



Glimpse

2014

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



LAND OF COLOURS

*In my sound sleep one night
I stepped into a land beautifully bright.*

*The rainbow shaded entry door
Said 'Welcome to the Land of Colours'
I knew not what lay in its core
Curiosity fueled my fervour.*

*As I stepped inside
A lady in green caught my sight
Bewildered so I felt
as with mere touch she turned soil into a green belt.*

*Seeing me she greeted with a smile
Said 'I am Green, giver of fertility and growth,
Also harmony and peace
I deliver on the Earth.'*

*Further I moved, a man I saw
Not half as pleasant, rather quite raw
With a heart on his clothes wholly red
aggressive demeanor of his eyes, made me sweat.*

*Said he 'Red, so people call me
Love passion desire I do bequeath thee
Anger, power and energy
Being my additional gifts.'*

*Letting go of the thought to go back
I felt a sudden flood of happiness inside
As a kid dressed in yellow
Joyfully said 'Hi!'*

*"Happy I am, so I make people
Light, bright and optimistic
Yellow you may call me
Want to play with sticks??"*

*Gaily I played and walked along the road
A man on a throne ordered me to stop
'I am the Purple, the master of royalty you see,
Luxury and comfort I can provide thee'*

*Taking politely his leave
I was soon dazed by the white gleam,
Radiating from a woman whose face was peaceful
One look at her could absolve all miseries.*

*'Innocence, Purity and light
Are the attributes I provide.
You may address me as white
I warn you friend, it's soon going to be night.'*

*True she said, soon darkness spread
As a man in black approached me with quick steps
His face so dark, no expression I could make
All I knew him was from the description he gave*

*'Death and evil I represent
Associated with wickedness so is my history
But ever thought without me,
Where would be the fun of power and mystery?'*

*Amused by his immense power and expanse
I was kind of taken aback,
At the perfect moment if the Sun hadn't shone
I probably into deeper sleep would have gone.*

*I woke with an insight so wonderful
Thanked God for making colours
That make Earth look the way it should....*

**Jasmine
Batch 2011**



(Photo Courtesy - Tanvi Khera, 2010)

Rainbow of life



Front Cover

Our world as students revolves around GMCH. It, as an institution, has given us a micro universe of our own to look forward to. However, as students or faculty members, it is up to us to make the institute as vibrant and colourful as we can. The cover, made by Dr. Manita Duggal, depicts just this and is a symbolic representation of our theme 'Rainbow of life'. Each colour brings with it certain qualities of emotions and meaning. The way the universe incorporates innumerable shapes, shades and bodies, similarly the colours are entwined in our lives in the form of happiness, sadness and the love we share. An element of all of these is what helps us lead a fruitful and meaningful, balanced life.

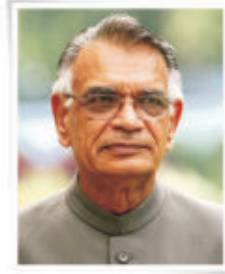
Back Cover

The back cover displays paintings made by the students of 'The Regional Institute of Mentally Handicapped'. This demonstrates an attempt to display their hidden talents. We like to believe that such people are 'specially abled' and not disabled. Thus by means of this attempt, we hope to emphasize the importance of motivating these special minds. Further, their creativity expresses the hidden desire to conquer unseen horizons. We hope to emulate their indomitable spirit and make our lives more enriched and colourful.



Shivraj V. Patil

Governor of Punjab
And
Administrator
Union Territory,
Chandigarh



RAJ BHAWAN
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".

Such journals will certainly add some colours in tough, busy and stressful life of doctors and medical students, the future doctors of the society. The journal will also provide a platform to them to write on medical issues and healthcare trends that impact the patient care, research and teaching related to hospital care.

I extend my best wishes to the organizers and participants on this occasion.

A blue ink signature of Shivraj V. Patil is located at the bottom right of the page.

(Shivraj V. Patil)

Sh. Anil Kumar, IAS



Home Secretary,
Chandigarh Administration
CHANDIGARH



Message

I am delighted to note that the students of Government Medical College and Hospital, Sector 32, Chandigarh, are bringing out their annual literary journal 'Glimpse'.

I am pleased to know that the students of medicine are also pursuing literary activities alongside their academics. This will go a long way in helping them blossom into bright and intelligent doctors with a balanced outlook towards life.

The journal 'Glimpse' will provide the students an opportunity to demonstrate their creativity in the form of articles and contributions.

I appreciate the devotion and dedication of these students for bringing out the journal and also convey my heartfelt best wishes for undertaking this initiative.

I wish them great success.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Anil Kumar'.

(Anil Kumar)

Professor A.K.Grover
Vice Chancellor



PANJAB UNIVERSITY
CHANDIGARH, India 160014




Message

I am very happy to know that the students of Government Medical College and Hospital are bringing out their annual literary journal “Glimpse”.

In addition to the numerous achievements of the college, this would be yet another milestone in their extra curricular and literary activities. I congratulate all the students and faculty who are involved in this publication. I believe the publication would be a platform for students to express themselves. It is also an excellent tool for students to become more balanced in their outlook towards life. I appreciate the faculty for their commitment to value based 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 –160030, India.



CHANDIGARH ADMINISTRATION

Room No. 210, Level II, Block-D.



Message

I am very happy to write this message for the college magazine GLIMPSE. The name GLIMPSE, chosen after a lot of deliberation is very appropriate and provides a “glimpse” into the literary creativity of the college students and the faculty.

GLIMPSE 2014 which reflects the thoughts of our brilliant students and the dedicated faculty is the result of concerted efforts of the editorial committee. Medical students have to be moulded into responsible and dedicated health professionals but simultaneously, they have to be given an opportunity to give vent to their literary activities.

GMCH has carved “glimpse” as an organ for this purpose who otherwise get negligible time for extra-curricular activities. The effort is therefore highly commendable.

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

Hope you enjoy sifting through this “GLIMPSE”.

Atul Sachdev

17.7.14

(Atul Sachdev)

Editorial Board



Prof. Atul Sachdev
(Patron)



Prof. Sukanaya Mitra
(Editor-in-chief)

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Dr. Anshu Palta



Dr. Anshu Sharma



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Dr. Deepak Aggarwal

Hindi Section



Dr. Seema Gupta



Dr. Subhash Das

Punjabi Section



Prof. Kanchan Kapoor



Dr. Manjit Talwar

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

I am at the editor's desk again! This is the third year of my writing an editorial for this students' magazine. I seek your indulgence in bearing with me for yet another year!

The special challenge for this year's Editorial Board has been harmonizing the nascent creations of the young minds with the new theme of GLIMPSE 2014. We are always aware that GLIMPSE 2014 is more than simply a collection of stray articles. It is actually a reflection of creativity, hopes, longings and expression of many future dreams. Using snares to gently trim these tender saplings that germinated from the minds of authors is not easy, and yet we, the editorial board, have strived to do this.

The theme of this year's students' magazine is Colours. Johann Wolfgang Goethe was perhaps the first to study the psychological effect of colours. He noticed that the blue skies give a feeling of coolness and the yellow winter sun has a warming effect.

Probably we map our emotions to colours! Then, we know that the most emotionally intense color, red, stimulates a faster heartbeat and breathing. Orange represents enthusiasm, fascination, happiness, creativity. Yellow on the other hand enhances concentration and speeds our metabolism. Blue produces a calming effect. Green is probably the most restful colour for the human eye and has a great healing power. White is associated with light, goodness, purity and virginity. Black is associated with power, elegance, evil, and death. Our feelings about colours are often deeply personal and rooted in our own experiences. GLIMPSE 2014 attempts to portray the essence of each of these colours. The students, faculty and staff have shared their varied experiences and perceptions to add to the colourful potpourri of articles.

GLIMPSE 2014 is a tapestry of intricate creativity and emotions. It portrays yet another colourful year. Our journey has been long and arduous. We, the Editorial board, have tried to bring out the best of it in its right perspective. This is a portrait where strokes were made by a number of hands! I hope you enjoy this colourful canvas!

Concluding with a beautiful quote by Rabindranath Tagore,

"Clouds come floating into my life, no longer to carry rain or usher storm, but to add colour to my sunset sky."

Dr. Sukanya Mitra
On behalf of the Literary Committee



FROM THE STUDENT EDITORS' DESK

As the editors of Glimpse 2014, it gives us immense pleasure to bring out the annual college magazine, with the theme 'Colours'.

A stage to display our thoughts, a way to portray our emotions and an insight into the cheerful activities of the student life at GMCH- this is what '**Glimpse**' means to all of us. This year's theme 'Colours' aims to exhibit how deeply colours are intertwined with our emotions and being. Nature has made colours to add life and joy to everything on Earth and emotions are meant to add meaning to our lives. Each colour depicts certain emotions and the same concept has been incorporated in this year's magazine.

The magazine has been sectioned based on 7 colours - Rise (orange), Wanderlust (green), Enigma (black), Vivacity (yellow), Panorama (violet), Zeal (red), and Adieu (blue). Rise signifies the enlightenment which we acquire through virtues and morals. Wanderlust will take you through the recreational trips undertaken by the students of the college. Vivacity signifies the fun that GMCHites have during the college festivities and functions like Plexus and Euphoria. Zeal is the portrayal of Sports spirit GMCH is famed for. In Panorama, we feature the drawings and paintings by the creative minds of the college. And in Adieu, towards the end, we pay tribute to our senior batch who are now free to fly from this institute.

Looking back from here, we see many ups and downs that we overcame together. Deciding upon the theme, collecting pictures from seniors and juniors and dealing with the quagmire of office work, was certainly hard but this accomplishment is attributable not only to our efforts put together, but the immense support we got.

We wish to thank our Director Principal Prof. Atul Sachdev for providing us with this wonderful opportunity to exhibit our creativity. We are grateful to Prof Sukanya Mitra and the entire literary committee who were there to guide us and help us out in times of distress. Also, our classmates who filled in ideas for the magazine deserve special mention, Chirayu, Kulsajan, Mani, Navneet, Parth, Payal, Prabhroohan, Prakhar and Mehar. We acknowledge Jannat who helped us in getting the interview of Milkha Singh. Without all these people, this magazine would not have been successfully made and we heartily thank them. We are also grateful to Dr. Rohanbir Singh Dhaliwal for helping us with send offs of their batch. A special thanks to Mr. Gupteshwar who provided us with all the necessary photographs of college events. In the end, we thank 'Divya Printographics' (Printers) for helping us with all the designing and printing work.

'Glimpse' has been an amazing journey for all of us and a learning experience too. We hope that our readers enjoy the magazine. Lastly, we would like to apologize for any mistakes and omissions.

*'Lay ahead a road too long
With every step I grew some strong
I know not what in end I'd find
But the journey hitherto
Has left memories for a lifetime'
(Jasmine)*

Student Editorial Team



STUDENT EDITORIAL BOARD



Roopjit - The Powerhouse of the Group; she took it on herself to bug juniors as well as seniors to give in articles and they just had to conform.

Tanya - The Troubleshooter; we would look towards her every time we needed a logical solution , which turned out to be All The Time!

Jasmine - The Techno Wiz; the magazine's practical aspects of design and print relied heavily on her. Not to forget, she kept us fed and comfortable all the time!

Siddharth - The Multitasker; he was instrumental in doing all the running around, being the 'man' of the house. And could also sneak guitar practice in between!

Smriti - The Grammar Nazi; she obsessed over every comma, full stop and spelling. With the trademark expression on her face!

A SPECIAL THANKS



Chirayu



Kulsajan



Mani



Jannat



Mehar



Parth



Payal



Prabhroohan



Navneet



Prakhar

THE FLYING LEGEND



Milkha Singh In conversation with Batch 2011

✘ As of today, you are the only Indian male athlete to win an individual athletics gold medal at a Commonwealth Games; you have been awarded the Padma Shri and have held many national and Olympic records for many years. What do you think has been your biggest achievement in life?

I ran a total of 80 international races, out of which I won 77. All over the world no matter where I ran, there was buzz that Milkha Singh from India is running in our country. These international events saw participation from around 60-70 countries. The tricolour used to be hoisted and the national anthem sung. That was a big moment for me. What greater joy can there be than bringing your country glory and respect? This has been my biggest achievement, a feat that no other person has been able to replicate.

✘ Having seen so much success as well as difficulties in your amazing life, what do you feel when you look back at it now? Do you have any regrets in life?

I have cried three times in my life. First I cried when my parents and siblings were beheaded in front of my own eyes amidst the turmoil of partition. Second I cried in the Rome Olympics, 1960; where I missed the gold medal. I was touted by everyone as the favourite to win that race, but fate had other plans. Not bagging that medal for my country will always be my life's biggest regret. Third I cried when I saw Bhaag Milkha Bhaag. Seeing all the events from my life play out in front of me, it was very hard to hold back the tears.

✘ Your biopic 'Bhaag Milkha Bhaag' was critically acclaimed, commercially successfully and publically appreciated. How was your experience working on the movie? Did you like how they depicted your life?

When my children saw the movie, they were taken aback as even they did not know the entire story and everything I had been through. The movie depicts some hard-hitting realities.



If there is anything which makes a person helpless, it is hunger. An empty belly can push someone to even work with bandits, steal or even pull the trigger on someone. I have been through troubles that children like you cannot fathom. I remember standing at a railway station, seeing thousands of people lying there on the platform, dead bodies strewn around. There would be no place to breathe. I didn't know what athletics were or what 200m, 400m, or cross country races were. As a villager, I was astonished to see things like a bicycle. All these emotions overwhelmed me as I saw the movie. Leaving aside very minor things that have been modified, the movie authentically depicts my turmoil. Farhan Akhtar's work is marvelous. He has taken on my appearance and style of running perfectly. He didn't get all the accolades for nothing. There was a host of Bollywood stars who were vying for the role. But the director ensured the casting was perfectly suitable.

✘ What is your advice to the youth of India particularly those who wish to be sportspersons? Who was your inspiration growing up?

Today's youth cannot put in even a fraction of the hardwork that we would. Dhyana Chand used to practice 6-7 hours daily without fail. He would tie a cycle tire and would practice hitting the balls

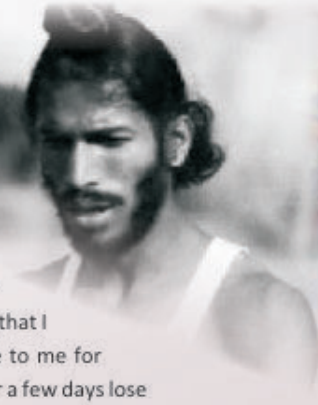
through. After all this practice, it was cake walk for him to play the way he did. I have been on the death bed innumerable times but my resolve was strong. My coach stood by me, assuring me that all the sweat and blood would eventually pay off. His words inspired me. A sane person would give up in maybe four days if he were put through the grind that I endured for years. Many children like you come to me for guidance every day, having seen my film, but after a few days lose their interest and quit. It is very difficult to do what you preach. The army men have a strong resolve to serve the nation. We need to learn from them.

✘ Did you want your son to be an athlete like you? Are you happy with him being a golfer?

I am very proud of my son. We are the only family with two Padma Shree awardees. He has won many European titles and made our country proud. When he started playing golf, the foreign players used to make fun of him. They thought a player of Indian origin wouldn't even be able to spell golf, let alone compete in it. But he made them all eat their own words.

✘ You asked the makers of 'Bhaag Milkha Bhaag' to give a part of the profits to your charitable trust, charging only Re. 1 for the rights of the film. What are your goals for the Milkha Singh Charitable Trust?

It has been more than a decade since we started this trust. We mainly work towards helping physically challenged players; like my contemporary Makhhan Singh, who had his leg amputated, and Pradhyuman Singh who used to shot put with me and was a record holder for India for a long time. He was on the death bed for a long time; we helped both of them. We've helped many students help gain an education and provided for their needs. Baljeet Singh, another contemporary runner of my time, needed to get his knees replaced for which we spent around 2- 3 lakhs. So apart from helping budding sportspersons, we've also helped people who are dying only because of lack of capital. Kidney transplant patients too are being helped. We try and verify the authenticity before we give the money. We provide medicines for people, and help poor girls who have trouble getting married. Though my wife is nearing



80

now, she

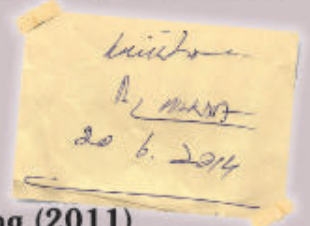
personally oversees this work, as the authenticity of these people's needs must be verified.

✘ Cricket is given most of the media and public attention today, while fields like athletics are ignored. What can be done to improve the dismal state of sports in India?

Earlier our national game was hockey and even sports like football used to be played with enthusiasm. But the rise of cricket changed things. The world has not another hockey player like Dhyhan Chand, but he died a poor man. He was made Major in the army only when Hitler tried to entice him. But he was a patriotic man and chose to stay.

Sportspersons in our country, apart from cricketers, are not treated well, neither in terms of finance nor respect. I broke records all over, won prestigious medals and brought my country glory; but the money in it was scarce. Cricket is sensationalized all across television channels. No one highlights or covers athletics, hockey, football etc. For world class achievements, it is necessary for the youth of our country to be encouraged, identified and remunerated. It is a disgrace that our national football team has not even qualified to be a part of the FIFA World Cup. Our politicians are fighting for political motives while our national sports are in shambles.

Sd/-
(Milkha Singh)
20.6.2014



Courtesy: Jannat Kang (2011)



Padma Shree Awardee **Dr. Amod Gupta**



Dr. Amod Gupta, Dean PGIMER, Chandigarh



President Pranab Mukherjee honouring Dr. Amod Gupta with Padma Shree

Dr. Amod Gupta, Dean PGIMER, Chandigarh is a leading clinician and research scientist of international repute in the field of retina and uveitis, with significant original contributions in the field of diabetic retinopathy, tuberculosis of the eye and endophthalmitis. He is a rare combination of a great team leader, administrator, teacher, researcher and surgeon. He is also the recipient of many prestigious awards including Padma Shree. He has to his credit more than 235 research publications in the peer review national and international journals and more than 430 presentations at various international and national meetings and conferences. He has been actively participating in national forums and is a much sought after speaker at national forums on retinal diseases.

Here he exclusively speaks to GMCH Batch 2011 students' panel

Q: How did you choose ophthalmology?

A: Honestly speaking, during internship I was quite impressed by my Professor in the Psychiatry Department Dr. Vidhyasagar at PGIMS, Rohtak and under his influence, I applied for a house-job in Psychiatry there and was selected. At that time I was unaware that my father wanted me to be an eye surgeon. I came to PGI Chandigarh and was selected for post-graduation in Ophthalmology. I told my parents that I was going back to Rohtak to

pursue Psychiatry. Then I happened to overhear my father telling my mother "See I had always dreamt of him being an Ophthalmologist and here he wants to be a Psychiatrist." He had never said this to me in person but he had always harboured this dream. So I changed my mind and joined Ophthalmology and here I am. I have never regretted it.

Q: What improvements do you suggest in the healthcare system of Chandigarh?

A: Chandigarh as a city has a very unique and distinct healthcare system which I believe very strongly, could be a model of healthcare delivery in India. The planners of this city had designed the healthcare infrastructure in such a way that no person had to go beyond a



Dr. Amod Gupta with Batch 2011 students Prakhar & Siddharth

kilometer of their residence to get treated and only a needful few would be sent to bigger hospitals . But there is a total lack of coordination. What we need is a system in place which is based on IT and all the existing institutions should be linked with strong communication systems. These are all public funded institutions, there are no vested interests. What is blocking this is individuals believing it is their fiefdom and they don't like to have an interference. Otherwise we could run a beautiful system. Apart from this we need an efficient transport system, ambulances with resuscitation facilities and paramedics trained to transport the patient.

Q: Whom did you look up to as a learner?

A: Everybody is a guru, I learn from everybody but if I've to name someone, it would be my dad. He worked 24 hours, 7 days a week. I never saw him taking a day off from his Govt. duty. From him I imbibed the habit of working round the clock, even though I don't work half as hard as he did. Other than that, I'd like to mention my teacher Dr. IS Jain. He was punctual, honest, hardworking and observant. He was a great clinician and a very neat clean surgeon. These are some values you pick up along the way when you work in an institution.

Q: How did you feel on winning Padma Shree?

A: Everyone who wins a Padma award would obviously be very happy and excited about it; the feelings I have are no different. But this should not stop me from working. This is surely not a fullstop. Many of my colleagues and near ones have come up to me and said that this award coming my way has restored their faith in the system.

Q: How is the health care system in India and abroad different?

A: The difference between them and us is immense. But it is strange that the same people who are lazy shirkers here, suddenly start working efficiently 18 hours a day without complaint once they go abroad. This environment is of our own making. The number and kind of pathologies we see here in a month, they won't see in years. The number of surgeries our surgeons do, they wouldn't even dream of it. So what is the difference? They are very meticulous. Here the numbers are so much that they hamper with the quality of care.

Another thing I've seen is that they are not scared unnecessarily. Here students from the very first day are scared, as if they have committed a grave crime. When you are working in a relaxed environment as there is abroad, your skill and comprehensiveness is much sharper. Fear is an animal instinct, it knocks out the higher consciousness and makes you subcortical. Our students take much more time to learn and that too under a lot of stress.

Q: What is the importance of research in your eyes?

6. Research is critical to our survival. Research is about asking questions about existing paradigms. By and large, in India what our teacher says becomes a fact of life. If it was to be so, science would have stopped growing maybe two thousand years ago. People would still believe that the sun rotates around the earth. But there were people who challenged that concept and that is the evolution of the mankind. Unfortunately in our system we are all given the answer, the emphasis is on that, the emphasis is not on asking questions. If you want to explore beyond what is already known, you need to ask the right questions. A student would learn all the complications of a certain procedure, but when asked by the patient about the concerns he should have, the doctor would not be able to comprehend that it's the same thing. You have to learn your medicine on the patients and your questions are what lead you to this point. Clinical research is about experience. Unless I collect data, my experience of hundreds and hundreds of cases would not help another patient in the time of need.

Q: A message you would like to give for budding medical professionals,

A: The fresh residents who join my department are among the top 200 students of the country and sadly enough they have learnt their medicine by rote. They have learnt it without comprehension. They can describe a tree very nicely because of how they have learnt it, but if I was to show them a tree they would not know what it is. That is a major issue. All the training at the undergraduate level today is with the aim of finally cracking the PG entrance exams. All our energy is focused at that, which is really sad. I can recall something that William Osler, the founder of John Hopkins institute in Baltimore, the father of Modern Medicine as we practice it and the father of bedside medicine said. It implied that don't learn your medicine from the lectures you receive, keep your senses awake-see, hear, smell, touch, observe and learn from your own experience and then practise medicine. I strongly believe in the ethos of learning from your patients.

Our New Chandigarh MP

Kirron Kher

Kirron Anupam Kher is an Indian theatre, film and television actress, a TV talk show host and now, the MP of Chandigarh.

A great personality who has left a mark in every area she stepped into including acting, social activism and politics, speaks to our batch 2011 student editors' panel about her priorities in Chandigarh....

◇ ***Congratulations on becoming the MP Chandigarh. What targets and aims do you have in mind, having being given such a responsibility?***

I aim to make Chandigarh a smart city - smart policy, smart infrastructure, smart traffic, smart regulation, smart utilities such as water, sewage, electricity, medical and educational facilities. Housing for poor, improvement in living standard and public toilets that are well maintained are other areas towards which I wish to work.

◇ ***You have a very successful career in film industry. What fueled your interest in politics?***

It was the condition of the country and the need for citizens to get involved in bringing about a change that made me interested in politics. Sixty years of misrule by the Congress in which we could not deliver empowerment to our citizens. The good governance of BJP-ruled states made me have faith in their ability to bring about a change in India. I felt that I must give back to the society. Giving money is not enough, one must give one's time and ability too.

◇ ***You have been associated with some NGOs. Could you brief us about the ones you're working with currently?***

The NGOs I am currently working with include 'Ladli' which is an organization working against female foeticide and infanticide. 'Roko Cancer' is another which provides mobile units for cancer detection in rural areas. I am also associated with 'Thalassemia prevention and Blood Bank, Chandigarh'.



◇ *You're a role model for females throughout the country. What is your take on women empowerment in Indian society?*

Changing the mind set of the males and females who encourage this mind set in their children is my key focus. I have done a chat show called 'Purukshetra' and am vocal on these issues because I feel everything stems from here. I am the face of "Beti Bachao" andolan in Madhya Pradesh. I have given it the slogan of 'Beti hai toh kal hai' I think that explains everything.



