new world for me. Alkaazi was the Director of The National School of Drama (NSD) and was a charismatic teacher who talked a language which I had never heard before. He was the one who opened my mind and exposed me to a wonderful new world of living. For people, especially who belong to small towns, Art can only be a hobby and not a career. But I had made up my mind so I joined the NSD. I was a bit of an unusual person who came from no artistic background who didn't know that theatre was something that was taught. But my decision was very life altering.

**Q: Being a busy career woman how do you strike a balance between your home and your busy schedule?**

A: I never separated my Art from my life. I have my own studio in the house, so whenever my children came back home their mother was always there for them. There was no balancing act that I had to do since all my workers and actors became family to me.

**Q: Ma'am I heard that you didn't know Punjabi when you started off. Then why did you choose it as your language of work?**

A: I had done a major part of my schooling from England so when we came back I didn't know Punjabi or even Hindi. When I joined the NSD I realized that not knowing my mother tongue was my biggest disadvantage. So when I came back to Punjab, working in Punjabi was a conscious decision. Also I had memories and



imageries from my childhood, from my 'nankaas' and 'dadkaas', it was all stored inside even though I may have rejected it as a stupid conscious choice in lieu of fake values. 'Hun gal karo tussi mere nal Punjabi ch'.

Age to me is only a number. Your body is determined by your attitude.

**Q: Please tell us something about your group 'The COMPANY'.**

A: It stands for Centre Of Music and Performing Arts, Natya Yatris. We are a fusion of the rural nakkals and the urban actors and have been performing together for 28 years now.

**Q: The entertainment industry is inculcating a lot of western culture to attract the audiences. Then what keeps you motivated to direct plays related to rural Punjab?**

A: We are an amalgamation. I work with tools that come from all over the world. 90% of my plays are western plays. I have done Spanish plays, French plays. The world is open to me and I am open to the world. I do work in the Punjabi language but influences come from everywhere.

**Q: Have you ever considered venturing into Punjabi cinema or let's say bollywood?**

A: I would like to but sometimes I feel do I have the energy. It is so easy to collapse. At this age I should be thinking about retirement, relaxing and watching television. But age to me is only a number. Your body is determined by your attitude. And I am very comfortable with the place I am at today.

**Q: Most of your plays depict a social message; some say it's a drama of 'daring and survival'. How do you think the youth can contribute in spreading such awareness?**

A: Theatre is not preachy. It deals with people, their lives, their pain, their struggles, their joy. It's about making people more sensitive to each other, more understanding and open minded to the world.

**Q: What do you say about the social networking sites? Are you yourself an active user?**

A: I just love them and I am totally hooked on to them. But I only like to do networking with people I know. I am very careful. Also my students feel very disheartened if I don't accept their friend requests, so I have to use it all the more frequently. I even used to write weekly blogs for The Times of India.

**Q: What is your take on the rising number of crimes against women?**

A: I think it is awful. But I think it always existed, it is not a new phenomenon. They were buried alive. There were Sati, female infanticide. But now I am glad that the media picks it up. There is social awareness. It will make men more sensitive; women more sensitive about how they bring up their boys. Orientation lessons are important. I use to have role plays in my class to orient boys and girls to such issues.

**Q: Do you think girls today are losing their grace by adapting to western lifestyle and dressing?**

A: I don't think so. I think it is something that every generation feels about the next generation. One should wear what one is comfortable in. Sometimes we know what looks good on us, sometimes we just end up looking funny. But for me what is more significant is how you think, how curious you are, what your approach is. It's not what you eat or wear or drive. These are all just labels.

**Q: Over the years you may have had some good and some bad times. What has kept you going all along?**

A: Doing theatre is not easy. Doing Punjabi theatre is all the more difficult. And there are times when you fall down and then I have a very supportive husband who has always been there for me.

**Q: Would you like to give any message to the budding doctors?**

A: I feel what the doctors are doing is so honourable. But it is very distressing to see some doctors going the commercial way. You don't do unnecessary tests just because it adds revenue to the hospital. I have seen the nobility of this profession and I wish that the coming generations preserve it.

What is more significant is how you think, how curious you are, what your approach is. It's not what you eat or wear or drive. These are all just labels.

# HIGHLIGHTS



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To endings and  
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# *Bloom...*



How does the Meadow flower its  
bloom unfold?  
Because the lovely little flower is  
free down to its root,  
and in that freedom bold.

- William Wordsworth

# DIFFERENT HEIGHTS

## 1. HEIGHT OF POSITIVE THINKING

Remember :-> No matter how bad you are, you are not totally useless.....you can still be used as a "BAD EXAMPLE"!!!

## 2. HEIGHT OF COOLNESS

Two friends, finishing the paper, coming out of the exam hall, having a cold drink and talking.....

1st: "Dude.....which paper was it...?"

2nd: "Must be maths."

1st: "That means, you read the question paper...?"

2nd: "Nahiyaar, side wali calculator use kar rahi thi....."

## 3. HEIGHT OF HUMILIATION

Grammar freak girl to her boyfriend:- "You are as useless as 'ay' in 'okay' "!!!

## 4. HEIGHT OF STUDYING

A policeman saw a boy crying.

Policeman: "What's the matter boy?"

Boy: "'Matter' is anything that occupies space and has mass."

## 5. HEIGHT OF RACISM

A little white kid goes and stands between two black kids and says:-

"Look mommy, I made an OREO."



Compiled by:  
**Twinkle Arya**  
2K13

# प्रेम का सही अर्थ

आज प्रेम केवल ढाई शब्दों में सीमित हो कर रह गया है। परंतु यह वह प्रेम नहीं जो हाथों से दया, नेत्रों से आँसू और होठों से विनम्रता बनकर बहता है। वह सच्चा प्रेम जो ईश्वर को हमारे प्रति है, जो हमारे माता-पिता की चिंता में है; और जो अब हमारे दिलों से बहुत दूर हो गया है।

इस संसार के रचनाकार ने हम सब में उस प्रेम का अंश डाला था, वह प्रेम जो हमें उससे और उसकी रचना से जोड़ता है। आश्चर्य की बात यह है कि हम उसकी रचना में इतने मग्न हो गये कि उस परमेश्वर के प्रेम का भी बोध न रहा। जो हमें हर संकट से बचाता है, सही ओर ले जाता है और हर क्षण हमारे साथ है, वही हमारे प्रेम का पहला अधिकारी है परंतु हमने वह सारा प्रेम संसार को न्यौछावर कर दिया है जो नष्ट हो जाएगा।

चलो संसार को ही ले लेते हैं। थोड़ा विचार करिए, क्या आप सही लोगों को अपने प्रेम का पात्र बना रहे हैं? केवल दो ही प्रकार के लोग हमसे प्रेम पाते हैं—एक वह जो हमारे दिल को अच्छे लगते हैं अर्थात् जिन्हें हम प्रेम करते हैं और दूसरे वो जो हमसे प्रेम करते हैं। यहाँ भी हम वो दूसरे प्रकार के लोगों को भूल ही जाते हैं जो बिना हमसे अपेक्षा किये हमारे लिए मुश्किलों का सामना करते हैं, हमारे सुख की कामना करते हैं और सभी सुविधाएँ देते हैं। हमारे माता-पिता भी इसी श्रेणी में आते हैं। जिनसे हम स्वयं प्रेम करते हैं उनके लिए सारा समय बाँटें और प्रेम न्यौछावर करने को तत्पर रहते हैं पर हमसे प्रेम करने वालों का महत्व हम समझ ही नहीं पाते। ऐसे में अगर हम दूसरों की अपेक्षाएँ नहीं पूरी करते तो हमारा तनिक भी अधिकार नहीं के अपनी अपेक्षाओं की पूर्ती की उम्मीद रखें।

‘जो बोएँगे वही काटेंगे’ अपने स्वार्थ में दूसरों का महत्व भूल जाना मानवता नहीं। अगर ईश्वर ने शरीर दिया है तो मानव तो बनो। विचार करो, और दूसरों की व्यथा को समझने का प्रयास करो।

— जैसमिन  
2k11



# Friends

*"Where your boundaries end, begins the territory of your friends".*

Honestly and truthfully, I have no idea what this word means. Sadly it does not have a standard WHO definition to be quoted precisely. But I am pretty sure we all love to have some good ones.

Friends are the people that add charm to life. Although I agree they are annoying, troubling, and even may get on your nerves, still there is a strange thing about them – THEY DON'T LEAVE YOU ALONE. With friends we do not have experiences – as we do with everyone else – with friends we make memories.

We often complain of betrayals, 'he was with me for money'; 'she ditched me when I needed her'. All of us say such things someday or the other, but the fun is in the fact that true friends always come back to you; and those who don't, weren't true anyways.

They listen to you when you cry your heart out and then say 'Ho gayi nautanki' and then preach like they are the most learned people. After fights too big, they make the world's most stupid excuses to get you talking, 'Oh sorry, galti se call kar diya', 'Tune file bana li', 'Test ka syllabus kya hai' as if you don't know what they are trying. But we tend to ignore that part since we indulge in similar ventures when the fault is ours....

And the most characteristic feature they possess is that they would never miss a single opportunity to humiliate you. They outrageously abuse you, tease you and make you feel responsible for all the wrong happening around, still it never makes you frown or feel troubled; rather this becomes a harbinger of that rare smile only special people can bring to your face.

The bonding with true friends is everlasting and minimally affected by jerks- it's actually more trustworthy than fevicol. It grows stronger with every fight and deeper with everyday and lasting with every second. True friends are the people you don't have to be reminded to take care of.

GMCH is endowed with awesome people possessing the most beautiful hearts but to see these hearts you've got to be their true friends. Only true friends know what you are inside, and for them, you are special even if you are not-so-good for others. I have been blessed with some lovely friends too, who wipe my tears, stand by me, support me and make me feel special. Blessings be on them.

*A relation with always 'NO DUES',*

*Though may have clash of views;*

*Still even the oldest friendships*

*Are as good as new!!!*



**- Manju Bala**  
2k10



# *On Beauty*

*In words of Kahlil Gibran*

*Where shall you seek beauty, and how shall you find her unless she herself be your way and your guide?*

*And how shall you speak of her except she be the weaver of your speech?*

The aggrieved and the injured say, "Beauty is kind and gentle."

Like a young mother half-shy of her own glory she walks among us.

And the passionate say, "Nay, beauty is a thing of might and dread.

Like the tempest she shakes the earth beneath us and the sky above us."

The tired and the weary say, "Beauty is of soft whisperings. She speaks in our spirit.

Her voice yields to our silences like a faint light that quivers in fear of the shadow."

But the restless say, "We have heard her shouting among the mountains,

And with her cries came the sound of hoofs, and the beating of wings and the roaring of lions."

At night the watchmen of the city say, "Beauty shall rise with the dawn from the east."

And at noontide the toilers and the wayfarers say, "We have seen her leaning over the earth from the windows of the sunset."

In winter say the snow-bound, "She shall come with the spring leaping upon the hills."

And in the summer heat the reapers say, "We have seen her dancing with the autumn leaves,

and we saw a drift of snow in her hair."

All these things have you said of beauty,

Yet in truth you spoke not of her but of needs unsatisfied,

And beauty is not a need but an ecstasy.

It is not a mouth thirsting nor an empty hand stretched forth,

But rather a heart enflamed and a soul enchanted.

It is not the image you would see nor the song you would hear,

But rather an image you see though you close your eyes and a song you hear though you shut your ears.

It is not the sap within the furrowed bark, nor a wing attached to a claw,

But rather a garden for ever in bloom and a flock of angels for ever in flight.

People of Orphalese, beauty is life when life unveils her holy face.

But you are life and you are the veil.

Beauty is eternity gazing at itself in a mirror.

But you are eternity and you are the mirror.

**- Dr. Nidhi Singla**  
*Dept. of Microbiology*



## Why should one write?

I've always found writing the best way to calm down the chaos in my head. Whenever I'm not at peace with myself or my surroundings, it makes me go crazy, irritated; and then finally, when I blurt out the crap in my head onto a piece of paper, I feel at ease. **Writing has that magic to it.**

There are these people, who will give you amazed looks, appreciate you just because you wrote random eight lines of poetry. YES THESE PEOPLE EXIST. I wonder sometimes, how it must be, not to be able to express what you feel.

Being the expressive person that I am, and living in the world that is, I have suffered the dangers of speaking my mind off to random people. But most importantly I learnt an important lesson that "Trust" is the most precious thing ever, difficult to gain, more difficult to maintain and extremely easy to make it go down the drain. So I find solace in writing stuff down in my diary.

You never are lonely if you have your diary next to you; it has this invisible soul within it that speaks to you in your hours of despair. It's this one friend who won't judge you, make fun of you, or give you suggestions every time you open up, it just listens and registers. It's always helped me in a way that sometimes, something that looked huge, when jotted down on paper, makes you realize how minuscule it actually is. Even if you miss the difference in you the diary doesn't, one look through the pages reminds you of all that has changed both the good and the bad. It's like a secret keeper you can trust with your life (unlike Peter Pettigrew).

Good times are full of companions, many faces. It's only the bad times where all is dark that one needs courage and faith; and trust me you, a diary can be your biggest support, your pillar of strength. Those funny incidences on your travel, an account

of a person you met just once, those memories of a day you wouldn't want to forget, the memories of something that changed you forever, it stores it all. And somehow, it also encourages a love for writing which I believe is the greatest gift god could bestow on someone.

So write whenever you can, whatever you can, wherever you can. Cause writing widens horizons, broadens perspective and makes life beautiful!

- Urvi Kapoor  
2k10



## असमंजस

कभी अपनी हँसी पर आता है गुस्सा,  
कभी सारे जग को हँसाने को जी चाहता है।  
कभी रोता नहीं मन किसी की मौत पर,  
कभी यूँ ही चीखने-चिल्लाने को जी चाहता है।  
कभी अच्छा लगता है आज़ाद घूमना,  
कभी नए बँधन में बँध जाने को जी चाहता है।  
कभी माँगती हूँ खुशियों भरा जीवन,  
कभी उसको भी मिटाने को जी चाहता है।  
कभी अपने भी लगते हैं बेगाने से,  
कभी बेगानो को अपनाने का जी चाहता है।  
कभी लगता है सब व्यर्थ,  
तो कभी नए सपने बुनने को जी चाहता है।।

- अमनदीप हंस  
2k11



# PHYSICS MEETS PHILOSOPHY - NOETIC SCIENCES

Reading novels has always been one of the most enjoyable leisurely activity for me...and Dan Brown has always been one of my favourite authors. Recently while reading one of his novels the *Lost Symbol* which broaches the theories of "NOETIC SCIENCES". I was forced to "put it down" (something that rarely happens with his novels) as I found it too mythical combining religion and science which I've always believed are "oil and water". But after running it through Google I was confronted with such a vast array of evidence that I was awestruck and forced to question every cornerstone of my belief.

Science is logical and factual and we view it's offerings as truths and natural laws that are unchanging. Its claims are contestable. Religion on the other hand is based on faith or belief and is not inherently testable. An amalgam of the two is the branch of noetic science which explores into the nature and potentials of consciousness using multiple ways of knowing-including intuition, feeling, reason, and the senses. It explores the 'inner cosmos' of the mind (consciousness, soul, spirit) and how it relates to the 'outer cosmos' of the physical world. These scientists suggest that we are participants in a "quantum interconnected cosmos" in which everything affects everything else.

Put in simple words it means that our thoughts actually interact with the physical world, whether or not we knew it, effecting change all the way down to the subatomic realm. Consciousness is a field that extends outside of the body, and that it is not just an epiphenomenon of the brain but may even be independent of material being.

Noetic science attempts to explain what we all have observed time to time but never sought an

explanation for. Like a gut feeling of something about to happen. Thousands of patients visiting and "getting better" after receiving blessings from a holy person. Patients recovering after being given a placebo medicine. A constant thought entertained by the mind coming miraculously true. Prayers bringing effect when everything else had failed.

These scientists have evidence; that intention and belief at least partly "create" our reality or, at the very least, can influence it. That our thoughts generate energy which is capable of changing the physical world.

But this is all not an entirely new concept. Isn't it what our ancient traditions have traditionally espoused: that thought has a tangible power, enabling human beings to be creators of their own world.

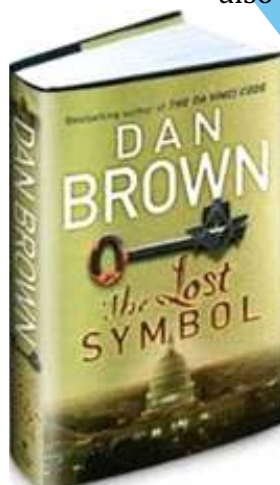
And the big secret of *The Secret* (Rhonda Byrne) is also that we are the masters of our own lives.

That we create our reality with our thoughts. To achieve anything we have to first believe that we can. Drive out all doubts and negative thoughts from the mind and fill it with this positive belief that it will happen. Visualise it happening, and eventually the powerful force of this thought will attract it into your life make it a reality.

Maybe that is the ideology of prayer too that we submit our self to a higher power and have faith. This faith fills us with a positive energy which creates the effect.

Similar seems to me the concept behind faith healing.

Also there are those days when nothing seemed to go right. Books say that it is the result of a negative







thought at the beginning of the day which brought the first bad thing. The rest was a result of the cumulative negativity you pile on top of it after that. In other words the more miserable you are the more misery you attract and the cycle continues.

All this and the innumerable surreal phenomenon we experience where we believe a higher power is at work is what noetic sciences attempt to explain.

When a thought jiggles one strand in the universal web, strands in other, perhaps far removed, parts of the web vibrate in response. A single thought may have an infinitesimally small effect, but we collectively broadcast uncountable numbers of thoughts and intentions every second, forming a global mind and having a cumulative effect that may determine the state of our lives, of our world, and perhaps even of the universe at large.

One thing constant about science is "change" and sometimes that change, may be so startling and unexpected that it is felt to be revolutionary. The evidence noetic scientists are amassing heralds that we are on the cusp of a major revolution not only in our conception of ourselves but of our understanding of how the universe works.

In a sizeable body of research exploring the nature of consciousness, carried on for more than 30 years in prestigious scientific institutions around the world -- Princeton and Stanford Universities, the Universities of Arizona and California, and, in Europe, the Universities of

Freiberg and Edinburgh -- thoughts directed at targets in the laboratory have been shown capable of altering machines, cells and even complex organisms like human beings.

In the end I would like to conclude by saying:

What if these noetic scientists are right-even only partly right? That we all have seemingly extraordinary abilities to influence matter through our focused intentions. That we are not separate from nature but are part of an interconnected global, and even universal, consciousness. We all have untapped capacities. We just need to believe that we can use them, and then when we use them, we must choose to use them wisely. Then our fate truly is in our hands. Just imagine the kind of world we can create when we all begin taking responsibility for our thoughts and intentions, and then join together as a global mind and having a cumulative effect that may determine the state of our lives, of our world, and perhaps even of the universe at large.

If noetic scientists are correct, we can only imagine the glorious possibilities. As Dan Brown writes in *The Lost Symbol*, "Perception is transformed, and a new reality is born"

- Asmita Mahajan  
2k10



# It's a new beginning

I have spent enough time,  
Looking at the past,  
Cherishing memories, learning lessons,  
Healing wounds that have caused me pain.

I may feel my heart skips a beat,  
For there is still much uncertainty,  
But i hold my ground with firm resolve,  
I look ahead instead of looking back.

Everything has suddenly become new,  
Interesting and blessed,  
I see the world through the eyes of a child,  
Colourful, full of magic and wonder.

I am no longer the same,  
And i am not afraid to change some more,  
I am no longer afraid of losing myself,  
As i know who i am and all that i have yet to gain.

I hold something, but ready for everything,  
Because it's a new beginning,  
And i am not afraid to persue,  
What my soul really desires.



- Anam Siddiqui  
2k10

# कॉलेज

कॉलेज में आये थे ये सोचकर,  
दोस्त बनायेंगे हम खोज खोज कर,  
तन्हा-तन्हा दिन कटे,  
जाने कहाँ तुमसे मिले।

दोस्त तो हैं कई,  
पर तुमसा कोई है ही नहीं,  
दिया है तुमने हर वक्त साथ,  
गलती होने पर भी नहीं छोड़ा है हाथ,  
दोस्ती, यारी का मतलब तुमने सिखाया,  
हर पल हमने ही तुम्हे सताया।

हर आदत थी बुरी हमारी,  
फिर भी तुमने हर बात निहारी।  
भूले हम नहीं वो पहली मुलाकात,  
जब तुमने की थी हँसकर पहली बात।  
भूले नहीं हम वो तुम्हारा आना,  
जिस दिन होना था हमें रवाना।

क्या माँगें तुमसे और  
बीता हुआ हर पल बन गया है एक दौर।  
अगर कहीं आवाज़ आई, या हुआ कहीं शोर,  
तो आँखे ढूँढ़ेगी तुम्हें उसी ओर।

बस संक्षिप्त में है तुमसे कहते,  
इसे याद रखे रहना।  
छोटा सा पैगाम है,  
हमारी जिंदगी में आपका भी एक नाम है।

To all of 2k10 .... I read out  
the words of Shelley, with a  
longing that they come true.

"Meeting and parting are the  
ways of life, but parting and  
meeting is the wish of my  
life."

— अमीश  
2k10



# MEDICINE

## *The Noblest Profession Indeed!*

**Medicine – is it really a noble profession?**

A question, that continues to haunt the inner conscience of every medico across the globe. To acquaint you with its hard core nobility, read on.

The medical profession is undoubtedly, a quintessential component of human existence, being one of the vital forces of the society to the extent of being its very backbone. It is a profession that has borne the trials and tribulations of the centuries gone by, and stood well up to the high, in fact, soaring expectations of the common man.

Although the dictionary meaning of the term '**DOCTOR**' may not go beyond a person who treats you or cures you. In real life, the term 'doctor' has a greater stature in the civilization. This has always been evident, may it be the very beginning of exchanging pleasantries at a formal gathering or a routine conversation with the person on the counter of a store, when one casually introduces oneself as a doctor, the person's tone, expression and above all his attitude towards you take a different course altogether. A person who was self obsessed and arrogant a minute before, drives all his attention towards you, making you the prime focus of the '**now mutual conversation**'. The person now picks his words with utmost care and precision, trying not to offend you at any step of the conversation, exuding loads of respect. Such respect, I bet, is not a part of the high end 10 lakh packages that allure people into the so called "**sophisticated corporate world**."

Apart from admiration, there is a highly tenacious thread that binds the doctor and the patient together and that is **belief**. The belief that the patients have in their physicians is commendable. This belief I think reigns supreme over every doubt in the

surgeon's minds and leaves a trace of confidence, that allow him to efficiently juggle between skill and confidence leading to apt results.

My pride on being a "**doctor in making**" rode high when I met people who labeled their doctors as **equivalent to God**. The mere sight of a doctor with a stethoscope and white coat on, instills a divine sense of hope in the people by the side of the ailing patient, a hope that can't be bound by the constraints of the canthi of the eye and trickle down as precious drops of tears that markedly alleviate the status of medicine to an emotional abode, where no other profession can struggle to strive through.

About two-thirds of a life of a doctor is spent on interacting and treating a patient and most importantly counseling them. A single affirmation from the physician and their joy knows no bounds. The blessings, that the patients shower on their treating doctors, to express their gratitude, in my view is an invaluable reward that no other profession can suffice an individual with.

This God sent feel, the pride on being a source of happiness, the smile of content on your patient's face, all in aggregation, I think make the Herculean task of studying medicine seem much more worthy of the relentless efforts that we as medical students put in.

All these virtues contribute immensely to the **unparalleled dignity** of the medical profession. Add to this, a bit of humbleness and politeness on the doctor's side and a noble profession is born.

So, let us all pledge to work to the best of our capabilities and strive to keep up the basic ethics of **nobility** which is the very essence of medical profession..!!!