◇ *Talking about your Bollywood career, what movie has played a very important role in your life and is the closest to your heart?*

There are many movies close to my heart for various reasons. Few are Khamosh Paani, Devdas, Hum Tum, Rang de Basanti and the recent one is Punjab 1984.

◇ *What message do you wish to give for the citizens of Chandigarh?*

Instead of complaining and wanting everything done for you take a proactive role in making Chandigarh a clean and a smart city.

Know your MP

Born : Kiran Thakar Singh
14 June 1955 (age 59)
in Punjab, India
Spouse : Anupam Kher (1985–present)
Children : Sikandar Kher
Occupation : Actress
Religion : Sikhism



Kirron Kher in "Punjab 1984"

SPECTRUM



1 *Rise*

11 *Panorama*

15 *Vivacity*

29 *Enigma*

53 *Wanderlust*

63 *Zeal*

76 *Adieu*

RISE



***“With virtues
we rise
with practice
we become wise”
-Jasmine***

WHEN YOU REALLY LIVE LIFE

When you really live life
You can never get tired
As every new morning
Life has a fresh start
A new venture, a new challenge

When you really live life
You can never look ugly
As beautiful nature around
Gifts you with eternal bliss
Of beauty and serenity

When you really live life
You can never be blind
As you can see the world
Through the eyes of your loved ones
Defeating the dark, moving
towards the bright

When you really live life
You can never be lame
As you know how to stand up
On the feet of your ability
Your strength, your character

When you really live life
You can never be gloomy
As the smile spreads on those faces
Who are the reason of your happiness
And who are happy because of you

When you really live life
You can never sob for the bad
that surrounds you
As you are already overwhelmed
With the good that you have

When you really live life
You can never feel defeated
As you know that getting through
Each single day of life happily
Is itself a success story

When you really live life
You can never die
As even after you go
Your life will be cherished
By this world, beyond ages.



Anam Siddiqui
Batch 2010

GOD IS ONE

The temples you go to
are no longer sacred,
'cause they've been built with
blood and hatred.

The namaaz you read
doesn't please God
'cause you kill his men
with guns and swords.

The world knows the sacrifice
of your Gurus and your land.
But they fought with honour,
not AK-47 in their hands.

You crucify your lord
with every man you kill.
The blood of innocents
was never in His will.

Why do you do it,
kill in His name?

When everything they preach
is nothing but the same;
God loving you call yourself
but you hate his 'other' son.

What's it going to take for you
to realize they are ONE,
how much more blood
to know if GOD IS ONE?!



Shreyak Sharma
Batch 2011

RIPE WITH TIME

A fruit I am,
Not yet ripe.
If you judge me now,
You say my taste's not right.
Wrong you are,
To taste a premature fruit.
You see branches and trunk.
But remember you can't see the root.

Just time can prove,
My taste is right,
My size is bigger,
My colour is bright.



Shubhkarmanjit S. Dhillon
Batch 2012

The Best Phase

"College is the best phase of life", is the oft repeated remark that all of us hear. We anticipate a life that will bring fun and freedom, but little do we know, there is so much more to it than this. When we wore our lab-coats for the first time, feeling like adults all set to face "the best phase of life", little did we know what's in store for us.

Between shuffling from lab to lab and sneaking a nap in the lecture theater, all of us were somewhere on a journey to really discover ourselves. Breaking out from the protective shield of school, we were now on our own- meeting new people and making new friends. In this process we began to discover new sides of ourselves, building ourselves bit by bit every day, knowingly or unknowingly.

Between grand stages and tutorials, we realized our true potential. Between Plexus and Euphoria, we discovered the real meaning of friendship and trust. We somehow started looking at ourselves in a different way, our perspectives changed; we became different from what we used to be. While learning the functioning of the human system, we somehow learned different aspects of ourselves. Suddenly things that meant so much to us during school time, meant so little to us- our priorities changed. When we were up in the wee hours of the night with a book in hand, we unknowingly built our strength. We learned the importance of responsibility and learned to walk on our feet without any support. We let experiences change us, mould us in any way they were meant to. We lost resistance to change and accepted it as an old friend, trusting it to take us to the part best suited for us.



We let so much happen to us everyday and not once did we stop and introspect, and really ask ourselves, how did this all even happen? What caused it? How did we move so fast? I honestly don't know. But this, I think, is what people call growing up. We don't know at exactly what point it started happening, we don't know how we became who we are right now. But whether we like it or not, we're growing up.



I guess when people said "it's the best phase", they forgot to mention that it came with so many riders. But it really doesn't matter, this path is for us to discover. And as I just finish my first year here in this college, I really can't wait for so much more.



Kanika Sehgal
Batch 2013

THE GREAT INDIAN ELECTIONS!

The word 'election', as the Oxford dictionary goes, is "a formal decision process by which a population chooses an individual to hold public office." Alas! This official definition seems to be confined to the dictionary pages only. If not so, then realistically, only to the countries of the West.

Now let us have a look at the Indian or the '*desi*' definition. Well, this goes as- 'An absolutely informal, merry making Indian festival, where the population chooses a much hyped ruling party, that too with a manipulative leader, who can lead 'us' superstitious Indians, maybe to nowhere actually!'

Well, it is truly said that there are two factors that bind people of this culturally diversified country together-CRICKET and POLITICS. Very rightly said indeed.

Election time in India is in all respects a celebration time, it is indeed a maha-celebration, the grandest of all affairs where for once, Indians resolve their socio-economic and even communal differences and rejoice hand in hand! This year, the Indian General Elections of 2014 were held to constitute the 16th Lok Sabha, the Indian equivalent of the 'House of Commons'.

But I certainly doubt the relevance of the word 'commons' here. It might hold true to the extent of the '*aam aadmi*' voting for their leaders, but leaders, this year at least, did not seem to belong to the segment of commoners. They were (to accurately label them) -Larger than life! With three major parties competing for the top spot, the so called 'Modi wave' had engulfed the country from the east, west, north, south and God knows from where not. Pitting one party against another is a regular phenomenon of the Indian elections. Dramatising ideas is also not new on the block. But this time, the scenario was different, instead unique, I would say. We had in the offering a limited number of political parties, multiple agendas, numerous ideas, innumerable promises, infinite dreams and amidst this, one man. Yes, just one man, Mr. Narendra Modi.

Narendra Damodardas Modi was projected to the '*Bharatiya Janta*' truly in the form of a messiah. Just like in superhero films, the way the audience is left awestruck by the laudable abilities of the superhero, somewhere they do secretly desire the

realistic existence of such a person, who would save them from their destined doom.

This is exactly what Mr. Modi cashed upon. He was more of a '*Devta*' for the rural population, even though he was just another Prime Ministerial candidate for the forthcoming parliamentary elections, not the Prime Minister yet. The reason? His characteristic omnipresence.

We, as voters were forced to bear the torture of Mr.Modi's overdose. Each day, every common man was subjected to his bespectacled, Khadi-kurta clad attire early in the morning, when he sipped tea. For a seemingly-endless period of almost four months, the leading dailies carried gigantic pictures of his, every single day. His popularity seemed to be overwhelming. The TV channels would relentlessly quote his futuristic ideologies, or for that matter, the brilliant feats achieved by him 24x7. It just wouldn't cease. Add to this the gen next's friend, philosopher and guide, yes, INTERNET. With thousands of Modi videos streaming online, all social networking

sites booming with political parties' so called 'official pages', and people who flaunted their pics with future MPs (not to forget the 'Modi selfie'), it was absolutely horrendous!

But yes, amidst this great electoral chaos, there is a ray of hope

that keeps the elections spirit, truly and genuinely high! Anywhere and almost everywhere, one could see people sharing a common forum of discussion. This makes one feel grateful to our constitution founders, for having provided us with the 'Right to freedom of expression'. This is one odd time in every 5 years, when each one of us can opine freely. Truly, a delightful scene!

Also worth mentioning is the fact that we are fortunate enough to be members of the largest democracy in the world. The unexpected huge turnout of voters could be well attributed to a number of reasons.

One could be the most obvious one, the way the 'Modi Sarkar' phenomenon had hypnotised people in its favour.

Another more logically sound reason could be that the averagely educated middle class Indian had become surprisingly more aware of his fundamental right to choose his leaders. Maybe a



The Great Election Tamasha

sudden patriotic realisation that one vote could certainly make a difference and contribute to helping the calm headed IITian emerge as the winner (Unlikely though!)

There is also one last interesting aspect to this, which is proved by the increment in the percentage of first time voters. As first time voters, all of us (especially me!) were extremely excited to cast our precious vote, judiciously using the right imparted to us and ceremonially deciding who we wanted to be ruled by, keeping up the 'by the people' component of the Lincolnian definition of democracy.

Well, in the end there definitely seems to be hope - that the choices we've made, the leaders we've elected and the party we've voted for, all rightfully keep the very essence of democracy alive; and we, as Indians, aspire to be citizens of a progressive HINDUSTAN, that will soon bask in the glory of being a global superpower!



JAIHIND !



Harsimran Bhatia
Batch 2011

दलबदलू नेता

एक दिन चौराहे पर एक अर्थी जा रही थी।
 उसके पीछे हजारों लोगों की भीड़ एक क्यू में आ रही थी।
 भीड़ के आगे एक कुत्ते फूल माला पहने,
 बड़ी शान से चल रहा था।
 आने जाने वालों को बहुत खल रहा था।
 तभी हमने आगे वाले आदमी से पूछा
 कि यह किस महापुरुष की अर्थी है,
 उसने कहा यह अर्थी तो एक दलबदलू नेता की है,
 और भीड़ कुत्ते की वजह से है।
 हमने कहा श्रीमान,
 एक कुत्ते को इतना सम्मान ?
 वह बोला जो लोग वोट मांगने आते हैं,
 इन कुत्तों से बहुत पीछे रह जाते हैं।
 यह कुत्ते अलीगढ़ मुरादाबाद के सांप्रदायिक दंगे नहीं करवाते,
 यह कुत्ते महिलाओं की भीड़ पर लाठियाँ नहीं चलवाते।
 इन्हीं कुत्तों ने इस देश को सुधारा है,
 और इस दलबदलू नेता को इसी कुत्ते ने काटा है।
 हमने कहा तब तो यह बड़े काम का कुत्ता है, हमें भी चाहिये;
 वो बोला यह लाइन देख रहे हैं जनाब,
 आप भी इसमें लग जाइये।
 हमने बोला हम लाइन में नहीं आयेगे;
 जो लोग लाइन में आ रहे हैं,
 कुत्ते का कितना दाम लगा रहे हैं ?
 वो बोला दो लाख हुजूर।
 हमने कहा दस लाख दिलवाएंगे,
 लेकिन कुत्ते को दिल्ली ले जायेंगे;
 दस लाख में सौदा पट गया,
 मैं कुत्ते को दिल्ली ले गया।
 एक दलबदलू नेता को इससे कटवाया,
 पर थोड़ी देर बाद मैं आश्चर्य से भर गया।
 तब नेता तो भाषण देने चला गया।
 पर कुत्ता मर गया !!!



प्रखर
बैच 2011

ROLE OF TEACHERS- Redefined



Students, in their career building years, look towards their teachers for inspiration to help themselves achieve success in life. In the era of rapid communication and faster information, there is a perceptible change in the role of teachers in educating medical students and imparting practical training.

In the seventies, as a medical student, the source of knowledge in Human sciences was mainly through teachers and partly through libraries. The books in libraries used to be mostly by foreign authors and overboard publishers, with exorbitant costs beyond the reach of an average student. Thus there was almost total dependency on teachers for learning. Having the realization of their indispensability, the students used to be submissive, obedient and sincere; which helped them become knowledgeable and confident, that proved to be a blessing in disguise both for under trainees and patients.

In around forty years, we can see change in every aspect of human life and the role of teachers is no exception. Information is available at the click of a button and is in abundance even in the form of books. It would not be inappropriate to label teachers today as being facilitators or moderators of knowledge. Most teachers have embraced this change as a law of nature.

In good old days, teachers were mostly authoritative and hard task masters; maintaining a conscious gap from the students, which was construed to be good for inculcating discipline, thereby improving efficiency. With the liberalization in society and in the family, the trend has become more persuasive, motivational and participative. The mental scare probably forced the students to commit more mistakes while executing professional pursuits. It is very important to impart the training of maintaining your balance and calm in the toughest of professional circumstances which are common place in the medical stream. Thus reducing the communication gap with students has augmented unhesitant involvement in proceedings of cases, encouraging questions and ultimately bedside discussion, which will pave the way for transformation into quality doctors. In this context, I still remember the farewell comments of a senior resident, which are reproduced here - "For the first time in my career, I found out that professional work can be performed with much more efficiency, sincerity and commitment, when the leader of the group has an inspirational approach."

Every teacher teaches to the best of their ability. In a group discussion or in a theory lecture, the role of a teacher is to highlight salient points and stress upon the most important features, so that it is imprinted in the minds of students exposed to information overflow and barrage, going through the pages of ever thickening books. This is one aspect of teaching I label as 'core teaching'. In addition, the core teaching may also be interrupted by inspirational quotes and incidents, thus enhancing the alertness and upgrading the student teacher relationship. *'Shiksha ke saath deeksha bhi zaruri hai.'*

I feel we as teachers have a tremendous responsibility of not only imparting knowledge but also of inspiring the next generation to be good human beings and become great doctors. The conduct of the teacher should be one for students to emulate. They should be sensitive to the needs of the underprivileged in our society.

Indian doctors have earned name and fame not only in their motherland but also world over by their sheer commitment to values of hard work, honesty and integrity. We should all strive to be world leaders in Medicine and Surgery just like in ancient India. We can and we should.



Prof. Sunandan Sood
Head, Dept. of Ophthalmology

The fight of He and She

He distinguishes between right and wrong,
She discovers right in wrong.
He has a reason,
She has an emotion.
He rejects, resists and doubts,
She accepts, accommodates and trusts.
He questions and demands,
She answers and provides.
He asks what, why how?
She whispers it's okay.
He creates ego and hurts,
She brings humility and heals.
He digs old graves,
She buries the hatchet.
He does not forget,
She forgives and forgets.
He is resistant to feeling and emotions,
She is sensitive to feeling and emotions.
He ignores and excludes,
She acknowledges and includes,
He throws you back,
She pulls you forward.
He relies upon the power of science,
She believes in power of silence and
It's the last but
Not the least,
He is the brain and
She is the heart.



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

Pursuit of Happiness

Dusk fades, dawn breaks, night falls again
Clouds shroud the light, turn boon to bane
All hope wanes, all consolation seems lame
Existence loses purpose, life loses aim.

Fatigued and dazed with all the failed efforts, heart craves for relief

Begs for joy to overcome the grief

"I have learnt my lesson", one reasons with oneself,

"Only I hold the key to happiness' wealth."

"Easier said than done", says a sadistic inner voice,

"Is happiness truly only a matter of choice?"

Ready to give up, one turns to nature for sympathy and hope,

Seeing the perfection all around, one musters the courage to cope.

The longest night is ultimately followed by the rise of the sun,

Push through the darkness; make a conscious effort to all'

Look closer, see the door to your dreams stands ajar.

Don't give up, now you have come so far.



Shreya Gupta
Batch 2012

बचपन

मेरे बचपन के दिन कितने अच्छे थे, जब हम सबके मन सच्चे थे ।

आँखों में मेरे सपने थे, दोस्त और दुश्मन सभी अपने थे ।

बातों में हमारी कितनी नादानी थी, कितनी सच्ची परियों की कहानी थी ।

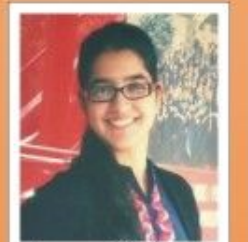
कितनी प्यारी और सुंदर दकसी बातें थी, मेरे बचपन में कितनी लंबी रातें थी ।

न कोई फिक्र न दिखावा था, न किसी से लड़ने का बहाना था ।

हर किसी के चेहरे पर बड़ीदकसी मुस्कान थी, मेरे गुड्डे और गुड़िया में भी जान थी ।

छोटीदकछोटी बातों की खुशियाँ अपार थी, मेरे बचपन के हर सावन में बहार थी ।

हर लम्हा, हर पल तब खास था, जब मेरा प्यारादकसा बचपन मेरे पास था ।



प्रतीक्षा त्यागी, बैच 2013

Serving Humanity

Goodness has only once found a perfect incarnation in a human body and never will again, but evil can always find a home there. 'Human nature is not black and white but black and grey', said Graham Greene in his book 'The Lost Childhood'.

Evolution has played its role in human race not just physically but mentally as well; mentally, making them smart enough to care for their own existence following the principle of 'Survival of the Fittest' as proposed by Charles Darwin. Amongst these self-centered humans, history has witnessed various human figures who have devoted their entire lives to selfless service to humanity.

Florence Nightingale was a nurse during the Crimean War. She happened to be known as the 'Lady with a Lamp' as is known from this famous quote ;

*'Lo! In that house of misery, A lady with a lamp see
Pass through glimmering gloom, And flit from
room to room'*

She used to take rounds in the wards of wounded soldiers during night carrying this little lamp. She improved healthcare for all sections of the society, brought hunger relief in India, worked on abolishing laws regulating prostitution that were over harsh to women.

I would like to talk about another such human from Sikh history by the name of Bhai Kanhaiya Ji who gave his services to Guru Gobind Singh Ji during the battle of Anandpur Sahib. His job was to provide water to the wounded soldiers from the army of Guru Gobind Singh Ji. One fine day, someone complained to Guru Ji that he was serving water to the soldiers of enemy as well which helped them

improve their health and fight better. When questioned, Bhai Kanhaiya Ji replied 'Guru Ji, all I see is a wounded

human being with your face in each one of them and it is very difficult to differentiate the wounded ones on the basis of their armies.' Impressed by his answer, Guru Ji asked him to apply balm as well on the wounds of all the soldiers in the field.

Talking about such services in present day scenario, if we find a wounded person on a road, most of us don't have the time to stop and help the needy- everyone has a destination to reach and target to be achieved (I refer to most of us, not all of us, of course). But it's these simple virtues that matter the most in life. This I one thing my mother has taught me since I was a kid (can't say how much I have inculcated those virtues). However busy and successful we become in our lives, the happiness and satisfaction we get by helping a needy has no match. We should help others keeping in mind we might need a helping hand ourselves in future.

I'd like to conclude by quoting Bhagat Puran Singh Pingalwara, founder of Pingalwara Charitable Society, Amritsar

'Those who die for their country are martyrs; those who live for their country are greater martyrs.'



Roopjit Kaur Sahi
Batch 2011

The Un-Fair Obsession

"Tujhe kya farak padta hai, tu toh gori hai..." is the response I have been unfailingly given every time I touch upon this topic. So how do I say this without sounding- for the lack of a better word- hypocritical? Being gori has in no way changed my stance on the age old phenomenon of 'Colourism' that so deeply plagues our society. Now that this issue is being widely publicized and debated, I will happily jump onto the bandwagon and say High time we stopped the colour bias!

Television advertisement today is teeming with commercials for fairness products, skin-lightening creams, bleaches; basically a whole repertoire of paraphernalia that draw in the gullible viewer with terms like 'natural fairness' and 'flawless glow'. They seek to tell you that if you're not fair; you won't make friends, won't be successful at your job, or won't get married to a great guy. So what started with Fair & Lovely has now evolved into a whopping Rupees three thousand crore market, with Indians consuming more than two hundred tonnes of skin whitening products each year.

Will someone tell these nincompoops that they're trying to convince brown people that brown is ugly?!

Oh wait! They're already convinced. They have been for as long as one can remember. The cosmetic industry has not generated this idea, it has simply cashed in on it. So now, the average girl next door who grew up being told that her fairer friends are prettier will slather her face with lotions, in the hope that they will somehow alter what her genes dictate. She will bag a great job, become Ms. Popular, and marry her prince charming while darker coloured lesser beings look on with forlorn faces.

Who is the nincompoop now?

I do not entirely blame the poor girl. Search around and you will find stories of women who are discriminated against for being dark, some even pushed to the brink of suicide. A lot of women believe eating foods like cream and coconut during pregnancy will make their unborn child fair. They bathe their babies with milk in hope that it'll lighten their skin. What on earth is going on? Are we

still in the colonial hangover, thinking that white is superior? Look at the amusing irony here Caucasians toil for a tan to get skin like ours, and we will do everything to make ourselves fairer. Well, to each his own. Do what you want to your own face. But what gives you the audacity to tell someone they're not pretty or good enough because of the colour of their skin?

What was mostly confined to women (the 'fairer' sex- the irony continues) has spilled into the realm of the other gender too. SRK throws a tube of fairness cream at a guy, and his life turns around. The secret of Virat Kohli's success on the field is non oily, bright skin. No wonder these nonsensical advertisements have inspired a nationwide appeal for responsible, unbiased advertising. Do I even start talking about the new products that have traversed all limits of ridiculousness (read Clean & Dry intimate hygiene wash)... I think I shall pass, the mere thought disgusts me. But this does beg the question How far are we willing to push this? Are we going to play dumb and let ourselves be told that fair is beautiful, and the skin colour that is the hallmark of our ethnic group somehow makes us inferior?

I like to believe there's hope. The Dark is Beautiful campaign, started by the activist group Women of Worth, and made famous by actor Nandita Das, is taking on the country's fairness obsession. Thousands of Indians are coming forward to say Beauty is not determined by colour, self worth must not be governed by complexion. But there is a long and difficult path to tread. In a nation where every person has it ingrained in his psyche from

childhood that fair is beautiful, the change must come from within us.

Only when we choose to shun this bias and stop shying away from conversation will change come. The society needs to realize that people are all sentient beings, and not a shade of colour.



Smriti Mahajan
Batch 2011

SOCIAL MEDIA

"Fir se?!" "Meh, it has been done to death." "Just why do they have to print an article on this every year?" I know, I know; but in my defense, social media evolves every year and with it evolves our perception of it. If you still don't agree, you would by now be halfway through writing on my Facebook wall or sending me a snapchat with a bored face saying "WTH bro!" So why bother...

I'm not here to tell you how social media functions or what are its benefits or where it fails to deliver. We are all 'know it alls' here and I really don't want a meme circulating on 9gag bashing me. It will be anonymous, but I will know it speaks to me because that's what is really wanted of it. Or much worse, it could find its way to GMCH confessions! Overreaction much?

Well it is the age of those and we are the generation that fights its wars on the internet. We facebook our problems before we face them but it's only fair our lows be documented on the internet for all of eternity because that's where all our highs are.

We hardly live to live today, we live to "share" and we do it so much and so unconsciously, that it loses all meaning. I mean, I see the picture you posted on Instagram hashtagged

#omgselfie@dSoL, the sane talk for which is "Oh my God, a selfie at the Statue of Liberty" when all I see is a giant version of your face. Why did you have to go *saat samundar paar* for that?! But well, wasn't selfie the word of the year 2013!

With all its fallbacks, social media is where all the power rests today. Be it leaders trying to reach out to the masses or social causes seeking a supportive audience. We for ourselves saw the greatest electoral competition of the nation being won on the pages of Twitter before it even hit ground zero. We don't even need to go that far when asking how social media has helped us. If it wasn't for our batch groups on Whatsapp, how would we ever see some 20 old papers before every little test or know which class is called off this week, or when and how our batch got in

serious trouble and when and how are we planning to resolve it.

Well I'm just as human as the next person, which means I can't contain my happiness when I see a "Complimentary WiFi" sign and I also poke my phone screen a million times when it decides to hang for 5 odd minutes. I thank God for this blessing every time a hilarious video or a photograph makes its way to my newsfeed. Hell, I even save so much precious energy when I no longer have to yell to call mom everytime I need something lying 2 feet to my right, she's just a Whatsapp IM away. No, don't even try to pretend like you don't do it, I already know it all from your timeline.



It's all good until our social media replaces our social life. If anything it has led to a dearth of emotions. "HBD GBU" has replaced a sincere birthday wish. Heartfelt condolences have been replaced by a "RIP XYZ" page which is 'liked' by one and all. What was once a run to the balcony everytime the weather got surprising pleasant and led to a nice catch up session with the entire neighbourhood is now a run to the computer to change your status to "Lovely #weather #rain

#fun" which is dutifully given a thumbs up by the aforesaid neighbour.

Please don't get me wrong, this is not my attempt at one of those "Back in our time" stories. This is technically our time and look at what we are so 'technically' doing with it. Nothing I said is probably new to you. It is just another rant to make you see where your perception of 'cool' borders on 'totally lame' and how the real word is where you should really be.

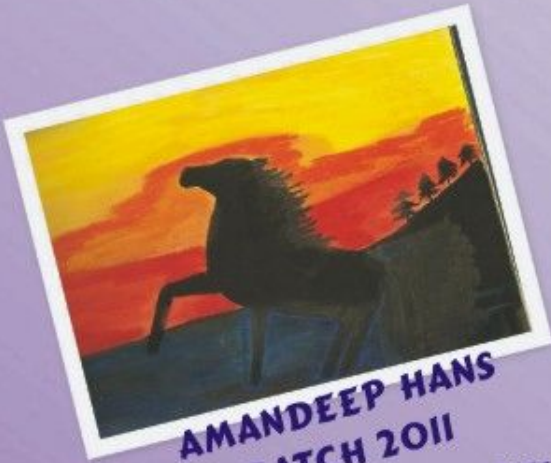


Tanya Sharma
Batch 2k11



Panorama

**“Art washes away from the
soul the dust of everyday life.”
– Pablo Picasso**

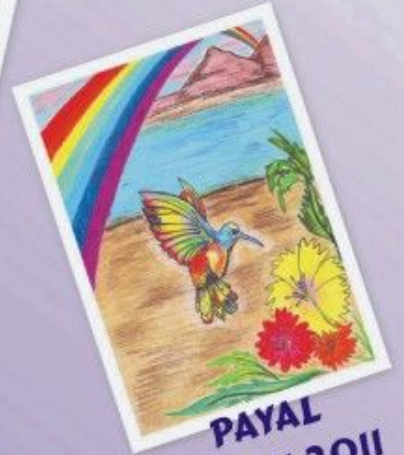


**AMANDEEP HANS
BATCH 2011**



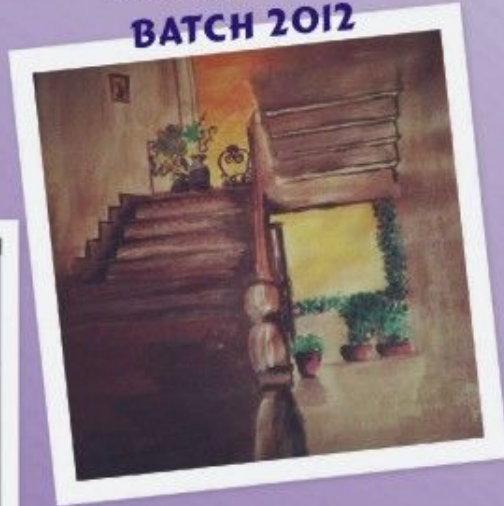
**CHHAVI SAINI
BATCH 2012**

**PARUL
BATCH 2011**

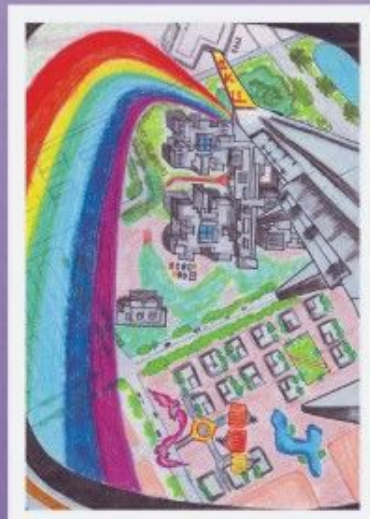


**PAYAL
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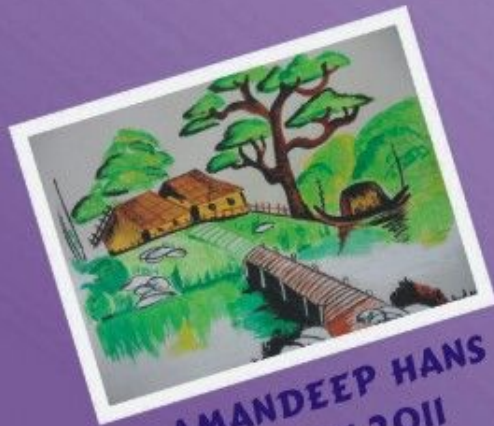
**SHUBHKARMAN
BATCH 2012**



**PARUL
BATCH 2011**



**PAYAL
BATCH 2011**



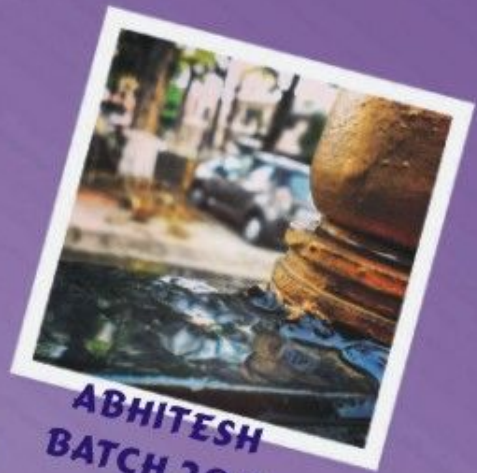
**AMANDEEP HANS
BATCH 2011**



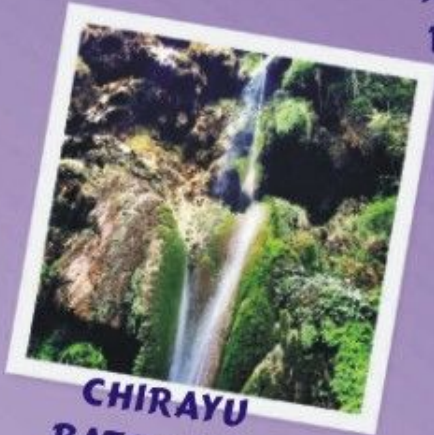
**JASPREET KAUR
BATCH 2011**



**TANVI KHERA
BATCH 2010**



**ABHITESH
BATCH 2012**



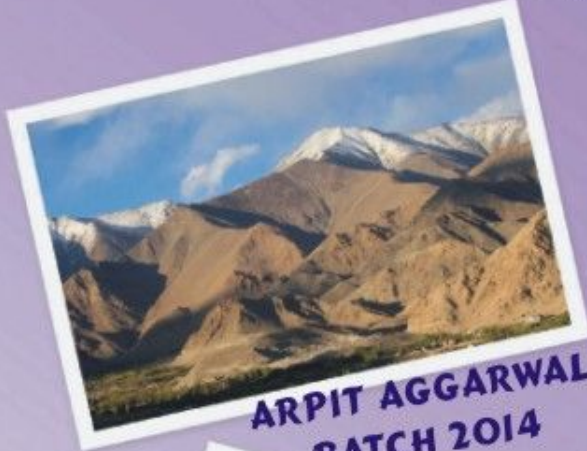
**CHIRAYU
BATCH 2011**



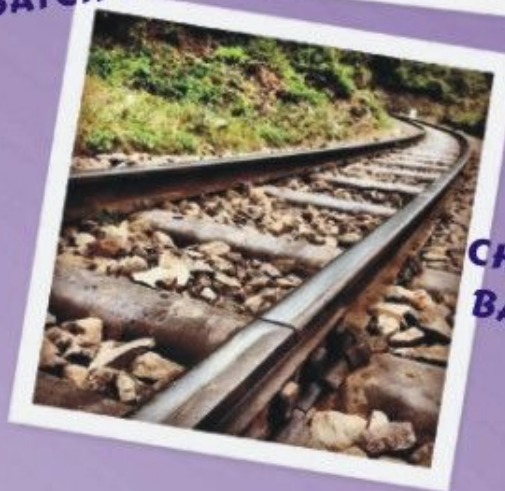
**CHHAVI SAINI
BATCH 2012**



**TANVI KHERA
BATCH 2010**



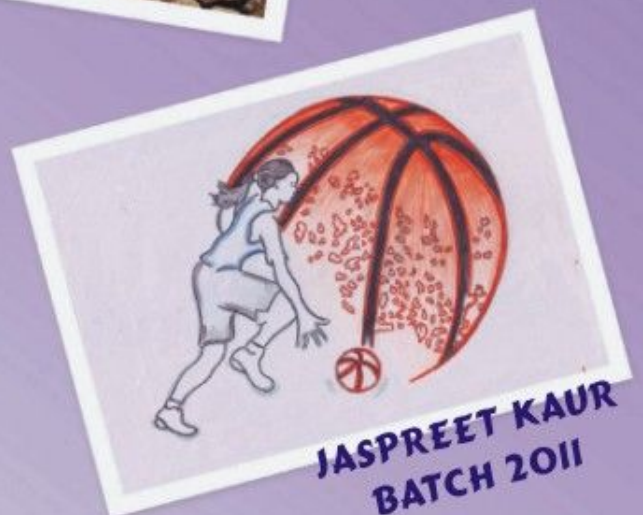
**ARPIT AGGARWAL
BATCH 2014**



**CHHAVI SAINI
BATCH 2012**

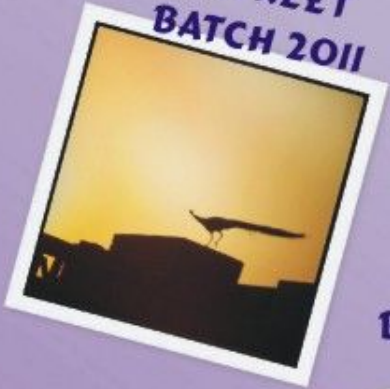


**HARSIMRAN BHATIA
BATCH 2011**



**JASPREET KAUR
BATCH 2011**

**NAVNEET
BATCH 2011**



**HARVEEN
BATCH 2013**

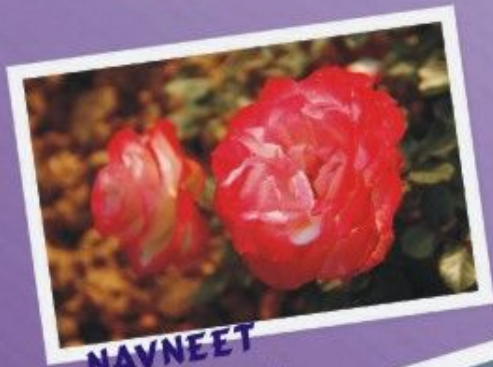
**JAPLEEN BHATIA
BATCH 2014**



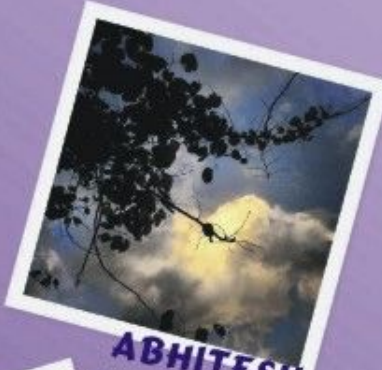
**SHRUTI M.
BATCH 2013**



DR. NEHA GOEL



**NAVNEET
BATCH 2011**



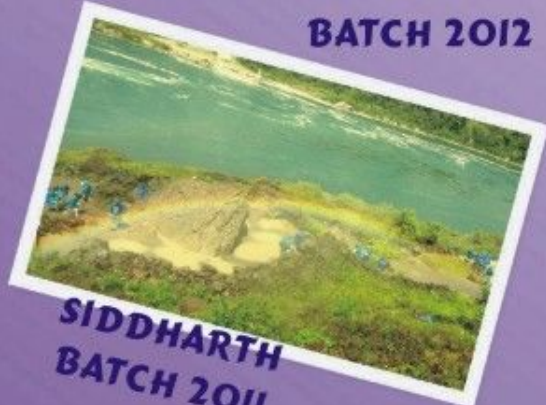
**ABHITESH
BATCH 2012**



**CHHAVI SAINI
BATCH 2012**



**ARPIT AGGARWAL
BATCH 2014**



**SIDDHARTH
BATCH 2011**

VIVACITY



***"PLAY IS OUR BRAIN'S
FAVORITE WAY OF
LEARNING."
- DIANE ACKERMAN***

STRIKE STRIKE STRIKE

It was only after the buzz about 'The rural posting' gained epic proportions and the endless speculation was made concrete by an RTI memorandum from the MCI put online, that the horror struck every medical student for real. The



Despite all the uncertainty, the students of Pre-final batch (after sincerely attending the morning lectures) walked towards the Sarai building. The juniors were given a message to assemble outside and not to enter

compulsory rural posting was an additional year of serving in the periphery before an Indian medical graduate could apply for PG courses in the country. Also to the previous MBBS curriculum was to be added another year of internship making the course duration to a whopping seven and a half years!

Well, the proposal was met with resentment around the nation and we at GMCH also wanted to fight for the cause. So as soon as the Indian Medical Student Association (IMSA) called for a nationwide



strike, we were quick to respond. But we had our doubts. First and foremost, strikes by students were unheard of in GMCH. Second, who would've led us? And finally, what difference would a bunch of students bunking classes and taking to the street make to the functioning of the institution, who would even hear us out?!

the classes. We found a handful of them standing there, looking pretty lost. So we had a mob. While we stood there contemplating our next step, a terrified junior came up to us and said "*HoD Ma'am ki class hai, wo bula rahe hai. Hum jaye?*" Oops, what now? The plan was to send a troop of "toppers" and utilize their rapport to convince the teachers. No one had any hope of that actually working out. To our surprise, there wasn't a problem. Our teachers understood. After all, they were MBBS students once and recognized our demand as valid.

Infused with new enthusiasm we got to the planning. We called our seniors, the IMSA chapter of Chandigarh was quick to respond. The key aspect was to form a group that went to Director Principal Sir with our grievances. As soon as they left, we thought of making posters and slogans to make it more strike-like and get everyone involved. Most people were pretty excited, because it felt like little kids doing big-people things. Not everyone shared the feeling though. For many, strike day translated to chutti day and the crowd started thinning. Champi Sir to the rescue! (You do not belong in GMCH if you don't know who Champi/Charanpreet Sir is)

He came in, sparing precious PG entrance preparation time, and addressed us. He spoke



about the fact of the matter and its repercussions for us. His speech followed by those of a few other seniors, made the issue feel very real and close to home to everyone and the phase of implementation started.

Soon we had a bunch of very creative posters. The likes of "Let doctors live in peace and not in pieces", "7 1/2 years of MBBS- a death sentence", a few lighthearted ones saying "MCI Haya Haya, MBBS Bye-Bye", and the crowd favorite "Hum padhe saari raat like Ullu, mila kya, Baba ji ka Thullu?" We assembled for pictures and the press started pouring in. That was impetus enough. Within minutes everyone was on their toes, giving press bites and shouting slogans. Not sure of what to say, a bunch of 90s Hindi movie inspired MBBS students started protesting to the sound of "Haya Haya this and Murdabad that". It was funnier than intended and you could find the 'aggrieved' protesters giggling as soon as the camera faced away.

That evening the local news channels were flooded with our clips and that's all anyone of us talked about. Sure enough we were back for the Day 2 of



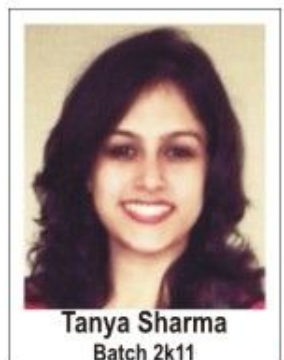
our strike. The plan was to take a peaceful walk of protest. Little did we know about the official arrangements and permissions that need to be in place before one could do that. We were met by police on the college front gate. That perplexed us. Solution? We made a back gate exit... Only to assemble in front of the Emergency and stage a quiet protest there. More people saw what was going on and that worked for us.

Pictures of such protests from around the nation thronged the internet and the news. That, I believe, was enough to pressure the officials. The Health Minister met with the student representatives at Delhi and came to a compromise to deliberate on the issue further. With that, for us, came to an end one of the things that's there on any college student's bucket list.

Some of us still remember that day in disbelief. We



were so sure we couldn't have pulled it off. Clueless but with a good cause, we did. Over those 2 days we realized what strength in numbers meant and that the solidarity of the medical fraternity was surely a force to be reckoned with.



Tanya Sharma
Batch 2k11

FRIENDSHIP

- an ageless bond

We all step into this world, already linked to a plethora of people by relations of blood, but there is just one that we form with choice; yes it is friendship...

The world is full of people of all shades and kinds, speaking innumerable languages; but amidst such variety of people surrounding us, we somehow manage to choose a few to be with us. I don't think we can ever figure out how this happens but apparently it does every time we make a friend. Some weird 'Natural Selection' takes place in our brains. Whatsoever may be the mechanism, it is no less than a miracle.

A friend is a person you love to be with; yet when you are together, all you do is make fun of their appearance, funny

clothes and not so funny jokes. They become one person you cannot stay away from although they are a source of constant teasing, criticism and sarcastic comments 'Tujhe yehi top milta hai', 'yaar kabhi toh dhang ke joke maar liya kar' and 'royi jaya kar 24 ghante'. Now this is an actual friend...

A true friend is not necessarily like us. In fact, mostly the person is totally opposite. No common traits or interests just brought together by chance.

Fights are an inseparable part of friendship. A petty issue becomes a mountain of arguments and then we stop talking. It gets interesting when the heated arguments are cooled and we try to make up, that too indirectly. Give a



missed call and say 'Sorry galti se kar diya, btw what's up?' or sometimes just 'Yaar bahaut ho gayi nautanki, chal aaja ghumne chalein' is enough.

You can never get enough of your friends. You talk to them endlessly in college, then on the phone, and there are still some things left to be discussed on Whatsapp. And yes, your friend may be last one to wish to Happy Birthday but still they are going to put their heart and soul in making the day amazing for you!!

There are moments in life where we happen to realize how friends are important for us. When we are scolded by our parents, friends become our support system; when we fail in tests, friends become our consolation; and when we are bored, friends become the source of entertainment!

In this college, I have been blessed with some really amazing friends who have made my journey hitherto an amazing experience. They are there to hear me fuss about exam pressure; they are there when I need to cry for some stupid reason and of course, I always know when I am on stage that my friends are there in the audience to cheer for me!

Things wear off with time but I have realized that friendship is a bond that grows stronger with time, deeper with fights and more frank with every comment. This bond has no age- limit.

So the friends you make here, the true ones, are going to stand by you as you graduate, marry, have a family and grow old. And once old, one fine day, you will find yourself sitting with your friend at your favorite meeting spot, wondering where it all started; still unable to fathom, how 'Natural Selection' worked to bring you together.

'Without you I wouldn't have been happy,
You stood by me, in the times I felt crappy;
Now bound to each other we are forever;
in smiles, in tears, in worries, always together!'



Pulse 2013



"Padh ke pass ho jao yaar warna pulse nahin jaa payenge."

The anticipation of our first college trip preceded far before we even entered second prof. It was the only thing that kept us going through the stressful exam months. And the trip was truly worth the wait!

As expected the journey was a blast! Fifty excited souls boarded the college bus early morning of September 15. New talents were discovered in the class as we sang, enacted, joked and shared stories. Our travel time was nearly doubled with all the food and picture stops we made.

We finally reached AIIMS by the evening, welcomed by a pleasant breezy weather...and so our trip began.

In the fest, everything was larger than life- beautifully decorated campus, hundreds of students from all over India bustling about, sporting their college logos, a mile long food street. Amazing talents unleashed on the stage were a delight to watch! The sports events were power packed as we cheered for our college teams who did





quite well. But the star nights totally blew our minds! Seemed like the whole of Delhi was gathered in the campus as we stood hours just to get in - where country heartthrobs like Vishal-Shekhar, Arijit Singh, The Indian Ocean rocked the stage.



But our fun didn't end just here. In that one week we wanted to take in all that Delhi had to offer, whether that meant tiring walks in the scorching sun or maneuvering the metro - we did it all!



Exploring the city, which is an amazing blend of beautiful historical monuments and cutting-edge modernity, seemed like a difficult job to do in just a week.



The girls shopped till they dropped. Everyone ate till their tummies hurt - whether in the fashionable outlets of the city or enjoying the unimaginable array of scrumptious paranthas of Paranthe wali gali.

In addition, we got to do many things we hadn't really expected. Wobbling like penguins on the ice skating rinks of the malls, hanging upside down midair on the rides of Adventure Island amusement park, our ear curdling screams piercing the air (loudest one was mine), rain dancing for hours!



But my favourite part had to be the batch's walk to The India Gate in the middle of the night for ice-cream, only to be chased away by the police!



In the end no one wanted to leave, but having already extended our trip to the maximum possible, we didn't have a choice. But the week turned out to be more than just a trip. It was a bonding experience for all of us as we felt like a batch for the very first time. Forging new friendships and strengthening the old ones!



Shreya Gupta
Batch 2012



THEN AND NOW

August 2003

I remember when my brother left for his second day in college, dressed markedly differently from the first. White shirt and black pants, white fleet shoes.... a complete nerd. His friend who came to pick him up for college had gone one step further, his hair slickly oiled and sticking to his head in a proper 'champu' style. After all they weren't in college, they were in Medical 'School' as they were reminded way too often, back in a time when the 'R' word was not frowned upon and even hushedly encouraged, sometimes even by the faculty.

August 2008

This time it was me entering the portals of the same college as my brother, but the environment I entered into was markedly different than I had seen my brother enter into and indeed, from what I had imagined. Nobody asking me to wear a certain uniform, carry a certain 'ID' in my wallet, or telling the batch to appear after college in a certain garden. Yes, we were told to show respect, get up when the seniors entered, wish them as we should, but nothing out of the ordinary and definitely none of the horror stories I had been told.

August 2013

Coming to the now, things have changed. DRAMATICALLY. I still remember when during a lecture by a certain HOD, some of the juniors outside the lecture theatre were making a ruckus, and he remarked that even though the dreaded 'R' word had been now declared illegal, the change in discipline levels since was also obvious, and maybe it was not right to do away with it all together.

Our beloved institution it seems to me has progressed from school to college. Students coming more decked up to attend classes than they would to attend parties a few years ago,

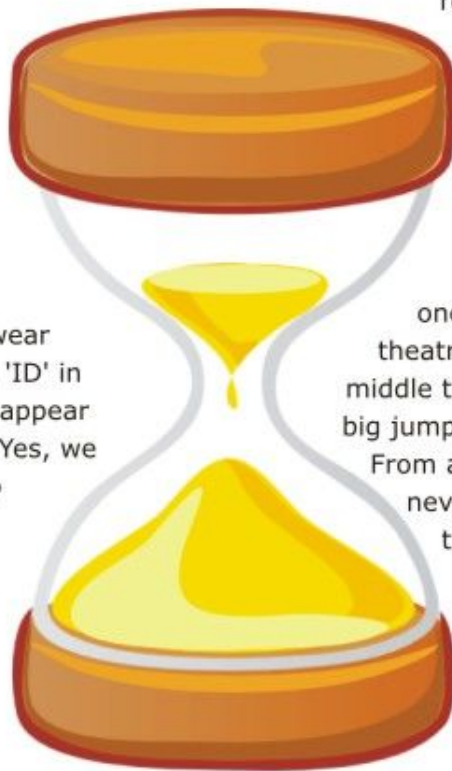
more and more obvious PDAs (come to the library where I reside, and you'll know what I mean). And the parties, oh the parties! From alcohol being served in a single room somewhere off to the side to being freely (both in terms of quantity and money) available, lavish venues ranging from various hotels to the golf range (all of which have subsequently barred us for rowdiness nonetheless) it's the parties which show our real progress. And even here, it seems the fairer sex seems to be taking the greater leap. As claimed by the DJ at a

recent party "*Sir ji, itni partiyan karayi hai, pehli baar lagta hai ladkiyan peene aayi hai!*"

Another big change which occurred was the increase in the number of seats from 50 to 100. From being a college of 250 students in toto, to having one singular batch fill the lecture theatre, and having to put stools in the middle to accommodate them all; it was a big jump, both with its pros and cons.

From a senior's point of view, I have never encountered so many people in the hospital whom I do not know or even recognize, whereas before you would know almost everyone, dramatically increasing your chances of getting random treats (*sir aaj case mein A mila, party!!*) On the other hand, there are a number of

pros as well. For one, sleeping during class becomes all that much easier if you're on the 10th bench as opposed to the 3rd or 4th. Another big advantage is the attendance. I would imagine getting a proxy would be the easiest thing (if you still get caught, you really lack the technique my friends). And the biggest pro of them all, an increase in the number of students means an increase in the percentage of good looking people, and given the trend of increasing number of girls in each batch (see 2k11), this spells well for all the guys in the



college, providing new avenues for NSP right in your very own LT.