- Harsimran Bhatia  
2k11



# अहसास

चलने का नाम जीवन है जो हर पल चलता ही रहता है। हर दिन कुछ अच्छा या बुरा, दिल को छू लेने वाला घटना ही रहता है, जिसकी तरफ हमारा ध्यान जाता ही नहीं। जीवन की इस दौड़ में दूसरों के द्वारा हमारे लिए किए गये कार्यों को हम उनका फर्ज समझ कर उनकी भावनाओं की कद्र नहीं कर पाते। ऐसे ही हम अपने माँ-बाप की ज़रूरतों को बड़े सहज से ही ले लेते हैं। ये मुझे तब महसूस हुआ जब मैंने अपने पिता जी के लिए पहली बार हवाई जहाज की टिकट खरीदी। उनके चेहरे का रंग ही कुछ और था, जब उन्हें इस बात का पता चला। उनका ये खिला हुआ चेहरा देख कर मेरा मन भर आया।

कुछ दिन हमारे पास ठहरने के बाद, मेरे पिता जी घर जा रहे थे। और हम उन्हें हवाई अड्डे पर छोड़ने गए थे। असल में, मेरे पिता जी ने इससे पहले कभी हवाई सफर नहीं किया था। मैंने इस यात्रा को यादगार बनाने के लिए उन्हें हवाई जहाज पर भेजने का फैसला किया जबकि वो तो रेलगाड़ी से ही जाना चाहते थे।

उन्हें यह जानकर बहुत हैरानी हुई कि मैंने उनके लिए हवाई जहाज की टिकट बुक करवाई है। यह देखकर वो बहुत उत्साहित हो रहे थे। क्योंकि हर इन्सान जिस चीज के केवल सपने देखता हो और वो सपना हकीकत में पूरा होने जा रहा हो तो उत्साहित होना तो लाज़मी है। एक स्कूल के बच्चे की तरह वो अपना सामान बाँधते, भली भांति जाँचते और हवाई यात्रा के सपने लेने लगते। पिता जी की इस उत्सुकता को देख कर मैंने मन में सोचा कि मेरे लिए यह एक सामान्य सी बात थी पर शायद अनजाने में मैं अपने पिता जी के लिए कुछ कर पाया। मैं भी उनकी खुशी को महसूस करके मन ही मन में खुश था।

हम सब लोग उन्हें हवाई अड्डे पर छोड़ने के लिए गये थे। अपने सूटकेस के लिए ट्राली का लेना, सामान की चैकिंग करवाना, टिकट काउन्टर पर खिड़की वाली सीट के लिए कहना और अन्दर जाने का इन्तजार करना, देखते ही बनता था। इन सब क्षणों का वो बाखूबी आनन्द ले रहे थे। मुझे भी यह देख कर बड़ा अच्छा लग रहा था।

सुरक्षा चैकिंग से पहले वो मेरे पास आए और मेरा धन्यावाद किया। वो अपने खुशी के आँसू छिपा नहीं पा रहे थे। वो इतने भावुक हो गए थे और मन ही मन में कह रहे थे जैसा मैंने उनके लिए कोई बहुत बड़ा काम कर दिया।

जब उन्होंने मेरा धन्यावाद किया, मैंने अनजाने में ही कह दिया कि धन्यावाद की कोई ज़रूरत ही नहीं थी। लेकिन

जब मैं अपने घर के लिए कार में बैठा तो इस सारी घटना को अपनी बीती हुई जिन्दगी से जोड़ कर देखा तो पूरा बचपन आंखों के सामने घूमने लगा। हमारे माँ-बाप ने हमारे लिए कितने सपने संजोये होंगे। आर्थिक तंगी को जाने बगैर हमने उनसे कपड़े, फुटबाल और खिलौने की जिद की। हर मुश्किल में उन्होंने हमारी ख्वाइश को पूरा किया। उन्होंने हमारे लिए क्या क्या नहीं किया। हमने इसके बारे में कभी नहीं सोचा। क्या हमने कभी उनका धन्यावाद किया? जिस तरह से आज हमने बच्चों को अच्छे से अच्छे स्कूल में पढ़ाना चाहते हैं चाहे कितनी भी फीस क्यों न हो। हम कोशिश करते हैं कि हमारे बच्चों के पास बढ़िया से बढ़िया कपड़े हों, अच्छे से अच्छे खिलौने हों, लेकिन हम सब भूल जाते हैं कि हमारे माँ-बाप ने भी हमें खुश करने के लिए क्या-क्या नहीं किया होगा। इसलिए हमारी यह जिम्मेवारी है कि हमें वो सब कुछ करने की कोशिश करनी चाहिए जिससे उनके सपने साकार हो सके जो वो अपने जीवन में नहीं कर पाए ताकि उनकी जिन्दगी पूरी हो जाए।

कई बार उन्होंने जब हमसे सवाल पूछा तो बगैर सोचे समझे जबाब दे दिया लेकिन जब मेरी बेटो मुझ से कोई सवाल पूछती है तो मैं बड़े ही सोच समझ कर जबाब देता हूँ। अब मुझे एहसास हुआ कि उन्हें कैसे महसूस होता होगा।

हम सब को यह जान लेना चाहिए कि बुढ़ापा एक दूसरा बचपन है। जैसे हम अपने बच्चों की देखभाल करते हैं वैसे ही हमें अपने माँ-बाप और बुर्जुगों का ध्यान रखना चाहिए। बजाय इसके कि वो हमारा धन्यवाद करें, मुझे उनसे माफी मांगनी चाहिए थी कि मैंने उनका सपना पूरा होने में देरी कर दी।

मैं जानता हूँ कि उन्होंने मेरे लिए कितने दुःख सहे होंगे। वो अब भी हमारे लिए ही नहीं बल्कि हमारे बच्चों को भी हर खुशी देने की कोशिश करेंगे। मैं अपनी पूरी कोशिश करूँगा कि अब उन्हें कम से कम परेशानी हो और उन्हें हर प्रकार का सुख दे सकूँ। जो खुशी और संतोष की चमक मैं आज अपने पिता के चेहरे पर देख कर आया था, वह उसे बरकरार रखेगा।

— डा. अर्जुन दास  
प्रोफेसर एवम विभागाध्यक्ष  
ई.एन.टी. डिपार्टमेंट



# A Niche In The LECTURE HALL

"Do you understand a word she's saying?" says the backbencher.

"This is given in the book at page 345" says the nerd.

"Check out this new app I added to my phone" says the careless gadget freak.

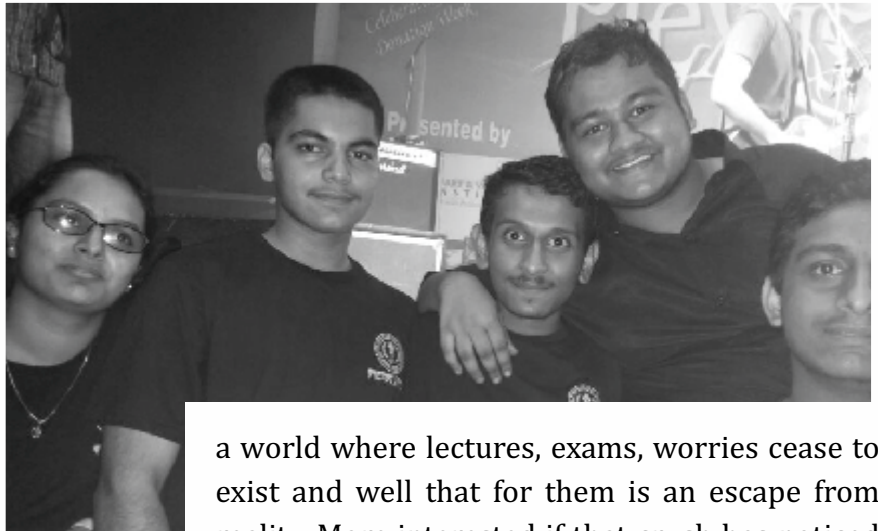
Varying from bookworms, teacher's pet to the notorious, gadget freaks, day dreamers you'll find each category arranged in those benches in your lecture hall.

The first row is always and forever reserved for the "BRAINY" people of the class. The nerds who know the answer to each question to each topic taught. Teenagers

Who don't know who Honey Singh is, but will give you the name of all the bones in order from top to bottom. But don't let the glasses and dressing misguide you. They will help you in passing exams and lend you notes and everything.

The last row, do they need an intro???? Of course not "THE BACKBENCHERS", the notorious, the crafty, the F in Fun, the heart of every party. They have a list of ways to disturb the class and put forth exceptional thoughts and questions which at times astounds the teachers and forces the teacher to probably send Einstein out. Their important phone calls during the classes, which again breaks silence of the class again accounts for sudden hustle and bustle in the class.

In between we have a variety of people, a lot more categories. Including the day dreamers who live in



a world where lectures, exams, worries cease to exist and well that for them is an escape from reality, More interested if that crush has noticed them rather than worrying about lecture has to tell. It is a universal law that "AT A GIVEN TIME, the number of minds present in a class is always less than the bodies present in it".

You'll always find Bumble bees in the class; their BB's, I Phones keep buzzing throughout the day, and scribble masterpieces on the notebook instead of notes.

It also includes the "Bunking lots" of the "Short attendance students" whom you'll barely see in the lecture halls and more around cafeteria. Also their dormant leadership qualities are activated when a mass bunk is needed. Their excuses varying from a new disease to a new family function every now and then.

All in all you will find a whole world inside the LT in complete harmony. This is what makes it one of the best places in the world.

- Arpit Choudhary  
2k13



## ਏਕ ਲੜਕੀ ਹੈ ਗਯਲ ਕੀ ਟਰਹ

ਗੁਲਾਬੋਂ ਸੇ ਲਿਪਟੀ ਸ਼ਬਨਮ ਕੀ ਟਰਹ  
ਓਸਕੀ ਆਦਾਏਂ ਹੈਂ ਮੌਸਮ ਕੀ ਟਰਹ,  
ਸ਼ੀਸ਼ੇ ਸਾ ਬਦਨ ਨਾਦਾਨ ਦਿਲ,  
ਏਕ ਲੜਕੀ ਹੈ ਗਯਲ ਕੀ ਟਰਹ,  
ਪਲਕੌਂ ਪੇਂ ਰੂਕੀ ਓ ਮੇਰੀ ਜਿੰਦਗੀ  
ਮਿਲਟੀ ਹੈ ਮੁਝਸੇ ਖਵਾਬੋਂ ਕੀ ਟਰਹ,  
ਖਫਾ ਜੋ ਮੁਝਸੇ ਬੈਠੀ ਹੈ ਫੂਰ  
ਚਾਹਾ ਹੈ ਓਸੇ ਜਿੰਦਗੀ ਕੀ ਟਰਹ  
ਬਨਕੇ ਬਾਦਲ ਜੋ ਦਿਲ ਪਰ ਓਝੈਂ ਹੈ  
ਔਖੌਂ ਮੇਂ ਬਿਖਰੀ ਹੈ ਕਾਜਲ ਕੀ ਟਰਹ  
ਜਾਨੇਗੀ ਜਬ ਹਮਾਰੀ ਮੁਹਬਬਤ ਕੀ ਇਨ੍ਹਣਹਾਂ  
ਫੂਫੇਗੀ ਓ ਮੁਝੇ ਦਿਵਾਨੌਂ ਕੀ ਟਰਹ  
ਕਹਟੇ ਹੈਂ ਲੋਗ "ਪਯਾਰ" ਜਿਸੇ, ਹਮਨੇ  
ਓ ਕਿਆ  
ਝੁਬਾਦਤ ਕੀ ਟਰਹ।

— ਹਰਿ ਕ੍ਰੁਣਾ ਰਾਠੀ  
2k10



## ਮਾਂ

ਮਾਂ ਵਰਗਾ ਨਾ ਰੂਪ ਕਿਸੇ ਦਾ,  
ਉਸ ਤੋਂ ਨਾ ਸੰਘਣੀ ਛਾਂ।

ਹੋਣਾ ਨਾ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ 'ਚ ਸੋਹਣਾ ਕੋਈ,  
ਰੱਬ ਤੋਂ ਵੀ ਸੋਹਣੀ ਮਾਂ।

ਦਿੰਦਾ ਨਾ ਪਿਆਰ ਕੋਈ ਐਨਾ,  
ਜਿੰਨਾਂ ਦਿੰਦੀ ਹੈ ਮਾਂ।

ਰੱਬ ਤੋਂ ਵੀ ਸੋਹਣੀ ਲੋਕੋ,  
ਸੋਹਣੀ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ ਮਾਂ।

ਚੰਨ ਤਾਰੇ ਨਾ ਸੋਹਣੇ ਲੱਗਦੇ,  
ਸੋਹਣੀ ਮੇਰੀ ਮਾਂ।

ਦਿਲ ਮਾਂ ਦਾ ਪਿਆਰ ਦਾ  
ਦਰਿਆ,

ਪਿਆਰ ਤੋਂ ਬਿਨਾਂ ਨਾ ਹੋਰ।

ਰੱਬ ਵਰਗੀ ਓ ਮਾਂ ਲੋਕੋ,  
ਮਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਨਾ ਸੋਹਣੀ ਹੋਰ।



— ਸਰਬਜੀਤ ਸਿੰਘ  
ਸਟਾਫ਼

## ਸੈਪਲ ਲੈ ਕੇ ਕੈਥੇਟਰ ਪਾਕੇ

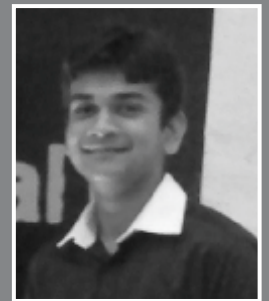
ਮੈਂ ਤਾਂ ਗਿਆ ਥਕ ਹਾਰ ਨੀ,  
ਸਰਾਈ ਵਾਲਿਐ, ਹੁਣ ਨੀ ਮੁੜਦੇ ਯਾਰ, ਨੀ ਸਰਾਈ  
ਵਾਲਿਐ,  
ਹਲ ਤਕ ਓ.ਪੀ. ਡੀ. ਦਾ ਕੰਮ ਜੋ ਸਾਰਾ ਨਾਲ ਪੂਰੇ ਜੀ  
ਕੀਤਾ ਮੈਂ।

4 ਦਿਨਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਕਲਿਨਿਕ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ,  
ਪਚਾਸਿਆਂ ਦਾ ਬੀ.ਪੀ. ਲਿੱਤਾ ਮੈਂ,  
ਇੱਕ ਤਾਂ ਤੇਰੀ ਯਾਦ ਸਤਾਵੇ, ਦੂਜਾ ਸਾਡਾ SR ਨਹੀਂ,  
ਸਰਾਈ ਵਾਲਿਐ,

ਡਿਊਟੀ ਤੋਂ ਛੁੱਟੀ ਲੈਕੇ ਲਾਇਬਰੇਰੀ ਆਕੇ ਬੈਠਾ ਸੀ,  
ਨਾਲੇ IAMS ਦੇ ਨੋਟਾਂ ਦੀ ਮੈਂ ਕਾਪੀ ਖੋਲ ਕੇ ਬੈਠਾ ਸੀ,  
ਇੱਕ ਤਾਂ ਨੋਟਾਂ ਦਿਮਾਗ ਸਾੜ ਦਿੱਤਾ, ਕਿਥੋਂ ਪੈ ਗਿਆ  
ਸਿਆਪਾ ਨੀ,  
ਸਰਾਈ ਵਾਲਿਐ।

ਤੇਰੇ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਦੇ ਚੱਕਰਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਾਡੇ ਚਾਰ ਸਾਲ ਬਰਬਾਦ  
ਗਏ,

ਹੁਣ ਵੀ ਕਮਲਾ ਦਿੱਲ ਨੀ ਇਹ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਹੀ ਖੋਸ ਯਾਦ ਕਰੇ,  
ਪੀ. ਜੀ. ਐਡਮਿਸ਼ਨ ਲੈਣਾ ਬੜਾ ਔਖਾ, ਹੋਰ ਨਾ ਕਰ  
ਟਾਇਮ ਬਰਬਾਦ ਨੀ,  
ਸਰਾਈ ਵਾਲਿਐ।



— ਸਾਗਰ  
2k10



# *Flight*

*The moment you doubt whether  
you can fly, you cease for  
ever to be able to do it.  
- J.M. Barrie, Peter Pan*

# Achievements

## Final Professional Part-II

**1st**  
Mitali Sen,  
Aditi Mehta &  
Aditi Jain



**2nd**  
Charanpreet Singh

## Final Professional Part-I

**1st**  
Shagun Singh



**2nd**  
Sanya Gupta

## Second Professional

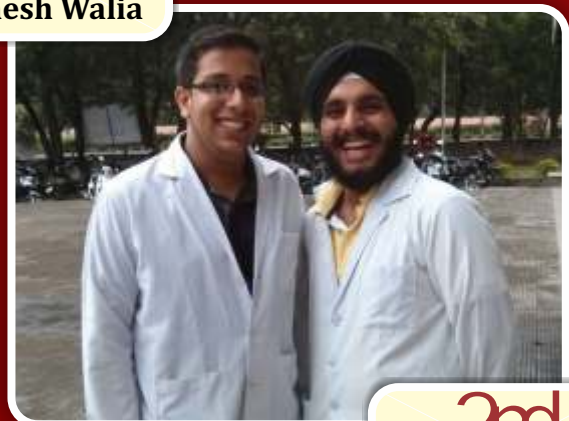
**1st**  
Harpreet Kaur



**2nd**  
Bhanu Malhotra

## First Professional

**1st**  
Dinesh Walia



**2nd**  
Bhavneet Singh

## Distinctions

|               |   |  |
|---------------|---|--|
| Medicine      | : | Mitali Sen, Aditi Mehta, Charanpreet Singh |
| Ophthalmology | : | Shagun Singh                               |
| Pharmacology  | : | Harpreet Kaur                              |
| Microbiology  | : | Harpreet Kaur                              |
| Anatomy       | : | Dinesh Walia                               |
| Physiology    | : | Dinesh Walia                               |
| Biochemistry  | : | Dinesh Walia                               |



# PULSE - Pure Unlimited Super Excitement !!!

The name itself was enough to send adrenaline rushing through our blood right since the start of second prof. As August flew by, the excitement reached an altogether different level. And then came the day - 15 September, 2012. We had decided to leave a day earlier, not wanting to miss a single day of the fest. Our bags packed and the college bus ready, we were off to attend the biggest, the extravagant and the most happening fest in the country- Pulse at AIIMS, New Delhi. With a small stop at Savoy Greens, the 4 1/2 hour journey was fun with singing, dancing and dumbsharads having kept us busy. Oh, but that was only till Delhi. Once in the city, the story was altogether different. Delhi was but like a maze to us Chandigarhians and traffic the perfect obstacle. It took us another three hours to reach our destination- the prestigious All India Institute of Medical Sciences. But the journey was worth it.

AIIMS was a different world in itself ! The campus was hustling and bustling with the thousands of students from all over the country having come together for the common objective of 'having fun'. Dragging our trolleys past the students to the registration office, we were relieved to have got two rooms in the campus itself. What was next- a week full of excitement, fun, adventure and surprises! The fest started with the 'P-Wave' at the coveted JLN Auditorium- an inexplicable mix of dance, drama and emotions. Well that was just the beginning! We were experiencing what we had only heard of till now. From the star nights to the dance parties, fashion night to the rock show, each event was enthralling. Well, not a single night was devoted to sleep. After all, who sleeps at Pulse! All night movies in the auditorium, gossiping, strolling down the campus lanes, there was lots to choose from.

One of the best things at pulse was the 'food street'. Mouth watering golgappas, finger licking bhature to delicious desserts and ice candies (or the so called baraf ke gole), it only left us wanting for more. Besides the fest, we had one full week to explore Delhi! However the most exciting of all was the midnight visit to the India Gate. What an adventure that was! We also tried to go to every possible mall in the Capital- DLF Saket, GIP Noida, Ambience Gurgaon. We were left completely spellbound! A 50 DTs could fit into each. They were more like huge exotic palaces, with the best brands, all under one roof. Ice skating at Ambience Gurgaon was thrilling. The Delhi metro was an experience in itself- reliable, fast, safe and comfortable. We did not even realise how fast that one week went by. We were beginning to enter into PPD as we were packing our suitcases- post pulse depression as they call it in AIIMS. But this experience gave me new friends, strengthened old bonds, cleared misunderstandings and left us all with memories to cherish for a lifetime!

- Jannat Kang  
2k11



# Neomedicos : what 'Not' to do...

I am reminded of the well-known academician and strict disciplinarian, Dr Prem Chandra who was Director at Medical College, Rohtak in early 70s when I was an undergraduate student. He was so rigid on following rules that he would travel in his own car from his home to the Director's office since he believed that the government gave him staff car for official work only and not for commuting in staff car from home to office or back. He once fined his own wife who was HOD OBG in the same institution when she arrived late to her department. He was an excellent teacher but as administrative head of the institution he was so strict that he would never give even a discretionary 5% attendance to any student. Hard to imagine but that is all true and we lived in those times as student in our own lifetime! But then, why am I remembering him and all this today?

Actually, when I look at the current generation of our students in the last few years, I feel quite dismayed to see that about half the class does not even make effort to attend all classes. Instead, they aim to attend the bare minimum mandatory requirement of 75% classes. Those who remain between 70-75% presume that they would automatically get relief from the office of Dean, almost as their right. Lately, at the end of my allocated topic of 12-15 lectures to MBBS students, I started projecting the attendance report of the class graphically and started giving

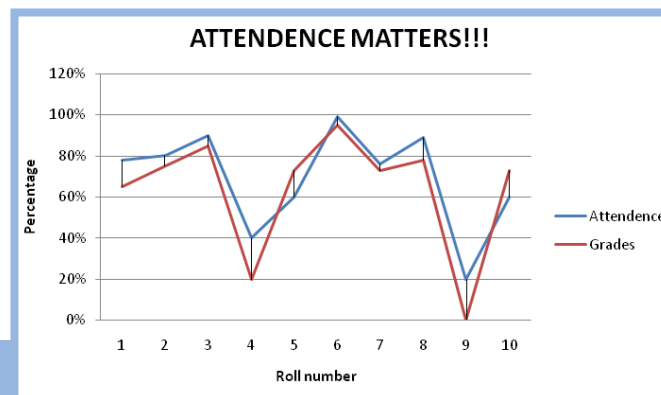
small incentives to those who are regular in my classes and also convey a message how important is to have regularity in classes.

But let us analyse why and how the malady of shortage in attendance and associated problem of low internal assessment affects a group of medical students every year and let us try to find remedy for the rising problem. After all, we all know that meritorious students come to medical college after a stiff competition through NEET/PMT etc and generally have a goal set

before them. Then what goes wrong when they enter the professional course?

We know that majority of students come to the medical college from schools via rigorous coaching in academies after missing schools. So, the seeds of indiscipline of

missing classes in schools have been sown during those years. Getting admitted to a good medical college certainly adds a feeling of euphoria and a sense of release from their rigorous coaching schedule. But at the same time due to lack of maturity and guidance they little realise that life of medico is full of long years of hard work continuously. These guys and, sometimes girls too, continue to follow the same pattern of bunking their classes from college as they were doing earlier in their school. By the time they realise, a lot of harm has already been done. Missing classes has another corollary. The topics being taught in classes are so much interlinked

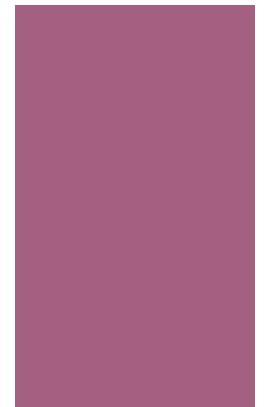


with previous class that if a student misses a class or two and does not make effort to have continuity before coming for the next class, he/she is quite at sea. So, the vulnerable ones lose touch with the subject and start losing confidence. In the process, they either do not appear for their periodic tests, or perform poorly in them. Thus, they start getting low scores in internals reflecting on their overall internal assessment. Shortage in attendance and/or low internal assessment leads to getting detained for sitting in exam. Then, the student makes half-hearted effort to make up for either of these shortages to become eligible to sit for the next examination, and in the process misses classes in the next year's subjects and the vicious cycle of chronicity set in, getting detained again.

So, what needs to be done to stem this problem?

I believe that we should target it at two levels: nipping the problem in the bud and timely counseling sessions by peers and senior students.

It is important that the teaching departments develop inner mechanism to review the attendance and assessment of each student on monthly basis, communicate and confront the concerned defaulting student with their impending problem timely and sometimes even involve their parents for it. Secondly, we should have counseling sessions beyond usual academic hours on regular basis, especially with beginners in the medical college. These sessions should be on variety of issues of great importance for their future professional life such as self-discipline, responsibility, general conduct, regularity, professional commitment, motivation, compassion, communication etc. Of course, the students do look for role models and mentors among their teachers who can set an example of themselves for students to emulate. Another way the new medical students can get guidance on such important matters is from the experience of their senior students who have gone through it, especially the ones who have suffered earlier. The Anti-Raging Regulations, 2009 of the Medical



Council of India do encourage a healthy interaction between newcomers and seniors by way of sensitisation and orientation programme under supervision of either senior faculty members or professional counselor. Such interaction should make the newcomers feel welcomed to the fold of the medical profession and get inspired but at the same time fresh medicos may be enlightened about what profession and society expects from them.

These measures will eventually improve the overall discipline and conduct of next generation of medical students and inculcate a sense of responsibility in them to the society and commitment to the profession, both of which are dire need of the hour. Lastly, to be a good doctor, it is of utmost importance to be a good human being, having feelings of compassion, trust and be helpful to others in need.

**- Prof. Harsh Mohan**  
*Head, Dept. of Pathology*  
*Professor Incharge Academics*



# Stimulus

For some the best time spent in medical college is actually the time spent away from it (If you are one of my teachers then I want to make it clear that this definitely doesn't apply to me). The little trips we have away from the rut of the medical life, be it even to the Verka Milk Plant (The Community Medicine Department actually took us there), are welcome affairs. So it's no wonder the information that we might actually have a chance to go to Shimla for three days (on leave, mind you) got us more excited than it probably should have had.

When the invitation from IGMC, Shimla finally did arrive (read downloaded from the internet ourselves) we were jubilant. Obviously everyone was interested in going and for a variety of reasons at that. Somebody couldn't wait to add another football trophy to the cabinet, someone was looking forward to cricket but mostly my classmates just couldn't stand again in the clinics the next day taking very informative history of 'chis chis peed mardi hai' from an old aunty. We needed to blow off some steam and this was it and so it became all the more important to go.

After all the paperwork (you'll never believe me if I told you how much) the birds were ready to fly. The bus was waiting for us right on time. All roads after that led straight to Shimla. It was a fabulous time to visit the city. Just the right number of people on the street, not so many that you get trampled to death but just enough to ensure trouble free bird watching (I know you know what I mean). Luck was definitely with us weather wise. I would have been happy with anything actually, coming from 45°C but the light morning and evening drizzles ensured a fantastic experience.

Mostly all of us were staying together at the same hotel (where all hell was going to break loose later on), YMCA, Shimla which is probably one of the oldest and most conveniently located hotels in Shimla (you would think that it being the oldest they would probably know by now that you simply do not let 30 students stay together without driving all your other guests away but somehow they did not, oh well, good for us). We unpacked and whiled away the evening at the Mall. A lot of people had dinner at the Combermere (which frankly, became like the hostel mess for us in the coming few days judging from the number of meals we had there). Our first night at YMCA deserves special mention when no one slept (including the hotel staff). I want to tell you more but I can't. (Don't get me wrong, it's just because the space is limited here).

Some did not sleep all night and some woke up early to reach IGMC on time as today was the day the fest was going to kick



start. A heavy shower greeted us early morning but we braved it and reached the college running, panting and totally drenched. The football team breezed through the match scoring four and humiliating the opponents. On his own demand I would also like to mention a classmate who decided to go on as a super substitute wearing women's shoes (I am NOT joking) and 'fractured the base of his 2<sup>nd</sup> metatarsal' in a heroic performance (I might be joking now).

The evening walks and the late night talks were the best part of the day. It's funny how being far away from the comforts of your home and workload of college energy just never seems to leave you and five of the guys decided that the night was still young and we headed to IGMC for the dance party. Deserted hill roads and the cool night winds have a charm to them that has to be experienced to be understood. After a long walk we finally reached IGMC. All in all as a fest Stimulus lacked organisation but it was an amazing dance party, jam packed and a talented DJ. I forgot all about my broken toe (by that time it had already been stomped at least 6 times anyway) and jumped right in with the others. We danced together for hours straight till our legs gave up (Some were busy entertaining their 'friends'). I will never forget the 'wisdom' which Raju Sir bestowed upon us after that party.

The next morning was a rather unusual scene when I heard screams from the floor the girls were staying on following which ten girls came dashing down scared of the monkey who had allegedly broken into their room. The alert hotel staff rushed upstairs (and so did I just for fun). Well as it turned out the poor monkey had just managed to get his hand in the grilled window when the screams and shrieks gave him a heart attack. May his soul rest in peace.

The next day we won the football trophy (the poor team decided to forfeit once we went up 4-1) and basketball and finished runners up in cricket. In the evening we trekked up to the Jhaku Temple, took blessings of the lord and enjoyed the scenic beauty while coming down. It was another day well spent. The next morning was our last in Shimla and everyone spent it hogging on food they had not tried. We boarded the bus for our journey back with a heavy heart wishing we could stay just one more day. Someone once said that all good things come to an end. I guess he never had friends at school. Even though this Shimla trip is over, we know the bonds it strengthened and the friendships it rekindled will go on forever.

From the next day on we were set to start studying hard again (I never said we actually did start though).

- Tejasv Sehrawat  
2k11



## Keylong Trip

This summer the city literally turned up into an oven with an all time rise in the temperature, the scorching heat, with no scope of monsoon shower. All this plus the exam stress, really called for a short break to some refreshing place. But the next issue was that every tourist spot would have been flocked by hundreds of people like me wanting to get out of the cobweb of city life. Thinking of this I had almost imagined the way I will be spending the summers, sitting in my room and cribbing about my life. But somehow we managed to plan a trip to a place (named Keylong) which we hadn't even heard about.

At first my family was reluctant (because even the driver wasn't sure of the way to this place: P) but later on they agreed (maybe because they considered, its better idea to face the adventure that might come our way than to heat up in here).The journey was long yet worth it. It started off smooth with a relaxing stay at Manali; a place with its clear water meanders, snow capped peaks, tiny fields and splendid deodars and pines and not to forget the amazing mall road for a shopaholic like me.

Moving on, we came across the fascinating peaks of the Rohtang. After Rohtang, began the real fun, the real road journey with bumps every second, courtesy the water streams flowing over the narrow roads; with almost no clue whether the road we were traveling on really led to the place where we planned to go, with no shops, facilities on the way and with a risk of getting off the cliff at every turn. Despite all the fears and problems, what held us to continue the journey was the breathtaking nature around. Every view seemed as if there could not be anything more (it was funny that I finished off with my camera's memory the very second day before even reaching the place..:P). Somehow we managed to reach our destination, Keylong which was as expected; a very peaceful, miniature town with a divine landscape all around. It was exactly the kind of



place ideal for a break from the monotonous life. Refreshing, cool, with a unique charm of its own. We relaxed a day or so in the town itself, strolling about, talking to the inhabitants, a few tourists, tasting the local food, knowing their culture and places around. Next we visited some Buddhist monasteries nearby and also went on a drive on the road that led on to Leh. The mountains, dazzling rivers, magnificent flora all left me astonished. Above all, the weather was at its best, chilly winds blowing with drizzling showers at some points and snowfall at the other. We were driving through the clouds at some areas; it was amazing yet quite frightening..!! Short of time, oxygen, and road (a bridge had collapsed, on the way it would have taken few hours to fix it,) we had to return to Keylong soon. But that was by far the best drive I have been on.

Now was the time for us to depart from this heavenly spot into the same labyrinth but since the journey back was long we decided to halt in Rewalsar, a land sacred for the Hindus, Buddhists and the Sikhs. The place was as divine as its history suggested with an entirely calm and

peaceful aura, with many monks meditating at one side of the lake, simultaneously a few pundits chanting their prayers and Sikhs listening to their God's holy words. A true presentation of what all religions are about. And to our luck it rained that day and we happened to see the seven lakes form I considered it to be a myth until I saw it with my own eyes and it was delightful. The caves, temples, lakes, the aura, the people just added to the

wonderful journey. There could be no place better than this to bring an end to this angelic experience. As every good thing comes to an end so did this trip and I was back in here sitting in my room cribbing about my life but with a lot of great memories stored in the back of my mind.

- Ishani Jhamb  
2k10

## ऐ बन्दे थोड़ा हाथ बढ़ा

ऐ बन्दे थोड़ा हाथ बढ़ा  
ईश्वर हर दिल में होता है  
ऐ बन्दे थोड़ा बैठ जरा  
ईश्वर तो दिल में होता है

ये मिट्टी से बन सकते थे  
इनको ऊँचा करवाने में  
क्यूँ इतना दिल लगा दिया  
कि जब उठती इन दीवारों से  
दम भरती इन मीनारों से  
दिल तेरा छोटा होता है

तू नींद की गोली लेकर भी  
बेचैन हैं मेहंगे बिस्तर में  
जब खाकर सूखी दो रोटी  
तेरे घर के बस पीछे ही  
हर गम से ओझल होकर के  
इंसाँ रिक्शे पे सोता है

तेरे अपने तुझको छोड़ गये  
जिनको तूने खुद पाला था  
जब शायद तेरे बंगले में  
कोई बाप बिछड़कर बच्चों से  
उनका भविष्य सुलझाने में  
उनके बचपन को खोता है

जो मनचाहा तुझको ना मिला  
जो मिला उसे दुत्कार दिया  
जब कुछ नजरें मजबूरों की  
इसलिये हैं तुझको घूर रही  
कि जो थोड़ा झूठा होता है  
वही उनका हिस्सा होता है

तू आज वो रोटी फैंकेगा  
जो कल तू खा ना पाया था  
जब रोज़ इसी रोटी के लिये  
तुम इन्सानों की बस्ती में  
तेरी नज़रों में कुछ नीचे  
कोई बेबस भूखे सोता है

ऐ बन्दे थोड़ा हाथ बढ़ा  
ईश्वर हर दिल में होता है  
ऐ बन्दे थोड़ा बैठ जरा  
ईश्वर तो दिल में होता है।

— डॉ. कमल कुमार सिंघल  
सहायक अध्यक्ष  
बाल रोग विभाग





# Nurturing Nostalgia..

**"A travel adventure has no substitute.  
It is the ultimate experience,  
your one big opportunity for flair"**

I feel totally rejuvenated as I pen down and re-live some of the most wonderful and memorable moments of our batch trip. At the same time it hurts a little to realize that this was probably our last official fun spree together. Nevertheless we had ample fun which somewhat makes up for it and I am sure its impressions will last a life time. So here I bring to you some of the highlights. Take a plunge. :)

The most awaited trip of the Pre-final year, the wait & planning of which start from the later half of the 2nd Prof. (Indeed!!), took our Batch 2K10 to the extremely rejoyceful journey of "Nainital, Jim Corbett & Rishikesh".

After the sessions of fuss & debates (which are destined to happen, I guess) finally the trip came into shape. It had to be. After all, it had such a wise & mature hand of our great grand 'Uncle' (Akash Singhal) working on it. :) Our heartfelt thanks to Dr. Pritam for agreeing to accompany us and for being a great companion, a super cool friend & for managing us as well throughout the trip.

With all geared up, we started on our journey & we would have reached Nainital a little early, hadn't there been a 2 hours stop at a toll plaza. But could we let that time go dry? Obviously not! Shouting on the roads at midnight, talking-chatting, getting pictures clicked made those 2 hours absolute fun. After the much prolonged journey (insomniac for some),

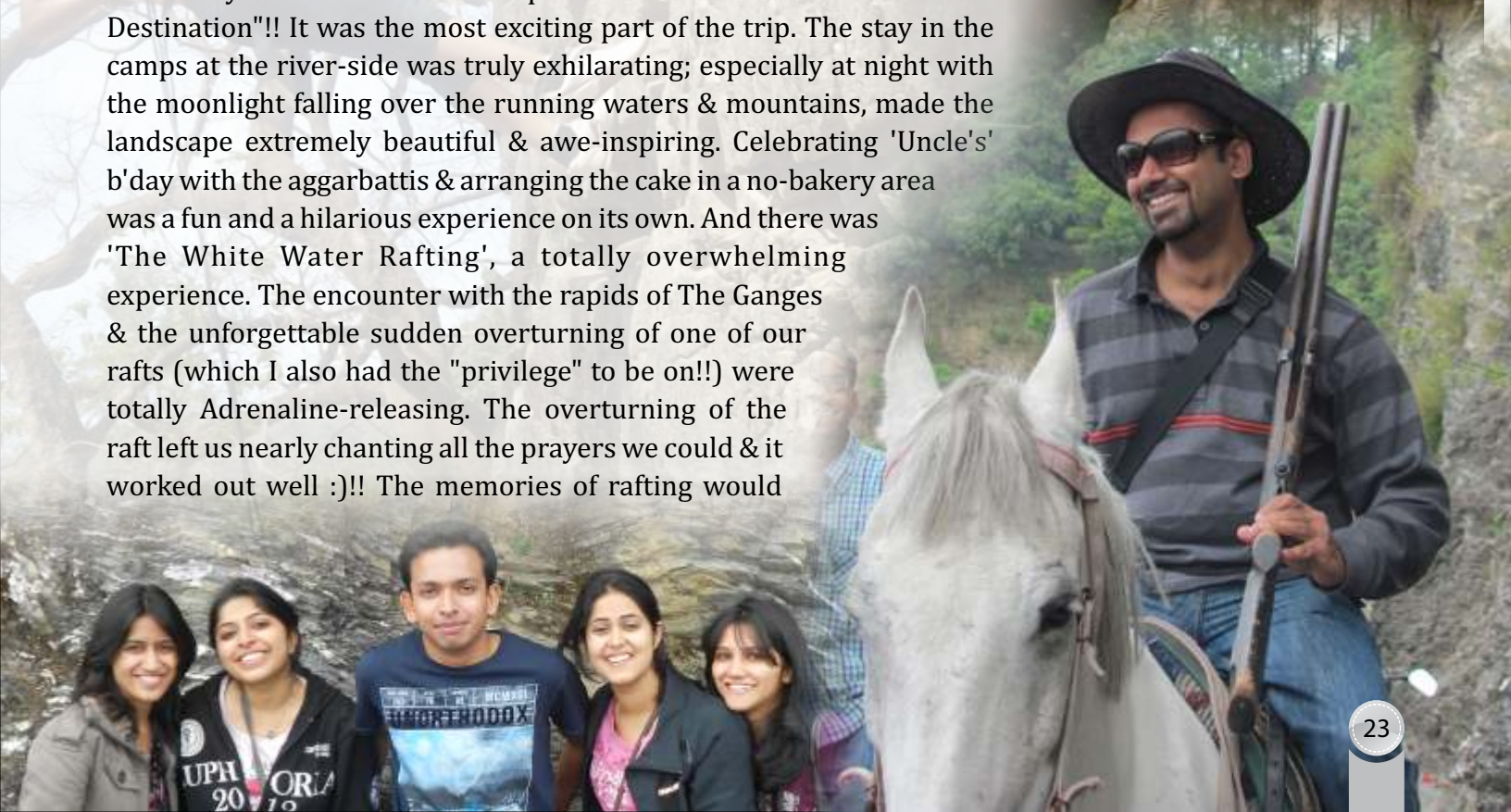




Nainital was truly refreshing for all. The cool breeze & pleasant weather kept us at a distance from the heat of late April. Nainital gifted us the totally fun-filled boat-ride (leaving us totally drenched in the waters of Naini lake with the feeling of an amusement ride), the beautiful sight seeing & not to forget, the specially organized rocking DJ night at the resort. (Yes! Exclusive 2K10 DJ night!!).

With the cold still refreshing our bodies & souls, we left Nainital to reach Corbett. Reaching the resort, we drown all our fatigue into the swimming pool, by again converting the pool into a "2K10 arena". The pool gave many a chance to show their swimming skills & to explore their other 'hidden talents' as well. Not finding a tiger during the jeep safari was no surprise & we still made it an enjoyable one. Bonfires, playing games, lawn dance parties & Krishma's midnight b'day party are truly memorable. On the way to Rishikesh, the stop at Garjiya Devi Temple was totally relishing.

And finally we reached our last stop Rishikesh or I would call it the "Final Destination"!! It was the most exciting part of the trip. The stay in the camps at the river-side was truly exhilarating; especially at night with the moonlight falling over the running waters & mountains, made the landscape extremely beautiful & awe-inspiring. Celebrating 'Uncle's' b'day with the aggarbattis & arranging the cake in a no-bakery area was a fun and a hilarious experience on its own. And there was 'The White Water Rafting', a totally overwhelming experience. The encounter with the rapids of The Ganges & the unforgettable sudden overturning of one of our rafts (which I also had the "privilege" to be on!!) were totally Adrenaline-releasing. The overturning of the raft left us nearly chanting all the prayers we could & it worked out well :)!! The memories of rafting would





give tachycardia to anyone! Rishikesh took care of the adventure part & proved to be an exciting & memorable one; in short, "A Complete Package". The adventure ended with rock climbing, rappelling & another day of exciting rafting [& as Rathee had the 'privilege' to be knocked down by the rapids twice on the 1st rafting, he emerged as the 'most wanted' among others on the 2nd day to be in their raft as their 'lucky charm';)]

Though the seven amazing days have ended, but we have tons of beautiful & unforgettable moments engraved upon our minds & a huge bulk of photographs to "corroborate" them :)]

- Purva Pande  
2k10



# Generation X or Generation Y - WHO AM I?

When I joined my MBBS, 22 years back, I went to the hostel, leaving my home aside. Dream of becoming a Doctor! Yes, I was happy to join medical college keeping an image of a doctor in my mind. A batch of 100 students, young, enthusiastic, new generation, energetic, full of dreams and having power of doing anything. Nobody had predicted where we would reach after 22 years. Yes, today I can write each thought that was dreamt -fulfilled, not fulfilled or yet to be fulfilled.

After many years, I am confused and I do not know whether my dreams were right or my teaching was incorrect. I find myself in between the two generations. Older ones think that they are GOLD and newer ones think they are DIAMONDS. I am neither GOLD, nor DIAMOND. I cannot define myself.

Worldwide, a thought recently has been prevailing in the doctor community. The doctors have been mentoring medical students in their community for years, but the task has become less rewarding now. Younger doctors or residents are considered lazy, self interested and pampered because they do not want to work. Young doctors and students, meanwhile consider their mentors to be harsh, uncompromising and unaware of how the world has changed since they were medical students. The end result is a festering hostility in hospitals and medical practices.

Considering the psychological components of each and every person and with different personalities, there is an unbelievable tension between older and younger doctors. It remains interesting always when new batches of junior or senior residents get admissions in medical college.

Considering the literature and my experience, the generations can be defined surely. Experts have found unique characteristics of each generation that could easily clash in the workplace. The traditional hardworking 'veterans' generation, born between 1922 and 1945, are perhaps the easiest to get along with, but are leaving the workforce in rapid numbers. Categorically, the main conflict presently is between the doctors born 1946-1965 on one side and *Generation X*, born between 1965-1980 and *Generation Y* born after 1980.

*Boomers* define professionalism as total dedication to one's job and often measure that dedication by number of hours worked. They are driven by money,

title and recognition, and believe in 'Paying dues". Doctors from Generation X meanwhile, watched boomer parents work long hours, and they reactively value balance in their own lives. They are wary of authority and respect demonstrated skill over experience.

Generation Y is less cynical than X, but shares a desire for work-life balance. Its members also value honesty and integrity, and want their works to be meaningful.

Observation says that older generations are wearing white coats and ties, carry notebooks, expect students to spend long hours in the library so that they can become experts in their area. The younger guys show up late, sometimes without white coat or tie; they carry blackberrys and expensive cell phones. They are satisfied with not being experts in order to make room for their other interests. They have e-books rather than books and notes have been replaced by their palm tops.

So what are positive features of modern era?

Yes, Generation X and Y are more interested in working together than their predecessors- a positive trait in this era of collaborative medicine. Generation Y appears to like teamwork a lot and older ones were brought up with doctors in one silo and nurses in another. This younger generation is willing to collaborate with larger professional audience. This generation wants to work with a group of people who are invested in what they are doing, and who are using medicine as a tool for improving the public's health. This generation wants to work with people who see their job as primarily helping people, not just a way to earn a salary or be well-respected. One of the most important, and defining, characteristics of young



doctors and students is that they don't adhere to gender roles, as boomers often did. More than half of incoming medical students today are women, unlike the boomers who were mostly men with homemaker wives. Students and residents of both sexes now often have a working spouse, and that person is more likely than ever to be a doctor. Coordination between doctor couples related to shift duties is also major work-stress concern.

Older doctors often believe women are the main force behind the younger generations' preference for a balanced lifestyle, due to child-rearing needs. Yet male medical students are generally more likely to desire control over their work hours than women. The older generation usually thinks after their training days that today's residents are less dedicated and hardworking than they and their peers at the same stage in their careers.

What is this 'generation gap' among doctors? The generation gap is a gap of communication that leads to misunderstanding and disharmony. It refers to the gap between young and old doctors. It is about mindsets and methods and surely it is not one-sided. Youth is full of passion and drive and is risk-friendly. The old have wisdom and experience and they are risk-averse. In this dynamic world where life is uncertain and profession is merely a job, an experience and dynamicity both have their own role.

So where am I? I do not know what is my priority-fame, charity, money or self promotion?

The curriculums and the style of teachings in medical science has changed over a period of time drastically and so changed the attitude of students and teachers. The skill testing has gained more importance than detailed studies. Time factor has superseded the various aspects of teachings. Youngsters are practical,

less emotional, methodical in their own way, democratic, arguable and more evidence based. The responsibility taking abilities are earlier in life and more with focused vision. The technological boom and easy accessibility of knowledge through computers have revolutionized the thought circuits of new brains. Medical students seeking the knowledge from teachers have different outlook and likewise teachers have different perceptions in modern days of medical science.

Nutshell is that I am neither old and nor Generation X or Y. My thoughts are neither stale nor very forward. I am neither Indian airlines nor Kingfisher; I am neither Sunil Gavaskar nor Mahender Singh Dhoni.

I always wish for older times with my older teachers but with novel thoughts. It is not possible but generation is losing charm in medical profession. More professionalism is required, thoughts need refining and expectations need brushing. Younger generation is ready to accept, but older generation do not intend their rise so early. I am neither too young to play with younger and nor too old to clap with older. The older generations want me without acceptance of facts and younger generations want my performance at par with them.

God has always been very kind to me and I am fortunate enough to be loved by my younger ones with the blessings of my elders. I am not a veteran, neither Generation X nor Generation Y. Who am I? May be an alloy of many generations.

**- Dr Manpreet Singh**  
*Asst. Professor*  
*Dept. of Anaesthesia and*  
*Intensive Care*



## Cancer: A Man-Made Tragedy

In recent times cancer has been a fiercely debated medical issue as its incidence is increased to a great extent. Apparently this seems that it is a natural disease and in due course of time millions of people have been victimized due to it. However, the factual position is entirely different, to an extent that this is diametrically opposite to it. A century ago, about 4% people used to die of underlying cancer, whereas presently figures have gone to approximately 25% or so. The mid-western part of Punjab, particularly the

Malwa region, is one of the unique examples in this series.

The mainstream media; print as well as electronic, textbooks, medical journals and scientific organizations, all are hiding this fact that this disease is because of deficiency of micronutrients in the form of vitamins, enzymes and minerals, which are being depleted day-by-day from our staple diet. When these nutrients are not available then any part of body starts

multiplying uncontrollably like trophoblasts and eventually present in the form of cancerous growth.<sup>1</sup> A large number of alternative modalities are available for the treatment of cancer. These are like Essiac vegicap/syrup/tea, Hoxsey, Atkins, Hans Nieper Therapies, etc. The remedies like Soursop or fruit from *Graviola* tree is miraculous natural cancer cell killer, which is a ten-thousands time more effective than chemotherapy.<sup>2</sup> The most important among all these alternative modalities is the use of Vit. B<sub>17</sub>, which has been successfully tested and tried hence is being dealt in this article.

Cancer is due to lack of certain intrinsic factors - proteolytic enzymes i.e. trypsin, chymotrypsin and extrinsic factor i.e. Vit. B<sub>17</sub> (nitriloside/ amygdalin/ Laetrile). Trypsin and chymotrypsin form the body's first line of defence against cancer. The second line comes from nitriloside being extrinsic hence it is to be provided from outside. The cancer cells have an enzyme beta-glucosidase, which comes in contact with nitriloside, converts it into two molecules of glucose, one molecule of benzaldehyde and one molecule of hydrogen cyanide, which are selectively toxic to the cancer cells. This theory was given by Ernst T. Krebs Jr, who perfected Laetrile in the year 1952.

Laetrile, a semi-synthetic compound, is chemically related to amygdalin as its patented version. This is very effective for the prevention and treatment of cancer as an extracted product that is produced from crushed apricot pits. Nitriloside is available in about 1500 edible plant products used in our food. These items are given bad names due to apprehensive risk of cyanide poisoning. Some of the countries like USA and UK have even banned, particularly, apricot kernels and bitter almonds. Contrarily Vit. B<sub>12</sub> (cyanocobalamin) does contain element of cyanide but it is never targeted and being routinely used for treating pernicious anaemia.

Laetrile (Vit. B<sub>17</sub>) has successfully been used around the world for the reversal of many types of cancers. The Hunza tribes in the Himalaya are virtually cancer-free due to daily consumption of apricot pits and millet as routine ingredient of their diet. When Vit. B<sub>17</sub> was tested in mice at the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, New York, it was found to be effective in treating cancer, all results were withheld and concerned doctor was abandoned.<sup>1,3</sup>

During the last one century, investment of pharmaceutical industry is very high in the diagnostics, chemotherapy, radiotherapy and surgical interventions like gamma knife, etc. Radiodiagnosis and Radiotherapy, have grown vertically during last

few decades under the aegis of cancer industry. If somehow natural products containing Vit. B<sub>17</sub> are propagated among the public at large for the prevention and treatment of cancer, the pharmaceuticals loose their business and overnight the entire cancer industry will crumble into bankruptcy. Their business is at stake and that too at the cost of lives of millions and millions of cancer patients. Therefore, due to direct conflict of interests they are hiding this fact and surreptitiously do not allow the information to come out to the surface.

Nobel laureate, Linus Pauling stated, "*The war on cancer has been largely a fraud*". He believed that solution to the mystery of cancer lies in the diet hence prevention and treatment could be found through vitamins, enzymes and minerals. But these natural substances cannot be patented thereby potential profits do not justify ethical research. Therefore, FDA as well as American Cancer Society have never approved alternative modalities of cancer treatment like Vit. B<sub>17</sub>, and may never approve it in future also.

Vit. B<sub>17</sub> is found to be much better than Orthodox Medicine for prevention and treatment of almost all kinds of cancers.<sup>3,4</sup> It is available as natural food items, tablets (100 / 500 mg) as well as injectable forms, which can be given in therapeutic doses as 500 mg twice a day for 3 months. For the prevention of cancer, regular consumption of apricot kernels, bitter almonds or similar plant products is more than sufficient.

Cancer is the biggest bio-medical racket started in early part of 20<sup>th</sup> century and is now being carried to the 21<sup>st</sup> century. The alternative treatment modalities are not being propagated rather have been alleged as quackeries. Vit. B<sub>17</sub> is currently victim of scientific arrogance as well as ignorance and gradually people will realize this trick being played with their lives by the pharmaceutical industry. The day this information reaches the public domain, we will have a world without cancer.

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- Prof. Jagdish Chander  
Head, Dept. of Microbiology



# The fun of travel

After an exhaustive entrance procedure and a hectic first year the early part of second prof brings some respite. We had already tasted the evergreen Shimla in first year. Our fickle minds were acting as deterrents to coming at a resolution regarding our next explorade. After many failed attempts at coming to a resolve, we finally settled on Manali. Still many things were yet to be done including the herculean task of convincing others to go!

We did manage to get ten of us to come on board. The tempo traveler we hired had space for twelve and so the ride was comfortable. We finished our classes in the morning and finish off the necessary tasks and flagged off around 12. We were oblivious of all that transpired behind our backs in college. We were being made scapegoats for the lack of attendance in some professors' lecture that day!