Now I'm not judging and neither should anyone else. It is the way society is progressing I suppose, and though one may have an opinion on it, judging is all together a different matter. It was my simple endeavor to highlight the changes that I see happening, simply because I was asked to write an article for the magazine and couldn't think of a topic!

Oh yeah, and the studies. Our college is progressing in them too. Really. Well, kind of. Maybe. Oh well, I suppose those don't matter do they.



ਨਿੱਤ ਪੈਦਾ ਏ ਪੰਗਾ ਪੱਟੀ ਇੱਕ ਸਹੇਲੀ ਦਾ,
ਮੈਂ ਤੁੱਕਾ ਕਿੱਕਰ ਦਾ ਓਹ ਫੁੱਲ ਚਮੇਲੀ ਦਾ,
ਮੈਂ ਚਹਾ ਚਾਹ ਜ਼ਮਾਨੇ ਦੀ ਓਹ ਗੱਲ ਕਰਦੀ ਤੇਜੀ ਦੀ,
ਮੈਂ ਕੈਦਾ ਕੱਚੀ ਦਾ ਓਹ ਬੁੱਕ ਅੰਗਰੇਜੀ ਦੀ ।

ਸਾਡੇ ਦੇਸੀ ਲੇਵਲ ਤੇ ਓਹਨੇ ਮੋਹਰ ਲਗਾ ਦਿੱਤੀ,
ਨਾਂ ਜੋੜ ਕੇ ਮਿੱਤਰਾ ਨਾਲ ਸਾਡੀ ਟੌਰ ਬਣਾ ਦਿੱਤੀ,
ਓਹ ਠੁਮਕੇ ਲਾਉਂਦੀ ਆ ਨਾਲ ਸਹੇਲਿਆਂ ਦੇ ਆ ਕੇ,
ਅਸੀਂ ਚਿੱਤ ਪਰਚਾ ਲਈ ਦਾ ਮਹਿਫਲ ਯਾਰਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਲਾ ਕੇ,
ਮੈਂ ਸੁਣਾ ਮਾਣਕ ਦੀਆਂ ਕਲੀਆਂ ਉਹ ਪਿੱਟ ਬੁੱਲ ਕਰੇਜੀ ਸੀ,
ਮੈਂ ਕੈਦਾ ਕੱਚੀ ਦਾ ਓਹ ਅੰਗਰੇਜੀ ਦੀ ।

ਉਹ ਪਿਆਰ ਵੀ ਕਰਦੀ ਆ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਜਾਨ ਨਾਲੋਂ ਵੱਧ ਕੇ,
ਭਾਵੇਂ ਰੰਗ ਮੇਰਾ ਪੱਕਾ ਉਹ ਗੋਰੀ ਚਿੱਟੀ ਰੱਜ ਕੇ,
ਮੈਂ ਕਦੇ ਸਕੂਲੇ ਵੜਿਆ ਨਾ ਉਹ ਅੱਜ ਵੀ ਲੰਡਨ ਪੜਦੀ ਆ,
ਮੈਂ ਜਾਣਾ ਇੱਲ ਤੋਂ ਕੁੱਕੜ ਨਾ ਉਹ ਨਵੇਂ ਕੋਰਸ ਕਰਦੀ ਆ,
ਮੈਨੂੰ ਸਮਝ ਹੀ ਲੱਗਦੀ ਨਾ ਉਹਦੀ ਈ - ਮੇਲ ਭੇਜੀ ਦੀ,
ਮੈਂ ਕੈਦਾ ਕੱਚੀ ਦਾ ਓਹ ਬੁੱਕ ਅੰਗਰੇਜੀ ਦੀ,
ਗੁਰਦੀਪ ਕੈਦਾ ਕੱਚੀ ਦਾ ਓਹ ਬੁੱਕ ਅੰਗਰੇਜੀ ਦੀ,

Gurdeep Singh
Staff
Deptt. Of Anesthesia

ਮੇਰਾ ਕਾਲਜ

ਮੇਰੇ ਕਾਲਜ ਦੀਆਂ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਨੇ ਖਾਸ,
ਸਾਰੇ ਹੈ ਇੱਕ ਦੂਜੇ ਦੇ ਯਾਰ।

ਪੇਪਰ 'ਚ ਨਕਲ ਮਾਰਨ ਨੂੰ ਰਹਿੰਦੇ ਤਿਆਰ,
ਆਲੇ ਦੁਆਲੇ ਵੇਖਦੇ ਜੱਦ ਅਧਿਆਪਕ ਪੁੱਛੇ ਸਵਾਲ।
ਕਲਾਸ ਖਤਮ ਹੁੰਦਿਆਂ ਐਨਾ ਰੌਲਾ ਪਾਉਂਦੇ,
ਜਿਵੇਂ ਜੇਲ ਦੇ ਕੈਦੀ ਆਜ਼ਾਦੀ ਦੀ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਮਨਾਉਂਦੇ।
ਪਾਰਟੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਕਿਸਮੇ ਇਹਨਾਂ ਦੇ,
ਸਾਰੇ ਕਿਤੇ ਮਸ਼ਹੂਰ।

ਪਿਛਲੀ ਸੀਟ ਆਲੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਹਾਸੇ,
ਨਾ ਰੋਕ ਸਕੇ ਕਿਸੇ ਦੀ ਵੀ ਘੁਰ।
ਨਿੱਕੀ ਨਿੱਕੀ ਗੱਲ ਤੇ ਲੜ੍ਹ ਕਦੀ ਪੈਂਦੇ ਹੈ;
ਪਰ ਜੇ ਕਿਸੇ ਨੂੰ ਦੁੱਖ ਵੇਲੇ ਪਏ ਲੋੜ,
ਹੱਥ ਦੇਣ ਨੂੰ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾ ਤਿਆਰ ਰਹਿੰਦੇ ਹੈ।

ਐਸਾ ਹੈ ਸਾਡਾ ਪਿਆਰ,
ਸਾਰੇ ਹੈ ਇੱਕ ਦੂਜੇ ਦੇ ਯਾਰ।

ਉਹ ਐਲ.ਟੀ. ਦੀ ਸ਼ਰਾਰਤਾਂ,
ਡਾਰਕ ਰੂਮ ਦੀ ਮਸਤੀ,
ਸਰਜਰੀ ਦਾ ਕਹਿਰ,
'ਤੇ ਕੰਟੀਨ ਦੇ ਸਮੇਸਾ-ਪੈਂਟੀ।
ਉਹ ਹੋਸਟਲ ਦੇ ਖਾਨੇ ਤੇ ਝਰਨਾ,
ਕਲਾਸ 'ਚੋਂ ਡਾਂਟ ਖਾ ਕੇ ਨਿਕਲਣਾ,
ਬੈਂਕ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਫਿਲਮਾਂ ਵੇਖਣਾ,
ਜਨਮਦਿਨ 'ਤੇ ਕੋਕ ਨਾਲ ਮੁਹ ਰੰਗਣਾ।

ਜਿੱਥੇ ਰੱਖਦੇ ਸਾਰੇ ਇੱਕ ਦੂਜੇ ਦਾ ਖਿਆਲ,
ਸਾਰੇ ਹੈ ਇੱਕ ਦੂਜੇ ਦੇ ਯਾਰ।

ਹੋ ਜਾਈਏ ਚਾਹੇ ਦੂਰ ਕੁਝ ਸਾਲਾਂ ਬਾਅਦ,
ਆ ਸੋਹਣੀਆਂ ਯਾਦਾਂ ਰਹਿਣ ਗੀਆਂ ਨਾਲ,
ਕਦੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਭੁੱਲਣਾ ਇਹ ਮਸਤੀ 'ਤੇ ਪਿਆਰ।



ਜੈਸਮੀਨ, ਬੈਚ 2011

ਇਸ਼ਕ ਕਹਾਨੀ

ਨਾ ਹੀਰਾਂ ਦੀ ਨਾ ਪੀਰਾਂ ਦੀ ਕਹਾਨੀ ਦੋਸਤੋ,
ਨਾ ਮੁੰਦਰੀ ਤੇ ਨਾ ਗੱਲ ਵਾਲੀ ਗਾਨੀ ਦੋਸਤੋ,
ਵਾਰਿਸ ਵੇਖ ਨੀਂਦ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਉਣੀ ਦੋਸਤੋ,
ਕੀ ਰਹਿ ਗਈ ਅੱਜ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਕਹਾਨੀ ਦੋਸਤੋ।

ਨਾ ਲਭਦੇ ਮਹਿਵਾਲ ਹੁਣ ਪਿੰਡਾਂ 'ਚ,
ਨਾ ਅਨਾਰਕਲੀ ਹੁਣ ਕੰਧਾਂ 'ਚ,
ਠੈਲਾ ਫਿਲਾਇਤ ਦੀ ਟਿਕਟ ਕਟਾਈ ਹੋਈ ਆ,
ਮਜਨੂੰ ਕਾਲੀ ਨਾਗਨੀ ਚੜ੍ਹਾਈ ਹੋਈ ਆ।

ਸੱਸੀ ਏ.ਸੀ. ਤੋਂ ਬਾਹਰ ਹੁਣ ਨਿਕਲਦੀ ਨਹੀਂ,
ਪੁੰਨੂ ਨੂੰ ਵਿਆਹ ਕਰਾਉਣ ਦੀ ਕੋਈ ਜਲਦੀ ਨਹੀਂ,
ਇੱਕ ਤੋਂ ਬਾਅਦ ਇੱਕ ਸੋਹਣੀਆਂ ਆਉਂਦੀਆਂ ਨੇ,
ਕੱਚੇ ਘੜੇ ਨੂੰ ਹੱਥ ਨਇਓ ਪਾਉਂਦੀਆਂ ਇਹ।

ਬਦਲ ਗਏ ਹੁਣ ਉਹ ਤਖ਼ਤ ਹਜ਼ਾਰੇ ਯਾਰੋ,
ਜਿੱਥੇ ਵੱਸਦੇ ਸੀ ਰਾਝੇ ਕੰਵਾਰੇ ਯਾਰੋ,
ਪੈਂਦੇ ਖੇਤਾਂ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਅੱਜ ਪੱਥ ਨਾ,
ਹਰ ਕੋਈ ਜੱਪਦਾ ਜੋ ਨਾਂ ਹੁਣ ਕਲਬ ਦਾ।

ਚੂਰੀ ਖਵਾਵੇ ਉਹ ਹੀਰ ਹੁਣ ਨੱਸ ਗਈ,
ਬੇਗਾਨੇ ਮੁਲੱਕ ਵਿੱਚ ਜਾ ਕੇ ਓਹ ਵੱਸ ਗਈ,
ਪਿਛੋਂ ਕੰਨ ਪੜਵਾਏ ਸਨ ਰਾਝੇ ਨੇ,
ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਡੈਸ਼ਨ ਅੱਜ ਕੱਲ ਇਹ ਆਉਂਦੇ ਨੇ।

ਤੀਰਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਮਿਰਜ਼ੇ ਹੁਣ ਲੜਦੇ ਨਹੀਂ,
ਬੰਦੂਕਾਂ ਕੱਡਣ ਤੋਂ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਹੁਣ ਡਰਦੇ ਨਹੀਂ,
ਸਾਹਿਬਾ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਲੜਾਈਆਂ ਕਈ ਹੁੰਦੀਆਂ ਨੇ,
ਪਿਆਰ ਆਕੜ ਨੂੰ, ਜਿੰਦ ਨੂੰ ਇਹ ਕਰਦੇ ਨਹੀਂ।

ਰੋਮੀਓ ਜੁਲਿਏਟ ਦੀ ਵੀ ਦੇਵਾਂ ਕੀ ਮਿਸਾਲ ਮਿਤਰੋ,
ਨਵਾਂ ਜੁੱਗ 'ਤੇ ਨਵੇਂ ਨਵੇਂ ਜੰਜਾਲ ਮਿਤਰੋ,
ਕਿਤੇ ਦੇਖੋ ਵਾਰਿਸ ਨਾ ਹੁਣ ਰੋ ਉੱਠੋ,
ਕੀਤਾ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਦਾ ਬੁਰਾ ਅਸੀਂ ਹਾਲ ਮਿੱਤਰੋ
ਕੀਤਾ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਦਾ ਬੁਰਾ ਅਸੀਂ ਹਾਲ ਮਿੱਤਰੋ!



ਸੁਅਕ ਸ਼ਰਮਾ
ਬੈਚ 2011

'दोस्त' के नाम

आसमां के तारे, तेरी झोली में भर दूँ ए 'दोस्त',
अपनी सारी खुशियाँ तेरे नाम कर दूँ ए दोस्त,
जब कोई पूछे मेरी मेरी खुशी का राज,
तो तुझे आगे करदूँ ए दोस्त।

महक दोस्ती की इश्क से कम नहीं होती,
इश्क पर ही सारी दुनिया खत्म नहीं होती,
अगर साथ हो जिंदगी में अच्छे 'दोस्त' का,
तो जिंदगी कभी जन्नत से कम नहीं होती।

दोस्त होते नहीं भूल जाने के लिए,
जिंदगी मिलती है दोस्त बनाने के लिए,
हमसे दोस्ती रखोगे तो इतनी खुशियाँ देंगे,
कि वक्त नहीं मिलेगा आंसू बहाने के लिए।

तकदीर ने चाहा तकदीर ने बनाया,
तकदीर ने हमें आपसे मिलाया,
खुशानसीब हैं हम या वो पल,
जब तुम जैसा दोस्त जिंदगी में आया।

दूरियों की परवाह मत करना, ए 'दोस्त',
जब दिल पुकारे बुला लेना, मुझे ए दोस्त,
दिख जायेंगे हम इक पल में आपको,
बस ज़रा सा अपनी पलकों से पलकें मिला लेना ए दोस्त।

इक दिन जब हम दुनिया से चले जायेंगे ए 'दोस्त',
मत सोचना की आप को भूल जायेंगे ए दोस्त,
बस इक बार आसमां की तरफ देखना,
मेरे शायरी सितारों पर लिखी नज़र आएगी ए दोस्त।

लब खुलते हैं बंद हो जाते हैं, सच्चे 'दोस्त' मिलते हैं बिछड़ जाते हैं,
जब साथ बिताये लम्हें याद आते हैं, हंसती आखों से आँसू निकल जाते हैं,
कोई अपना हो या हो गैर, ए रब किसी पर न पड़े ये कहर,
बिछड़े न कभी दोस्त किसी का, कुछ नहीं जिंदगी दोस्त के बगैर।

संजीव बाली, सर्जरी विभाग

BOUNTIES FROM THE SKIES

*As it touches the grassy lawns
A sparkle and freshness everything adorns*

*The whiff of wet mud touches the soul
Rain never ceases to please us all!*

*We wait for monsoons half a year
Getting all excited as they draw near
Hoping they will dispel the heat
And the scorching sun we will be able to beat*

*Oh! Here it comes the first shower
Soon everyone is going to need a lawn mower
But does that dampen our spirits?
Upto no distinguishable bits*

*A stroll in the rain with music as a friend
The pitter-patter on the umbrella has its own music to lend
As I dwell in this surprise song of nature
I thank God for these bounties from the skies
on behalf of each creature!*



Aakanksha
Batch 2014



**BEST BATCH
2012**

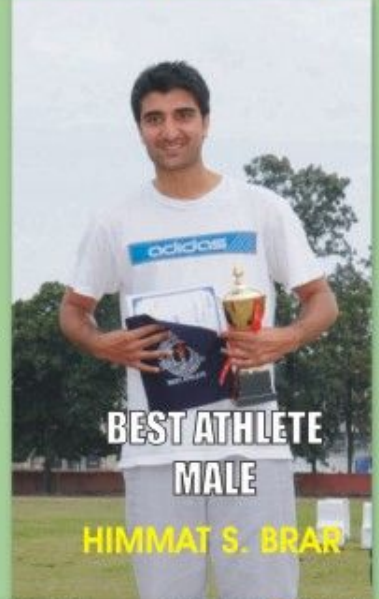
SPORTS DAY 2014

March was upon us; the sports fever had gripped one and all once again. The Sports Complex, Sector-46 was palpable with energy and fervour as GMCH gathered to celebrate sportsmanship. The Chief Guest of the event was Sh. Rajinder Singh, former coach, Indian Men's Hockey Team. We started out with the march past and the lighting of the ceremonial torch. Then unfolded the thrilling line up of events and competitions, spanning over two days. The colourful Bhangra that wound up the occasion left everyone applauding. As always, the enthusiasm of the college balanced the slight nip in the air.



**BEST ATHLETE
FEMALE**

MANNAT GIRAN



**BEST ATHLETE
MALE**

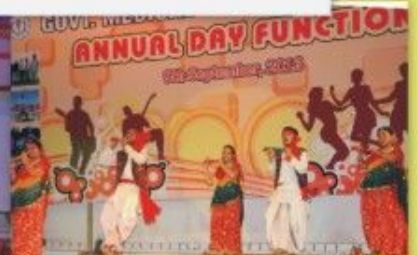
HIMMAT S. BRAR



ANNUAL DAY 2013



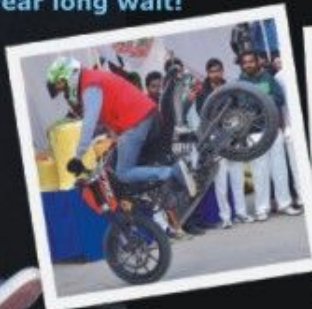
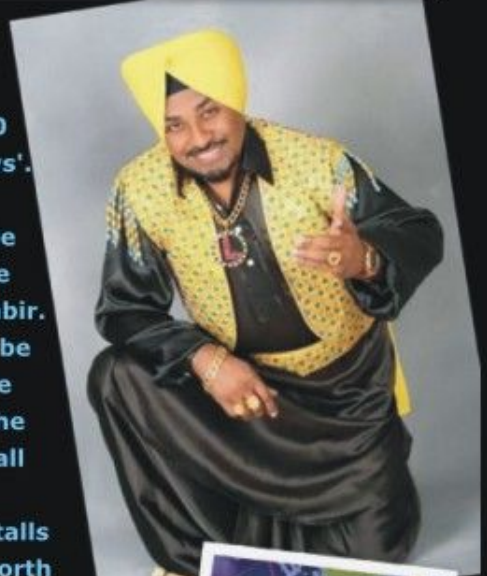
The Government Medical College and Hospital, Sector 32 celebrated its annual day on September 9, 2013. The chief guest for the function was Padma Bhushan Professor JS Chopra, founder Director-Principal of GMCH-32. Dr. Atul Sachdev, Director Principal announced the annual report of the college. The meritorious students in the academics, various cultural and literary events of the academic year 2012-13 were awarded by the chief guest and the director principal. Audience also witnessed various cultural performances by the students in the form of plays and regional dances.





EUPHORIA 2014

The annual inter-college fest of GMCH; Euphoria was organised by the Batch 2010 with the theme 'Around the world in 4 days'. The fest, sponsored by Mona Townships, turned out to be a huge success. The whole college had an amazing time singing to the tones of the Pakistani sensation Falak Shabir. The Lehmer Hussainpuri night proved to be an exuberant Punjabi extravaganza, where nobody could resist tapping their feet to the peppy music. More than 30 colleges from all over India participated in various sports, literary and cultural events. The various stalls at Sarai attracted everyone's attention. Worth the year long wait!



A black and white close-up photograph of a man's face, likely Emmitt Smith, with a beard and long, wavy hair. The lighting is dramatic, with one side of his face in shadow. The background is dark and out of focus.

ENIGMA

"I AM AN ENIGMA, AN UNKNOWN. YOU CAN'T
REALLY FIGURE OUT WHAT I'M GOING TO
DO NEXT. I LIKE IT LIKE THAT."

- EMMITT SMITH

टीम

इमरजेंसी में युवक था आया, खतरे में थी उसकी जान।
सड़क हादसे में था घायल, न कोई सुधबुध न कोई भान।
नस में सुई लगाई इंटर्न ने, ट्राली पे वह लेटा था।
सटपटाता बेहोशी में भी, बस अटके थे कहीं पे प्राण।।

भला व्यक्ति कोई लाया उसको, पता न उसका गांव व नाम।
Unknown नाम का स्टीकर लगा के, भरा किसी ने उसका फार्म।
सुबह राउंड पे जाँच में पाया, चार फ्रैक्चर व ग्लासगो पांच।
तुरंत सर्जरी जो हुई न इसकी, तो होगा इसका काम तमाम।।

जल्दी से सब फोन घुमाए, निश्चेतक को इन्फॉर्म किया।
निश्चेतन प्रमुख ने झट से, फिटनेस का था निर्णय लिया।
रिश्तेदार तो था नहीं उसका, खुद वो लेटा था बेहोश।
सर्जरी की कंसेंट कौन देगा, इस चर्चा ने भर्मित किया।।

कंसेंट की चर्चा करते करते, बीत चुके थे घंटे चार।
बुरी तरह से युवक वो घायल, ट्रीटमेंट को था लाचार।
विकट स्थिति शारीरक उसकी, असमंजस में डॉक्टर लोग।
लड़ता रहा वो बेहोशी से, मरने को था न तैयार।।

आम सहमति कर के सब ने, निकाला समस्या का समाधान।
चार डॉक्टरों ने हस्ताक्षर कर के, भर दिया उसका सहमति फॉर्म।
सफल सर्जरी हो गयी उसकी, ICU में उसे भेज दिया।
ICU की टीम ने मिल के, लगा दी उसपे पूरी जान।।

पांच दिनों की मुशक्कत से, आयी जब उसको थी होश।
खुशी के आंसू आँख में भर के, टीम खड़ी बिलकुल खामोश।
कठिन परस्थिति जटिल समस्या, करती हम सब को मजबूत।
टीम वर्क से काम करो जो, रहोगे जीवन भर मदहोश।।

डा. रवि गुप्ता, हड्डी रोग विभाग

RIPPLES

And his every breath,
Every heartbeat created ripples in the universe.
Subtle but persistent disturbance one day,
may hit the shore.
Cut rocks,
Stir sand,
Or it may fade away.
An instantaneous moment of change lost among
infinite others.



Divesh Anand
Batch 2014

CHANGE

Sometimes we can be so stubborn,
Thinking we know it all,
Not willing to change our habits,
And only learn from a great fall.

Sometimes we tend to overreact,
Convincing ourselves to do so is okay,
But we take the other person for granted
And only learn when they don't stay.

Sometimes we walk hand in hand,
Not appreciating the way our life goes.
It is not till we walk alone
That we reach all time lows.

Sometimes all we want is love,
And become greedy and selfish for this
But with love comes great tolerance
And patience for which we can only wish.

Sometimes we want to go back to the past
And make things go alright,
But for that we need to change
And build a future that is bright.

Sometimes we really should change
Not ourselves as a person,
But the person we become around others
Not realising we tend to hurt them.

Sometimes this change will make us happy,
Sometimes this change will make us sad.
But change has to be brought about,
Otherwise everyone
will go mad!