The journey to Manali proved to be enjoyable. We were all geared up for the impending freshness from the rut of college that awaited us. We managed to reach base i.e. Pandoh around 8:30pm and the hospitality by Shreyak's relative who were the owners of a hotel there was commendable. After a refreshing rest and the indispensable fun we were back to our journey early next morning. On reaching Manali we got down to choosing our lodgings. We ended up choosing the most modest one considering our financial constraints!

Later we travelled an hour uphill to the Naggar palace where an ongoing marriage madw it difficult for us to dine there. So we ended up improvising like always with bread jam etc. We followed this with some trekking in the freezing cold that had had dawned with the evening. It had snowed a day earlier and the fresh snow did appear wonderful on the hills as we joked and laughed uphill. With some of us deciding to enjoy the way the way they do best there, the rest of either sulked or got down to clicking photos!

On the return journey we were all in dance mode downhill and the nonsense chattering et al provided fuel to an enjoyable evening. When we reached back we were all still game for a trip to the Mall road. It wasn't as decorated as the one in

Shimla but it definitely had its own charm. The Chinese restaurant there was a welcome change from the staple 'Paner- Dal' routine. We were all excited to be there and were all geared up for the Solang valley and Rohtang valley we were to be treated to next day. Some careless fun on the beds followed before we all finally dozed off.

We had decided to all get ready for travel early on Saturday. Still the scrumptious paronthas we fed ourselves with made us lazy. Braving the cold we finally reached Solang. Here innumerable agencies hounded us wanting us to hire there Snow trucks. We managed to strike a good deal there and thoroughly enjoyed the rides. The picturesque journey made it highly memorable! Next we found ourselves playing with some real snow we touched for the first time with our bare hands. Next some of us bargained for ice-skiing and the climb to Rohtang while others were busy snow-fighting. In Rohtang, apart from the snow man making competition the highlight has to be the chilling cold we felt on our wet clothes once the snow had melted. Finding a decent place to eat was a challenge. It was all worth it though.

On returning to our hotel we were tired yet the thought that we would return to the usual routine the next day made us strong. We left our rooms and were back on Mall road.

The last day proved to be just as eventful as the others. We visited the iconic Hadimba temple first and decided to even experience the hot springs at Vashishta. They were both memorable parts of our journey. We had to forego Manikaran in its save which wasn't a big sacrifice considering the arduous journey accompanying it.

On our return we were wary of what awaited us back home but knew no one could take away the moments of laughter and joy and bonding together we had experienced. The memories will stay with us forever. YEH JAWAANI HAI DEEWANI!!

- Siddharth Duggal

2k11



# Burst

*The morning roughens  
Leaving me in a blister  
Distraught  
Fighting with myself  
Lost in what I thought it was  
Passing on  
The day moves with a blur  
But it's  
Never lost  
fighting for presence, meaning  
It sits up high  
Returning to beautiful bliss.  
- Anonymous*

# Destiny, they call it...



'The moving finger writes, and having written, moves on...' and all that kind of stuff. The philosophy that all our actions are predetermined before we are even born, and that we are but mere tools in the hands of God, or some similar benign (maybe even malignant) force that looks out for us and guides us at every step of life.

But now, after eighty three years on this earth, I really don't know what to believe. As I lie on my death bed, awaiting that final call, I can look back on my life with great satisfaction. Not many persons can compare with my achievements and successes, and most of them are already known to you, and I am sure that many of my inventions are used by you in your daily life. Like the scented air / water jet that '*cleanses every particle of dirt from your body*,' just like in the ads. Or the *vaccu-suck*<sup>™</sup> cure for constipation that has become a household name. And many, many others.

But I digress, my dear friend.

Ah, the word 'friend.' Now there is the story that I want to place before you, so that you can judge for yourself, the power of destiny and the cruel twists of fate. It is this incurable brain fever that is causing me to ramble on so much, that I lose focus of what I want to bring to your notice. And these different tubes, sticking out from various parts of my body; they are really inconvenient, to say the least. Well, coming back to the topic of friends, you see, I never had good friends – that is the price of success; a truth that only the successful people know. But let me correct this statement before I proceed further - You see, I never had good friends, *once I became rich and famous*. But before that, I *did* have friends. We were a group of three very close friends at a time when we all were studying together in DMV College in Chandigarh,

way back in the time when we called those ancient and outdated handsets 'mobile phones!' That's another story by the way, but let me complete this one before the doctors come back and give me some medicines that will make me sleep and force me to rest – as if rest is a cure for what I am going through!

Anyway, as I was saying, we were three close friends – Ramu, Avinash, and I (notice how I have put myself at the end, as common courtesy demands). Well, one hot summer month, we were sweating (rather than studying) in our hostel rooms, cursing the local authorities for the unscheduled, untimely, unpredictable and immensely long power cuts that had become so frequent before the invention of the cold power source (ahem, again, by yours truly) that has made power cuts a thing that today's generation has never known. To cut a long story short, the three of us decided to get away from the heat of Chandigarh by taking a trip to Simla. Being students, we did not have enough money then (yes, at one time, I too had a shortage of money) so we decided to start early morning and come back by evening. That would rejuvenate us and then we could get back to our studies with all seriousness.

We set off the next morning, with the rising sun as our companion, a song on our hearts and happiness in our minds. Avinash had a scooter and I had a motorcycle (yes, those ancient petrol based two wheelers that are now to be seen only in museums), and Ramu rode pillion with me. It was a fun ride, and we made it to Simla in a few hours, stopping on the way to enjoy tea and coffee at the various dhabas that dot the way, moving when we felt like it, and stopping wherever we wanted to. The fun at Simla was no less, and we enjoyed going up and down the mall road, like the countless others who thronged the place to escape the rising temperatures wherever they had come from. As the day came to an end, we decided to start back for Chandigarh, using whatever daylight remained.



It was Ramu who spotted the signboard of the astrologer, and he forced our convoy to come to a stop. He was always very interested in these kinds of things, and with our exams looming right around the corner, he thought it would be safer to know our future (even now, with the nth generation supercomputer that I have invented, it is difficult to predict outcomes in the future with certainty), but as he insisted, we parked our vehicles at a dhaba nearby, and then went up to the soothsayer's booth. I was quite surprised that he was not there, since being someone who could see the future, surely, he must have seen that we would be coming. I mentioned this snidely to Ramu, and as Avinash and I laughed, and old man, stooped with age entered the booth and announced himself as Aghari Baba the Visionary. He sat down on a straw mat with an agility that I had not expected of him – quite possibly it was the smell of money and the sight of three witless gobs in front of him that gave him the grace and agility of a gazelle.

Ah, that feels nice.

I am sorry for the interruption, but that was the hospital attendant who gives me a sponging and changes my sheets every day. When I recover, I will give him a reward for looking after me so well. Well, coming back to my story let me first apologize to you for making you wait. Now, as I recall, Ramu and Avinash were seated on the floor in front of the great Aghari Baba, and I, being a true disbeliever in all these things (and extremely allergic to incense), lolled around at the entrance to his small booth, which in any case, could not accommodate more than two guests at any given time.

'Brmm, brmm,' said Aghari Baba, looking at Ramu and Avinash very seriously, and they both bowed in front of him, with hands folded as the baba swished about a bunch of peacock feathers, trying, it seemed to me, to clear the smoke in the booth rather than anything else (What brmm meant, totally escapes me, even till today). 'Bahut

galat,' he said, in a deep voice that was meant to be ominous (The entire conversation was in Hindi, but as I can see that you are not well versed with the language, I will talk as if it all went on in English).

'There is a great shadow on the three of you,' he went on, his eyes widening. 'So young, so sad.'

'Baba,' said Ramu, in a squeaky voice - the kind of voice he used to answer his vivas in. 'What is wrong?' He elbowed Avinash, who looked totally disinterested (like me), but had been outwitted by me into sitting there in that booth while I gazed at the scene outside, vaguely hearing what was going on inside. He jerked up, as if from a slumber, and repeated what Ramu had said.

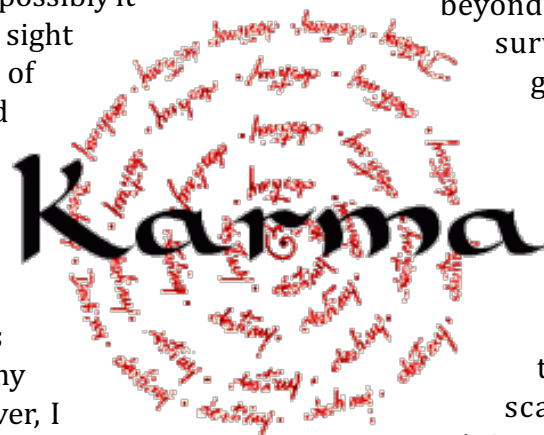
'There is the shadow of death upon two of you,' continued the baba. 'Two of you will not live beyond the month, but the one who survives will become one of the greatest persons to have lived in this country. His fame and fortune will be unparalleled.'

This was quite ridiculous, I thought, as my mind realized what the man was saying. It was one thing to give false hope to people, but totally wrong to scare people like this. I pulled Avinash's collar, indicating for them to come out of the booth, but even he seemed to have frozen to the spot. He was staring at Aghari Baba as if he was telling some great truth.

'Baba, what can we do to prevent this,' he said, shifting closer to the old man. I snorted and the baba looked up at me.

'You do not believe,' he said, as he waved the peacock feathers again. 'I am sorry to bring you all such bad news.' I looked away, swallowing my anger, since both, Ramu and Avinash seemed to be frozen to their spots. 'So sad,' he said again.

'Baba, what can we do to prevent this,' said Avinash again, hell bent on giving the scoundrel baba an opening where he could loot them. I had heard of such scams from other people, and I



could not believe that the same thing was happening right in front of me, and I was helpless to prevent it. I sat down on the stairs, as the baba began.

'The tragedy cannot be averted, unless you pray to the mountain deity,' he said. Here it comes, I thought, as he went on. He counted something on his fingers and then made a few gestures to a painting that was on the wall. A few strange sounds, and then he took a long breath. 'Seven thousand and one times,' he said finally, after making some calculation. 'The *bhujal mahajaap* has to be done seven thousand and one times if you want to escape this tragedy.'

I assumed that this was some prayer that needed to be repeated seven thousand and one times. Of course, he would charge for doing this, at a very nominal rate, since he liked us and wanted to help us, out of the sheer goodness of his heart. Even if he charged one rupee for each recitation, it would come to seven thousand and one rupees, and none of us had that kind of money then. I got up and wandered off to where our two wheelers were parked, and called for a cup of tea from the dhaba nearby. After some time, in the fading light, I made out the figures of Ramu and Avinash coming towards me.

'What's the rate for saying the prayers?' I asked.

Avinash looked sad. 'Five rupees per time. That comes to nearly thirty five thousand rupees,' he said, knowing it was an impossible sum for us.

'Well, I guess that we will have to die then,' I laughed and got on my bike. 'Come on, I will race you to the next milestone.' I revved my bike as Avinash kick started his scooter and Ramu got on its pillion.

'We can get the money..' said Ramu sadly, as I raced off, and Avinash followed, his scooter doing a small wheelie as it came off its stand.

We raced.

It was unfortunate, I say again, as I have said many times before.

Avinash could not negotiate the curve at a high speed, and went off the mountain road, taking his scooter as well as Ramu with him. They recovered the bodies the next morning, but the scooter was in ruins (so were the bodies).

I survived. And became rich and famous, just as the Baba had predicted (you all know my achievements, right?).

Oh, excuse me; I have to go for a short while. Those doctors are back again, discussing about my condition and survival chances. Last time, they wanted to pull the plug on my machine; letting me go in peace, they said. The fools, don't they know I have so much more to contribute!

I'm back. But what did you just say? Karma? Destiny? That the baba's prediction was correct? The hand of God???

I don't know about all that, but having heard that baba, only one thought crossed my mind. If he really was telling the truth, then only one of us would survive. So why take chances, I say, and even if I did not believe in all this stuff, would it not be better to be sure?

I don't know about the hand of God, but I do know that it was my hand that frayed the clutch wiring on Avinash's scooter so that it would break if pressed too tight. And to be doubly sure, it was my hand, not God's, which loosed the nuts on the brakes too, so that they would not work.

The prophesy worked out well for me. Destiny, they call it.

What would you say now, knowing the truth?

- **Dr. Robin Kaushik**  
Associate Professor  
Dept. of Surgery



# Why only "Med School"????

**"What inspired you to study medicine or be a doctor?"**

Some students shoot the run of the mill answers while others take time and come up with their reasons.

*"I saw critical illness in my family at a young age and felt helpless at the time. I was in awe of the doctors and other healthcare professionals who saved the life of my relative. Therefore, I couldn't think of a more valuable or fulfilling or personally meaningful career for me."*



(Every kid falls sick and so do people in their families, which implies all should nurture the dream of being the savior doctor...Several other situations which don't require the services of a physician, may also leave us helpless, so do we take up that profession.)

*"I chose Medicine because of my interest in Science and my fascination with the way the human body functions. Plus, the idea of being able to use your medical knowledge to save a life."*

(Are you not fascinated about how a cat's or a dog's body functions....Pets need vets.)

*"Job security and stability and the added perks."*

(Perks!! LOL!! There are easier ways to make a lot of money than spending several years learning about obscure diseases and then working as a glorified indentured servant for a few more years. Might as well go to law school or become an investment banker.)

*"I wanted to be a doctor because doctors are well-respected members of the society."*

(So are the scientists and other academicians.)

*"I decided to be a Doctor because I think as a career it would be constantly changing due to new discoveries and treatments."*

(Remember dear, Change is the only thing that's constant in this universe.....Every other profession also experiences change.....Laws and policies also change. Stock marketing is not the same as it was at the time of Harshad Mehta.)

*"Loved the doctors in 'SCRUBS' and 'GREY'S ANATOMY!'"*

(Haha, whom are you kidding....Life in a medical school is far from the glamor of these shows.)

*"I wanted to help people and contribute to society."*

(Well, the system is not run by doctors alone.....the bankers help with finances money. Grocers; take care of food and day to day products and the list goes on.)

**Don't you ever ponder.....**

Why do you imagine there is a great deal of job satisfaction as a doctor? Is this the only job that would give you this satisfaction? Or, is it to make your parents and grandparents happy?

What experience of pressure have you had? Why do you think dealing with the constant stress would be fun? Do you not think that this pressure is not often really depressing and takes a toll on the quality of life?

**It is the answer to this simple question is what completes the metamorphosis of a school student to a medical student.**

**You need a real, true answer for yourself. Don't just follow conventions, follow your heart.**

**Best wishes to one and all,**

**- Dr. Parul Ichhpujani**

**P.S:** I absolutely adore being a Glaucomatologist and a teacher.



# The Dead do Tell Tales

Once we enter any medical college, the first department that we come across is the Anatomy department and the Dissection Hall or the DH as it is popularly known. It is also the one department we fear the most in the First Prof. However, every student has his or her own favorite memories of the DH... sitting around the table and gossiping/ finishing some senior's practical file/ finishing lunch, etc, etc.. while one or two studious of the lot would try his/ her hand on dissection. Time seems to fly in a flash when in the DH. All the while we forget that on the Table lies a body donated to the institute by some generous and great hearted relatives, who, instead of performing the last rites for their dear departed, had donated the body with the fond hope that the students would show respect, dissect and learn the subject through their relative lying on the Table.

In the Second Prof. too, we encounter the dead. Not the formalin preserved ones with their peculiar smell and irritation to the eyes, but fresh ones - burnt/ putrefied/ accident/ hanging cases or a variety of other cases with their own peculiar characteristics and feel. We usually get over with it too, without having to bother much about the case but ensuring the attendance!!

However, the bodies that we dissect - be it in the Anatomy classes/ while performing Pathological or Medico-legal autopsies - are invaluable and priceless sources of knowledge and wisdom. They are the best teaching material

as they not only teach us the subject but inculcate in us - scientific approach to the problem, visualizing and understanding, questioning and searching for answers, etc; before accepting a fact.

I would like to illustrate this with 2 examples:

A case of death due to burns was brought to the mortuary of MAMC, New Delhi. The story was that after a tiff with her husband, the female had gone to the toilet on the pretext of bathing but poured kerosene and set herself on fire. So far so good. Problem was that the husband was also at home and in the master bedroom to which the toilet was attached. He, allegedly, did not hear her cries/ get the smell of burning flesh/ see the smoke coming out of the toilet. His story was that he wanted to relax after the fight and so had put the music on high volume, laid on the bed and had promptly fallen asleep!! Incredibly, the investigating officer believed the story and wanted to pass it off as a case of suicide!

The body told us a completely different story.

To start with, it was devoid of any clothing. No person, particularly a female, would commit suicide nude - until and unless mentally ill and that too, in rare cases. The wrists and ankles showed impressions as though they were bound and had pieces of molten nylon/ plastic attached. This pointed strongly towards assault and homicide.

The most important and striking features were of the burns themselves. The distribution was characteristic. They were absent on the back of abdomen and chest in and around the midline, the inner portion of both buttocks, back of thighs and legs (midline) and the soles. This suggested that the female was made to sit with her lower limbs outstretched and back supported by a wall, throughout the duration that she burned, without



any movement, what so ever. This is impossible when a live person sustains burns (even in cases of self-immolation) because the severe heat and pain caused by burns will compel the victim to roll over and over again in an attempt to douse the flames. This is basic survival instinct and has nothing to do with suicide or otherwise. This rolling over would lead to spreading of the burns to the whole of the body. The fact that she was in one single position throughout the duration of burns implied that she was already dead before sustaining the same. This conclusion was reinforced by the fact that there was no vital reaction at the junction of the burnt and un-burnt areas - the "Line of Redness". Hence, the burns were post-mortem.

The question, therefore, was - what is the cause of death? The face and the neck were badly burnt but a careful and meticulous examination of this area revealed traces of ligature mark in the lower part, particularly at the sides. (The thick hair at the back of the head usually obstructs formation of ligature mark at the back of neck in a female.) Though difficult in such cases, layer dissection of the neck revealed ecchymosis near the thyroid cartilage and fracture greater cornua of hyoid, left side; with extravasation of blood in the surrounding area.

We concluded that death was as a result of asphyxia due to strangulation and that the burns were post-mortem in nature.

The SHO and the area DCP were informed and we asked for visit to the scene. (This was a common practice in Delhi. Here, the police are uncooperative in these aspects). The police arranged for the same in collaboration with the CFSL (Central Forensic Science Laboratory) officials. The toilet door was not bolted from inside (distribution of soot on the bolt gave us this information). One wall of the toilet showed particularly dark soot deposition near the floor area and the soot was absent at places on the wall and the floor as though some body sat there at that particular time. All this further stressed the fact that the burns were postmortem.



Confronted with this evidence, the accused husband, who was already in custody (Death within 7 yrs of marriage; "dowry death"), confessed to having strangled his wife with his hanky and set her on fire after disrobing her (she went for a bath, you remember).

The other case that told a completely different and sinister story from the police version is a recent one, from the area around Sec 43 ISBT, Chd.

Police brought the dead body of an unknown person with the history of the body having been "mauled by dogs" after death, in unknown circumstances. Pieces of entrails, found near the body, were brought in a separate packet. Not much history was forthcoming as the IO wanted to finish it off as a case of natural death/ death due to poisoning.

It was the body of a male in his forties, wearing only underpants. What caught our attention was the injury on the abdomen, the so called "mauling by dogs". It was just like a laparotomy wound, extending from the sternum up to the pubic area, with clean cut margins and no evidence of animal bite marks anywhere. The stomach and major portion of the intestines were missing and the remnants showed evidence of having been cut with knife/ sharp weapon. All these were postmortem in nature. The back of the head showed 2 small injuries (lacerations) but

underneath, the skull was fractured and the brain injured. This was the cause of death.

Then why was the abdomen slit open and the stomach and intestines removed? This was clearly the handiwork of humans using a sharp edged weapon and not of any animals.

We concluded that this person could have been a "body packer", a type of drug courier, who swallow condoms/ small rubber balloons filled with drugs to transport them from one place to the other. Once they reach the desired destination, they take purgatives and excrete these out. The condoms/ balloons are then washed and the drug retrieved. May be a rival gang came to know of this person, killed him and stole the drugs. That explained the murder and its motive. [As you know, just one such packet could fetch lakhs in the black market; the fact that the IO wanted it to be natural death pointed towards connivance]. Our report resulted in the case being transferred to the crime branch.

Lately, we have come across a completely novel way of writing suicide notes by females. They are using their body - upper thighs/ breasts - and inner wear to write/ store their suicide notes!! They know that once they are dead, postmortem examination will be conducted and the doctor would then hand over the note/ photographs of the same to the police. The in-laws/ husband, etc against whom they want to complain cannot destroy the evidence, as these are the least expected areas!!

Why am I telling you all this? You guys are the lucky few whose hard work and luck paid off and you are now in this prestigious institute. Realize and respect that, make most of the opportunity that destiny provided you. Show respect and empathy that the patients deserve and respect the dead. The practical experience you gain is ultimate and irreplaceable.

The dead do tell tales, you just have to be a good and sincere reader with open eyes and open mind.

**- Prof. Dasari Harish**  
Head

Dept. of Forensic Medicine &  
Toxicology



## A Therapeutic Poem

कहते हैं सरकार माँ स्वरूप होती है ।

वह प्रजा का बच्चों की तरह ध्यान रखती है ।

हमारे बच्चे कहीं Central obesity & Hypertension से परेशान न हों, and must walk.

इसलिए उसने Petrol के दाम बढ़ा दिए । बढ़ा हुआ Sugar का level कहीं

Diabetes का basis, न बन जाए, इसलिए चीनी के दाम बढ़ा दिए । Testosterone का raised level

कहीं सबब न बन जाए धारा IPC-375 का इसलिए प्याज के दाम बढ़ा दिए ।

बढ़ा हुआ Uric acid का level कहीं basis न बन जाए Gouty arthritis का इसलिए साबुत दालों के दाम भी

बढ़ा दिए । Garlic and chillies के दाम बढ़ा कर हमने बच्चों को gastritis की slur से बचा लिया ।

वाह! यह सरकार तो सचमुच माँ स्वरूप है ।

Hence Prevention is better than Cure

**- Prof. C.S. Gautam**  
Head, Dept. of Pharmacology



## बचपन

बचपन, यौवन, बुढ़ापे में, बचपन है सबसे प्यारा;  
बूढ़ा हो या जवान; कहता है ये जग सारा ।  
बचपन के उन दिनों में, मम्मी आँचल में बैठाते थे,  
रो-रो कर हम जिद्दी, डैडी से बात मनाते थे,  
न थी कोई परेशानी, हम तितली से मँडराते थे,  
भोली-भोली बातें करके, आँखों के नूर कहलाते थे,  
न था कोई बोझ, दिमाग में इम्तिहान नहीं घूमते थे  
भैया, दीदी, अंकल, अण्टी, हर कोई हमको घुमाते थे ।  
अब वह समय नहीं रहा, बदल गया काफी हद तक,  
उलझनें, परेशानियों से धीरे है, और वही कुछ करते अब,  
बचपन की सुनहरी यादों को, जब याद हम कर लेते हैं,  
अपने आप से बातें करके, रो और हँस भी देते हैं,  
अपने पैरों पर खड़ा होकर, बनना है अपना सहारा,  
पर बचपने के सुनहरे दिन, काश आ जाए दुबारा,  
बचपन यौवन, बुढ़ापे में, बचपन है सबसे प्यारा,  
बूढ़ा हो या हो जवान, कहता है ये जग सारा ।

— डॉ. पंकज खुराना  
दंत रोग विभाग

## OF LESSER BEINGS & GRAND REACTIONS

Living in the hostel, it is not hard to tell when one of the girls comes across something lesser human. Come summer and that high pitched squeal heard every other day is unmistakably identified. They would be right outside your room, in the washrooms too or idling in one of the corridors. Everyone would know when they make an appearance, because no toad is too small to invoke a scream. We do not discriminate on that account!

To say that girls react to things of little significance would be an overstatement and would definitely subject you to some wrath and a tantrum or two. Well, wouldn't you yell and run your life if a cat pounced right at you (oh ok, ALMOST) just as you were casually tossing a wrapper into the dustbin in the middle of the night. If personal experience is a yardstick, I know you would.

Having lived here for a couple of years now, I have gotten used to the wide array of bugs and a big battalion of lizards trying to invade my room on every occasion they get and dogs who wouldn't budge from their naps even if cars were to come as close as a few centimeters. Ask any of the residents and they will tell you, most of the monsoon days here begin with sweeping off curious red insects and end with someone running to the security guard swearing that there is a "snake" in their room.

I am not here to grumble about the infestation. This is definitely not a letter of complaint. After all, these encounters do make for great stories. The moment we hear a cry for help, we get there like female versions of a Knight in shining armor, only to add a few emotions of our own and then run to seek assistance elsewhere. Eventually, when the calamity is averted, it often leads to a series of anecdotes of our greatness in the face of wild.

The perks of being amidst rich fauna aren't limited to the conversations alone. Sometime you do walk by nature playing its best. A kitten



chasing a butterfly, a litter of newly born pups or a kingfisher perched atop the gate definitely makes your day. Yes, we get startled every now and then, create a scene and complain for days;

but speaking figuratively, walking around not knowing what awaits you around that corner, isn't that what life is all about!

- Tanya Sharma  
2k11



## पैसा

जिसके पास है पैसा—अकलमंद वही कहलाता है,  
बाकी सब छोटे सिक्के हैं—बिन पैसे कुछ न आता है ।

पैसा रिश्तेदारी आजकल की—पैसे से ही शान है,  
आगे पीछे दौड़े सारे—पैसा ही मुस्कान है ।

सब दोषों को ढक देता है—पैसे में ताकत होती है,  
पास पड़ोस में तू राजा है—रिश्तेदारों में सच्चा मोती है ।

पैसा है पीर पैगम्बर—पैसा ही भगवान है,  
शरीर में खून नहीं हो चाहे—फिर भी तू पहलवान है ।

बड़े—बड़े वीर—धीर पैसे का गुणगान करें,  
बड़े—बड़े पद वाले भी—पैसे को सलाम करें ।

दिन को रात करे पैसा—रात को दिन कर देता है,  
अवगुण जितना भरा हुआ हो—उसमें गुण भर देता है ।

अमरजीत कौर  
स्टाफ, पुस्तकालय

# The Bucket List

For those of you who may be wondering about the title of this article, 'The Bucket List' is a movie starring Morgan Freeman and Jack Nicholson. In it, the two protagonists have cancer and are dying, so they decide to make a list of all of the things they've wanted to do in their lives and to complete it before they die, naming it 'The Bucket List'. While the movie did not strike it big at the box office, the term 'The Bucket List' has become part of urban folklore and lingo.

Being at the threshold of passing out of college, and looking back at all the things I've done and I wished I had done, I've prepared a Bucket List of sorts for all those who are still in college, which may help them fulfill their total college experience. So here goes nothing

## 1. Do Random Stuff

Nobody remembers sitting in a classroom that one afternoon, listening to one lecture after another. But you will remember missing classes that one day and going to visit a random Hill Station or watch a movie.

## 2. Discover Yourself

College is really the time when one gets to discover their own selves. You enter college as a pompous little brat on top of the world, thinking you are 'The Man' for excelling at the PMT's and it is here that you realize that whatever you have done before doesn't matter and doesn't set you apart. It is here that you will experience the highest of highs, and the lowest of lows. And it is here that you should discover that what kind of person you are, and know where your strengths and weaknesses lie.

## 3. Experience New Things

College is truly the time for experimentation. You are exposed to a whole set of stimuli and

situations you may have never been in before. But rather than be scared by them, learn to accept and embrace them and grow from them. You may never know what you'll like.

## 4. The Power of Music

This suggestion is one I read online and have followed myself throughout college. Every couple of months, make a new music CD with songs you've listened to most in that time period. Even after a long time has passed, you'll associate those songs with things that occurred during that time period and make you relive that time. For example, I cannot hear the song 'NayanTarse' from Dev-D and not think about my first Euphoria.

## 5. The College Romance

One of the most important aspects of College (;-p) It doesn't matter if you find the love of your life in college, go through multiple relationships in that time period, or become another member in the ever-growing FOSLA (;-p), you will never forget your college love.

## 6. Be Yourself

Last and most important of all, according to me. College offers you a clean slate and a chance to start over after all the drama of class 11 and 12. So make sure you don't lose that opportunity and pretend to be something or someone you are not.

- Charanpreet Singh

2k8

Bucket  
List





# Dissecting the *Medico sapiens*

- **The Sporting Spartans**



They are a rare breed of intrepid men and a few women who make it a personal mission to become live beacons of sporting info. Be it the latest IPL shows or EPL player transfers, this group is known for quoting stats like professional commentators. Singularly driven, they are at the forefront at events like Euphoria, Plexus or Stimulus. Be it manual sprints or the administrative hurdles, the *Spartans* cruse through with bullish efficiency. However miniscule the talent, they make up by their wolf pack like fanatic loyalty and dogged devotion to sporting success.

**Identification:** Colourful jerseys of sporting teams, sporting memorabilia and the essential display of their team affiliations on their cars, bikes, room walls, profile pictures on social networking websites or simply their smartphone wallpapers.

- **The Literati**

They are one of the largest groups amongst the *Medico sapiens*. Like bees drawn to sweet nectar they stumble around seeking sources of knowledge. Their packs however range from burlesque study groups to the single lone rangers. Armed with visual aids and vision bordering on near blindness, they take their never-ending quest for knowledge to maniac like limits. However their popularity soars as the months of fall & winter approach. It is their fiery nature that helps several sail through the cold storms of examinations. Many species owe their existence



to them by foraging on their meticulous case histories, lecture notes and the penchant for charting the "marked" courses across textbooks.

**Identification:** Minimal social interaction, involvement to the point of nothingness in college events, found cooped up in the library for most of their existence. Take centre-stage when questions are shot about in the class, vivas or end of year terminals. Have a tell-tale habit of predicting their abysmal failure post-attempt which mysteriously results in taking them to the pinnacles of success which are always too little, too late for them.

- **The Mavericks**



These are the non-conformists of the *Medico sapiens*. Pushed into the confines flawed guidance, parental countenance or simply a flawed stroke of bad luck these are usually the heretic, free spirits amongst the dogmatic cattle. Often misunderstood, they have no known group affiliations. They tend to wander around trying to carve their niche in a world they weren't made for.

**Identification:** Very difficult, usually end up as frustrated musicians, poets, artists or philosophers. The college magazine is an excellent haunt to look out for them. Often go on to do things beyond their curricula like taking up vocations in the civil services, research divisions or the hospitality and service sectors.



- **The Reticent Nimble-wits**

The most gullible of the *Medico sapiens*, they often end up as cattle for the more virtuous to chew upon. But they are vital components in the *Medico sapiens* social networking circles by acting as transporters of latest hearsay. Almost all gossip

originates within this group...from the alarmingly true to the fallacious fragments of their twisted psyche. Every hostility within the *Medico sapiens* is somewhat engineered by them.

**Identification:** Found within all other groups with cross group networking. Characteristic phrases like, "Yaar tujhe pata hai...", "Sacchi, mein kisi ko ni batayunga... "and" I am your friend, you can trust me. ", are commonly heard when they are around. The best way to identify is however their survival strategy, once a conflagration flares up, they are first to take flight rather than fight.

- **The Fatuous Airheads**



These are the self-confessed "awesome" group. With opinions of themselves bordering on beyond perfection they seldom consider rest of the groups as worth mingling with. Along with the *A' la mode* they make up the haute couture of the *Medico sapiens* social fabric. They are often seen floating across as clouds of boisterous conversations about themselves, for themselves and by themselves.

**Identification:** They wear their attitude on their sleeves, socially active but within hidden secret groups. Their involvement in community events is really hazardous, incapable of submission; many a scuffle can be traced back to this group's unflinching 'amour propre'.

- **The A'la mode**



They are the crème-de-la-crème of *Medico sapiens* society. Fashionable, stylish and classy this highly endangered breed is the sole reason that makes existence of several groups worthwhile. Unfortunately most are lapped up early on in the clutches of 'commitment' which makes them 'no trespassing' areas until further

'notice'. Their feisty temperament makes them the favourite indulgence of the *Amorous Rascallions*.

**Identification:** They have the largest friend circles, often circles are made around them. They also act as a lodestone for the fantasies of young and aging *Medico sapiens* alike. The life of parties and other social events, their departure often leads to fizzling of the social revelries. They have 100's of likes from their devoted fanatic fans; yes those, who smut about them while nursing their drinks and wounds of disavowal. They are universally known for their charm, their engaging, entrancing and exquisite allure which they employ to lure and let on other species for personal gains before snubbing them into desolate, sepulchral nadirs of rejection.

- **The Amorous Rascallions**



The most active of all the *Medico sapiens*, their lives revolve around the *A'la Mode* completely with the *Nimble-wits* providing the proverbial spokes of this cycle of unrequited devotion. Never limiting themselves they take their efforts to hostel walls, scribbled tables, toilet walls, library books and frankly any free space that they can get to profess their not so innocent emotions.

**Identification:** They are the ones running confessions pages on social networking sites and extract inane amounts of unscrupulous pleasures by constructing true confessions. Easily identified as leering at the *A'la Mode* and other virtuosos as they take on centre-stage at community events. They keep everyone entertained with their antics, cat-calls and incessant attempts at tasteless toilet humour. They may even go to the 'spirited' extent of visiting their objects of affection, late at night, to shower their gardens in ammonia rich fluids. However they have a tendency to succumb to the depression bug and descend spirally to join the bands of the *Ceaseless Crestfallen*.

- **The Ceaseless Crestfallen**



This group is a heterogeneous mixture of groups culled from the entire *Medico sapiens* diaspora. They are cloaked in clouds of neglect, poor hygiene and an eternal stench of disappointment. Be it poor academic performance, being

picked upon by the teachers community, snubbed amorous intentions or simply the sorry state of helplessness, this group is constantly changing yet static. Barring the few members (the Grandmasters) that are always there to welcome the new initiates with 'spiritual' talks, aqua vitae and willingness to 'guide' and 'weed' out the initiate's afflictions, the rest of the group is relatively dynamic and made of *Airheads, RapsCALLIONS, Literati, Spartans, Mavericks* and the *Nimble-wits*. The *A 'la Mode* however are relatively immune to their ways and have a nauseous reaction to advances from the *Crestfallen* initiates or the Grandmasters.

**Identification:** Often murmur old, gloomy love ballads, render status updates that could spout waterfalls from even the most joyous eyes, often affect the *Vanguard* the most, who subsequently resort to the unsubscribe and the unfriend protocols. They love to quote Ghalib, Honey Singh and Kumar Vishwas, often swearing by the 'gyan' overflowing in their eloquent verses. At social interactions, they are found outside the venues discussing life, love, politics, weather and other downright miserable, mundane subjects while mishandling their broken 'spirits'. They end up being hauled back on the shoulders of the *Spartans* or other *Crestfallen* brethren. Thus they are usually the butt of most insider *Medico sapiens* jokes.

- **The Virtual Vanguard**

These are the ones with the most technical know-how. Quoting from resources like Wikipedia, Medscape, Skyscape they are the go- to people for



most 'breakdowns', well not 'emotional' ones as the *Crestfallen* are too good at managing those. They are the brains and the brawn behind all PR activity, be it the college magazine publication or

inter/intra college competitions. They are known for bypassing Wi-Fi speed limitations and mostly have Russian or Chinese sites as bookmarks. The *Vanguard* members are called up usually by the faculty to set up their equipment and thus are found in the front rows at all presentations.

**Identification:** Super active news feed, be it Twitter, Facebook, Quora, Youtube, Myspace, Instagram or Pinterest which they surf constantly with their at least '5 inch' smart devices. They are found talking in technical jargon of Cores, GPU's, RAM and Gigs of space that unfortunately always falls short by a few TB's. Coveted by all groups for their 'seasons' supply of House MD, Game of Thrones, Spartacus, The Simpsons and other barely legal 'sensational' stuff. They are ones to visit for advice before investing in electronic equipment, they get you the best deals, those too COD.

- **The Singularly Sane**

These are the rarest of all *Medico sapiens*. Almost all think themselves to be members of this highly endangered group. With chameleon like qualities, they tend to mix with every other species but yet maintain their individuality which when manifested leads to far reaching consequences.

**Identification:** These are so rare that no one knows how to identify them, as no know group afflictions or affections are there they rarely show their characteristics.

- Sahil Thakur

2k9



## ਖੁਸ਼ ਰਹੋ ਯਾਰੋ

ਜਿੰਦਗੀ ਮੇਂ ਸਦਾ ਖੁਸ਼ ਰਹੋ ਯਾਰੋ,  
ਕਲ ਕੀ ਛੋੜੋ ਆਜ ਕੋ ਸੰਵਾਰੋ ਯਾਰੋ।

ਫੜ੍ਹ ਨਿਭਾਤੇ ਰਹੋ ਔਰ ਕਰਮ ਕਰਤੇ ਰਹੋ,  
ਜਿਤਨੀ ਹੋ ਸਕੇ ਦੂਸਰੋਂ ਕੀ ਮਦਦ ਕਰਤੇ ਰਹੋ,  
ਥੋੜਾ ਨੁਕਸਾਨ ਭੀ ਸਹਨਾ ਪੜੇ ਜੋ ਕਿਸੀ ਕੇ ਲਿਏ,  
ਤੋ ਹੰਸਕਰ ਤਸੇ ਤੁਮ ਸਹ ਲੋ ਯਾਰੋ,  
ਜਿੰਦਗੀ ਮੇਂ ਸਦਾ ਖੁਸ਼ ਰਹੋ ਯਾਰੋ,  
ਕਲ ਕੀ ਛੋੜੋ ਆਜ ਕੋ ਸੰਵਾਰੋ ਯਾਰੋ।

“ਮੈਂ” ਕੋ ਜਿਸਨੇ ਅਪਨੇ ਦਿਲ ਸੇ ਮਿਟਾ ਦਿਯਾ,  
ਦੁਨਿਆ ਹੋ ਗੜ੍ਹਿ ਉਸਕੀ ਵੋ ਸਬਕਾ ਹੋ ਗਯਾ,  
ਗੁਸ਼ਸਾ—ਨਫਰਤ ਸ਼ਿਕਵੇ—ਸ਼ਿਕਾਯਤ ਮਿਟਾਕਰ ਦਿਲ ਸੇ,  
ਪਯਾਰ ਹੀ ਪਯਾਰ ਚਾਰੋਂ ਔਰ ਲੁਟਾਔ ਯਾਰੋ,  
ਜਿੰਦਗੀ ਮੇਂ ਸਦਾ ਖੁਸ਼ ਰਹੋ ਯਾਰੋ,  
ਕਲ ਕੀ ਛੋੜੋ ਆਜ ਕੋ ਸੰਵਾਰੋ ਯਾਰੋ।

ਧਨ—ਦੌਲਤ, ਨਸ਼ਾ ਕਾਮਯਾਬੀ, ਕਮ ਹੀ ਲਗੋਂਗੀ ਜਿਤਨੀ ਪਾ  
ਲੋ ਯਾਰੋਂ,  
ਦੁ:ਖ ਸੁਖ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਔਰ ਗਮ ਮਿਲਤੇ ਰਹੇਂਗੇ ਜੀਵਨ ਮੇਂ,  
ਅਛੇ ਵਕਤ ਕੀ ਯਾਦੋਂ ਬਨਾਲੋ, ਭਾਕੀ ਸਬ ਭੁਲਾਦੋ ਯਾਰੋ,  
ਜਿੰਦਗੀ ਮੇਂ ਸਦਾ ਖੁਸ਼ ਰਹੋ ਯਾਰੋ,  
ਕਲ ਕੀ ਛੋੜੋ ਆਜ ਕੋ ਸੰਵਾਰੋ ਯਾਰੋ।

ਕੁਛ ਭੀ ਹਮਾਰੇ ਹਾਥ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਯਾ ਖੋਯਾ ਕਯਾ ਪਾਯਾ ਹੈ,  
ਮੇਹਨਤ ਕਰਤੇ ਜਾਔ ਤੁਮ ਭਾਕੀ ਤੁਮ੍ਹਾਰਾ ਭਾਗਯ ਹੈ,  
ਦੂਸਰੋਂ ਕੋ ਆਗੇ ਬਫ਼ਤਾ ਦੇਖ, ਕਮੀ ਨਾ ਜਲੋ ਯਾਰੋ,  
“ਕਮ ਹੈ ਤੋ ਕਯਾ ਗਮ ਹੈ” ਇਸ ਮੰਤਰ ਕੋ ਤਚਾਰੋ ਯਾਰੋ,  
ਜਿੰਦਗੀ ਮੇਂ ਸਦਾ ਖੁਸ਼ ਰਹੋ ਯਾਰੋ,  
ਕਲ ਕੀ ਛੋੜੋ ਆਜ ਕੋ ਸੰਵਾਰੋ ਯਾਰੋ।

ਸਵਥ ਬੀਮਾਰ, ਬਚਾ—ਬੂਢਾ ਯਾ ਹੋ ਜਵਾਨ,  
ਰਾਜਾ—ਰੰਕ, ਕੋੜ੍ਹ ਭੀ, ਕੈਂਸਾ ਹੋ ਙੰਸਾਨ,  
ਙਕ ਪਾੜ੍ਹ ਕਾ ਭਰੋਸਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਜਿੰਦਗੀ  
ਮੇਂ ਕਿਸੀ ਕਾ,  
ਜੋ ਪਲ ਚਲ ਰਹਾ ਹੈ, ਬਸ ਤਸੇ,  
ਪਯਾਰ ਸੇ ਸੰਭਾਲੋ ਯਾਰੋ,  
ਜਿੰਦਗੀ ਮੇਂ ਸਦਾ ਖੁਸ਼ ਰਹੋ ਯਾਰੋ,  
ਕਲ ਕੀ ਛੋੜੋ ਆਜ ਕੋ ਸੰਵਾਰੋ  
ਯਾਰੋ।



— ਸੰਜੀਵ ਭਾਲੀ  
ਸਟਾਫ, ਫਿਜ਼ਿਯੋਲੋਜੀ ਵਿਭਾਗ

## ਜੀਵਾਂ ਤੇ ਪੈ ਰਿਹਾ ਜਲਵਾਯੂ ਪਰਿਵਰਤਨ ਦਾ ਪ੍ਰਭਾਵ

ਹੜ੍ਹ, ਸੋਕਾ ਵਰਗੀਆਂ ਕੁਦਰਤੀ ਆਫ਼ਤਾਂ ਅੱਜ ਸਾਰੀ  
ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਕਿਤੇ ਨਾ ਕਿਤੇ ਤਬਾਹੀ ਦਾ ਕਾਰਨ ਬਣ ਰਹੀਆਂ  
ਹਨ।

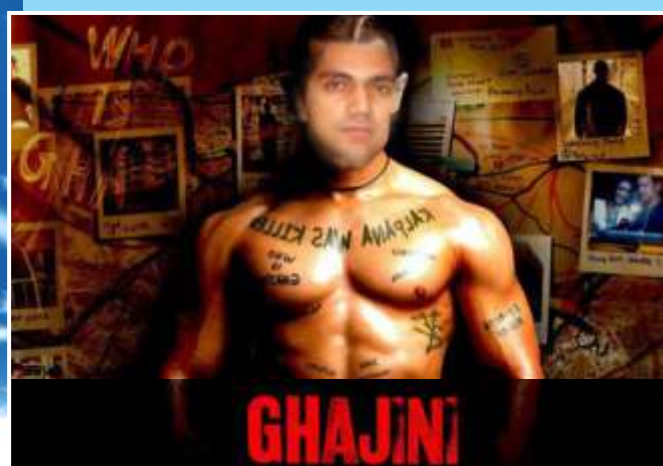
ਅੰਤਰਰਾਸ਼ਟਰੀ ਪੱਧਰ ਤੇ ਕੀਤੇ ਗਏ ਸਰਵੇਖਣਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਇਹ  
ਗੱਲ ਸਾਹਮਣੇ ਆਈ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਅਤਿ ਦੀ ਗਰਮੀ, ਕਿਤੇ ਸੋਕਾ, ਕਿਤੇ  
ਸਮੁੰਦਰੀ ਤੁਫਾਨਾਂ ਅਤੇ ਹੜ੍ਹਾਂ ਦਾ ਕਾਰਨ ਜਲਵਾਯੂ ਪਰਿਵਰਤਨ  
ਹੈ। ਜਲਵਾਯੂ ਪਰਿਵਰਤਨ ਨਾਲ ਅੱਜ ਧਰਤੀ ਤੇ ਰਹਿਣ ਵਾਲੇ  
ਜੀਵ ਪ੍ਰਭਾਵਿਤ ਹੋ ਰਹੇ ਹਨ। ਮਨੁੱਖ, ਪਸ਼ੂ, ਪੰਛੀ, ਕੀਟ, ਪਤੰਗੇ,  
ਪੌਦੇ, ਰੁੱਖ ਸਭ ਇਸ ਦੀ ਮਾਰ ਹੇਠ ਆ ਰਹੇ ਹਨ। ਇਹਨਾਂ  
ਸਾਰਿਆਂ ਦਾ ਇੱਕ ਦੂਜੇ ਨਾਲ ਕਿਸੇ ਨਾ ਕਿਸੇ ਰੂਪ ਵਿੱਚ ਜਾਂ ਭੋਜਨ  
ਲੜੀਆਂ ਰਾਹੀਂ ਸਬੰਧ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਮਨੁੱਖ ਇਹਨਾਂ ਸਾਰਿਆਂ ਨਾਲ  
ਜੁੜਿਆ ਹੈ। ਮਨੁੱਖ ਸਹਿਤ ਨੂੰ ਵੱਡਾ ਖਤਰਾ ਪਾਲਤੂ ਪਸ਼ੂਆਂ,  
ਫਸਲਾਂ ਜੰਗਲੀ ਜੰਤੂਆਂ, ਜੰਗਲਾਂ ਅਤੇ ਜੰਗਲੀ ਜੀਵਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਹੋਣ  
ਵਾਲੀਆਂ ਬਿਮਾਰੀਆਂ ਤੋਂ ਹੈ। ਸੰਨ 2005 ਵਿੱਚ ਸ਼ਹਿਸ਼ਤਾਵਦੀ  
ਪ੍ਰਸਿਥਤੀ ਤੰਤਰ ਮੁਲਾਂਕਣ ਦਸਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਧਰਤੀ ਤੇ ਜੀਵਨ ਲਈ  
ਮੁਢਲੀਆਂ ਲੋੜਾਂ ਜਾਂ ਤਾਂ ਘੱਟ ਰਹੀਆਂ ਹਨ ਜਾਂ ਇਹਨਾਂ ਦੀ ਵਰਤੋਂ  
ਇਸ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਹੋ ਰਹੀਆਂ ਹਨ ਕਿ ਇਹ ਲੰਬੇ ਸਮੇਂ ਤੱਕ ਟਿਕੇ ਨਹੀਂ  
ਰਹ ਸਕਦੇ। ਬਹੁਤ ਹੀ ਸੰਵੇਦਨਸ਼ੀਲ ਪੌਦੇ, ਕੀਟ ਪਤੰਗ ਜੋ ਕਿ  
ਜਲਵਾਯੂ ਪਰਿਵਰਤਨ ਨਹੀਂ ਸਹਾਰ ਸਕਦੇ, ਉਹ ਤਾਂ ਅਲੋਪ ਹੋ  
ਰਹੇ ਹਨ ਅਤੇ ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਜੁੜੀਆਂ ਪ੍ਰਭਾਵਿਤ ਹੋ ਰਹੀਆਂ ਹਨ।  
ਜਿਥੇ ਕਿਤੇ ਪੌਦਿਆਂ ਦਾ ਪਰਾਗਣ ਹੋਣ ਨਾਲ ਫਲ ਉਤਪਾਦਨ ਘੱਟ  
ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ, ਇਹ ਹੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਗਰਮ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਧਰਤੀ ਜਾਂ ਗਲੋਬਲ  
ਵਾਰਮਿੰਗ ਨਾਲ ਅਤਿ ਦੀ ਗਰਮੀ ਜਾਂ ਅਤਿ ਦੀ ਸਰਦੀ ਸਹਿਣ  
ਵਾਲੇ ਬਿਮਾਰੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਸੂਖਮ ਜੀਵਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਵਾਧਾ ਹੋ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ। ਇਸ  
ਨਾਲ ਫਸਲਾਂ ਦੀ ਪੈਦਾਵਾਰ ਘੱਟ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਜੀਵਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ  
ਬਿਮਾਰੀਆਂ ਵੱਧ ਰਹੀਆਂ ਹਨ।

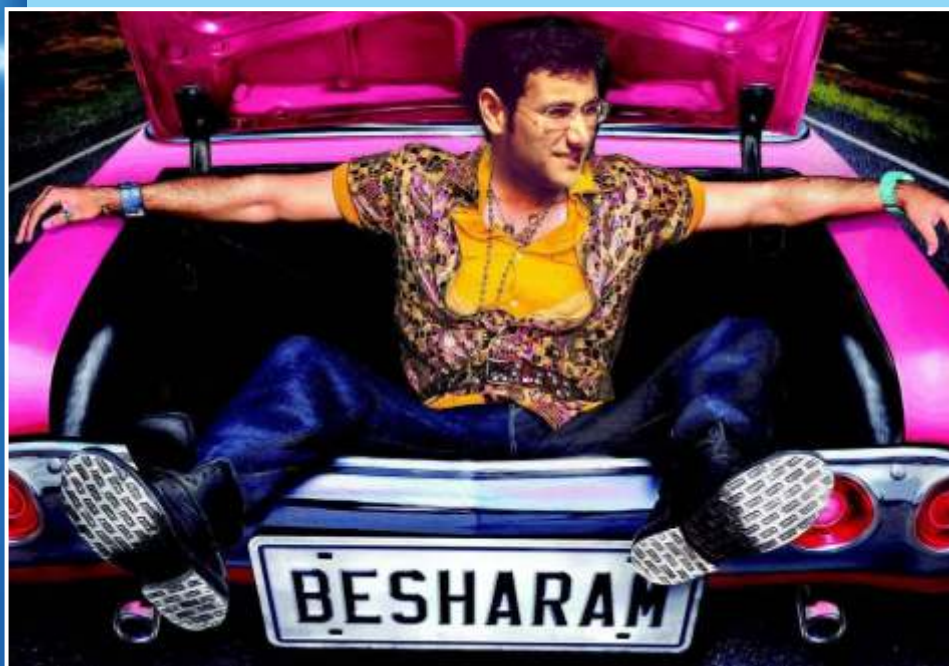
ਜਲਵਾਯੂ ਪਰਿਵਰਤਨ ਅਤੇ ਸਿਹਤ ਇੱਕ ਅਜਿਹਾ ਮੁੱਦਾ  
ਹੈ ਜੋ ਸਾਰੀ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਪ੍ਰਭਾਵਿਤ ਕਰ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ। ਸਾਡਾ ਸਾਰਿਆਂ  
ਦਾ ਫਰਜ਼ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਅਸੀਂ ਜਲਵਾਯੂ ਪਰਿਵਰਤਨ ਵਰਗੀਆਂ  
ਕਿਰਿਆਵਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਘਟਾਈਏ ਅਤੇ ਆਪਣੀਆਂ ਰੋਜ਼ਾਨਾ ਕਿਰਿਆਵਾਂ  
ਵਿੱਚ ਕਾਰਬਨ ਡਾਈਆਕਸਾਈਡ, ਮੀਥੇਨ  
ਵਰਗੀਆਂ ਗਰੀਨ ਹਾਊਸ ਗੈਸਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ  
ਕਮੀ ਲਿਆਇਏ ਅਤੇ ਧਰਤੀ ਤੇ  
ਹਰਿਆਲੀ ਵਧਾ ਕੇ ਜਲਵਾਯੂ  
ਪਰਿਵਰਤਨ ਨੂੰ ਘੱਟ ਕਰੀਏ।