Tanimia Arora
Batch 2012

ਪਹਿਲੀ ਵਾਰ

ਪਹਿਲੀ ਵਾਰ ਜੱਦ ਮੈਂ ਤੱਕਿਆ ਤੈਨੂੰ ,
ਨਾ ਕੁਝ ਹੋਰ ਤੱਕਣ ਦਾ ਮੰਨ ਕਰਿਆ।

ਸੁਣਕੇ ਮਿੱਥੇ ਬੋਲ ਤੇਰੇ,
ਨਾ ਕੁਝ ਹੋਰ ਸੁਣਨ ਦਾ ਮੰਨ ਕਰਿਆ।

ਜੱਦ ਮੈਂ ਮੰਗਿਆ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਰੱਬ ਕੋਲੋਂ,
ਨਾ ਕੁਝ ਹੋਰ ਮੰਗਣ ਦਾ ਮੰਨ ਕਰਿਆ।

ਵੇਖ ਕੇ ਹਸੀ ਤੇਰੇ ਮੁੱਖ ਤੇ,
ਤੇਰੇ ਸਾਰੇ ਦੁਖ ਚੁਰਾਉਣ ਦਾ ਮੰਨ ਕਰਿਆ।

ਪਾ ਕੇ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਸਾਰਾ ਜੱਗ ਮਿਲਿਆ 'ਭਵੀਂ' ਨੂੰ,
ਨਾ ਹੋਰ ਦੌਲਤਾਂ ਪਾਉਣ ਦਾ ਮੰਨ ਕਰਿਆ।



ਭਵਨੀਤ
ਬੈਚ 2012

ਫੁੰਦ

ਦਾਦੀ ਸੇ ਪੋਤਾ, ਰਾਤ ਕੋ
ਸੋਨੇ ਕੇ ਵਕਤ
ਅਰਖੇਲਿਯੋਂ ਕਰ ਰਹਾ ਥਾ
ਔਰ ਕਹਾਨੀ ਸੁਨਾਨੇ ਕੋ ਮਜਬੂਰ
ਆਖਿਰ ਦਾਦੀ ਕਹਾਨੀ ਕੇ ਲਿਏ ਮਾਨ ਗਈ ਔਰ
ਬੋਲੀ ਬੇਟਾ ਹਮ ਸਮੀ ਮੇਂ
ਦੋ ਟਰਹ ਕੇ ਭੇਡਿਏ
ਛਿਪੇ ਹੁਏ ਹੈਂ ਜੋ
ਹਰ ਵਕਤ ਆਪਸ ਮੇਂ ਲੜਕੇ ਰਹੇ ਹੈਂ,
ਦਸਮੇਂ ਸੇ ਏਕ ਛਿਪਾ ਭੇਡਿਯਾ Evil ਹੈ,
ਜੋ ਗੁਸੇ jealousy, greed, resentment,
ਝੂਰ ਔਰ ego ਸੇ ਖਰਪੂਰ ਹੈ
ਦੂਸਰਾ ਭੇਡਿਯਾ Good ਹੈ ਜਿਸਮੇਂ joy, peace,
love, hope, kindness,
Humility, empathy ਔਰ ਸਚਵਾਈ ਛਿਪੀ ਹੈ
ਪੋਤਾ ਕੁਝ ਦੇਰ ਸੋਚਤਾ ਰਹਾ,
ਔਰ ਫਿਰ ਅਚਾਨਕ ਸੇ ਪੁਛਾ
ਝਨ ਦੋ ਭੇਡਿਯੋਂ ਕੇ ਫੁੰਦ ਮੇਂ
ਜੀਤ ਕਿਸ ਭੇਡਿਯੇ ਕੀ ਹੋਤੀ ਹੈ
ਦਾਦੀ ਧੀਰੇ ਸੇ ਲੰਬੀ ਸਾਂਸ ਲੇਤੇ ਹੁਏ ਬੋਲੀ
ਯੋ ਜਿਸੇ ਹਮ ਪਾਲਤੇ ਹੈਂ
ਔਰ ਮੌਨ ਹੋ ਗਈ।



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

Encounters of the Other Kind!

First, the Oath:

I, Dasari Harish, solemnly affirm that I would only be stating facts in the following passages, without any dramatization what so ever.

Well, now that I am under Oath, I would like to narrate two instances that actually occurred in my life; whether you believe them or not is none of my concern.

As my son Anshuman has now left for Chennai for his higher studies, I took it upon myself to set his room right. While doing so, I came upon two books: Ghost stories of Shimla Hills by Minakshi Chaudhary and Spooky Stories a compilation of such stories. Going through these, I recalled a similar experience some time back in Kasauli in 2005.

On December 31, 2005; my dearest friend Dr. Yogender Bansal (Addl. Prof, FMT, PGIMER), Dr. Partho, our friend from Delhi, and I set out for Kasauli along with our families. We reached by 6 pm. It had just started snowing by the time we entered Kasauli and it increased in intensity so much that by about 8pm the whole town was covered by a white blanket.

We parked our cars in the Lower Mall Market (the advantage of being in Forensic Medicine). After checking into our rooms, tea and snacks, all of us set out to enjoy the snow and the hills. We guys took our poison (Smirnoff) after mixing it with chilled water. After strolling in the snow clad white streets shining in the moon light, dinner and games, we welcomed the New Year in our own way. The ladies and the children went off to sleep by around 1 am, and we guys sat in one of the cars to gossip and finish off the alcohol. Since it was very cold outside, we did not bring the windows down. Partho and Bansal sat in the front row, with Bansal in the passenger seat.

It must have been around 2 am, when all of a sudden, we felt a sudden gush of cold air on our faces and the cigarette packet and match box, placed safely on the dashboard, flew and fell on Bansal's lap!! We were all taken aback! A gush of cold air on our faces and both the packets flying off the dashboard, with all the windows closed!! How did this happen?

Before any one of us could react, about 5-6 dogs appeared from nowhere, surrounded the car and started barking like mad. We opened the car doors and rushed out. The moment the car doors were opened, all the dogs started running in one particular direction, barking. We followed. After around 100 metres or so, the dogs stopped. Their tails were down, between their legs; they stopped barking and started whimpering and fidgeting, looking straight ahead but did not venture forward.

We were all so stunned by this that we did not dare go forward. We stared in all directions, trying to locate anything. Nothing. Just then, the dogs stopped whimpering and dispersed. Only then did we dare go forward. We searched in all directions, even looking for any foot prints in the snow. Nothing again. No foot prints, no smell or sound. Just nothing.

Only one thing happened *Hum sab ka saara nasha utar gaya!!* We went back to the car and studied it from all angles, both outside and inside. We tried to analyse the sequence of events. Logic eluded us. Since it was already 3 in this morning, we went off to sleep. *Bhoot, pishach, dayan etc.* came to our minds during the whole time.

That morning, we talked to the locals. The summary of our talks was this : "*Saabji, pahaadon mein aisi ghatnayein hoti rehti hain!!*" We were treated to a plethora of such stories. The locals were of the

opinion that we were very lucky as that 'Aatma' had entered our car and was in the car for a few moments but did not harm us. It must have been very dangerous as the dogs did not dare go near it.

Whether our experience was normal or paranormal, I do not know. Our families were both scared and jealous that they were not there with us. As for me, the only thing I felt at that time was a strange kind of thrill... *Shaayad kisse se rubaroo ho jaaye!!*

However, till date, nothing of that sort happened. Now, for one chilling experience in the Mortuary:

It must have been my third year of PG in MAMC, New Delhi. On that particular day, there were many cases marked for post mortem examination. We had 3 autopsy tables in our mortuary; 1 in one theater and 2 in the other. I was in the other theater and noting the external features of both the bodies (Burns cases), standing between the tables. The assistants had gone to change and I was alone with the 2 bodies, one each on either side.

As I was noting the observations of one body, I suddenly heard a sound behind me and a hand touched my left thigh. For the first time in my life, I experienced what it means when they say, 'the whole body turned cold'! My whole body had gone still, and I felt my hands and feet go absolutely cold and numb; sweat running down my body. I just could not move or turn my head. *Mere rongte khade ho gaye!* The hand touching my thigh was also cold.

Slowly, I mustered courage and turned back. What I saw was the head was on the table tilted towards me, instead of the wooden block on which it was initially placed; and the eyes were open, staring directly at me. Somehow, the head which was placed on the wooden block had slipped from it and fallen on the table the reason for the sound. His right arm had moved out of the table and that's why

it was touching me. I stared at the body steadily and felt that heat returning and within a few moments, all was normal. But that single moment almost sucked the life out of me! I just wore gloves, put the head and the hand on the table properly by the time the assistants returned. There was no point in telling him what had just occurred.

Mortuaries might appear weird places to many and the dead bodies scary to most. But, as I tell my family and friends, this is my profession and the dead, my teachers!

Even now, after so many years in this field, the sight of blood and the scene of an accident on the roads unnerves me many a time. But howsoever the body may be mutilated/ decomposed if it is on the table, it does not affect me in any way. The only time I feel bad in the mortuary is when the body is of a young child! Even in death it looks so innocent and noble that it really takes courage to put a scalpel on it!

During my 21 years in Forensic Medicine, I have seen many young boys and girls turning pale, covering their mouth and noses in disgust and fear; some even falling to the ground on their first visit to the mortuary. All this wears off if you understand that your goal is to learn from these bodies. They are the most patient and understanding teachers!

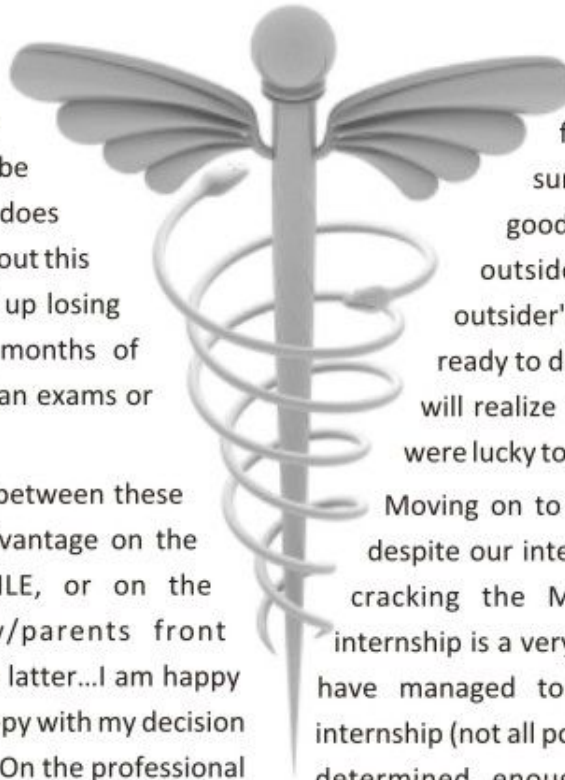
Even now, whenever we meet, my MBBS batchmates and friends still point out - *"Yaar Dasari, maan gaye boss tujhko, 100 bacchon ki class mein ek hi banda mortuary ke pehle din ludkaa tha aur aaj wohi us department ka Head hai!!"*



Dr. Dasari Harish
Prof & Head
Forensic Medicine & Toxicology

There! Now that you know one of my deep secrets..... you guys can laugh to your heart's content!

The Giant Leap Forward



The decision regarding whether to go for the Steps or Indian PG is one which should be made as early as possible. It does not help to remain confused about this till the very end; you just end up losing out on some very precious months of preparation - be it for the Indian exams or the Steps.

In the end, the entire debate between these two boils down to this an advantage on the professional front via USMLE, or on the emotional/personal/family/parents front through Indian PG. I chose the latter...I am happy that I did, and hope I will be happy with my decision many years down the line too. On the professional aspect, sufficient opportunities to excel and perform state of the art work are available, across a wide range of excellent institutes within India. Again, this was my personal assessment. Different theories do the rounds and none is more correct than the other. No one will decide it for us. Just have to sit down, list the pros and cons as per our understanding, compare, and then move on...do not keep harping on this. Much bigger challenges lie ahead, in terms of preparation for the exam you decide on taking.

As far as GMCH is concerned, it has always been a great place to do your graduation from. The PG part was quite bleak up until now, but with the huge increase in number of PG seats from this academic session, that part has been taken care of in a big way. Especially once the departments settle in with their respective post graduate programs, ours will be one of the most sought after colleges to get into! We may criticize our college as much as we want during our stay here, but apna college apna hi hota

hai! As I stand on the brink of finally bidding adieu to GMCH, I surely feel nostalgic about the good old days spent here! Step outside and look at it from an outsider's perspective - what people are ready to do to be in your place. Then you will realize the worth of the position you were lucky to be in.

Moving on to the actual preparation part - despite our internship being as hectic as it is, cracking the May exams 6 months post internship is a very realistic target, provided you have managed to study consistently through internship (not all postings are taxing and if you are determined enough, sufficient time can be managed without neglecting any of the internee duties). In any case, the AIPGMEE and other November exams are just another 5-6 months away. That should be kept as a long term goal. The next shot at May is a bonus post the All India result.

The aim should be to complete the syllabus once in the run up to the first AIPG (during internship) and then consolidating that in the next few months after internship. Revision is what ultimately decides where and when you will end up, so working out the revision schedule and sticking to it is the key.

With the changing patterns of examinations, it is wise to adapt to the change to not be afraid or feel threatened by it. Be regular with the various mock tests. The factor of the unknown is common for all. At the end, what gets tested is your core knowledge, the basic knowledge. And of course, a certain element of luck! Luck is important, but not the most important one. Do not waste time over issues which are not in your hand. Don't fret over

how the system is changing, the old basic stuff is still the same. More questions you can solve directly, or by ruling out a couple of options, better is your chance of getting through. More than hard work, smart work is what will do the trick. Starting early and getting a little orientation during the final prof never hurt anyone, but the primary aim during the MBBS course should be to target the main books, the authentic gold standard books; be it Harrison's, Bailey, Robbins or Guyton/Ganong. There is no reason to fall into the trap of '*yeh books padh ke theory mein likh nahi sakte*' or '*yeh books se prof nahi pass hota*'.

The so called 'saturation' will exist in every branch if you look at it superficially, but once you are willing to work passionately in your chosen field, there is no such thing as saturation. Sky is the limit as far as professional opportunities are concerned. So, what I have believed in is not to let this aspect affect the choice of subject you want to pursue. If you like a particular branch, go for it. Opportunities will come knocking when the time is right.

Usual consensus being that people have to 'settle' for a para/non clinical field; that need not necessarily be the case. There might be people with loads of clinical degrees who are still not happy, and there will be people in para clinicals who are more than happy with life, more than sufficiently well off. So, what matters is you and the choice you feel will be the best for you!

The only thing you have to consider is whether or not you see yourself satisfied 15-20 years down the line. There is no such thing as a 'set' of good branches, and a 'set' of bad ones. Never be critical of any branch; management of a patient is holistic process in which no branch can be taken to be of less significance than the other.

The basic demarcation between the clinical / para-clinical branches will always be there, that of being a clinician and the doctor-patient interaction, but at

the end of the day, if you compare them on lines as a career, a major difference might not be there.

The basic 3 paths are open post PG in any branch setting up your centre/practice, work for a corporate set up, or work in a government set up, a medical college for example. Again, you have to see what you are more comfortable with - a private practice appears to be very lucrative but would involve a more hectic life style; a government job (provided you are able to get one!) has its own perks and advantages.

In the course of your preparation, you will encounter self doubts at every stage, which is where a sound piece of advice, from a senior who has been through all that, comes in handy.

Here, I would like to pass on what a senior told me one year back - "The most important thing in our career is not the branch or what we do. What matters is how happy we are in what we do. At the end of the day, that matters; how eager you are to get up in the morning to work again. In this regard, the most important thing to consider is what your heart says. Do not compromise on your dreams - not at all because of the college on offer. COLLEGE IS A GIRLFRIEND, BRANCH IS MARRIAGE. Extrapolate these bold letters and you will get your answers in all regards. You have time on your side, and the luxury to say no. Do not do something that you have to 'adjust' to. Do something you want to 'get on' with."

A goal oriented, target oriented plan is what is the need of the hour to come out of the maze of PG-entrance exams. Believe in yourself; believe in the hard work you have put in. You are not supposed to know everything, you just need to somehow mark that one extra correct answer. Fixate on what you want and work towards it...success lies just beyond the next corner.



Dr. Aayush Singal
Alumnus

Why New York is New York and Texas is Texas, and Forever the Twain Shall Meet

On a Sunday morning walk with my three-year-old nephew Veer - who is visiting from Texas to meet his newly arrived cousin Joy - the above statement is insightfully and comically affirmed through the observations of a toddler.

Veer has been giving it to me with abundant relish: Mamu, you have only two bedrooms? Veer house has five! Mamu, why is your kitchen small? Veer kitchen is so big! (he spreads his little arms as wide apart as he can for even more effect.) Mamu, your bathroom is so tiny. OK, OK! I can fill in the rest, I am getting his drift by now.

It's a sunny and pleasant Sunday morning in early March and I figure I will take him out into the sprawling verdant apartment complex that I live in. He will have lots of room to run and play, we will feed the ubiquitous squirrels; we will bask in the sunshine and inhale the morning fresh air. Perhaps then he will feel that New York is just not a concrete jungle with tiny apartments. We pack some bread and pretzels in a ziplock bag and quickly locate a group of squirrels who eagerly approach us. Veer's initial delight at offering them bread crumbs and pretzels quickly dissipates as the squirrels don't seem to like either.

"Veer, let's go to the store and get some peanuts.

The squirrels love them." He nods enthusiastically. We start walking towards the store, a five-minute walk away. After a few steps he stops and asks: "Mamu, we are going to the car?"

"No Veer, we walk to the store."

"We walk to the store?!" he repeats, frankly astonished, as if unable to digest this novel concept. I also notice a look of panic spreading across his face. Clearly, in the thirty-six months or so that he has graced planet earth with his presence, his person has not been subjected to such an indignity as walking to the store.

"Yes Veer, it's only a short walk away. And besides, mamu does not have a car."

He again stops dead in his tracks. "Mamu no have car?!" The look of absolute incredulousness, dismay, and horror on his face is priceless: his eyes express shock, his mouth is agape in a perfect oval, his eyebrows are arched into the shape of inverted V's. Clearly, he is thinking to himself: poor mamu, his situation is even more dire than I imagined.

Anyway, he is a good sport: he holds my hand, looks down, and trudges along. There are several minutes of quiet until we reach 1st avenue and wait at the pedestrian crossing.



"Mamu, Veer will buy you a car," he declares suddenly, clearly having given deep thought to this most distressing matter over the last few minutes and deciding that he has to do something to resuscitate his poor mamu's fortunes.

I am startled enough to almost drop the bag of snacks I am carrying.

"But Veer, a car costs a lot of money. Where will you get that money from? Are you going to ask your dad for the money?"

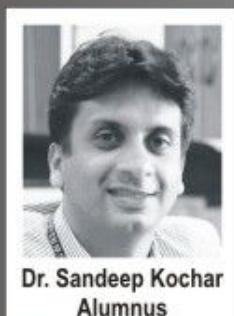
"No mamu, I will go to the bank and get the money," he says, with the assurance of someone who has done it all before.

If only it were that easy. But I thank him anyway - why complicate the simple, unblemished view of the world as seen by a child? We cross the store, buy a small bag of peanuts, and are back at the pedestrian crossing. He has been quiet again and I should have seen this coming. Cars zip by us, most of them yellow New York City cabs.

"Mamu, we take a taxi back home?" he asks, with a hopeful glimmer in his eyes and the eternal optimism that only someone at this age can muster.

I sigh. This is one conversation I won't be able to steer in my direction. The chasm is too wide - as far as he is concerned, we may be living on two different planets. He cannot reconcile mamu's universe with his own. Doesn't matter: he is my nephew and I his mamu, and we love each other dearly no matter what, whether we are in New York or Houston or anywhere else on this earth.

The walk signal on the pedestrian crossing changes from red to walk; Veer holds my hand, and we walk back merrily to the apartment, he on his two little feet, and me on mine.



What I want from life

I want to get into the depths,

I want to fly high

I know no limits of the earth or the sky

I know no ethics - no truth, no lie

Don't say I should know your way or that I should be shy

I don't want to answer a question that begins with why

'Cause there is no in between

I want to live like crazy and I also am ready to die.



ਡੁੱਲ੍ਹੇ ਬੇਰਾਂ ਦਾ ਕੀ ਵਿਗੜਿਆ

ਵਾਂਗ ਬੇਰਾਂ ਦੇ ਕੋਈ ਡੁੱਲ੍ਹ ਗਿਆ,
ਫਿਰ ਖੜ੍ਹ ਨਾ ਹੋਇਆ ਉਸ ਕੋਲੋਂ ।
ਧਸਦਾ ਗਿਆ ਬੁਜ਼ਦਿਲੀ ਵਿੱਚ,
ਤਰ ਨਾ ਹੋਇਆ ਉਸ ਕੋਲੋਂ ।
ਵਿਹਲਾ ਕੋਈ ਹਮਦਰਦ ਸੀ,
ਜਿਸ ਆਣ ਡੁੱਲ੍ਹੇ ਬੇਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਝੋਲੀ ਪਾਇਆ ।
ਉਹ ਕਾਦਰ ਜਿਸਨੇ ਇਹ ਬੂਟਾ ਲਾਇਆ,
ਸਿੱਜਿਆ, ਪਾਲਿਆ, ਫਲਦਾਰ ਬਣਾਇਆ ।
ਉਸ ਕਾਦਰ ਦਾ ਦਿਲ ਰੋਇਆ,
ਡੁੱਲ੍ਹੇ ਬੇਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਦੇਖ ਸਬਰ ਨਾ ਹੋਇਆ ।
ਹਮਦਰਦ ਬਣ ਉਸਨੇ ਡੁੱਲ੍ਹੇ ਬੇਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਧੋਇਆ,
ਫਿੱਕੀ ਹੋਈ ਚਮਕ ਨੂੰ ਫਿਰ ਲਿਸ਼ਕਾਇਆ ।
ਵਿਹਲਾ ਹੀ ਕੋਈ ਹਮਦਰਦ ਹੈ ,
ਜੋ ਬੁਜ਼ਦਿਲਾਂ ਲਈ ਵੀ ਉਠਦਾ ਹੈ ।
ਜਿੰਦਾਦਿਲੀ ਦਾ ਕੋਈ ਹੀ ਸੋਮਾ ਹੈ,
ਜੋ ਸਭ ਦਿੱਲਾਂ ਦੀ ਉਮੀਦ ਬਣ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ।
ਕੁਝ ਛੱਡ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਅਮਿਟ ਛਾਪ ਸਮੇਂ ਦੇ ਰੇਤੇ ਵਿੱਚ,
ਬਾਕੀ ਸਭ ਆਪਣੇ ਹੀ ਜੋਗੇ ਨੇ ।
ਅੱਖੀਂ ਡੀਰੇ ਜੋ ਉਠ ਖਲੋਏ,
ਅਸਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਉਹਿਰਿਓ ਯੋਧੇ ਨੇ ।
ਵਾਂਗ ਦਿਲਦਾਰਾਂ ਰਹਿਏ ਜਸੈਪ੍ਰਭ,
ਰੱਖ ਹਮਦਰਦੀ ਸਤ ਖਲਕਤ ਖਾਤਰ।
ਵਿੱਚ ਅਖਾੜੇ ਜਿੰਦਗੀ ਦੇ,
ਬਣ ਰਹਿਏ ਖੁੱਦ ਕਿਸਮਤ ਦੇ ਕਾਦਰ ।
ਡੁੱਲ੍ਹੇ ਬੇਰਾਂ ਦਾ ਕੀ ਵਿਗੜਿਆ, ਹਮਦਰਦੀ ਦੇ ਪਾਤਰ ਨੇ ।
ਉਹ ਜੋ ਉਠ ਖਲੋਏ ਡਿਗਕੇ ਵੀ, ਜੀਵਨ ਅਖਾੜੇ ਦੇ ਯੋਧੇ ਨੇ ।



ਜਸਪ੍ਰਭ ਕਰਨਜੀਤ ਕੌਰ
ਬਚ 2008

ਕਰਮ

ਕਰਮ ਕਿਆ ਹੁਆ ਕਮੀ ਘਰਥ ਨਹੀਂ ਜਾਤਾ । ਆਪ ਜੋ ਮੀ ਕਰੇਂਗੇਂ ਉਸਕਾ ਪ੍ਰਮਾਓ ਆਪ
ਪਰ ਮੀ ਪਠੇਗਾ । ਇਸਲਿਓ ਜੋ ਮੀ ਕਰੇਂ ਸੋਚ ਸਮਝ ਕਰ ਕਰੇਂ । ਕਰਮ ਬੰਧਨ ਮੀ ਹੈ
ਔਰ ਸੁਕਿ ਮੀ । ਆਪ ਜਿਨਸੇ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਕਰਤੇ ਹੈਂ ਯਾ ਜਿਨਸੇ ਆਪ ਬਹੁਤ ਘੁਣਾ ਕਰਤੇ ਹੈਂ,
ਤਨ ਦੋਨੋਂ ਕੇ ਸਾਥ ਹੀ ਆਪ ਕਾ ਬਹੁਤ ਜ਼ਯਾਦਾ ਕਰਮ ਬੰਧਨ ਹੈ । ਕੜੈ ਬਾਰ ਹੋਤਾ ਹੈ
ਕਿ ਆਪ ਕਿਸੀ ਇਨਸਾਨ ਸੇ ਕਮੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਮਿਲੇ, ਓ ਕਹੀਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਦੂਰ ਹੈ, ਫਿਰ ਮੀ ਆਪ
ਤਸਸੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਨਫਰਤ ਕਰਤੇ ਹੈਂ । ਕਰਮ ਕੀ ਵਜਹ ਆਪ ਕਾ ਕਿਸੀ ਕੇ ਸਾਥ ਸਮਬੰਧ
ਬਨਾਨਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੋਤਾ, ਬਲਿਕ ਆਪ ਅਪਨੇ ਮੀਤਰ ਕਿਸੀ ਚੀਜ ਸੇ ਕਿਸ ਟਰਹ ਜੂਝ ਰਹੇ
ਹੋਤੇ ਹੈਂ, ਇਸੀ ਸੇ ਆਪ ਕਾ ਕਰਮ ਟਯ ਹੋਤਾ ਹੈ । ਕਰਮ ਓ ਹੈ ਜੋ ਆਪ ਅਪਨੇ ਮੀਤਰ
ਕਰ ਰਹੇ ਹੈਂ । ਯਹ ਏਸੀ ਚੀਜ ਹੈਂ, ਜੋ ਜੀਵਨ ਆਪ ਕੇ ਸਾਥ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਰ ਰਹਾ, ਬਲਿਕ
ਆਪ ਅਪਨੇ ਸਾਥ ਖੁਦ ਕਰ ਰਹੇ ਹੈਂ ।