— ਸਰਬਜੀਤ ਸਿੰਘ  
ਸਟਾਫ

# Bollywood in GMCH





# POLL KHOL - 2019

## Q1- What do u think is the most annoying thing of being in the medical field?

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| PG seats ratio to UG seats is really a pain for the graduates.                                | 24% |
| Mere schoolmates ke bacche bhi ho gaye, aur me abhi tak dusro ke baccho ka rona hi sunta hun. | 3%  |
| Ho gaya abhi tak papa se pocket money mangni padti hai (2000 dena birthday party deni hai).   | 61% |
| 2 din ho gye ghar, gaye ab toh ghar wale bhi nahi pehchaneg !! (long working hours)           | 12% |

## Q2- Best use of library?

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Humne nahi jana library ab unhone toh WIFI par password bhi laga diya ! | 5%  |
| Place to relax and sleep ab to A/C bhi lagwa diye sarkar ne             | 78% |
| NSP(nayan sukh prapti) sath sath thodi padai (all rounder approach)     | 12% |
| Padai aur kya hi krna hota hai library me (house of books and students) | 5%  |

## Q3- Success Mantra in GMCH?

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Pichle 5 sal ke question paper kar jao, 2k10 ko bhi 2k6 ka hi paper aaya tha !! | 8%  |
| Question ki list hai na !!  | 48% |
| Marked marked hi padh lo, pass ho jaoge.  | 36% |
| Sari book padho, padhai hi kam aati hai.  | 8%  |

## Q4- Who's who of the batch.... (No pun intended)

| TITLES                                  | 2k10         | 2k11        | 2k12           | 2k13          |
|---|--------------|-------------|----------------|---------------|
| Mr. Perfect                             | Himmat       | Siddharth   | Shubhkarmanjit | Harsh         |
| Style Guru                              | Hari         | Chirayu     | Kanwalpreet    | Azam          |
| The Nerdo                               | Akhil/ Amish | Kanav       | Dinesh         | Siddharth     |
| Jugaadu                                 | Sahil        | Shreyak     | Arun           | Agam          |
| Every one's Friend                      | Ranjan       | Mani        | Shubhkarmanjit | Sabri         |
| Miss. Notorious                         | Urvi         | Komal       | Ruchi          | Venu          |
| Cute Smile                              | Purva        | Shivani     | Amtoj/ Urvashi | Pooja         |
| Beauty with Brains                      | Tanvi        | Jannat      | Madhurima      | Gurleen       |
| Fashionista                             | Perman       | Shivani     | Tanima         | Meher/ Reva   |
| Can't say no to her<br>(Dost Hai Yaar!) | Seema        | Prabhroohan | Tanima         | Deepali/ Venu |

## Q5-Faculty member who inspires you the most..

| Batch | Faculty                               | Batch | Faculty              |
|-------|---------------------------------------|-------|----------------------|
| 2k10  | Prof. Sunandan Sood/ Dr. Roosy Aulakh | 2k12  | Prof. Harsh Mohan    |
| 2k11  | Prof. Dasari Harish                   | 2k13  | Prof. Kanchan Kapoor |

### Q6-Best development in GMCH in last 1 year?

|                                       |     |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| 100 MBBS intake                       | 8%  |
| Internship allowance raised to 9000/- | 78% |
| Library made air conditioned          | 9%  |
| Separate parking for students         | 5%  |

### Q7- Senior ka funda (purane kedi hai is jail ke)

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Padhai hi sath degi  | 10% |
| Viva me agar kuch na aata ho toh chup rhena blunder mat karna    | 56% |
| Beta first year me hi ladki fasa le file bhaut hoti hai bnane ko | 5%  |
| Jo bhi krna bas faculty se panga mat lena                        | 29% |

### Q8- Like girls hostel should the boys hostel also be closed at 10 pm?

|           |     |
|-----------|-----|
| Yes       | 44% |
| No        | 20% |
| Who cares | 36% |

### Q9- Your first impression on entering GMCH?

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Ye kahan aa gaye hum koi dekhta tak nahi hai | 18% |
| Bada college bade log bada kam bada naam     | 10% |
| Uchi dukan phika pakwan                      | 36% |
| I am happy to be here, my dream come true    | 36% |

### Q10-Worst part in clinics?

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Long standing hours                                   | 48% |
| Case lo and pata chalta hai ki consultant hi busy hai | 2%  |
| Tume kuch aata toh hai nahi so no attendance          | 44% |
| Clinic me toh kuch na kuch seekhne ko hi milta hai    | 6%  |

### Q11- Most widely used social media (for studies)?

|   |    |          |     |
|---|----|----------|-----|
| Books hi bahut hai..No time for all these | 6% | Medscape | 3%  |
| Facebook                                  | 6% | Whatsapp | 88% |



# Senescence

ਜ ਆਖਾਂ ਵਾਰਿਸ ਨੂੰ ਕਿਤੋਂ ਕਬਰਾਂ ਵਿਚੋਂ ਬੋਲ  
ਤੇ ਅੱਜ ਕਿਤਾਬ ਦੇ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਦਾ ਕੋਈ ਅਗਲਾ ਵਰਕਾ ਫੋਲ

ਇਕ ਰੋਈ ਸੀ ਧੀ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਦੀ ਤੂੰ ਲਿਖ ਲਿਖ ਮਾਰੇ ਵੈਣ  
ਅੱਜ ਲੱਖਾਂ ਧੀਆਂ ਰੋਦੀਆਂ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਵਾਰਿਸ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਨੂੰ ਕਹਿਣ

ਉਠ ਦਰਦਮੰਦਾਂ ਦਿਆਂ ਦਰਦੀਆਂ ਉਠ ਤੱਕ ਅਪਣਾ ਪੰਜਾਬ  
ਅੱਜ ਬੇਲੇ ਲਾਸ਼ਾਂ ਵਿਛੀਆਂ ਤੇ ਲਹੂ ਦੀ ਭਰੀ ਚਨਾਬ

ਕਿਸੇ ਨੇ ਪੰਜਾਂ ਪਾਣੀਆਂ ਵਿਚ ਦਿੱਤੀ ਜ਼ਹਿਰ ਰਲਾ  
ਤੇ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਪਾਣੀਆਂ ਨੇ ਧਰਤ ਨੂੰ ਦਿੱਤਾ ਪਾਣੀ ਲਾ

ਏਸ ਜ਼ਰਖੇਜ਼ ਜ਼ਮੀਨ ਤੇ ਲੂੰ ਲੂੰ ਫੁਟਿਆ ਜ਼ਹਿਰ  
ਗਿੱਠ ਗਿੱਠ ਚੜ੍ਹੀਆਂ ਲਾਲੀਆਂ ਫੁੱਟ-ਫੁੱਟ ਚੜ੍ਹਿਆ ਕਹਿਰ

ਵਿਹੁ ਵਿਲਿਸੀ ਵਾ ਫ਼ਿਰ ਵਣ-ਵਣ ਵਰੀ ਜਾ  
ਉਹਨੇ ਹਰ ਇੱਕ ਵਾਂਸ ਦੀ ਵੰਝਲੀ ਦਿੱਤੀ ਨਾਗ ਬਣਾ

ਨਾਰਾਂ ਕੀਲੇ ਲੋਕ ਮੂੰਹ ਬੱਸ ਫ਼ਿਰ ਡੰਗ ਹੀ ਡੰਗ  
ਪਲੋ-ਪਲੀ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਦੇ ਨੀਲੇ ਪੈ ਗਏ ਅੰਗ

- ਅਮ੍ਰਿਤਾ ਪ੍ਰੀਤਮ

# THE IRONY OF OUR LIFE

We doctors, being among the so called 'cream' of the society have always been over achievers but, unfortunately the hard work we put in for becoming doctors goes unnoticed and we are deprived of the appreciation what we actually deserve.

Missing the dusk of our adolescence solving MCQs, we finally enter the college with great zeal and contentment of having reached the panacea. This is where our phantasm gets jolted. We begin with the very start of our adult lives spending everyday with corpses. Carrying bones in our bags and books that break our backs, we spend the prime of our youth in the twilight of wards. We have no definite college hours. Donning the white coats even in the heat of May, we get accustomed to the dead weight of stethoscopes around our necks.

We also study law, sociology, psychology, entomology, nutrition, sanitation and statistics. Surrounded always by exams, we neglect the pursuit of our other passions. We sometimes have to cancel our own vacations. We covet amphetamines.

We have been confronted by every infective fluid on this earth. We are protected from a life with HIV by the flimsy rubber of gloves, tempting our own death every time we draw infected blood. We laugh off our chances of contracting tuberculosis.

We study for four-and-a-half years, but intern as peons. Graduating after our peers have finished post graduation, we are the last to earn first meagre salaries. We direly need our parents to support us well till our late twenties. Our futures are thwarted by the government at every step (with the latest proposed 1 yr compulsory rural posting adding fuel to fire). We sacrifice weekends to classes that propel us towards specialisation. We must compete with

each other even at this age for the expertise we desperately need. We slog for years to earn the letters we look for prefixing and suffixing our names.

Our friends have designated us perpetually busy. Our presence at family functions is always greeted with surprise. We are sick of the question, 'What are you going to specialise in?'

We have befriended no non-medical person since our course began. We are no longer with our precious loves from before. We date each other and discuss medicine. We advise people to procreate before thirty but marry after it.

We trawl Play Store for medical apps. We have spent more on medical manuals than meals and movies combined. We associate the first rains with malaria. We are disillusioned by the fact that there is no health without wealth.

We are hunted and haunted by questions for which we have no answers. We feel guilty when we know less than we should and fear that we will never be good enough.

We are not allowed to be judgemental and must help even the impudent ones. We cannot ever abandon logic. We are rational but must allow for prejudices. We have no choice but to listen.

Having said all this, I believe some day the condition of doctors in this country would undergo a radical shift. Some day the govt. and people of this country would actually take cognizance of what it really takes to become a doctor and we might get what we actually deserve.

- Ashish Dua  
2k10



# ROOTS AND WINGS

*Give the ones you love, wings to fly,  
Roots to come back and reason to stay,*

**-Dalai Lama**

It's an amazing feeling to be free, do what you want, smile at silly things & just let loose sometimes. But at the end of the day everyone wants a steadiness, a break, something to come back to. And maybe that's why they say "However much you relish the spicy, exotic restaurant food, you'll definitely yearn for 'GHAR KA KHANA' someday!!!!"

People my age- THE RESTLESS GENERATION , as some would rather put it, laugh things off, cry and smile easily, try new things, look forward to adventures, push our limits, make new friends every now and then and try to 'stay cool'. That is what wings mean to me.

But then, the basic sensibility of a youngster is always under the critical scan of parents and elders (and it should be ). Their constant advice and prompting: "Eat your breakfast", "Sleep on time", "Study well" , "Don't be stressed!!! I'm here". Oh!!! I just wonder what we would be without these corrections. It might seem odd at times, but blessed are those on whom this unconditional care is bestowed. So, cherish and value it, as it comes from those who went through all this long ago and now are there, like a tree that grew with time, standing all storms with its strong roots and numerous branches.

It's awesome to be free like a bird, traveling the blue skies wide and far, drinking water at all fresh streams, pausing for shelter at beautiful yards, playing with fellow birdies but it's even more heartwarming to have a nest on a tree which is always there to comfort you be it sun or rain, whether you are hurt or hearty, never refusing to welcome you and where you just want to be when the sun sets....

**-Arshpreet Kaur**  
2k10



*Background picture by : Astha Arora, 2k10*

# That walk in the night

I used to stand alone and gaze at the stars at night,  
A flicker too seems so surreal,  
so unreal but again a star shines bright.  
What is it trying to prove?  
That we are but humans and should beware of  
God's might?  
Maybe it is. But then why would there again be  
light?  
Why not just end the bereavement of human soul  
and it's plight?  
I walked down love's road as a star,  
yeah the road was tight.  
I made up a theory, I believe it's correct though the  
chances are slender, slight,  
The star is merely a soul battling it out,  
The world tried to teach him and mould him as  
one of their own.  
Doubts were instilled and seeds of new dreams in  
his mind were sown.  
But he kept on believing, his love and hope were  
the only things he hadn't thrown.  
That's what he told me when I walked as him,  
He said, "Out there where I stay the corridors don't  
shine, they are glum, they are dim,"  
The stories he told me, I couldn't believe what all  
they did to him,  
This road that you have chosen is your universe,  
your life,  
I understood this as I walked on that path as a star,  
Though now he seems distant, ignorant of my  
existence, he seems to be far,  
His voice seems clear as though he whispers from  
outside of a door left ajar,  
He said that you judge true beauty of a life by the  
problems it gave you,  
And all you have to do is emerge as a hero in a  
liberating strife,  
Just believe in your heart, your friends, your god  
and your soul.  
Don't seek approval from a herd, they are but  
imbeciles, they are fools,  
You have been dealt your cards, your hands are  
your tools.  
When God strikes down and it's the end of your  
plight,

One thing you'll take with you is the feeling that  
you gave a fight,  
Like the star you never faded, always did what was  
right,  
And If you get some time, maybe for a while, you  
too for once just gaze at a star in the night.

- Tejasav Sehrawat  
2k11



# Those childhood days...

Seeing the tiny tots play in the park,  
A thought crossed my mind,  
As to what have I gained,  
Having lost my childhood days;  
All those moments of joy and no worry,  
When I tried to make new friends everyday,  
When cartoon network was all I wanted to see on  
TV,  
When finding the hidden cookies was my mission  
of the day,  
When mumma's scolding was all that scared me,  
When dancing lesson was my favourite part of the  
day,  
When daddy's shoulder was my favourite sitting  
spot;  
With all these thoughts going on in my mind,  
I remembered the locket that my grandma gifted  
me on my 5th birthday..  
But reflexly touched the stethoscope around my  
neck,  
I came out of those random thoughts and looked at  
my watch,  
Immediately sat in the car as I was already late for  
my surgery class,  
The tiny tots were still playing in the park...

- Roopjit Kaur Sahi  
2k11



# ਇੱਕ ਪੁਕਾਰ

# Dream

ਅਜ ਆਖਾਂ ਵਾਰਿਸ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਨੂੰ ਇੱਥੇ ਕੁਝ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੋਣਾ  
ਤੂੰ ਕਬਰਾਂ ਫਾੜ ਕੇ ਬੋਲ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਪੈਣਾ ਰੋਨਾ

ਜਦ ਜੁਲਮ ਢਹੇ ਬੇਟੀ ਤੇ ਕੁਝ ਝੂਠਾ ਸ਼ੋਕ ਮਨਾਉਂਦੇ  
ਫਿਰ ਡੋਲ੍ਹਣ ਅਥਰੂ ਮਗਰ ਮੱਛੂ ਦੇ ਭਰ ਭਰ ਕੀਰਨੇ ਪਾਉਂਦੇ  
ਪੜਤਾਲ ਕਰਾਉਂਦੇ, ਕੇਸ ਚਲਾਉਂਦੇ, ਚੈਨਲਾਂ ਤੇ ਭੜਬੂ ਪਾਉਂਦੇ  
ਸਭ ਆਪਣੀਆਂ ਰੋਟੀਆਂ ਸੇਕ ਕੇ ਫਿਰ ਅਗਾਂਹ ਟੁਰ ਜਾਉਂਦੇ  
ਕੁਝ ਸਮਾਂ ਲੰਘਣ ਤੋਂ ਬਾਅਦ ਉਵੇਂ ਹੀ ਪੈਦਾ ਜੁਲਮ ਫਿਰ ਢੋਣਾ

ਅਜ ਆਖਾਂ ਵਾਰਿਸ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਨੂੰ ਇੱਥੇ ਕੁਝ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੋਣਾ  
ਤੂੰ ਕਬਰਾਂ ਫਾੜ ਕੇ ਬੋਲ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਪੈਣਾ ਰੋਨਾ

ਮੈਂ ਵੀ ਸ਼ਿਕਾਰ ਇਸ ਜੁਲਮ ਦੀ ਸੁਣ ਲਉ ਹੱਡ ਬੀਤੀ  
ਮੇਰਾ ਢਿਡ ਫਾੜਿਆ ਜਾਲਿਮਾਂ ਨੇ ਮੈਂ ਮਿਨਤ ਵੀ ਕੀਤੀ  
ਅਭਿਮਨਜੂ ਘਿਰਿਆ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਚਕਰਵਯੂਹ ਵਿਚ ਮੈਂ ਘਿਰੀ ਇਵੇਂ ਵਿਚ  
ਲਾਰੀ  
ਉਹ ਪੰਜ ਜਣੇ ਹਥਿਆਰ ਲੈਸ, ਮੈਂ ਨਿਹਥੀ ਕਿਸਮਤ ਦੀ ਮਾਰੀ  
ਉਹਨਾਂ ਕਟ ਫਾੜ ਕੇ ਸੜਕ ਤੇ ਸੁਟਿਆ ਚਾਹੇ ਕੋਈ ਨਾ ਛੂਹਣਾ

ਅਜ ਆਖਾਂ ਵਾਰਿਸ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਨੂੰ ਇੱਥੇ ਕੁਝ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੋਣਾ  
ਤੂੰ ਕਬਰਾਂ ਫਾੜ ਕੇ ਬੋਲ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਪੈਣਾ ਰੋਣਾ

ਫਿਰ ਕਿਸੇ ਭਲੇ ਨੇ ਚੁੱਕ ਕੇ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਹਸਪਤਾਲ ਪਹੁੰਚਾਇਆ  
ਝਟ ਖਬਰ ਫੈਲ ਗਈ, ਰਾਜਨੀਤੀ ਦਾ ਪਲੈਟਫਾਰਮ ਗਰਮਾਇਆ  
ਪਤਰਕਾਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਗਲ ਕਰਨ ਲਈ ਮਿਲ ਗਈ ਨਵੀਂ ਸਟੋਰੀ  
ਪਲ ਪਲ ਦੀ ਹਾਲਤ ਬਿਆਨ ਕਰਨ ਲਈ ਬਣ ਗਏ ਸਾਰੇ ਮੋਹਰੀ  
ਨਿਰਭੈ, ਦਾਮਿਨੀ, ਜਾਗ੍ਰਿਤ, ਅਮਾਨਤ ਨਵੇਂ ਨਾਂ ਦੇਣ ਸਭ ਚਾਹੁਣਾ

ਅਜ ਆਖਾਂ ਵਾਰਿਸ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਨੂੰ ਇੱਥੇ ਕੁਝ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੋਣਾ  
ਤੂੰ ਕਬਰਾਂ ਫਾੜ ਕੇ ਬੋਲ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਪੈਣਾ ਰੋਣਾ

ਫਿਰ ਟੁਰ ਗਈ ਜਦ ਇਸ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਤੋਂ ਮੈਂ ਲੋਕੀਂ ਖੋਰੂ ਪਾਇਆ  
ਇਸ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦੇ ਆਗੂਆਂ ਨਵੇਂ ਕਾਨੂੰਨ ਦਾ ਝੋਲ ਸਭ ਨੂੰ ਦਿਖਲਾਇਆ  
ਜਦ ਠੰਡੇ ਪੈ ਗਏ ਲੋਕੀ ਅਤੇ ਸ਼ਾਂਤ ਹੋਈ ਰਾਜਨੀਤੀ  
ਕਨੂੰਨ ਬਣਾਉਣ ਦੀ ਕਦੋਂ ਕਿਸੇ ਭੀ ਅਜ ਤਕ ਪਹਿਲ ਨਾ ਕੀਤੀ  
ਕਦੋਂ ਦੁਰਗਾ ਬਣ ਕਦੋਂ ਸ਼ਕਤੀ ਬਣ ਮੈਂ ਬਾਰ ਬਾਰ ਹੈ ਆਉਣਾ

ਅਜ ਆਖਾਂ ਵਾਰਿਸ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਨੂੰ ਇੱਥੇ ਕੁੱਝ  
ਨਹੀਂ ਹੋਣਾ  
ਤੂੰ ਕਬਰਾਂ ਫਾੜ ਕੇ ਬੋਲ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਪੈਣਾ  
ਰੋਣਾ



- ਪ੍ਰੋ. ਰਵਿੰ ਗੁਪਤਾ  
ਹੱਡੀ ਰੋਗ ਵਿਭਾਗ

Last night I had a scary dream  
Waking me up with a scream  
I was in the next millennium  
In a state of delirium  
Population had increased  
Breathing space decreased  
Mouths to feed were plenty  
But food to feed was scanty  
Pollution was still a task  
Everyone walked with an oxygen mask  
Science and technology advanced  
To the tune which we danced  
Bombs were the creation  
Talk was of corruption  
This was the next millennium  
Decayed life in an aquarium  
O God! Is this a dream or a  
nightmare?  
Let it never come true here or  
there  
Will that be next millennium?  
Oh My God! I wish  
I never had that dream.

- Itisha Goel  
2k13



## ਕਲ ਔਰ ਆਜ

ਤੋ ਆਜ ਫਿਰ ਝੁੰਸਾਨ੍ਯਿਤ ਕਾ,  
ਕੱਲ ਹੋ ਗਯਾ।

ਤਰਸਤਾ, ਬਿਲਖਤਾ ਸਾ,  
ਏਕ ਬੱਚਾ ਰਹ ਗਯਾ।

ਜਨੂਨ ਨੇ ਝੁੰਸ ਤਰਹ ਸੇ ਬਿਗਾੜਾ,  
ਸ਼ਾਂਤਿ ਕਾ ਥਾ ਵੋ ਘਰ,  
ਆਜ ਸ਼ਮਸ਼ਾਨ ਹੋ ਗਯਾ।

ਝੁੰਸ ਗਾਨ ਮੇਂ ਜਹਾੱ ਬਸਤੇ ਥੇ  
ਝੁੰਸਾਨ ਕਾਮੀ।

ਆਜ ਵਹੀਂ ਕੁਝ ਹਿੰਦੂ, ਸੁੰਦਿਲਮ ਸਿੰਖ ਝੁੰਸਾਝੁੰ,  
ਆ ਕਰ ਰਹਨੇ ਲਗੇ।

ਔਰ ਨਾ ਜਾਨੇ ਝੁੰਸਾਨ, ਜੋ  
ਯਹਾੱ ਬਸਤੇ ਥੇ ਕਾਮੀ,  
ਕਹਾੱ ਚਲੇ ਗਏ।

- ਪ੍ਰੋ. ਸੀ.ਏਸ. ਗੋਤਮ  
ਪ੍ਰੋਫੇਸਰ ਏਂ ਵੀਭਾਗਾਧ੍ਯਕੁਸ਼  
ਔਥਥਿ ਵੀਭਾਗ



# दोषी

कभी माँ, कभी बेटी,  
कभी बहू बन जाती है,  
जुड़ती है जिनसे भी,  
हर रिश्ता दिल से निभा जाती है।

बेटी ही तो रहमत और,  
बहू बन लक्ष्मी कहलाती है,  
छोड़ कर अपना घर,  
दो-दो वंश चला जाती है।

माँ के रूप में वो,  
इसने भगवान का दर्जा पाया है,  
पर औरत के मर्तब को,  
दुनिया में कौन समझ पाया है।

अपनों के ही हाथों कैसे आजमाई जाती है,  
कभी लगते हैं पहरे अपनों के तो,  
कभी गैरों से जताई जाती है।

इस देश में देवी कहकर,  
जिसे लोग पूजते हैं।  
कई ऐसे भी बेशर्म हैं,  
जो उसी की आबरू लूटते हैं।

करके हवस पूरी अपनी,  
उसे मरने को छोड़ जाते हैं,  
समाज वाले भी उसके ही,  
कपड़ों को दोषी बताते हैं।

सिस्टम ऐसा है कि इन्साफ पाने में,  
वर्षों गुजर जाते हैं,  
और जा दोषी है वो बेखोफ़,  
घूमते नज़र आते हैं।

जाते-जाते भी कैसे सबका,  
भला कर जाती है,  
राजनीति को मिलता है नया मुदा,  
न्यूज़ चैनल की ब्रेकिंग न्यूज़ बन जाती है।

बड़ी आसानी से हम सारा दोष,  
पुलिस और सरकार पर मढ़ देते हैं,

सच तो ये है कि वो हम में से ही हैं जो,  
सरेआम औरतों को बेआबरू कर देते हैं।



ये जो बिगड़े हुए हालात हैं,  
इसे हमें ही सुधारना होगा,  
सिस्टम को सुधारना है पर  
पहले अपने  
अंदर के जानवर को  
मारना होगा।

— निधि पांडेय  
2k10



## IS THIS YOU, OR MY HEART

I had friends..... I have friends.....!!!  
But why didn't I felt this this before,  
Is this you, who are doing this to me,  
Or my heart who wants this to be.

Mind says something else,  
But I do something else.....!!!  
Is this you, making this happen,  
Or my heart who is becoming my enemy  
weapon.