ਇਸਲਿਓ ਆਪ ਅਪਨੇ ਸਾਥ ਕਿਸ ਟਰਹ ਕਾ ਕਰਮ ਕਰਤੇ ਹੈਂ, ਇਸਕਾ ਚੁਨਾਓ ਆਪ ਕੋ
ਖੁਦ ਕਰਨਾ ਹੈ । ਆਪ ਚਾਹੇਂ ਤੋ ਦੁਖੀ ਰਹ ਸਕਤੇ ਹੈਂ ਯਾ ਚਾਹੇਂ ਤੋ ਆਨੰਦਮਯ ਰਹ
ਸਕਤੇ ਹੈਂ । ਆਦਮੀ ਆਜ ਕਲ ਬਹੁਤ ਟੇਜੀ ਮੇਂ ਹੈ ਇਸਲਿਓ ਕਰਤੇ ਸਮਯ ਸੋਚਤਾ
ਬਹੁਤ ਕਮ ਹੈ । ਕੁਝ ਤੋ ਮਾਨਤੇ ਹੈਂ ਕੀ ਸੋਚਨੇ ਸੇ ਮੀ ਰਫਤਾਰ ਪਰ ਅਸਰ ਪਠੇਗਾ ।
ਕਰਮ ਕੇ ਮਾਮਲੇ ਮੇਂ ਹਮ ਰਸੋਝਯੇ ਕੀ ਟਰਹ ਹੋਤੇ ਹੈਂ । ਜੈਸੇ ਰਸੋਝਯਾ ਅਨਨ ਸੇ ਮੋਜਨ
ਬਨਾਤਾ ਹੈ, ਏਸੇ ਹੀ ਕਰਮ ਸੇ ਜੀਵਨ ਬਨਾਤੇ ਹੈਂ । ਸੰਸਾਰ ਮੇਂ ਕਰਮ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾ ਰਹਾ ਹੈ ਔਰ
ਰਹੇਗਾ, ਲੇਕਿਨ ਕਰਨੇ ਵਾਲੇ ਕੀ ਨਿਯਤ ਔਰ ਪ੍ਰਕ੍ਰਿਤਿ ਤਸੀ ਕਰਮ ਕੋ ਪੂਜਾ ਬਨਾ
ਸਕਤੀ ਹੈ ਔਰ ਅਪਰਾਧ ਮੀ । ਅਠੇ ਕਾਮ ਕਾ ਪਰਿਠਾਮ ਅਠਾ ਹੋਗਾ ਹੀ ।

ਅਠੇ ਕਾਮ ਕਰਨੇ ਵਾਲੋਂ ਕੀ ਜਨਮ-ਮ੍ਰਿਤਯੁ ਕੀ ਦੂਰੀ
ਆਨੰਦ ਮੇਂ ਭੀਤ ਜਾਤੀ ਹੈ ਔਰ ਬੁਰੇ ਕਾਮ ਕਰਨੇ ਵਾਲੋਂ
ਕੇ ਲਿਓ ਯਹ ਯਾਤ੍ਰਾ ਭੋਝ ਬਨ ਜਾਤੀ ਹੈ । ਇਸਲਿਓ
ਕਰਮ ਕੇ ਮਾਮਲੇ ਮੇਂ ਯਹ ਕਮੀ ਨ ਮੂਲੇਂ ਕਿ ਕਿਆ ਹੁਆ
ਜਰੂਰ ਲੈਟਕਰ ਆਏਗਾ । ਅਠਾ ਕਰੇਂ ਔਰ ਅਠਾ
ਹੀ ਵਾਪਸ ਲੇਂ ।



ਸਰਬਜੀਤ ਸਿੰਘ

A THANKS

Saying 'I worked hard,
did perfectly my part,
and deserved the results I got!'
would be so false;
Since the truth that underlies,
is that without the drizzle of blessings
that the Almighty did shower,
I couldn't have spread my wings,
and made it to the skies.
Real thanks to him I owe,
for giving me more than I could achieve....
Thank you God for being there for me,
all I have, is a gift of thee;
at times I do approach you late,
still like a Father, you always compensate!



Jasmine Singh
Batch 2011

Are today's doctors happy? Think it over!

People are just as happy as they make up their minds to be.'- Abraham Lincoln

Yes one of my friends told me 'My Dear, Abraham Lincoln was not a doctor. Doctor hota to pata chalta'. Everybody laughed at his saying and I thought I should search what doctors have to say about this view. In recent months, there has been a lot of talk on social media and in the press about how miserable many doctors are. These conversations have also brought inspiring alternatives to the forefront. Like medicine, happiness takes practice. But when it comes to happiness, some say the deck is stacked against doctors. While physicians can legitimately point to any number of concrete problems putting the kibosh on their joy, some of their problems may lay a whole lot closer to home.

What is happiness? Is it about seeking out activities that make us feel good indulging in a fancy car or going out for a satisfying dinner or does it have to do with a deeper sense of personal satisfaction over the course of a lifetime? The kind of happiness we experience and seek may matter most to our health. There's a lot we still have to learn about how our heads contribute to bodily health, but here's what we know about the relationship so far.

Our profession has variable grades of happiness. When we were MBBS students, we used to be happy with good marks in small sessional examinations, vivas and professional examinations. Then we became qualified MBBS doctors, it appeared we have achieved a landmark but it was a mirage in desert. When I told my professors and teachers-'Sir, I have passed MBBS.' They all congratulated and laughed. Probably, they mocked because they knew that this is just the first stair of a long staircase. I was unhappy at that moment. Then I went to my friend, a software engineer, and shared my happiness. He felt happy to hear my news. I pretended to be happy and then I reconciled myself with the immature feeling that my seniors might be jealous of me, thus the 'presumed' mockery.

Days passed, I did my internship with full dedication. Young residents taught me many procedures and I felt like a real doctor. My senior colleagues discouraged me from working and encouraged me to prepare for postgraduate entrances. Entrance exams came and it took 3 months to get the postgraduation course. Choosing a branch was another challenge as it is a base for our future. It is again a bog pillar for happiness. If you enter into a stream of your interest then you are happier. But do all residents have foresightedness to feel the happiness in their decisions? Which stream of medicine will bring happiness in your life, is still a dilemma. This is only because, God has provided different minds, emotions, circumstances, wealth and family support etc. to every individual.

Strenuous training protocols, hard work during postings, night day schedules, daily studies and reading heavy books make you feel indifferent from social world. Commitment to patients, to yourself, to your department or society makes you more and more responsible. Where is the happiness then? Is it a word of 9 letters only or a bird that sits and flies fast or something abstract that can be felt for a brief period. As we grow and complete our postgraduation, again the society demands an addendum in qualification. The people wish a pin-point specialist, not a whole-body doc. So I was again ready for Mch or DM or else....

When we dream of college life in our school-days, it is a bindaas appearance, full of masti, glamorous life that has high voltage energy, enthusiasm and aggression. On the contrary, we are confined to books and diseases. Here, our jokes are related to medicine, we are diet conscious, we drink Nimbus instead of Coke, wear plain shirts and suits instead of bright colours. Ultimately, our life is similar to that of an old man even at the age of 30.

In fact the perspective of our happiness varies and we search happiness in abstract things and at different magnitude. When we talk to our other colleagues, they are most of the times tired and

lethargic with decreased energy. The discussion topics lies between moral human ethics and finances of doctors. A doctor with fixed salary or a doctor as money minting machine. We again get stuck and cannot define 'Happiness'. Researchers have described two distinct forms of happiness. Scientifically, "Hedonic" happiness has to do with pleasure and being satisfied in an immediate sense. It's about how often you feel good, and experience feelings like excitement, interest, and enthusiasm.

"Eudaimonic" well being, on the other hand, has to do with being satisfied with life in a larger sense; it's about "fulfilling one's potential and having purpose in life." Hedonic or short-term happiness has more to do with the kind of "feel good" behaviours that light up the "reward circuits" of the brain, which rely on the neurotransmitter dopamine. On the other hand, when people who are happy in a deeper way (have more long-term, eudaimonic happiness), are faced with negative stimuli, they have more activity in the prefrontal cortex of the brain, which governs executive planning and higher-level thinking.

Do Definitions Matter ? Yes.

Some researchers aren't so sure that the two concepts need to be separated and that one good definition of happiness could be sufficient. Boehm says that she prefers the term "positive psychological well-being" over eudaimonic happiness, because, as she says, "It captures a broad range of terms including happiness, purpose in life, optimism, life satisfaction, etc... It can be characterized by the positive feelings, thoughts, and expectations that a person has for his or her life. Whether eudaimonic and hedonic are the best labels for happiness is perhaps not so important. But what is clear is that the "feel good" sensations that we tend to think of as happiness may be quite different from what researchers consider happiness the kind of long-term satisfaction that is shown to be reflected in our mental and physical well-being. If you revise your concept of happiness to include more emphasis on its long-term aspects, you could be on your way to a happier life just from that. Which doctors are happiest? Which are healthiest? How many doctors are spiritual? How many doctors are overweight? And where do they go on vacation? How many have big cars?

WebMD's 2012 Physician Lifestyle Report documents the statistics that are interesting to know about the extracurricular works that doctors do during their free time. More than 29,000 doctors, representing 25 specialties, replied to the online poll from Jan. 12-27, 2012.

Although the poll wasn't scientific, but it offers interesting insights into what a doctor does outside the office, clinic, or hospital. According to the survey, doctors were asked to rate their happiness on a five-point scale, with 5 being as happy as can be. Rheumatologists who deal with arthritis, joints, muscles, and bones -- topped the list with an average self-reported happiness rating of 4.09. They were followed closely by dermatologists (4.06), urologists (4.04), ophthalmologists (4.03), and emergency medicine doctors (4.01).

When dug into the hearts and souls of the doctors, it was noted that following macro-issues make them unhappy mostly:

1. Unlimited training hours: In the 3 year residency and training periods, residents are expected to do all works at superior's will. Is it justified? Is there any limit to the hours of work? It is still unclear and in India there is no working hours limit practically. They are expected to be a working machine who should be always over-oiled. When they grow older and become consultants, the peer pressures, work pressures, corporate culture, job insecurities, etc remain the issue.

2. Financial issues: It is wise to make salaries competitive with those of other professionals straight out of graduate school. MBAs entering financial institutions and first year legal associates at law firms typically start their postgraduate careers with salaries in the low six figures. The doctors indulge in illegal practices and fulfil their vested interests due to lesser salaries than their peers. In Indian government hospital scenarios, doctors earn a lot with unethical and illegal means just to fulfil their mere demands. If these practices are to be stopped, then higher packages are to be recommended. Corporate pressures make doctors unethical towards their practices and they shed their ethics at various levels.

I think that there are institutional and systemic

changes that can be made, and need to be made, if we are to see more happy, fulfilled, and empowered physicians delivering excellent, cutting-edge, and holistic patient care.

Hospital-based training should be capped at two years for primary care fields like internal medicine, paediatrics, and community medicine. If physicians in these fields plan to specialize, they will get more inpatient training in their fellowships. If they don't, they will be working as outpatient physicians and need more experience doing exactly that. Then, reserve the third year of residency for practicing in a mix of both community clinic and private practice settings. This training year should also include direct experience learning innovative practice design and management tools for better outcomes, something all community physicians will be rewarded for in the new healthcare system.

Granular data on physician practice patterns can be used to correlate behaviour with happiness. The same way the healthcare industry has turned a spotlight on patient satisfaction, it would do well to simultaneously measure physician satisfaction in an effort to discover which practice structures result in both optimal physician happiness and optimal patient outcomes, with emphasis on practice redesign at the intersection of these points.

Let's be clear here . Doctors aren't the only ones struggling to find happiness. In fact, when it comes to workplace frustration, they're in good company these days. Thanks to corporate downsizing, workloads are heavier and morale lower in offices and plants around the country. Still, with the national unemployment rate hovering high, "in most fields just having a job makes you happy with your job," says another psychologist. It's important to note that human beings are not hardwired for happiness. As O'Connor notes, "The cavemen who liked to linger contentedly around the fire were more likely to get eaten by the bears, and thus were not available to be our ancestors. Instead, those who survived to be our ancestors were alert, competitive, never satisfied, always on the move -- and we've got their genes."

Choosing the Sunnier Path

In the end, the relationship between happiness and health is not simple, and there's a lot we don't know. It's beyond the scope of this article, but we're also learning that happiness, or more specifically, having a sense of purpose in life, is linked not only to physical health, but also to brain health. These relationships also complicate our understanding of happiness and health, and are worth keeping in the back of our minds. The bottom line is that we know that there are strong relationships between health and happiness, life satisfaction, and purpose, but how it works is still being mapped out. The coming years are likely to bring a much deeper understanding of what happiness actually is, psychologically and physiologically speaking, and this may itself result in a deeper understanding of what health actually is. "Several of the happiness concepts compliment the therapeutic process and have real impact and relevance. Doctors should often remind patients about steps they can take which will have a positive effect on their sense of wellbeing, helping them to get well and to stay well.

Lastly I can say that "We can't change our genes and it is very difficult to change our temperament, but there are things we can do to increase our level of happiness which, in turn, helps in the treatment of depression and anxiety." The benefits of happiness include lower levels of stress hormones, less cardiac disease, higher immunity against infections, improved sleep and longer life expectancy.

Ending with a beautiful quote-'It is not how much we have, but how much we enjoy, that makes happiness.'

Disclaimer:

This topic is purely own thoughts of author, nothing personal to be felt.



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GM Crops, Food and Health Hazards

Genetically Modified Organisms (GMO) are microorganisms wherein genes have been manipulated to achieve any desired effect in agricultural products, foods and vaccines. The term "genetic modification" is used commonly to refer to use of recombinant DNA techniques to transfer genetic material between organisms in a way that would not take place naturally, bringing about alterations in genetic makeup and properties. Now, its popular term used is genetically modified (GM), as prefix to products like GM crops, GM foods, etc.

This technology has been claimed as very novice, latest, modern and scientific to attain maximum benefit for the mankind, as it is applicable in almost every sphere of our life. But as the factual situation is realized, it turns out to be the most dangerous technology, threatening the very existence of mankind. The tragedy is that it is projected and propagated with beneficial effects but on the contrary, the use of this technology may lead to very serious and catastrophic results only to earn profits and that too at the cost of health of millions of people.

In agriculture, GMO, *Bacillus thuringiensis* (Bt) was used to control the damage caused by pests and insects to crops. The insertion of the gene from this bacterium leads to inherent production of toxin thereby as such no insecticide, pesticide or herbicide like glyphosate, should be required. Moreover, there are claims of maximum yield potential of the GM crops. On the basis of this principle Bt cotton, Bt brinjal and similar crops came into existence. In India natural cotton has been almost replaced by Bt cotton throughout the country and the total yield potential has now actually gone down over the years in contrast to the belief that it will yield bumper crop. In addition, there are more requirements of glyphosate due to development of resistance. Moreover, there are glyphosate-resistant super-weeds which are also posing a big challenge to the GM crops. The actual decrease of yield, excessive requirement of glyphosate and purchase of terminator seeds compelled the farmers to take loans for maintaining their agriculture. This brought them

under bankers' cyclical debt thereby thousands of them are unable to repay the loans hence committing suicides shattering the delusion of so-called "green revolution".

In the food industry, GMO are being used rampantly, without the knowledge of the public. The GM food is in the market since 1994, to begin with in USA and afterwards in Europe and other countries including India. Take the example of aspartame, a chemical used as sweetener and claimed to be calorie-free sugar or artificial sweetener. It is now prepared at mass level by genetic manipulation of bacteria, *Escherichia coli* (E. coli). It is found in many foods we consume everyday like chewing gums, candies, diet soft drinks, desserts, yogurt, condiments, breakfast cereals, jams, jellies, syrups, puddings, gelatins, ice-creams and beverages. Its tablets are very popular among the diabetic population, which are used in tea as sweetener. There is upcoming trend of sugar-free sweets with the bulk usage of aspartame. But the hidden fact is that aspartame is carcinogenic causing so many types of cancers. In about 25% population in USA, the underlying cause of death is now cancer. The increased incidence of cancer in Punjab is directly linked with excessive use of aspartame, being one of the major risk factors. Now, its name has been changed to Aminosweet, keeping intact the same chemical structure, with FDA approval, simply to deceive the masses as aspartame has become so defamed.

The natural food items have compatibility with the human genome for centuries. But the newly inserted genetic material in the GM foods has direct interference with human genome thereby leading to various diseases. Most of the allergic reactions, autoimmune diseases, autism, etc. can be explained on the basis of increased use of GM food. The rates of autism have doubled in recent times and more than 1 in every 100 children in the USA are diagnosed with autism, which is the highest rate of any population. The basic research on long-term effects of GM foods on humans is scarce but as soon as these are detected, the GM foods are stopped and patients are shifted on to

organic food, the symptoms of diseases disappear substantiating their direct linkage. Most of the studies have been done on animals and the results link GM foods to altered metabolism, inflammation, kidney and liver malfunction, reduced fertility and causing cancers. In one experiment, multiple generations of hamsters were fed a diet of GM soy and by the third generation, they were losing the ability to produce offspring, producing about half as many pups as the non-GM soy group.

The scientists who highlighted the hazards of GM crops and GM foods were threatened and tortured on the behest of corporate and pharmaceutical giants. Prof. Ignacio Chapela, microbiologist from University of California (Berkeley) and Arpad Pusztai from Scotland are prominent examples in this series. Hence it is very difficult to document the truth and unfold the untruth.

The Bt cotton produced by Maharashtra Hybrid Seeds Company (Mahyco), a collaborator with international biotech kingpin, Monsanto, has officially been banned from Karnataka, a major cotton-producing state. In USA an intense struggle is going on against GM crops as well as GM food. One of the demands of the struggling people is to label the packets of seeds/foods whether they contain GM product or not. Under the pressure of the protests, one of the states of USA, Vermont, has agreed to do so. There are many countries which have banned the GMOs. But merely banning in one or few places will not help, this can be explained by the fact that GM crops' pollens can cross the interstate boundaries and may result in transformation of non-GM crops into GM ones which will eventually enter the food chain.

In addition to the genetic interference of GM crops with human genome, we are unknowingly forced to eat pesticides. For example GM corn contains 13 parts per million (ppm) of glyphosate and we enjoy eating popcorns as such or in the form of soup. In a recent study published in environmental and health journal, it was established that Monsanto's glyphosate (Roundup Ready i.e. RR) is directly linked to chronic kidney diseases and consequently the Sri Lankan

government has banned it, where its sale is now illegal. Similar ban already exists in El Salvador also but we are still pondering over it and waiting for the outcome of open field trials on an already resolved issue.

It is now generally perceived that either the Mankind will stop Monsanto or Monsanto will stop Mankind. Most of countries in Europe, South America and even Africa have become aware of ill effects of GM crops, foods, etc. and have permanently banned their usage. The USA has not banned them and that is the reason most of the above-mentioned diseases, particularly cancers, autism, infertility, etc., are found rampantly prevalent there. Our newly installed government can put full stop on open field trials as earlier we had successfully stopped entry of Bt brinjal thereby honoring its own election manifesto as well as proceedings of Supreme Court of India and save us from this forthcoming holocaust.

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ਇਕ ਮਾਂ

ਅਜ ਸਵੇਰੇ ਸੁਖਨਾ ਲੋਕ ਤੇ ਘੁਮਦੇ ਹੋਏ ਅਚਾਨਕ ਹੀ ਗੀਤ ਨੇ ਕਿਹਾ, 'ਤੁਸੀਂ ਮਾਂਜੀ ਨੂੰ ਕਯੋਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਬੁਲਾ ਲੋਂਦੇ। ਏਥੇ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਚੰਗਾ ਲੱਗੇਗਾ। ਬਚਿਆਂ ਨਾਲ ਰਹ ਕੇ ਮਾਂਜੀ ਖੁਸ਼ ਹੋਣਗੇ। ਏਥੇ ਘੁਮਣ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਵਧਿਆ ਵਧਿਆ ਥਾਵਾਂ ਹਨ ਅਤੇ ਏਸੇ ਬਹਾਨੇ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਕਰਨ ਦਾ ਮੌਕਾ ਵੀ ਮਿਲ ਜਾਉਗਾ।'

'ਸੇਵਾ ਤਾਂ ਮੈਂ ਵੀ ਕਰਨਾ ਚਾਹੁੰਦਾ ਹਾਂ ਪਰ ਪਤਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਮਾਂ ਏਥੇ ਕਿਉਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਉਣਾ ਚਾਹੁੰਦੀ। ਜਦੋਂ ਮੈਂ ਇਹ ਗਲ ਕਹੀ ਤਾਂ ਗੀਤ ਉਲਟਾ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਹੀ ਉਲਾਹਣਾ ਦਿੰਦੇ ਹੋਏ ਕਿਹਾ 'ਤੁਸੀਂ ਕਦੇ ਮਨ ਨਾਲ ਮਾਂਜੀ ਨੂੰ ਏਥੇ ਲਿਆਉਣ ਦੀ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ ਹੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਕੀਤੀ।'

ਮੇਰੇ ਲਈ ਇਹ ਕੋਈ ਨਵੀਂ ਗਲ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ। ਗੀਤ ਨੇ ਪੇਹੈਲਾਂ ਵੀ ਕਈਵਾਰ ਕਿਹਾ ਸੀ ਪਰ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾ ਹੀ ਕੋਈ ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਅੜਚਨ ਆ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਸੀ। ਪਿਚਲੇ ਸਾਲ ਦਾ ਸੀਨ, ਜਦੋਂ ਮੈਂ ਮਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਲੇਣ ਗਿਆ ਸੀ, ਮੇਰੇ ਦਿਮਾਗ ਵਿਚ ਘੁਮ ਗਿਆ। ਉਹਦੇ ਮੈਂ ਮਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਕਿਹਾ ਸੀ ਕਿ 'ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਚੰਡੀਗੜ੍ਹ ਵਿਚ ਕਿਸੇ ਵੀ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੀ ਪਰੇਸ਼ਾਨੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੋਵੇਗੀ। ਤੁਹਾਡਾ ਮਨ ਲਗ ਜਾਵੇਗਾ। ਸਾਡੇ ਕੈਂਪਸ ਵਿਚ ਹੋਰਾਂ ਦੇ ਮਾਂ ਪਿਉ ਵੀ ਰਹਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ। ਨਾਲੇ ਚੰਡੀਗੜ੍ਹ ਵਿਚ ਵੇਖਣ ਨੂੰ ਵੀ ਕਈ ਥਾਵਾਂ ਹਨ। ਘੁਮਣ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਸੌਹਣੇ ਸੌਹਣੇ ਪਾਰਕ ਹਨ। ਇਹ ਵੀ ਕਿਹਾ ਸੀ ਕਿ ਇਸ ਪਿੰਡ ਵਿਚ ਤੇਰਾ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਜੀ ਲਗਦਾ ਹੈ ਏਥੇ ਤਾਂ ਘੁਮਣ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਵੀ ਕੋਈ ਵਧਿਆ ਪਾਰਕ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੈ।