I am strong, I will be strong ,  
Why do I keep on reminding myself,  
Is this you, whom I am fighting against,  
Or my heart who is putting all my efforts in vain.

I know it's not my way,  
But still want to walk a mile,  
Is this you, who making me fly ,  
Or my heart who wants to give a try .....!!!

- Deepam Vashist  
2k10



# ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਂ ਇੱਕ ਚਿੱਠੀ/ਸੰਦੇਸ਼

ਬੱਚਿਓ ਸਮੇਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਨਾਲ ਬਹੁਤ ਕੁੱਝ ਬਦਲ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਅਪਣੇ ਆਸ-ਪਾਸ ਦੇ ਕਈ ਕਿਰਦਾਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਬਦਲਦੇ ਹੋਇਆ ਵੇਖਿਆ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਲਈ ਇਸ ਖਤ ਦੇ ਜਰਿਏ ਮੈਂ ਤੁਹਾਡੇ ਨਾਲ ਗੱਲ ਕਰਨਾ ਚਾਹੁੰਦਾ ਹਾਂ। ਹੋ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਅਜੇ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਇਸ ਨੂੰ ਸਮਝ ਨਾ ਪਾਓ ਕਿ ਮੈਂ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਕੀ ਕਹਿਣਾ ਚਾਹੁੰਦਾ ਹਾਂ। ਪਰ ਇਕ ਦਿਨ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਇਹਨਾਂ ਸਾਰੀਆਂ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਦੀ ਗਰਾਈਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਚੰਗੀ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਸਮਝ ਸਕੋਗੇ।

ਬੱਚਿਓ ਜਿਸ ਦਿਨ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਇਹ ਲੱਗਣ ਲੱਗੇ ਕਿ ਮੈਂ ਬੁੱਢਾ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਹਾਂ ਤਾਂ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਥੋੜ੍ਹਾ ਧੀਰਜ ਰੱਖਣਾ ਅਤੇ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਸਮਝਣ ਦੀ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ ਕਰਨਾ.....।

ਜਦੋਂ ਖਾਣਾ ਖਾਣ ਵੇਲੇ ਮੇਰੇ ਕੋਲੋਂ ਕੁੱਝ ਡਿਗ ਜਾਵੇ ਅਤੇ ਮੇਰੇ ਤੋਂ ਠੀਕ ਨਾ ਹੋ ਪਾਵੇ ਤਾਂ ਥੋੜ੍ਹਾ ਸਬਰ ਕਰਨਾ। ਉਸ ਮੈਂ ਉਹ ਦਿਨ ਯਾਦ ਕਰਨਾ ਜਦੋਂ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਇਹ ਸਿਖਾਣ ਲਈ ਕਿੰਨੇ ਦਿਨ ਲਾਏ ਸੀ। ਜਦੋਂ ਮੈਂ ਇੱਕ ਹੀ ਗਲ ਨੂੰ ਬਾਰ-ਬਾਰ ਕਹਿਣ ਲਗਾ ਤਾਂ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਟੋਕਣਾ ਨਹੀਂ। ਮੇਰੀ ਗੱਲ ਸੁਣਨਾ। ਜਦੋਂ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਛੋਟੇ ਸੀ ਉਦੋਂ ਰੋਜ਼ ਰਾਤ ਨੂੰ ਇਕ ਹੀ ਕਹਾਣੀ ਬਾਰ-ਬਾਰ ਸੁਣਾਣ ਲਈ ਕਹਿੰਦੇ ਸੀ ਤੇ ਮੈਂ ਇੰਜ ਹੀ ਕਰਦਾ ਸੀ ਜਦੋਂ ਤੱਕ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਨੀਂਦ ਨਹੀਂ ਆ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਸੀ।

ਜੇ ਮੈਂ ਅਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਨੂੰ ਸਾਫ਼ ਨਾ ਕਰ ਪਾਵਾਂ ਤਾਂ ਨਾਰਾਜ਼ ਨਾ ਹੋਣਾ। ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਯਾਦ ਹੈ ਜਦੋਂ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਛੋਟੇ-ਛੋਟੇ ਸੀ ਮੈਂ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਚੰਗੀ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਨਹਾਉਣ ਲਈ ਰੋਜ਼ ਨਵੇਂ ਨਵੇਂ ਤਰੀਕੇ ਲੱਭਦਾ ਸੀ।

ਹਰ ਪਲ ਕਿਨਾਂ ਕੁੱਝ ਬਦਲ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ। ਜੇ ਮੈਂ ਨਵਾਂ ਰਿਮੋਟ, ਮੋਬਾਇਲ ਜਾਂ ਕੰਪਿਊਟਰ ਚਲਾਣਾਂ ਨਾਂ ਸਿੱਖ ਪਾਵਾਂ ਤਾਂ ਮੇਰੇ ਤੇ ਹਸਣਾ ਨਹੀਂ। ਥੋੜ੍ਹਾ ਟਾਇਮ ਦੇਣਾ। ਸ਼ਾਇਦ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਸੱਭ ਚਲਾਣਾ ਆ ਜਾਵੇ। ਮੈਂ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਭਰ ਕਿਨਾਂ ਕੁੱਝ ਸਿਖਾਂਦਾ ਰਿਹਾ 'ਚੰਗੀ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਖਾਓ', 'ਠੀਕ ਤਰੀਕੇ ਨਾਲ ਕਪੜੇ ਪਾਓ', 'ਚੰਗੇ ਇਨਸਾਨ ਬਣੋ', ਯਾਦ ਹੈ ਨਾ?

ਵੱਧਦੀ ਉਮਰ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਜੇ ਮੇਰੀ ਯਾਦਾਸ਼ਤ ਕਮਜ਼ੋਰ ਹੋ ਜਾਵੇ ਜਾਂ ਗੱਲ ਬਾਤ ਦੇ ਦੌਰਾਨ ਮੇਰਾ ਧਿਆਨ ਭਟਕ ਜਾਵੇ, ਤਾਂ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਉਸ ਗੱਲ ਨੂੰ ਯਾਦ ਕਰਨ ਦਾ ਮੌਕਾ ਜ਼ਰੂਰ ਦੇਣਾ। ਜੇ ਮੈਂ ਕਦੇ ਕੁੱਝ ਭੁੱਲ ਜਾਵਾਂ ਤਾਂ ਝੁੰਝਲਾਣਾ ਨਹੀਂ, ਗੁੱਸੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੋਣਾ ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਉਸ ਵੇਲੇ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਨੇੜੇ ਵੇਖ ਕੇ, ਤੁਹਾਡੇ ਨਾਲ ਗੱਲ

ਕਰਨਾ ਹੀ ਮੇਰੇ ਲਈ ਇੱਕ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਦੀ ਗੱਲ ਹੋਵੇਗੀ। ਸੱਭ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਡੀ ਪੁੰਜੀ ਹੋਵੇਗੀ।

ਜੇ ਮੈਂ ਕਦੇ ਖਾਣਾ ਖਾਣ ਨੂੰ ਮਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਕਰ ਦੇਵਾਂ, ਤਾਂ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਜ਼ਬਰਦਸਤੀ ਖੁਵਾਉਣ ਦੀ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ ਨਾ ਕਰਨਾ। ਬੁਢਾਪੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਸੱਭ ਦਾ ਹਿਸਾਬ ਕਿਤਾਬ ਬਦਲ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ। ਮੈਨੂੰ ਜਦੋਂ ਭੁੱਖ ਲਗੇਗੀ, ਮੈਂ ਅਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਖਾ ਲਵਾਂਗਾ।

ਇੱਕ ਦਿਨ ਏਸਾ ਆਵੇਗਾ, ਜਦੋਂ ਮੈਂ ਕੁਝ ਕਦਮ ਚਲਣ ਲਈ ਵੀ ਲਾਚਾਰ ਹੋ ਜਾਵਾਂਗਾ। ਉਸ ਦਿਨ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਚੰਗੀ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਪਕੜ ਕੇ ਸਹਾਰਾ ਦੇਵੋਗੇ ਨਾ! ਜਿਸ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਚਲਣਾ ਸਿਖਾਣ ਵੇਲੇ ਦੇਂਦਾ ਸੀ।

ਫੇਰ ਇਕ ਦਿਨ ਏਸਾ ਵੀ ਆਵੇਗਾ, ਜਦੋਂ ਮੈਂ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਕਹੁੰਗਾ ਕਿ - 'ਮੈਂ ਹੁਣ ਜੀਣਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਚਾਹੁੰਦਾ।' ਮੇਰਾ ਅੰਤ ਨੇੜੇ ਹੈ। ਇਹ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ ਨਾਰਾਜ਼ ਨਾਂ ਹੋਣਾ ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਇਕ ਦਿਨ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਵੀ ਜਾਣ ਜਾਵੋਗੇ ਕਿ ਬੁਜ਼ੁਰਗ ਲੋਕ ਇਸ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਕਿਉਂ ਕਹਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ।

ਇਹ ਸਮਝਣ ਦੀ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ ਕਰਨਾ ਕਿ ਇੱਕ ਉਮਰ ਬੀਤ ਜਾਣ ਬਾਅਦ ਲੋਕ ਜੀਦੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਬਲਕਿ ਅਪਣਾ ਟਾਇਮ ਕਟਦੇ ਹਨ। ਇੱਕ ਦਿਨ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਜਾਣ ਜਾਵੋਗੇ ਕਿ ਤੁਹਾਡਿਆਂ ਤਮਾਮ ਨਾਕਾਮਿਆਂ ਅਤੇ ਗਲਤੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਬਾਵਜੂਦ ਮੈਂ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾ ਤੁਹਾਡੇ ਭਲੇ ਲਈ ਇਸ਼ਵਰ ਕੋਲੇ ਪ੍ਰਾਰਥਨਾ ਕੀਤੀ। ਅਪਣੇ ਪਿਆਰ ਅਤੇ ਧੀਰਜ ਦਾ ਸਹਾਰਾ ਦੇ ਕੇ ਮੇਰੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਦੇ ਆਖਰੀ ਪੜਾਵ ਤੱਕ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਫੜ ਕੇ ਰੱਖਣਾ। ਤੁਹਾਡੀ ਪਿਆਰ ਭਰੀ ਮੁਸਕਾਨ ਹੀ ਮੇਰੀ ਸੰਭਾਲ ਹੋਵੇਗੀ।

ਇਹ ਕਦੇ ਵੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਭੁਲਣਾ ਮੇਰੇ ਪਿਆਰੇ ਬੱਚਿਓ ਕਿ ਮੈਂ ਤੁਹਾਡੇ ਨਾਲ ਹੀ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਜ਼ਿਆਦਾ ਪਿਆਰ ਕੀਤਾ ਹੈ।



- ਡਾ. ਅਰਜੁਨ ਦਾਸ  
ਪ੍ਰੋਫੈਸਰ ਅਤੇ ਹੈੱਡ  
ਈ ਏਨ ਟੀ ਡਿਪਾਰਟਮੈਂਟ

# ਅਣਜੰਮੀ ਧੀ ਦੀ ਪੁਕਾਰ

ਮਾਏ ਨੀ, ਅਣਜੰਮੀ ਧੀ ਨੂੰ,  
ਆਪਣੇ ਨਾਲੋਂ ਵਿਛੋੜੇ ਜੀ ਨੂੰ,  
ਜਾਂਦੀ ਵਾਰੀ ਮਾਏ ਨੀ,  
ਇੱਕ ਲੋਰੀ ਦੇ ਦੇ  
ਬਾਬਲ ਤੋਂ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਚੋਰੀ ਨੀ,  
ਇੱਕ ਲੋਰੀ ਦੇ ਦੇ।

ਮਾਏ ਨੀ ਤੇਰੀ ਗੋਦੀ ਅੰਦਰ,  
ਖੇਡਣ ਨੂੰ ਜੀਅ ਕਰਦਾ ਸੀ,  
ਪਰ ਬਾਬਲ ਦੀ ਤਿਉੜੀ ਤੋਂ  
ਹਰ ਵਾਰੀ ਜੀਅ ਡਰਦਾ ਸੀ।  
ਧੀਆਂ ਬਣ ਕੇ ਜੰਮਣਾ ਏਥੇ,  
ਕਿਉਂ ਬਣ ਗਈ ਕਮਜ਼ੋਰੀ ਨੀ,  
ਇੱਕ ਲੋਰੀ ਦੇ ਦੇ,  
ਬਾਬਲ ਤੋਂ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਚੋਰੀ ਨੀ,  
ਇੱਕ ਲੋਰੀ ਦੇ ਦੇ।

ਧੀ ਤਿਤਲੀ ਨੂੰ ਮਸਲਣ ਵਾਲੇ,  
ਚੁੱਪ ਖੜ੍ਹੇ ਕਿਉਂ ਧਰਮਾਂ ਵਾਲੇ?  
ਗੁੰਗੇ - ਬੋਲੇ ਹੋ ਗਏ ਸਾਰੇ,  
ਨੱਕ ਨਜ਼ਮਾਂ ਸ਼੍ਰਮਾਂ ਵਾਲੇ  
ਬਿਨ ਡੋਲੀ ਤੋਂ ਧਰਮੀ ਮਾਪਿਆਂ,  
ਕਿੱਧਰ ਨੂੰ ਧੀ ਤੋਰੀ ਨੀ,  
ਇੱਕ ਲੋਰੀ ਦੇ ਦੇ  
ਭਾਵੇਂ ਦੇ ਬਾਬਲ ਤੋਂ ਚੋਰੀ ਨੀ,  
ਇੱਕ ਲੋਰੀ ਦੇ ਦੇ।

ਹਸਪਤਾਲ ਦੇ ਕਮਰੇ ਅੰਦਰ,  
ਪਈਆਂ ਨੇ ਜੋ ਅਜਬ ਮਸ਼ੀਨਾਂ  
ਪੁੱਤਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਇਹ ਕੁਝ ਨਾ ਆਖਣ,  
ਸਾਡੇ ਲਈ ਕਿਉਂ ਬਣਨ ਸੰਗੀਨਾਂ?  
ਡਾਕਟਰਾਂ ਚਹੁੰ ਸਿੱਕਿਆਂ ਖਾਤਰ,  
ਕੱਟੀ ਜੀਵਨ ਡੋਰੀ ਨੀ,  
ਇੱਕ ਲੋਰੀ ਦੇ ਦੇ  
ਬਾਬਲ ਤੋਂ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਚੋਰੀ ਨੀ,  
ਇੱਕ ਲੋਰੀ ਦੇ ਦੇ

ਸੁੱਤਿਆਂ ਲਈ ਸੌ ਯਤਨ ਵਸੀਲੇ,  
ਜਾਗਦਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਕਿੰਝ ਜਗਾਵਾਂ?  
ਰਖੜੀ ਦੀ ਤੰਦ ਖਤਰੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਹੈ,  
ਚੁੱਪ ਨੇ ਕੁੱਲ ਧਰਤੀ ਦੀਆਂ ਮਾਵਾਂ।  
ਅੰਮੜੀਏ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਗੁੜ੍ਹਤੀ ਦੀ ਥਾਂ  
ਦੇ ਨਾ ਸ਼ਹਿਦ ਕਟੋਰੀ ਨੀ,  
ਇੱਕ ਲੋਰੀ ਦੇ ਦੇ  
ਬਾਬਲ ਤੋਂ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਚੋਰੀ ਨੀ,  
ਇੱਕ ਲੋਰੀ ਦੇ ਦੇ।  
ਇੱਕ ਲੋਰੀ ਦੇ ਦੇ।



- ਸੰਦੀਪ ਕੌਰ  
2k10

## ਛੁੱਟੀਆਂ

ਅੱਜ ਸਕੂਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਗਰਮੀ ਦਿਆਂ ਛੁੱਟੀਆਂ ਹੋ ਗਈਆਂ  
ਸਨ। ਜਿਉਂ ਹੀ ਅਧਿਆਪਕ ਨੇ ਛੁੱਟੀਆਂ ਦਾ ਐਲਾਨ ਕੀਤਾ,  
ਸਾਰੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਚੀਕਾਂ ਮਾਰਦੇ ਹੋਏ ਘਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਭੱਜ ਪਏ।  
ਇਸ ਗੱਲ ਤੋਂ ਨਾਖੁਸ਼ ਹੋਇਆ ਦੀਪੇ ਰਿਕਸ਼ੇ ਵਾਲੇ ਦਾ ਮੁੰਡਾ ਜੱਗੂ  
ਘਰ ਜਾ ਕੇ ਬਸਤਾ ਰੱਖਦਿਆਂ ਉੱਚੀ-ਉੱਚੀ ਰੋਣ ਲੱਗ ਪਿਆ।  
ਜੱਗੂ ਨੂੰ ਰੋਂਦਾ ਦੇਖ ਕੇ ਉਸ ਦੀ ਮਾਂ ਭੱਜੀ-ਭੱਜੀ ਆਈ, 'ਹਾਏ ਮੈਂ  
ਮਰ ਗਈ। ਮੇਰੇ ਪੁੱਤ ਨੂੰ ਕੀਹਨੇ ਮਾਰਿਆ ਦੱਸ ਮੇਰੇ ਪੁੱਤਾ।'  
ਨਹੀਂ ਮੰਮੀ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਕਿਸੇ ਨੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਮਾਰਿਆ ਜੱਗੂ ਬੋਲਿਆ। ਵੇ ਪੁੱਤ  
ਦੱਸ ਫੇਰ ਕੀ ਗੱਲ ਹੋਈ ਆ, ਮੇਰਾ ਲਾਡਲਾ ਕਾਹਤੋਂ ਰੋਣ ਡਿਆ  
ਏ? ਉਸ ਦੀ ਮੰਮੀ ਪੁੱਛ ਰਹੀ ਸੀ। ਜੱਗੂ ਬੋਲਿਆ ਮੰਮੀ ਸਾਡੇ

ਘਰ ਤਾਂ ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਰਾਤ ਦਾ ਖਾਣਾ ਹੀ ਪੱਕਦੇ ਹੈ, ਦੁਪਹਿਰ ਦਾ  
ਖਾਣਾ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਸਕੂਲੋਂ ਮਿਲ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਸੀ। ਮੰਮੀ ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਛੁੱਟੀਆਂ ਕਰਕੇ  
ਮੈਂ ਹੁਣ ਸਾਰਾ ਦਿਨ ਭੁੱਖਾ ਹੀ ਰਹੁੰਗਾ।

ਜੱਗੂ ਦੀ ਗੱਲ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ ਉਸ ਦੀ ਮੰਮੀ ਹੈਰਾਨ ਰਹਿ  
ਗਈ।

ਦਵਿੰਦਰ ਕੌਰ  
ਸਟਾਫ਼, ਪੁਸਤਕਾਲਿਆ





# Vivid

लाती है किस जलधि-पार से  
धन सुदूर का ऐसा, जिससे-  
बह जाने को मन होता है;  
फेंक डालने को करता जी  
तट पर सभी चाहना-पाना !  
पीछे छरछर करता है जल,  
गुरु गम्भीर स्वर आता है;  
मुख पर अरुण किरण पड़ती है,  
छनकर छिन्न मेघ-छिद्रों से।

— गुरुदेव रविन्द्रनाथ टैगोर

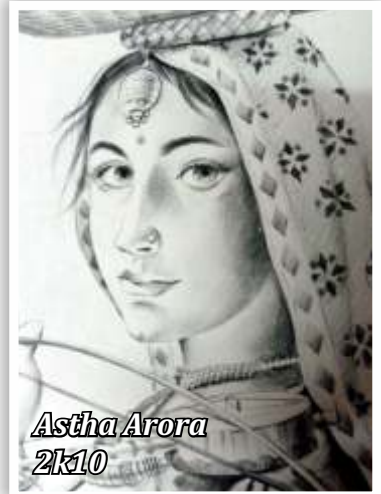
# Flying Colours



*Prof. Varsha Gupta*



*Dr. Vidhu Dhawan*



*Astha Arora  
2k10*



*Prof. Varsha Gupta*



*Arjun Kumar  
2k10*



*Dr. Vidhu Dhawan*



*Itisha Goel  
2k13*



*Megha Goyal  
2k10*



*Megha Goyal*  
2k10



*Itisha Goel*  
2k13



*Astha Arora*  
2k10



*Mihika*  
2k13



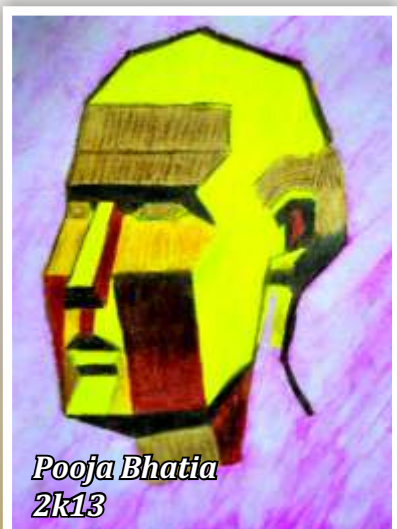
*Amandeep*  
2k11



*Astha Arora*  
2k10

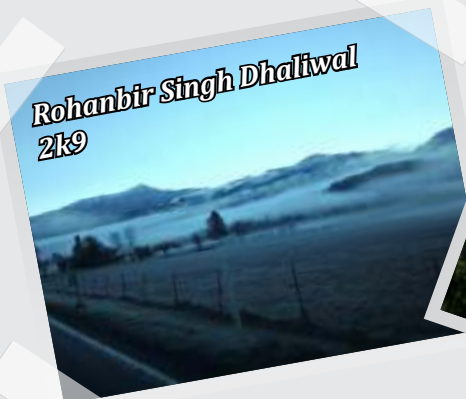


*Itisha Goel*  
2k13



*Pooja Bhatia*  
2k13

# C a p t



# u r e d



**Asmita Mahajan**  
2k10



**Chole Bhature**  
2k10



**Asmita Mahajan**  
2k10



**Tanvi Khara**  
2k10



**Arshpreet Kaur**  
2k10



**Tanvi Khara**  
2k10



**Asmita Mahajan**  
2k10



**Arshpreet Kaur**  
2k10



**Urvi Kapoor**  
2k10

# GMCH BACK TO ROCKING WAYS!

Ever since I joined college I always felt a void for a musical outlet. As the legend Ludwig van Beethoven puts it "Music is ... A higher revelation than all Wisdom & Philosophy." The very thought of "Geeky Redemption" our predecessor band made my heart pound even more. When the opportunity struck I was eager to grab it with both the hands. Gurbaj sir always remained two steps ahead in passion though I must admit. Champi sir proved to be the patron under whose guidance we managed to rally together.

I was to be the drummer for the band. But the problem was I hadn't the slightest clue how to! The fact was that most of us were very raw. Soon however we found hope with the new batch all very talented: Kanika on the keyboard, Devan on the lead and Meher initially on the bass.

The common passion we all share had to manifest somehow. First we all got together and procured the equipment we would need. We bought a guitar and Jeetu sir was very kind to lend us his drum set. After the initial hiccups like repairs etc we managed to get going. We weren't up to the mark by a long way but we knew this was something that had got our collected attention.

Hereafter we found new members with Urvi maam as the female vocalist and Tejveer sir who took over as the bass guitarist from Meher. They brought freshness and fun to our band. Things were beginning to shape up, as we finally began sounding like a band. Initially it was like we were insane dancing to music most couldn't hear! Soon we began getting attention first from our predecessors and then our batchmates. Batish sir soon started joining us for his passionate jamming sessions while Abhinav sir's presence ensured I finally sort of started getting the hang of drumming.

Three songs we would perform were finally zeroed in on- Bring me to life, With arms wide open and Summer of 69. In between all the practice we found time for fun too as the event drew nearer.

A couple of days before the final performance we got a real eye opener with the Local Train performance at Euphoria. We had the best time of that Euphoria as we were totally floored by the electrifying night we had then. Even better after the night we got a chance to interact with all the band members.

So when the final day came we were all g'd up. As we saw bands from IGM, DMC, Gian Sagar all perform the amazing way they all did, our juices too started flowing. The new equipment we got from our sponsors like Furtados added to the excitement. As the cheers from the crowd became louder with each song we knew all the effort was worth it. Life, I realize, is much like a song. In the beginning there is mystery, in the end there is confirmation, but it's in the middle where all the emotion resides to make the whole thing worthwhile. And after the last reverb of Summer of 69 the feeling that dawned upon us made the experience unforgettable. Rock On!!

- Siddharth Duggal  
2k11





# Annual Day

The Annual Function of GMCH (2012) was a treat to the eyes. Shri Pawan Kumar Bansal graced the occasion as the Chief Guest where prizes were distributed and the annual college magazine was launched. MBBS and B.Sc students presented a beautiful Cultural Bonanza showcasing dance forms of different ethnicities. While Rajasthani, Western and Patriotic Dance performances were immensely enjoyed by all, the play delivered an important social message. The show concluded with an energetic Bhangra performance that lingered on in the minds of the audience for long.