ਇਹ ਗਲ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ ਮਾਂ ਸਾਹਮਣੇ ਦੀਵਾਰ ਤੇ ਟੰਗੀ ਹੋਈ ਪਾਪਾ ਜੀ ਦੀ ਤਸਵੀਰ ਨੂੰ ਦੇਖਣ ਲਾਗ ਪਈ ਅਤੇ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੀ ਅਖਾਂ ਨਮ ਹੋ ਗਈਆਂ। ਥੋੜੀ ਦੇਰ ਬਾਅਦ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੇ ਸੰਭਲਦੇ ਹੋਏ ਕਿਹਾ 'ਬੇਟਾ ਜੀ ਏਸ ਪਿੰਡ ਨੇ ਹੀ ਤੇਨੂੰ ਚੰਡੀਗੜ੍ਹ ਜਾਉਣ ਜੋਗਾ ਬਣਾਇਆ ਹੈ। ਭੁਲ ਗਿਆ ਤੂੰ ਜਦੋਂ ਇਸ ਪਿੰਡ ਦਿਆਂ ਗਲੀਆਂ ਵਿਚ ਲੰਬਾ ਜਿਹਾ ਕਛਾ ਪਾ ਕੇ ਘੁਮਦਾ ਰਹਿੰਦਾ ਸੀ। ਇਕ ਦਿਨ ਤਾਂ ਇੱਕ ਕੱਟੇ ਨੇ ਤੇਰਾ ਉਹ ਕਛਾ ਪਿਛੋਂ ਚਬਾ ਲਿਆ ਸੀ ਅਤੇ ਪਾਲੀ ਦੀ ਘਰਵਾਲੀ ਤੇਰੀ ਭਾਭੀ ਤੇਨੂੰ ਘਰੇ ਛੁਡ ਕੇ ਗਈ ਸੀ। ਯਾਦ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਨਹੀਂ ਜਾਂ ਫਿਰ ਬੁਲਾਵਾਂ ਤੇਰੀ ਭਾਭੀ ਨੂੰ। ਮਾਂ ਨੇ ਕਈ ਹੋਰ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਦਾ ਹਵਾਲਾ ਦੇ ਕੇ ਮੇਰੀ ਇਸ ਅਰਜ਼ੀ ਨੂੰ ਮੰਜੂਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਕੀਤਾ।

ਅਗਲੇ ਦਿਨ ਚਲਣ ਤੋਂ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਗਲ ਲਗ ਕੇ ਜਦੋਂ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦਾ ਆਸ਼ੀਰਵਾਦ ਲਿਯਾ ਤਾਂ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੀ ਅਖਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਹੰਜੂ ਸਨ। ਉਹਦੇ ਮੈਂ ਕਿਹਾ, 'ਰਹਿਣ ਦੇ ਮਾਂ, ਵੇਖ ਲੀ ਤੇਰੀ ਮਮਤਾ। ਤੁਸੀਂ ਤਾਂ ਛੋਟੇ ਨੂੰ ਜਿਆਦਾ ਪਿਆਰ ਕਰਦੇ ਹੋ। ਮੈਂ ਪਰਦੇਸ਼ ਵਿਚ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਰਹਿ ਰਿਹਾ ਹਾਂ, ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਕੋਈ ਪਰਵਾਹ ਨਹੀਂ। ਇਹ ਸੁਣਕੇ ਮਾਂ ਅਪਨੇ ਆਪ ਨੂੰ ਰੋਕ ਨਹੀਂ ਪਾਈ। ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਦੋਹਾਂ ਅਖਾਂ ਵਿਚੋਂ ਹੰਜੂ ਵਗਣ ਲਗ ਪਏ। ਮੈਂ ਵੀ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਭਿਜ ਗਿਆ। ਫੇਰ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੇ ਮੂੰਹੋਂ ਅਚਾਨਕ ਇਹ ਨਿਕੱਲ ਗਿਆ ਕਿ ਪੁੱਤਰ ਮੈਂ ਤੇਰੇ ਕੋਲ ਜ਼ਰੂਰ ਆਵਾਂਗੀ। ਛੋਟੇ ਮੋਟੇ ਕੁਝ ਕੰਮ ਰਹਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ, ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਖਤਮ ਕਰ ਲਵਾਂ। ਮੈਂ ਜਿਆਦਾ ਕੁਝ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਹਿ ਪਾਇਆ ਤੇ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦਾ ਆਸ਼ੀਰਵਾਦ ਲੈ ਕੇ ਆਪਣੀ ਗੱਡੀ ਵਲ ਚਲ ਪਿਆ। ਜਿਥੇ ਮੇਰਾ ਛੋਟਾ ਵੀਰ ਅਤੇ ਭਤੀਜਾ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਹੀ ਮੇਰਾ ਸਾਮਾਨ ਗੱਡੀ ਵਿਚ ਰਖ ਕੇ ਖੜੇ ਹੋਏ ਸਨ। ਗੱਡੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਬੈਠਦੇ ਹੋਏ ਮੈਂ ਵੀਰੇ ਨੂੰ ਕਿਹਾ ਕਿ ਮਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਮੇਰੇ ਕੋਲ ਕੁਝ ਦਿਨਾਂ ਲਈ ਭੇਜ ਦੇਵੇ। ਉਹਨੇ ਸਿਰ ਹਿਲੋਂਦੇ ਹੋਏ ਕਿਹਾ, ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ ਕਰਾਂਗਾ। ਚੰਡੀਗੜ੍ਹ ਪਹੁੰਚ ਕੇ ਫੋਨ ਕਰਨਾ। ਬਚਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਪਿਆਰ ਦੇਣਾ। ਵੀਰਪਾਲ ਨੇ ਬਚਿਆਂ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਪਿਨਿਆਂ ਅਤੇ ਮਖੈਨੀ ਰਖੀ ਹੈ। ਗੱਡੀ ਪਿੰਡ ਤੋਂ ਬਾਹਰ ਨਿਕੱਲ ਚੁਕੀ ਸੀ। ਇਹ ਸੋਚਦੇ ਸੋਚਦੇ ਅਸੀਂ ਲੋਕ ਦੇ ਦੂਜੇ ਕਨਾਰੇ ਕਦੇ ਪਹੁੰਚ ਗਏ ਪਤਾ ਹੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਚਲਿਆ। ਗੀਤ ਨੇ ਚੁਟਕੀ ਲੈਂਦੇ ਹੋਏ ਕਿਹਾ ਹਾਂਜੀ, ਜਾ ਆਏ ਮਾਂ ਕੋਲ। ਮਿਲ ਆਏ ਖਿਆਲਾਂ ਖਿਆਲਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ। ਮੇਰੇ ਮੂੰਹ ਵਿਚੋਂ ਇਹ ਹੀ ਨਿਕਲਿਆ, ਚਲੋਂ ਘਰ

ਚਲਦੇ ਹਾਂ ।

ਤੇ ਫਿਰ ਉਹ ਦਿਨ ਆ ਗਿਆ ਕਿ ਮਾਂ ਚੰਡੀਗੜ੍ਹ ਆਉਣ ਨੂੰ ਤਿਆਰ ਹੋ ਗਈ . ਅਗਲੇ ਥੋੜੇ ਦਿਨਾਂ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਮਾਂ ਸਾਡੇ ਘਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਸੀ । ਮਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਛੋਟੀਆਂ ਛੋਟੀਆਂ ਗਲਾਂ ਦਾ ਖਿਆਲ ਰਾਖਿਆ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਸੀ । ਸਵੇਰੇ ਦੀ ਚਾਹ ਤੋਂ ਲੈਕੇ ਰਾਤ ਨੂੰ ਸੌਣ ਤਕ । ਆਪਣੀ ਦਾਦੀ ਮਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਮਿਲ ਕੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਵੀ ਬਹੁਤ ਖੁਸ਼ ਸਨ, ਦੋ ਤਿਨਾਂ ਦਿਨਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਹੀ ਉਹ ਦਾਦੀ ਨਾਲ ਘੁਲ ਮਿਲ ਗਏ । ਸਕੂਲੋਂ ਆਉਣ ਤੋਂ ਬਾਅਦ ਉਹ ਦਾਦੀ ਨਾਲ ਬੈਠਕੇ ਖਾਣਾ ਖਾਂਦੇ, ਦਾਦੀ ਕੋਲੋਂ ਕਹਾਣੀਆਂ ਸੁਣਦੇ ਅਤੇ ਪਤਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਕੀ ਗਲਾਂ ਕਰਦੇ । ਬੱਚੇ ਦਾਦੀ ਮਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਪਾਰਕ ਵਿੱਚ ਲੈ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਸਨ ।

ਅਸੀਂ ਸਾਰੇ ਮਿਲ ਕੇ ਰੌਜ਼ ਗਾਰਡਨ, ਰੌਕ ਗਾਰਡਨ ਅਤੇ ਬਾਕੀ ਥਾਵਾਂ ਤੇ ਭੀ ਗਏ । ਮਾਂ ਪੜ੍ਹੋਸੀ ਦੀ ਮਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਬੈਠਕੇ ਕਈ ਘੰਟੇ ਤਕ ਗਲਾਂ ਕਰਦੀ ਰਹਿੰਦੀ ਸੀ । ਅਸੀਂ ਸਾਰੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਖੁਸ਼ ਸੀ । ਮੈਂ ਵੀ ਬਹੁਤ ਖੁਸ਼ ਸੀ ਅਤੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਨੂੰ ਇਕ ਬੱਚੇ ਦੀ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਮਹਸੂਸ ਕਰਨ ਲਗ ਪਿਆ ਸੀ । ਮੈਨੂੰ ਲਗਿਆ ਕਿ ਸਾਡਾ ਪਰਿਵਾਰ ਤਾਂ ਹੁਣ ਬਣਿਆ ਹੈ । ਅਜੇ ਕੁਛ ਦਿਨ ਹੀ ਗੁਜ਼ਰੇ ਸਨ ਕਿ ਮਾਂ ਨੇ ਅਚਾਨਕ ਹੀ ਕਿਹਾ ਕਿ ਪੁੱਤਰ ਮੈਂ ਪਿੰਡ ਜਾਣਾ ਹਾਂ ।

ਮੈਂ ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਮੂੰਹ ਵਲ ਵੇਖਣ ਲਗਾ ਤੇ ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਹੀ ਕਹਿ ਪਾਇਆ, ਮਾਂ ਇਹ ਵੀ ਤੇ ਤੇਰਾ ਹੀ ਘਰ ਹੈ । ਮਾਂ ਨੇ ਫਿਰ ਇਕ ਵਾਰੀ ਕਿਹਾ । ਮੈਨੂੰ ਲਗਿਆ ਰੀਤ ਨੇ ਕੁਝ ਜ਼ਰੂਰ ਗੜਬੜ ਕੀਤੀ ਹੋਵੇਗੀ । ਮੈਂ ਰੀਤ ਵਲ ਵੇਖਿਆ ਤਾਂ ਉਹਨੇ ਅਖਾਂ ਘੁਮਾ ਕੇ ਦਸਿਆ ਕਿ ਉਹੈਨੂੰ ਪਤਾ ਨਹੀਂ । ਮੈਂ ਰੀਤ ਨੂੰ ਇਕ ਕੋਨੇ ਲਿਜਾ ਕੇ ਪੁਛਿਆ ਤਾਂ ਪਤਾ ਲਗਿਆ ਕਿ ਐਸੀ ਕੋਈ ਗਲ ਨਹੀਂ । ਫਿਰ ਮੈਂ ਮਾਂ ਕੋਲੋਂ ਹੀ ਪੁਛਣਾ ਠੀਕ ਸਮਝਿਆ । ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਤਾਂ ਮਾਂ ਸਾਡੇ ਸਵਾਲਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਟਾਲਦੀ ਰਹੀ, ਪਰ ਜਦੋਂ ਪਿੰਡੋਂ ਫੋਨ ਆਉਣ ਦੀ ਗਲ ਕੀਤੀ ਤਾਂ ਮਾਂ ਨੇ ਕਿਹਾ ਪੁੱਤਰ ਮੇਰਾ ਪਿਆਰ ਤਾਂ ਦੋਨਾਂ ਭਰਾਵਾਂ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਬਰਾਬਰ ਹੈ । ਮੈਂ ਜਾਣਦੀ ਹਾਂ ਤੇਰੇ ਕੋਲ ਹਰ ਚੀਜ਼ ਦੀ ਮੌਜ ਹੈ । ਵਾਹਿਗੁਰੂ ਦੀ ਮੇਹਰ ਨਾਲ ਤੇਰੀ ਚੰਗੀ ਨੌਕਰੀ ਹੈ । ਘਰ ਵੀ ਕਾਫ਼ੀ ਵੱਡਾ ਮਿਲਿਆ ਹੋਇਆ ਹੈ । ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਦੀਆਂ ਸਾਰੀਆਂ ਸਹੂਲਤਾਂ ਤੇਰੇ ਕੋਲ ਹਨ । ਤੇਨੂੰ ਤਾਂ ਪਤਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਤੇਰੇ ਛੋਟੇ ਵੀਰ ਦਾ ਹਥ ਤੰਗ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਉਹਨੂੰ ਕਦੇ ਕਦੇ ਪਿੰਡ ਤੋਂ ਬਾਹਰ ਵੀ ਜਾਣਾ ਪੈਂਦਾ ਹੈ । ਕਦੇ ਕਦੇ ੧ਕ੍ਰ-੨ ਦਿਨ ਤਕ ਵੀ ਬਹਿਰ ਰਹਿਣਾ ਪੈਂਦਾ ਹੈ । ਪਿਛੋਂ ਬੱਚੇ ਕੱਲੇ ਰਹਿ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਹਨ ਅਤੇ ਹੁਣ ਕੁੜੀ ਵੀ ਸੁਖ ਨਾਲ ਵੱਡੀ ਹੋ ਚੱਲੀ ਹੈ । ਪਿੰਡ ਦਾ ਮਹੌਲ ਹੁਣ ਉਹ ਨਹੀਂ ਰਿਹਾ । ਮੈਂ ਪੁਛ ਹੀ ਲਿਆ ਕਿ ਵੀਰ ਨੇ ਫੋਨ ਤੇ ਕੀ ਗਲ ਕੀਤੀ ।

ਮਾਂ ਨੇ ਮੇਰੇ ਚੇਹਰੇ ਵਲ ਧਿਆਨ ਨਾਲ ਵੇਖਿਆ । ਲਗਿਆ ਕਿ ਮੇਰੇ ਚੇਹਰੇ ਤੋਂ ਕੁਝ ਪੜਣ ਦੀ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ ਕਰ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ, ਫਿਰ ਲੰਬਾ ਜਿਹਾ ਸਾਹ ਲੈਕੇ ਬੋਲੀ; ਨਹੀਂ ਪੁੱਤਰ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਤਾਂ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਹੀ ਪਤਾ, ਤੇਰਾ ਵੀਰਾ ਅਜ ਸਵੇਰੇ ਹੀ ਬਾਹਰ ਕੰਮ ਦੇ ਸਿਲਸਿਲੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਚਲਾ ਗਿਆ ਹੈ । ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਦੱਸ ਕੇ ਮੈਂ ਤੇਰਾ ਦਿਲ ਨਹੀਂ ਤੋੜਨਾ ਚਾਹੁੰਦੀ ਸੀ ।

ਅਜੇ ਮਾਂ ਕੁਝ ਕਹਿ ਹੀ ਰਹੀ ਸੀ ਕਿ ਰੀਤ ਨੇ ਗਲ ਕਟਦੇ ਬੋਲਿਆ, 'ਮਾਂਜੀ, ਹੁਣੇ ਤਾਂ ਸਾਡਾ ਦਿਲ ਲਗਿਆ ਸੀ, ਵੇਖੋ ਨਾ ਬੱਚੇ ਕੀਨੇ ਖੁਸ਼ ਹਨ । ਸਾਡੇ ਵਲੋਂ ਕੋਈ ਕਮੀ ਰਹਿ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਦੱਸੋ, ਜਾਂ ਫੇਰ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਸੇਵਾ ਦਾ ਮੌਕਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਦੇਣਾ ਚਾਹੁੰਦੇ ।'

ਇਹ ਸੁਣਕੇ ਮਾਂ ਥੋੜੀ ਦੇਰ ਲਈ ਚੁੱਪ ਹੋ ਗਈ ਅਤੇ ਫਿਰ ਰੀਤ ਦੇ ਸਿਰ ਤੇ ਹਥ ਰਖ ਕਿ ਕਹਿਣ ਲਗੀ, 'ਬੱਚੇ, ਉਹ ਤਾਂ ਸਭ ਠੀਕ ਹੈ, ਮੇਰੇ ਲਈ ਤਾਂ ਦੋਨੇ ਭਰਾ ਬਰਾਬਰ ਹਨ, ਜਿਵੇਂ ਜਾਦਾਦ ਵਿੱਚ ਦੋਹਾਂ ਦਾ ਬਰਾਬਰ ਦਾ ਹਿੱਸਾ ਹੈ, ਓਵੇ ਹੀ, ਜੇ ਵਾਹਿਗੁਰੂ ਨੇ ਚਾਹਿਆ ਤਾਂ ਸੇਵਾ ਦਾ ਮੌਕਾ ਵੀ ਬਰਾਬਰ ਹੀ ਮਿਲਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ । ਤੂੰ ਚਿੰਤਾ ਨਾ ਕਰ, ਜਦੋਂ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਤਕਲੀਫ਼ ਹੋਵੇਗੀ ਤਾਂ ਮੈਂ ਤੇਰੇ ਕੋਲ ਹੀ ਆਵਾਂਗੀ, ਸੇਵਾ ਕਰਵਾਉਣ ਲਈ । ਫੇਰ ਜੀ ਭਰ ਕੇ ਸੇਵਾ ਕਰੀਂ ਤੇ ਪੁੰਨ ਕਮਾ ਲਵੀਂ । ਪਰ ਅਜ ਤੇਰੀ ਦੇਵਰਾਣੀ ਨੂੰ ਮੇਰੀ ਲੋੜ ਤੇਰੇ ਤੋਂ ਜਿਆਦਾ ਹੈ । ਮੈਂ ਮਾਂ ਹਾਂ ਨਾ ਧੀਏ... ਸ਼ਾਇਦ ਤੂੰ ਇਹ ਗੱਲ ਸਮਝ ਲਵੇਂਗੀ ।'

ਹੁਣ ਅਸੀਂ ਦੋਵੇਂ ਕੁਝ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਹਿ ਸਕੇ । ਸਾਡੇ ਕੋਲ ਕੋਈ ਜਵਾਬ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ ।



When All Else Fails, Hope Remains

A unique experiment in class, 'The Stanford Prison Experiment' conducted by Dr. Philip G. Zimbardo in 1971 intrigued me. Ground-breaking for psychologists, the experiment sought to answer the eternal question of what happens when you put 'good' people in a 'bad environment'. Do the good people turn bad, or does the environment improve? Ideally, the positive features of humankind should influence the negativities of the environment.

While showing how human nature is nuanced, the experiment fascinated me as it spells hope. It particularly resonates as I can cross-connect it with a Buddhist concept of the Lotus that I came across recently a lotus blooms in any environment, in fact it clears the waters of the environment in which it exists (turning 'bad' into 'good'). This is symbolic because of the transformative role I hope to play in my home state of Punjab, India, in my career either as a doctor or as a government official.

I still remember the first time I saw them. There they were; all fifty of them, huddled together in a small, cramped up room that had barely sufficient lighting and ventilation. The teacher sat in one corner of the room, reading out the Pythagoras theorem and dictating a few problems. I recall the room emanating a distinct odor of sweat and grime. Although the fetor was quite intolerable, I held my breath and walked right in. While a few tried hard to derive some sense out of the intricacies of geometry, the rest just stared blankly ahead oblivious to everything around them. But there was one boy out of the fifty sitting in a corner who caught my attention. As I made my way up to him, I observed the sweat wetting his forehead, steadily dripping down his eyelids, burning his eyes. They were dark, empty and clouded, caused by the drugs that were a part of his existence. The needle used to administer the drug bruised his body. I later learnt that his elder brothers had already demised they never got married. His mother was a skeleton, weighed down by the ignominy and the bitter tragedy that had ensued. For the brief periods of time, when Aulokh was conscious, he floundered in pain, his body quivered and he hallucinated; the pain abated only when he got a shot of the drug, the very same drug that had made him this way, and caused a majority of the males in my village to perish. The poor mother had seen this ordeal twice already and she wished that her son would die soon than suffer this slow and painful, insignificant, wasteful life.

This was the scene at "Awake and Shine," a school for underprivileged children in Gidderbaha, where I return every summer and winter from the States; and teach English, Math, and generally interact as well as play with the children. My experience with these kids has been a revelation for me. It is when faced with heart wrenching, real life cases like this that we tend to truly appreciate how easy we all have it. It is at times like these when you can't help but think if you could make even an iota of difference to society. If I had the ability to alter even one individual's life for good, wouldn't I then know that life had some greater purpose than to simply live? I realized how fortunate I was to have studied in a real school with qualified teachers. Suddenly the stale sandwiches at the cafeteria and the sweaty gym lockers weren't that bad after all. Even the erstwhile 'boring' classes now seemed to have a life of their own.

The children at 'Awake and Shine' were an absolute delight. Though reluctant at first, once I

began teaching the kids the basics, they exhibited a keen interest and displayed a thirst for knowledge that came as a pleasant surprise. Most of the children had ceilings of knowledge, with little or no concept of university, let alone the jobs or lifestyles that exist outside of their economic world. This I felt was the key factor in their reluctance to devoting much time to studies or pursuing education as a viable path to success. I found that there was a lack of quality teaching staff because the pay was poor. Educational facilities were inadequate because funding was low and so the education provided was very basic with almost no focus on further studies. I also felt there was a paucity of vocational training. I realized how provision of counseling, food and amenities could transform their lives. The experiment intrigues me as it illustrates what being a change agent is about.

So I took Aulokh under my wing. I didn't have much knowledge of rehabilitation aside from the little that I had read on the internet, but I now made it my job to dig up every single piece of article with information on drug de-addiction and rehabilitation that I could find. Aulokh needed to be put on the right path and I wanted to help him find it. I knew it wouldn't be an easy process; but from the minute I looked into his eyes, I knew there was still hope for him. I expected resistance on his part but was met with none. In fact, he appeared almost exceedingly compliant. He did as I instructed without objection. Sometimes I feared he was not all there. But then he had good days, when he was receptive and seemed perfectly normal like a fully functional human being. It gave me great solace to think that even with the little that I had done, I may have sparked the desire to learn in a child.

Today, the experience seems very distant like a dream. When I close my eyes, I can remember all my initial feelings; the feelings of an explorer who had heard of a wonderful, distant land, but had never dreamt it would be so fascinating. This was the feeling that arose from the euphoric blend of learning new things, and of catching a fleeting glimpse of the gamut of personalities, activities and cultures, that would change my life forever.

In a sense I don't see my world as apart from any of this. My journey from the back roads of an Indian town to the highway of development in the United States has presented me with a variety of experiences and opportunities that make me more aware and socially responsible. I would like to take this to my world in India, where poverty is always in one's backyard.

And so, I embrace knowledge beyond what is necessary for my well-being, and an interest in affairs that encompasses the betterment of many. As I head to medical school to empower myself for success in my personal and professional life, I do so with the knowledge that I will never succeed unless I similarly empower others in my world.



Aazam Singh Jauhal
Batch 2013

वो कॉलेज के दिन

कुछ बातें भूली हुई,
कुछ पल बीते हुए;
हर गलती एक नया बहाना,
और फिर सबकी नजर में आना।
परीक्षा की रात जागना,
फिर भी सवाल देख के सिर खुजाना।
मौका मिले तो क्लास बंक मारना,
फिर दोस्तों के साथ सिनेमा जाना;
उसकी एक झलक देखने रोज़ कॉलेज जाना;
उसको देखते देखते attendance भूल जाना।
हर पल है एक नया सपना,
आज जो टूटे फिर भी है अपना।
ये कॉलेज के दिन,
इन लम्हों में जिन्दगी जी भर के जीना;
याद करके इन पलों को,
फिर जिन्दगी भर मुस्कुराना।



कनव गोयल, बैच 2011

सांझ

मेरा दिल परेशान हो के पुढ रिगा सी मैनु

इहना सभना ने गुम हो जाटा,
तेरे नाल ना सजटा कौए आउटा।
ढिर सांझ किउ वषा लयी ऐ?
जारी किउ गूड़ी पा लयी ऐ?