# Sports Day 2013



*Best Athlete Female  
Aditi Aggarwal 2K11*




*Best Athlete Male  
Himmat Singh Brar 2K10*



*Best Batch 2K10*



# BASKET BALL



5 seconds to go, GMCH 32 has the ball, Anurag Rana has the ball at half court he shoots it from there & bam! That's a basket & GMCH 32 wins. The commentary doesn't provide with as much fun as the live match but for the basketball team it gives goose bumps. And this was the second time the final had gone down to the wire (Other being PGI Spring Fest 2012). It makes you realise that all the hours of practice have come down to 5 seconds and it's this 5 seconds of calmness and luck that makes the difference. To be honest with you at the start of the year we couldn't have thought that we'd be winning both Euphoria and Stimulus 2013, but at this time with the strength of our team, we believe we are invincible. Though we had our share of luck we cannot overshadow the determination we put in the game. Victory is truly very sweet. At the pinnacle of our success we have to say adieu to 2 legends of our college basketball team that initiated and propagated basketball in our college and have been a source of motivation for the youngsters "Sudhir Rana" & "Dhruv Jain". Though we hope to see a last glimpse of them next year. With the seniors gone the future may seem a bit bleak, but with the emerging of young players the future holds some promise. Not only did the guys bring laurels but the girls of our basketball team won silver medal Euphoria and gave a tough fight to a top class team.



# The GMCH Football Revolution

*It's not the size of the dog in the fight,  
but the size of the fight in the dog.*

*- Archie Griffin*

February 17<sup>th</sup>, 2013 marked an emphatic moment in the history of this institution, a moment that spanned an eternity, a moment that marked the culmination of a dream that a bunch of passionate believers of this college had dared to dream. And as Shreyak Sharma, the striker that GMCH had waited for all these years smashed the ball into the opponents' goal; every single person who had ever kicked a football in this college knew that their time had come.

The All India Medi-Football was inaugurated in Euphoria 2009 as an initiative by Ritwik Das (2k5), Dinesh Kumar(2k4) and Ankit Sharma(2k5) who to their credit gifted this college a passion that keeps burning brighter with every passing year. The first ever college football team began its practice in the grounds of the adjoining CSIO, with the two seniors themselves arranging the footballs, the kits, and the coach. It was a new, exciting thing for all of us, and little did we know at that time that the football field would create among us a bond stronger than any other tug or pull of college life. We were knocked out 2-0 by PGIMS Rohtak in our first ever match, and effectively our Euphoria ended before Euphoriography even began!

The next year, having learnt the bitter way what football is all about, our practice took place in a much more professional way at the Sector 23 Football Ground, which over the years turned into our home ground. Lakshya Rathore(2k6) led us to grueling practice sessions every day. This tournament again ended with a heartbreaking penalty shootout, where we lost on sudden death. Meanwhile, the football revolution had quietly set forth in GMCH, with friendly ties with other teams being held frequently.

2011 proved to be a year of many radical changes, with the E-League being established, that is the Euphoria tournament was converted into a league format. We scored our first ever field goal through Jatin (2k8), although we lost all three matches by a goal each through typical sucker punches.

If there is one thing that can motivate a team to keep fighting in spite of years of defeat, it is the beauty of the game itself. So, the college team gathered itself up and began playing regularly with outside teams. St Soldiers, Molon Labe, PGI, and an occasional friendly within our different batches ensured our touch with the game was maintained. The team even visited Shimla for a football tournament, and Anurag Rana(2k9) played and won a tournament in Delhi playing for Molon Labe Football Club Chandigarh.

The August of 2011 marked the birth of the Gmch Premier League, which proved to be the catalyst in the football revolution at GMCH. For here were three in-house teams, drawn from 6 batches from First Prof to Interns, battling it out over a 10 game league for an annual running trophy. The players, with their passionate allegiance to their respective teams, ensured that this tournament was a runaway success. The



Red Juggernauts were the inaugural champions in a keenly fought contest at the Chandigarh Football Association grounds.

Come January 2012, and the team had finally began to come of age. There was confidence, belief and most importantly, co-ordination. We won our first ever match at Euphoria in 4 years, something which was so near to us for so long, but had always eluded us. The football in GMCH is played in a very fluid, elegant manner with players trying to link up moves and make short, grounded passes in search of aesthetic goals. On the other hand, most of our opposition plays a more direct, physical game with long passes and basically 'powering' the way through the opposition. Losing to sucker-punches so many times, had given us the tag of 'chokers', the team which played beautifully but always ended up losing by a freak goal. The same thing happened again and we lost our remaining matches by a goal apiece.

By then however, the clock had ticked too far to be reversed. The Inter Batch Sports meet was now converted into the Inter Batch Football League, with each team playing 3 other teams, twice before the finals. Batch 2k10 won the first edition of the league. In came the Gmch Community Shield, another official tournament to be battled between the previous year's GPL winners and the current year's Inter Batch champions. The Red Juggernauts won the first edition of this Tournament. GPL 2012 was again won by the Red Juggernauts who by now were known for their flamboyance both on and off the field! Football had firmly established itself in GMCH. Deep inside, however, there was an aching desire within all of us. Something was incomplete in this story, and this missing part was the trophy for which it all began in the first place.

January 2013 came with the leader, captain, motivator and legend called Tarun Kumar (2k8) taking charge for the final frontier. With a very young but passionate squad, the college team practiced harder than ever. And as the tournament began, the lambs finally turned into lions. Comprehensively outplaying every team we faced, GMCH showed that the real way to play football is the beautiful way. Two touch, attacking football with almost unimaginable moves being executed, we stormed into the finals.

The finals were held in an electrifying atmosphere at the Sector 37 football ground, ironically the same arena where GMCH had lost 8-0 to a local team two years ago. The opponents and defending champions for the past two years, Gian Sagar Medical College were undoubtedly the favourites. GMCH dug in their heels resolutely and played with resolve attacking them every time on the counter. And with less than 10 minutes to go, GMCH blasted in the goal that completed the ultimate dream.

In the flurry of celebrations that followed, all was forgotten. The countless days of regret and despair of not winning, the endless barbs of critics in college ("tum log khelte hi kyun ho jab tumhe pata hai tumne har jana hai"), the pain of broken bones, torn ligaments and dislocated shoulders. Everything disappeared, but only one word remained-"Champions".

**PAIN IS TEMPORARY, PRIDE IS FOREVER.**

**- Arindam Sharma**

2k7





Our exciting college festival, Euphoria 2013, rightly celebrated 100 Years of Bollywood with full vigour and enthusiasm. Sponsored by Maya Garden City, IAMS, 9X Tashan, Chitkara University among others, it went on for the first time for 5 long days leaving everyone wanting for more. While the beautiful Neha Dhupia set the stage on fire with her mere presence, the dashing Jimmy Sher Gill and Binu Dhillon entertained big time by interacting with the audience. Diljit Dosanjh's rockstar performance attracted huge crowds and the atmosphere was just maddening. More than 30 colleges participated from all over North India in various sports and cultural events ranging from the heated debate competition to folk dance, from breath taking bike stunts to the mesmerising fashionshow. It was a wonderful experience all together.



# Plexus

Organized by batch 2k11 and sponsored by the likes of ACE Heart Institute, this year's plexus transformed GMCH into a fantasy land with their theme 'Once upon a time.'. The various events such as Antakshari, Ape a Video, Fashion show and of course Made for Each Other were a treat to the eyes. Everyone definitely had a time of their lives hooting their lungs out at every event.

## LITERARY COMMITTEE (FACULTY)



**Standing (L to R):** Dr. Kamal Kumar Singhal, Dr. Deepak Aggarwal, Dr. Anshu Sharma, Dr. Seema Gupta, Dr. Robin Kaushik.

**Sitting (L to R):** Prof. Kanchan Kapoor, Dr. Manjit Talwar, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Prof. Sukanya Mitra, Dr. Anshu Palta, Dr. Parul Ichhpujani.

## LITERARY COMMITTEE (STUDENTS)



**Standing(L-R) :** Hardeep Singh, Deepam Vashisht.

**Sitting(L-R):** Arshpreet Kaur, Aakanksha Sharma, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Prof. Sukanya Mitra, Urvi Kapoor.

## POST-GRADUATE COMMITTEE



Prof. Anju Huria, Prof. A.K. Attri, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Prof. Harsh Mohan, Prof. Sudhir Garg.  
(Not in picture : Prof. Arjun Dass)

## CULTURAL COMMITTEE



**Standing (L to R):** Dr. Jagjit Singh, Dr. Kamal Kumar Singhal, Sh. Bhagwant Singh.  
**Sitting (L to R):** Prof. Rajiv Sharma, Prof. Ravi Gupta, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Prof. Kanchan Kapoor, Dr. Mala Bhalla.  
(Not in picture : Dr. Anita S. Malhotra, Dr. Sushumna Sood, Dr. Gagandeep Kaur)

## THE MEDICAL EDUCATION CELL



Prof. Priti Arun, Prof. Sudhir Garg, Prof. C.S. Gautam, Prof. Arjun Dass, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Prof. Sunandan Sood, Prof. B.S. Chavan, Prof. S.S. Lehl.

## SPORTS COMMITTEE



**Standing (L to R) :** Dr. Jagjit Singh, Dr. Nidhi Singla, Dr. Mala Bhalla, Dr. Reeti Mehra, Dr. Anshu Palta, Dr. Manpreet Singh, Dr. Mayank Jayant, Sh. Bhagwant Singh.

**Sitting (L to R):** Dr. Vishal Guglani, Prof. S.S. Lehl, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Prof. Rajiv Sharma, Dr. Sanjay D'Cruz.

(Not in picture : Dr. Sandeep Gupta)



## LIBRARY COMMITTEE



**Standing (L to R):** Dr. Deepak Chawla, Dr. Kislay Dimri, Dr. Subina Narang, Mrs. Har Kaur.

**Sitting (L to R):** Prof. Gurvanit Kaur Lehl, Prof. Anju Huria, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Prof. Ram Singh, Dr. Usha Dalal.

*(Not in picture : Prof. R.P.S. Punia)*

## COLLEGE FUNCTION COMMITTEE



**Standing (L to R):** Sh. Bhagwant Singh, Dr. Kislay Dimri, Dr. Monica Gupta, Dr. Ravinder Kaur, Dr. Sanjeev Palta, Dr. Mayank Jayant.

**Sitting (L to R):** Prof. Rajiv Sharma, Prof. Ravi Gupta, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Prof. Kanchan Kapoor, Dr. Mala Bhalla.

*(Not in picture : Prof. Uma Handa, Dr. Gurjit Kaur, Mrs. Madhu Arora)*

## STUDENTS COUNCIL



**Standing(L-R) :** Siddharth Duggal, Rishabh Tomar.

**Sitting(L-R) :** Jasmine , Aakanksha Sharma , Prof. Atul Sachdev , Venu Goyal, Harikrishan Rathee.

## HOSTEL WARDENS



Prof. Varsha Gupta, Dr. Usha Dalal, Dr. Ajit Sedana, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Prof. A.K. Attri, Sister Anita.

# COLLEGE COUNCIL COMMITTEE



**Standing (L-R) :** Prof. G.P. Thami, Prof. A.K. Pandey, Prof. Gurvaniit Kaur, Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Dr. Nandini Kapoor, Prof. Satinder Gombar, Prof. Kanchan Kapoor, Prof. A.K. Attri, Prof. Sudhir Garg, Prof. Ram Singh, Prof. Vishal Guglani, Prof. N.K. Goel, Prof. C.S. Gautam, Prof. Jagdish Chander.

**Sitting (L-R) :** Prof. Jasbinder Kaur, Prof. Sunandan Sood, Prof. Harsh Mohan, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Prof. A.K. Janmeja, Prof. B.S. Chavan, Prof. Arjun Dass, Prof. Anju Huria.

*(Not in picture : Prof. Dasari Harish)*

# Thanks for being there...



*Our guiding lights in the darkest of times...*



*Captures college events,  
creates memories forever..*



*Komalpreet ma'am aka KP - Inke bina  
har PSM ki trip suni suni lagti hai...*



*"Rajeev ko bulao laptop set krne k liye"  
(yay..5 min toh kam hue lecture k..)*



*You just have to say,  
"Uncle aur daal do please.."..(with a smile)*



*For high speed lifting experience..  
their presence is a must in the lifts..*



*Make GMCH (our second home)  
a safe and a secured place.*



*Serve with love*

*We could put pictures of only few representatives. Apologies.*

# To endings and new beginnings

**Prologue:** Sometime in July, 2008- counseling- the first glimpse of the 2 buildings that would be a second home for the coming 5 years; the first formal introductions with potential batchmates....

## Aug 3, 2008

Fresh after class 12 and the entrances, armed with a new outlook on life, filled with expectations, hoping for a fun filled college life we entered D-hall. Little did we know that GMCH was infact a school, a professional college with a lot of emphasis on first impressions and a necessity for survival was to stay within the prescribed norms for discipline. "you are after all in MBBS".

Nevertheless, that first day in D hall, and the rest of the days in college have truly been the golden days, giving us a billion memories to treasure.

Our batch like every other had the characteristic traits.

A couple of couples, a few trios turned duos, a hostel gang, a bunch of chronic absentees a girly gang, the padhakus, the backbenchers..

## First prof.

D-Hall. The place where groups were made, rumours were spread, fights ensued (a couple of fainting and lacerations) and well, we did do some dissection in our spare time!

And of course surviving the endless substages, grand stages, tutorials, labs, promotionals, 7day marathon send ups and finally finals gave us a glimpse of how demanding our chosen profession is.

Then came **second prof.** The time for endless fun, bunks, movies romances and bromances.

It was also the time when we were hit hard by the loss of one of our dear friends and batchmate. We mourned and we were changed and reminded of the grim realities of life.

And as we grew we were given more responsibilities. Starting from the organization of sports day and then plexus each challenge gave us more opportunities to work together and become more cohesive as a batch.

Not to forget college fests-Pulse, Stimulus, Nossit. And Sports! Cricket, Basketball, Football, Volleyball. Nurtured from infancy to winning trophies they have been amongst the proudest and most exhilarating moments of our batch.

Enter **pre final**-the golden period.

The batch trip to Nainital and Rishikesh- rafting camping and having the time of our lives. One of the most awesome feeling was while cliff jumping- the few seconds of free fall- the rush and





the unpreparedness but yet the elation- id say that moment just described GMCH for us

Jan 2012 (I'd like to correct myself- Sep 2011 to march 2012) were completely occupied by Euphoria. Once again, how GMCH has bonding not unlike a family held true with Divleen ma'am helping us with euphoria with max and the sponsorship.

The chaos, the hardwork and the arguments that went into its making and yet the wonderful reception and the spectacularly well attended star nights (minus the couple of incidents where a few of us were threatened with dire consequences)... for those days, our batch ate breathed and lived euphoria.

The days that followed were occupied with final prof. Hey juniors, final prof exams aren't from Oct, sendups; they start from post euphoria. Im NOT kidding.



Internship has been good. We're practicing what we have learnt. We're working in a hospital. We call ourselves doctors. Patients call us sister ji or sir ji. But we gently yet firmly correct them. Its like learning to be responsible in a controlled environment



From Dr. Balbirs Singh's lectures to medicine clinics (and now

emergency postings in internship), we've come a long way. We met in 2008, learnt some of the most important lessons of life together, and here we are, parting our ways as we slog it out again. But



something is different. We are no longer teenagers. By no means are we prepared to face all the adversity of life, but we are aware that we are not alone. There are 50 of us from here, and a few thousand others from all

over the country. We have fought and learnt, shared and celebrated, class parties to college parties, clinical postings to internship rosters, bunking classes to being locked out at 7:59 cuz sir says its 8:01. The journeys been eventful, the memories uphold that.

To each and everyone of our batchmates we say, So long and Good luck.. Till we meet again!



- Aditi Mehta  
2K8





Abhay Dhir- 2k8 wonder boy! Abhay versatility and dance moves are well acknowledged by one and all. A mighty helpful person with a love for life, his interest and talents vary from the mouth organ to cooking. And of course there is no look this guy won't try!



Abhinav Gupta- The baby of the batch. Apart from being a spirited gamer and an ardent football fan he also loves music and anything with wheels. A truly genuine friend whose enthusiasm makes everything he touches the best.



Aditi Jain- The most level headed person in the batch. A cheerful disposition and a brilliant mind, she knows how to get things done. Need advice? Go to her (don't ask for directions though). Her love for nature and anti-littering are well known.



Aditi Mehta- The king (in this case the queen) of all trades. Studies, euphoria, glimpse- there is nothing she hasn't done and aced. A reliable friend, you can always count on her when in a fix. Though her hysterical laughing fits are capable of making one nervous.



Aditya Singla- You won't find a more easy going guy then Moga. Not one to blindly join the rat race, his outlook is a refreshing change. His friendship is well valued by those who earn it. He also knows how to hold his spirits. Literally



Aman Hooda - aka chocolate boy. This Haryanvi jaat is a bold, confident and straight forward person. He would always be remembered as the one who alone got the stipend increased. An academic scholar. Known for his catches on the field. The glue that held the team together.



Alisha - a.k.a "aly". From Jammu to Nagaland... etc. etc.... and finally Chennai... really a "migratory bird"... for quite a long time people were doubtful whether she could speak or not... caring by nature... she brightens up every person she meets such is her charm... "bestest" friend anyone can ever have.



Anamika- A friend who never says no to one in need Anamika had always been there to lend a hand. Her team spirit and pro-active participation makes her asset to our batch. Though she is calm and serene, you don't want to be on the other end of an argument with her.



Anin Sethi- The van Gogh of our batch. The 'decorations department' was always his. One of our gym regulars and despite his soft spoken nature he is known to put many a man in their place with his devastation one-liners.





Akash Bansal - aka machu. A die hard fan of arsenal. Good orating and organising skills seen best in ape a video. Believes in burning "last" night oil and still manages a mind blowing score.



Ankita Mittal- One of the most caring and sweet girls of our batch, she stands up for her rights and is extremely loyal. Although her demeanor is quite peaceful, you don't want to mess with THE DON.



Archit Latawa CC Euphoria 2013- You will never see him without his trademark smile, known for his self belief and confidence. He doesn't think twice before saying what's in his heart. A guy who is doston ka dost and dushman ka bhi dost. An academic Scholar always willing to help his juniors Famous for his comic one liners.



Atin Goyal- Nanha Boy! As he is affectionately called, this gentle giant is known for his caring attitude, loyalty to his friends and most of all his dance performance in plexus 2008.



Champi- We have never called him by his real name. He is our official CR, even after he quit. A store house of information when in doubt we know who to consult (even when not in doubt, we can't get him to shut-up). Multi-talented, intelligent, musical, sporty- why he hasn't broken many hearts, is a mystery.



DPS (Deepshikha) - You would think that the professor kid would be nerdy and serious but DPS is quite the opposite (thank god for her during our football matches). An extremely fun person with an amazing sense of style and is always in fashion however Japanese!!



Dhruv Jain - "why, what, when, where?" and the question don't end there. His skills on the basketball court can only be matched with his vacation planning and micromanaging abilities. It is hard to get bored in the company of this tall, dark and handsome guy (his own word during our MFU).



Gargi Das - An ever smiling chatterbox of a person, she is known for her intelligence, wit, caring nature, love for children, and fierce opinions. She use to drive batch b with an iron fist and what she says goes.



Garima Daga - One of the prettiest girls of our batch and an extremely talented dancer. She is one person who is always willing to lend a helping hand and will be remembered for her antics which provided much laughter (however inadvertently) for the students of our batch.



Gaurav Pandey - The one and only popular Pandey Ji of the batch. He is an easy going guy with the most remarkable command over our mother tongue. His sweet nature, light attitude, and funny gestures make you comfortable around him.



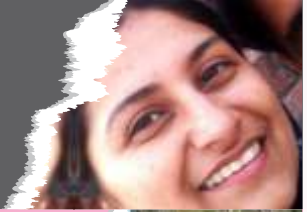




Jasleen Kaur- 2k8 ka gunda. With the maximum number of black tees with skull printed on them, she can be easily spotted in the crowd (lifting guys up from their necks). A friend to all, Jazzy is one talented girl with her amazing skills at art, music and on the field.



Jasrabh- Probably one of the nicest person in the batch with great morals and a soothing personality, future IAS officer who creeps the hell out of us with her mathematical books.



Jatin Raj Sareen - Football is his life, with his cool looks and his soft heart with him, he is someone you cannot stay mad at. Not to miss his eagerness to learn and attend extra clinics.



Jeetinder Singh - aka jeetu gets rightly so jeetu'd many a times. Jeet-inder Singh likes to have his name pronounced right. A quick learner with a cool I am what I am attitude. Mreuphoria'9 has max no. of golds in quizzes to his name a drummer, photographer and the greatest cricketing all-rounder the college has seen.



Kabir Mehta - A singer and a scholar. Teachers and students alike look forward to his performances, which are nothing short of spectacular. He is our multi talented Mr. Euphoria.



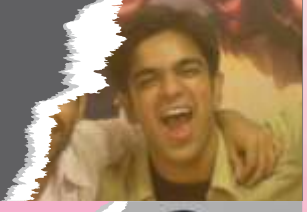
Karan Jindal - He is hardworking guy and a passionate footballer, who is mostly cool especially around girls and while he holds a good deal of interest in internal medicine, he could easy become a professional mentalist.



Karan Sood - His excellence in almost any sport, be it cricket, football, tennis or badminton, making him a key player on the team. With his neat looks and a good IQ his is quite a guy.



Kunal Makkar - He could easily be one of those precious gems not so well discovered yet. His decent personality, good looks and a smart outlook toward life give him an edge. He is steady and a consistent learner and a great friend.



Mandeep aka Mandy- Travel agent of batch 2k8. Always eager to explore new adventure. Person behind all the star night of Euphoria 13.





Mishika Malik - Queen of all traits, master of none. She is a teacher, designer, doctor wrapped in one. She is confident, dynamic, and audacious, immensely stylish she probably owns the grandest wardrobe.



Mitali Sen- Diplomacy at its peak. A visible Himachali, she is affable and charismatic with an unbeatable academic record. She is responsible for some of the exaggerated gossip of our batch. We owe her the success of plexus 2010.



Monika Gureh- Miss girl next door, easy- going, polite, and compassionate, she is simple but not subdued. She is probably the youngest looking doctor of our batch.



Navkiran Kaur- Miss Ambitious. A soni sikhni from Ludhiana, she is popular for her sincerity and meticulousness at clinics (JVP queen). She is extremely industrious and studious, her love for floaters is unhidden. Lives by the motto....*sade apne rule, sade apne asool.*



Pinjari (Chingi Sahib) - Rajnikant of the batch. Brave at heart he is extremely helpful. He's an accomplished athlete and a great footballer. His Michael Jackson moves enthralled us in euphoriography.



Piyush K Sandhu- Major sahib as he is popularly called. He is warm natured and considerate, famous for his dharmendra moves. He was the star of utopia 2012. *Isne apni mbbs mein pure nahan ko GMCH ki suvidhayein uplapdh karwai hain.*



Pratibha Chauhan- miss congeniality. A Himachali Rajput, she's an archive of many hidden talents. Gentle yet effervescent and sensitive. She's somebody who always wears a smile on her face.



Priyanka Rohilla- the dancing queen. She has aped many videos and is a sport when it comes to competition. She's war and enterprising, but jumbled in her own thoughts. A budding gynecologist in the making.



Ramandeep Kaur- a fashionista and a party animal. She's a talented cartoonist and contributed significantly to euphoriography. An unexpected success at the javelin throws. Warning- don't crack sardar jokes in front of her.





Riddhima Sharma - aka Saudi. The most efficient cr. bold confident and extremely affable. Beauty with brains (always the first one to answer query questions).Has a huge fan following. All time animal lover (not to forget she has fed cookies to all the dogs in GMCH).



Rishu jindal- a very friendly and cheerful person. Always ready to help people. Known for her writing capacity. A hard core Punjabi! Known for his politeness jolly nature and bhangra skills.



Siddharth Bhatia- "kyunkii... jisne sholay nahi dekhi wo Pakistani hai!" extremely funny always knows how to lighten a tense atmosphere. CC Euphoria has great leadership skills.



Sudhir Rana - 'Medicine wale docsahab'. Always keen to attend medicine clinics and do interventional procedures. "Baaki sab to PHC level ka kaam hai". Good natured jovial and friendly.



Surabhi Jaggi - Himachali cutie. All time antakshari winner. Hard working and intelligent with a good memory. Always helpful.



Sushmita- Bengali beauty. Quite, sweet observant always smiling.



Swati - Haryanvi kudi, IAS aspirant, quiz master, talkative, always positive and carefree.



Tarun Kumar - aka langa. Only football captain to have lifted the euphoria trophy. A regular face in every college party. He has contacts in every city and a living GPRS in Himachal. Though a very daring person but shying away at the mention of Tripura is still a mystery.



Vaishali - The queen of brainstorm 2012. Juniors look up to her for notes and to get books marked. Beautiful with a dazzling smile and brilliant in studies. Moves heaven and earth to get what she wants, a big time foodie.

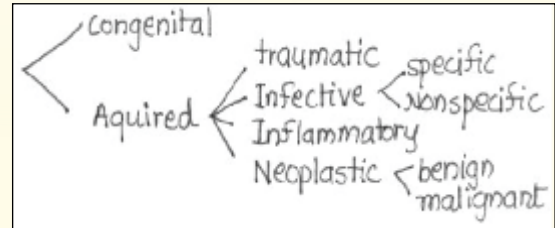


# Bluffing - Medicos Do It.....!!!

There is no gene on your chromosomes for Bluffing. Bluffing is an Art -  
To be learnt, and to be cultivated



Then there are universal classifications, like



You only have to have a vague idea,  
What the disease is like....  
And you are through....

Certain questions can have no other answers

And tuberculosis will fit in the differential diagnosis  
Of anything.

The only care to be taken is to  
Not to mention in pregnancy....



After all, examination is a drama.  
Both, students & examiners, know that  
But, quite often, the examiners are not even  
interested in what you  
talk. They only see that you are talking something  
So, let me repeat - 'Keep on Bluffing, and with  
confidence'