जद लडटा नही तैनु कौए, ओंषा होवेंगा।
जद जाद आवेगी ओहना दी, ओंषा होवेंगा।

मैं वी सेंचां वीच पै गिआ,
बघी गल्ल ते सँची कहि गिआ तू।

ढिर मैं हँस कि किगा, बघी मँन मेरेआ,
पिआर ऐना कु कर ढँड तू,
कि जादां उगदीआ 'च वी वँस जावें'।
सांझ ऐनी कु वषा लै तू,
कि उग वी तैनु मिलन दे बगाने बटावे।



सुशन्त कर्मन
बैच 2012

सच्चा दोस्त

एक हसरत थी सच्चा दोस्त पाने की,
मगर नजाने क्यों चल पड़ी आंधियां जमाने की,
मेरा गम कोई न समझ पाया,
क्योंकि मेरी आदत थी सबको हँसाने की।

चूँकि सभी की हरसत होती है सच्चा दोस्त पाने की,
दोस्त पाते ही जरूरत समझी जाती है इसे आजमाने की,
गम को गम की नजर से देखते हैं सब,
आपकी आदत हमें अच्छी लगी गम में हंसने और हँसाने की।

भूलकर गमों को अपने, उसकी खुशियों में मुस्कुराते हैं;
होते हैं कुछ लोग छिंदगी में जो सच्चे दोस्त कहलाते हैं;
रहते हैं परेशानी में साथ और दर्द इस दिल के चुराती हैं,
होते हैं कुछ लोग जो दिल से रिश्ते निभाते हैं।
हमारी बेचैनी में बेचैन होते हैं, हर तन्हाई को मिटाते हैं।
किस्मत अच्छी होती है उनकी, जिन्हें सच्चे दोस्त मिल पाते हैं।



मिताली भट्टी, बैच 2011

INTERNSHIP REVIEWED

Final year - a sense of forewarning, foreboding and a forbidden sense of impending doom. Once it gets over (howsoever it does...) it seems hell has frozen over and now the transformed 'Interns' walk out into the glorious sunset, on a path that seems to promise happiness and a sense of finality in the endless pursuit of medical knowledge. Nope, life doesn't happen that way, for this is just the beginning of the never-ending battle between your 'health' (the WHO definition please!) and your patient's 'welfare'. Internship is the best...err worst phase of your life depending on your choices. So let's try to give you a sneak preview of this maze...err phase.

Depending on your sordid stars, i.e. the witty folk at the administrative branch, you may end up being thrown at any of the 'tasks' in the Internship Training Program. Let's model our journey on those denizens that end up in:

I. Surgery: One of the best places to learn about all things gory; be it blood, fluids, amputated limbs, burnt skin, punctured viscera, gaping infected wounds, maggots etc. you can find them all here. The weak hearted will question their existence at this juncture, but don't worry; combined with the caustic atmosphere, endless head injuries and the '*CT karao, phir dikhao*' outlook, emergency is one place where you are constantly thinking and berating everyone, so your mind games can wait. 'Workups' are what you will be doing most of the time, which is simply a fancy name for 'mosquitos' sucking blood, filling 'dubious' ('*EDTA hota bhi hai ya nahi?*') vials and trying to make sense out of the '*Kamra No 23*', 'Blood Bank' and 'Pehle parcha bana ke lao ek number se', jargon. The incessant buzz means you will get to interact with a multitude of all sorts, personalities, attitudes, mentality yes sometimes you wonder if it's a mental-city. The files here seldom make any sense, unless it's a Wednesday and that's reserved for 'grand' theatrics. The action oriented will, however, find their niche here. There's a lot to learn like venous cut downs, ICT drainage, suturing techniques, surgeon's knots and a lucky few get to attend the Emergency OT too. Dressings however become 'hell hath no fury' and add to that the perverse pleasure that your seniors take in getting you soiled/fouled/dripping in fluids that no 'sane' person would venture near without a Hazmat suit. But we aren't sane, that's why in flimsy gloves ('*8 number aaj bhi nahi hai!*') and cross ventilating facemasks, we continue to endure this learning dungeon, though some are forever scarred with 'absents' and 'needle pricks' that just went a millimetre off their intended target ('Oh shit, there's no sterile artery forceps/needle holder again, *aur lagao hath se sutures!*').

Some of the quotable pearls in this posting are:

- ▶ 2 am abdominal pain is 'Renal colic' almost always. Buscopan, Drotravine should be kept prepared in labelled injections like the 'Suxa' of ICU people.
- ▶ Foley's catheter '*fulane se pehle poora andar daalna hai*'.
- ▶ RT '*2nd mark tak daalni hai, auscult aur percussion kar lena yaar, otherwise at least ask the patient their name.*'
- ▶ Some patients don't respond: Get an ECG call before anything else.
- ▶ Don't wake up the SR, JR unless you are sure 'it's a perforation.' Get a Chest X-ray '*but IV line daal ke bhejna*'.
- ▶ '*Work up complete hona chahiye, chahe mareez ho na ho.*'

II. ENT: Though a 15 day sojourn, it's made to last...drag if I might affirm truthfully. Each day the 'unique' typed discharge concept makes a bunny out of you. Hopping from Ward-Office-Ward-OPD-Office-Ward. Making '*Kamra No. 23*' understand that ENT has an emergency wing is also almost a daily chore, though 'sampling' here is

relatively easy. Lucky people may have plenty of externs as well, who hold afloat the sampling industry on their worthy shoulders and often become 'best friends' with the '*tuition wala*' crowd. I too am thankful to them, for without them I couldn't have written this and would be still foraging for blood somewhere. Still, ENT is relatively a better day out for the proverbial 'Intern' child.

III. EYE: One of the best places to see actual healing at work. Seniors here are dedicated, smart and self-reliant. The labelled, coloured diagrams in eloquently filed patient histories are another testament to their work ethics. Intern duties are limited to OPDs that can be smartly dodged but believe me there's a lot to learn out here. Non-contact tonometry, seeing Lasers at work, Slit lamp examination, refraction studies that actually make sense, OCTs and most importantly actually getting to see patients, take histories, make differentials and then discuss them with consultants makes it one of the best places to get hands on exposure in this field. Finally a posting that gives you a sense of learning and actual healing instead of simply doing the dirty 'mosquito' work. OTs can also be visited by the overindulgent ones, at least Phaco is something that all can understand, review and relive.

IV. Anaesthesia: These people are often the reason why you languish in wards waiting for those PACs to be cleared, or haplessly run those laps of Emergency-OT-ICU-OT-Emergency to get those ABGs read and the ICU Calls attended. However, once you see them work up-close, you can understand why they are the way they are. They can teach you a lot - rapid ABG interpretation, LPs for spinal anaesthesia, epidural cannulisation, central line insertion, proper ABG sample collection and most importantly, correct intubation procedure. The ICU postings give you a whole new 'Dr. House' experience. Working vital monitors, ideal staff to patient ratio, spick and span environment, no dearth of equipment/ forms/vials/syringes, proper documentation/ treatment charts etc. and you keep on wishing every ward/emergency could be like it but alas, it's life and you can never have it all.

V. Medicine: Well if you haven't seen 'death', this is where you will experience it for sure. '*Yaar cabin wala sick hai patient, ABG le lo...urgent*' is almost like a death knell and rapid 'intubation' the final nail in the coffin. This is one place that will make you definitely rethink your choices as a medical professional. Why history taking today is a dying art, you will understand it here. Incessant 'lobotomised' relatives hankering after you to 'please' prick them, you wake up to the fact that something somewhere is seriously wrong in the Indian healthcare system, be it man, money, machinery or simply mentality. You finally understand how you are a mere facilitator in the game of life and death, those who have luck on their side will survive while the unlucky will just become a number, despite all your efforts and the '*bada wala scan*'. With ample work comes a golden opportunity to learn and apply your 'limited' knowledge to 'limitless' disease presentations. The 'Dengue period' though gives nightmares to interns and externs alike. You can perfect here the skills that you have acquired till now, however due to pilferage of actual learning time due to 'roster shortages' of various sorts, you may have to unlearn what you learnt previously. What awaits you are never-ending 'lists' of PGI referrals, lumbar punctures, intubations, the 6am/6pm random resuscitations, catheter insertions, RT insertions and sampling, loads of it... By the time you are out of Medicine, you have evolved from a mosquito to a vampire and can 'suck' blood from anyone, anytime, anywhere and from any site literally.

VI. Orthopaedics: This is the Mecca of 'male' healthcare or 'mechanical' healthcare. Sugars deranged, '*call kara de*', ABGs deranged, '*call kara de*', Patient not responding, '*call kara de*', *patient abscond ho gaya*, '*call kara de...err good, next patient ka workup karo...*' This is one posting that all 'Lego' players will enjoy. The orthopaedician's horizon includes their screws, plates and fractures and they seldom see beyond it but excel at 'fixation' and that makes them the most envied 'hands' in professional healthcare. The learning curve here

includes procedures like minor plaster fixation techniques, closed reductions, blocks, minor amputations, clavicular brace fixation, K wire and Steinman pin insertion but they can only be learnt if you are a good 'PAC completion vampire' err... intern.

VII. Obstetrics/Gynaecology: The 'mother' of all internship postings. You keep on wondering '*itne patients?*', then you realise we have a 'huge' population and that produces more population. The atmosphere in the Labour Room mimics a television '*Kyunki...*' saga. There are tears, action, suspense, drama and gossip... lots of gossip, but the silver lining is fixed 6 hours duty. Your envy of the paramedical staff grows leaps and bounds as you realise the perks of getting replaced early instead of the 12 hour routine grind. Your duties however are those of bonded labour. Files need to be transferred, discharges to be procured, made, signed, delivered, BP and vitals need to be taken sometimes every 30 minutes, syringes discarded, vials and other equipment needs to be procured/arranged from '*sath wala*' ward or better emergencies (you keep on wondering where the JSSK equipment goes? God knows...) and several other monotonous tasks that otherwise aren't a part of the routine internship curriculum. Still, Gynae/Obs mein no femorals, no Foley's, no RTs and recently no calls to carry on... but the best thing about this posting is seriously the 6 hour 'duty' that boosts your efficiency, it's one step that should be implemented universally. However, all you can learn is alone by silent observation, some of such golden pearls culled from annals of the labour room are:

- ▶ Children are born by nature, all you have to do is to 'catch' the child and 'tie' the cord.
- ▶ '*NVD koi bhi kara sakta hai, jo abnormal hai usme mareez kholna hi padta hai, Mauriceau Smellie Veit jaye bhaad mein.*'
- ▶ '*CT mein jo bhi dikhe, kholke hi poora diagnosis banta hai.*'
- ▶ '*Patient ko jo marzi ho bas BP, pulse theek hona chahiye.*'
- ▶ '*Jiska parcha/card hai, usi ka labour ward hai.*'
- ▶ 'It's more important to complete paperwork than to actually work.'
- ▶ Micropore is like the secret currency i.e. '*sone ki asharfiyan*' here, you can get anything and everything with it, well except those Blood Bank vale stickers from Sister ji which are kept under lock and key.
- ▶ Attendants here have attitudes that mimic Mt. Everest.
- ▶ One glucometer is worth more than 50 interns and 100 patients *kyunki iska bhi 'over' hota hai!*
- ▶ '*Gossip sab ki hoti hai, jo wahan nahi hoti!* Just be there every time...period.

VIII. Psychiatry: This is one posting that will either freak you out or interest you deeply. Divide equally into ward and OPD you have the pleasure of observing the human 'creature' in its basest, wildest form. The files here are biographies, going through one can take you completely through a patient's life. Discerning the mind and diagnosing its fallacies is no mean feat, however when you are at constant threat from delusional brutes, love corrupted damsels or simply the creepy silent ones that venture forth uninterrupted, unrestrained into the DDR; you wonder when one of them will become Hannibal Lecter and 'silence' your lamb. Still it's one of the postings that will give you enough tales to last a lifetime, to regale your juniors and co-interns with, either your courage or cowardice will be the star in the face of obtaining that 'Lithium sample' from a psycho-socio-'interno'-path.

IX. Paediatrics: It's a posting that's interesting but hard to enjoy, mainly due to the skewed workforce

phenomenon that occurs as a result of botched up roster making. The emergency is packed with children and again 'workups' is what an intern is supposed to do. The problem here is however that the patient isn't an adult that you can bend with you icy 'intern' stares. Here your tact, skill, imagination and most importantly a sweet or a toy comes into play. Every sample taken is like a labour of Hercules. Dodging parents, crying children that scream bloody murder and incessant seniors that ask you take a sample, '*jaise bhi, jahan se bhi*', there's little enjoyment in this posting. Life is hard and there's always blood and sweat to be given for every accomplishment (even discharge depends on completion of the ICMR sponsored Neonatal Screening Collection) is what you teach every new-born, taking bilirubin samples and running them in 'your' makeshift lab. The best thing is that people here are actually serious about child healthcare and mortality is quite low as compared to other emergencies. So you can take a little pleasure in the fact that at least your work is a step in healing children that will perhaps shape a brighter future.

X. Community Medicine: The one posting that can be what you want it to be. The intern duties include rotational postings in RHTC Palsora, UHTC Sec 44, UHTC Manimajra and Geriatric OPD Sec 32. Some of them are residential and are perfect for the 'hostel' experience if you get a good lot in your roster. The same could become a nightmare if you are blessed by inflexible seniors and summer months sans AC/food/clean rooms. The '*tuition wala*' crowd here employs typical Indian '*jugaad*' system to get the best of both worlds. Interns are advised to save CLs for liberal use during this posting. The work mostly entails OPD assessment of patients, simple prescription writing, minor suturing and trying to stay away from trouble i.e. mostly administrative. Overall it is one posting that's seriously one of the best periods to sit and study if you are aiming for the November or May PG seats, or well you can simply lie down and wait for a wakeup call as September ends...

XI. EMO: The most fun of all postings, especially if you have a good rapport with the EMOs. You are the one directing the hospital traffic and you can even '*challan*' people...yes I am kidding about that. There's stuff to learn too, ways to identify MLC cases (yes self-inflicted wounds are also a regular feature here), preparing MLRs, examining weapons (mostly knives), learning about various sections of the CrPC and the IPC, medical examination of convicts etc. Lucky ones get to go out on meals at the all night diner or late night sororities when the traffic is low. On a bad day, you may end up waking up everyone in the hospital. Controlling hospital affairs on the phone that's constantly buzzing, you may encounter anything from a common drunken brawl to a mass disaster to a serial killer all in a single night.

XII. Electives: This is a 15 day lottery depending on what you take. You can choose from Pulmonary Medicine, Dermatology, Radiodiagnosis, Transfusion Medicine, Forensic Medicine and Psychiatry. I think your choice here should be determined by your own interest and not what anyone else suggests. You may indulge in a free vacation or grind for another few days in the sampling industry but this I will leave to your wisdom, because you shouldn't let the noise of other's opinions drown out your own inner voice. You should have the courage to follow your heart and intuition, they somehow already know what you truly want to become. Everything else is secondary.



WANDERLUST



"FOR MY PART, I TRAVEL NOT TO GO ANYWHERE, BUT TO GO. I TRAVEL FOR TRAVEL'S SAKE. THE GREAT AFFAIR IS TO MOVE." - R L STEVENSON

In the land of lochs

S C O T L A N D

Most of us would be able to point out to England, but most other would be oblivious to presence of its more scenic, less populated, culturally rich northern part of United Kingdom, Scotland. After much deliberation I needed a way to escape the unbearable heat of summers here in Chandigarh, so I planned to see the Land of Lochs (Lochs = Lakes).

I flew from Delhi where the temperature outside at the Indira Gandhi International Airport read 44°C. My destination of Glasgow was way cooler at 16°C. The first thing you notice as soon as you touch down in Scotland is the way they have preserved their heritage. The big houses, offices, shopping arcades were left in their original sheen and were generally between 150 and 200 years old. The house I lived in was about 300 years old, was previously owned by a priest, and had spooky elements to it. The city of Glasgow might now make it to news more often as it's the host city to the 20th Commonwealth Games. While I was there, the city was undergoing a little bit of rejig to host the games, improving their venues and accommodating more tourists.

The first day we left for Edinburgh, the capital city of Scotland, one of the oldest and biggest cities in United Kingdom on Scot rail. The railway network in Scotland is very dense, most people travel by train to work as well as neighbouring towns since railway stations are very conveniently located close to residential areas as well as commercial areas and the frequency of the connections is very high. A city that is identified with beautiful Edinburgh Castle, seat of the Duke Of Edinburgh, who is current Queen's husband. Sitting above the rest of the city on the castle rock, it was built by David I in 12th Century. It consists of a complex of buildings including the National War Memorial (where the name of every soldier from

Scotland who has laid down his life for the crown is registered), National War Museum, the Museum of the Scottish Dragoons (one of the most decorated military unit of the British Army who played a major role in suppression of revolt of 1857, World War I and World War II), the old castle prisons and the Queen Anne's building.

Edinburgh has a famous street called the Surgeons' Street which houses the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh in the Surgeons' Hall, an institution which has immensely contributed to research in the field of surgery since its conception in 1505. Edinburgh also has the famous National Museum of Scotland, which is a treat for science buffs with its life size F1 simulator, Football simulators etc.

In one corner of the beautiful medieval town is the Elephant House café, which is the pilgrimage place for all Harry Potter fans. It is the place where J.K. Rowling authored three of the first five books of the series before she gained fame.

After the full day out in Edinburgh, the next destination was the famous yet tiny town of St. Andrews. The little town on the east coast of Scotland is known as the Birthplace of Golf. The "Old Links Golf Course" where the first competitive game of golf was played in early 1400s still stands there and is currently the venue of the famous British Open Championship. This really charming coastal town also houses the famous St. Andrews University, built in 1410, the third oldest after Oxford and Cambridge. It is known for it's immense contribution to the field of Metaphysics, Chemistry as well as Medicine. The Medical College at St. Andrews University is known for producing famous alumni like Noble Laureate Dr. Edward Jenner who developed small pox vaccine. It is also the alma mater of Prince William and Kate Middleton, Duchess of



Cambridge, hence the place where the royal love story was scripted. The city is also known for its prestigious high school called the Madras College. The city has its own charm with a tinge of "saltiness" in the air, the waves hitting the edges of the golf course and the walls of the university it sure gives is tough, leaving it behind and carrying on with the journey.

The visit to Scotland cannot be concluded without a visit to a factory which houses the facility for production of its most famous product The Scotch Whiskey. A 2 hours drive to the famous Glengoyne Single Malt distillery was worth it. Continuously producing the Single Malt Whiskey since 1833, it is located on a hill overseeing the valley. A stream from the nearby Dumbgoyne Hill brings in pristine water into the distillery after filtering it through the volcanic rocks. For every one litre of whiskey produced, 500 liters of water is used. The Single Malt stands for a single type of barley called the Golden Promise Barley harvested from the same field they use. The whole process of distilling and processing of malt is done under strict observation by people who belong to families who have been a part of this profession for 3-4 generations now. The Scotch is the major revenue generator for the Scottish economy and they take a lot of pride about being known for the production of the most expensive and sought after alcohol in the world.

The second last day was the most awaited one. It was a 3 hour drive into England's Industrial town of Manchester for a visit to the famous Old Trafford, home to Manchester United Football Club. The mere sight of the stadium located on the Sir Matt Busby Way brings joy to the fans who

religiously follow ManU and its stars. A massive trophy room housing all their winnings since it was founded in 1878. A part of the stadium is dedicated to the team that perished away in Munich Air Disaster in 1958. It's the biggest stadium in the United Kingdom housing a football club, accommodating 75000 people when filled to its capacity. A 2.5 hour tour took us through the maze filled stadium to the dressing rooms of the team, the manager's room, the press conference area, the media galleries, the luxury suites (each costing \$150000 for a single game) the players lounge, there was even a crèche for the kids of the players and the support staff. A massive Manchester United Store at the end of the tour is every football fan's dream shopping destination.

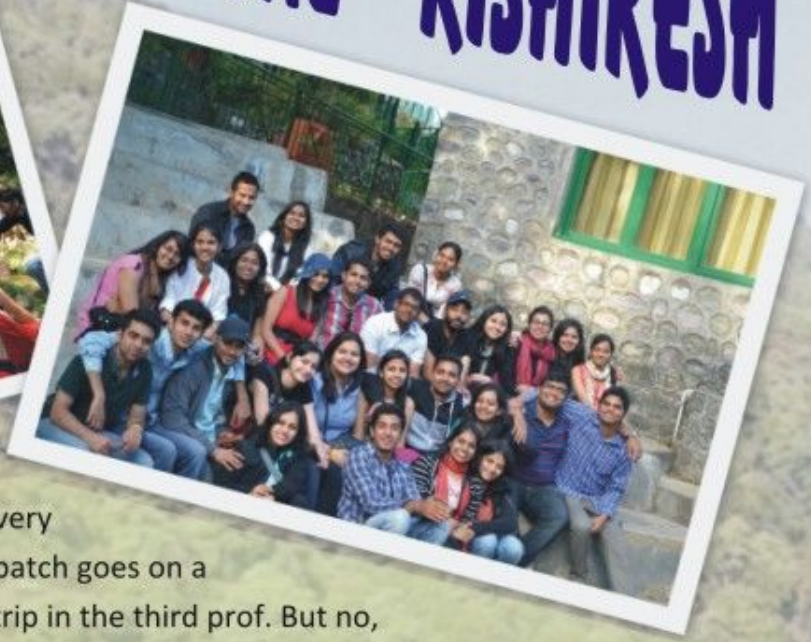
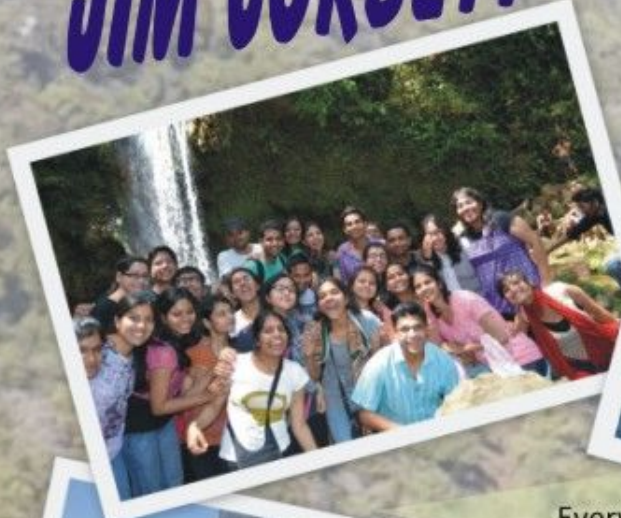
We bid adieu to Scotland after an amazing and fun filled week I'll remember for a very long time.



Rohanbir Singh Dhaliwal
Batch 2009



JIM CORBETT - NAINITAL - RISHIKESH



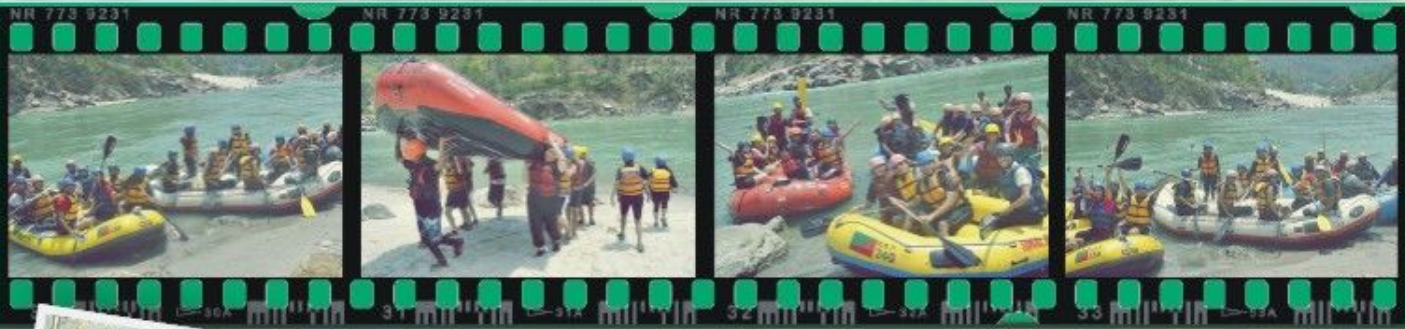
Every batch goes on a trip in the third prof. But no, our batch 2011, had to be the 'special one'! We did not get the permission for the so called 'official batch trip' in the first go. But considering the fact how excited and headstrong we were about it, we did end up going for it. However, this was just one of the Herculean tasks before the trip. The next and perhaps the most important question was the 'place'! From Leh to Srinagar, from Gujarat to Sikkim, and not to forget the 'foreign trip to Nepal', our minds were full of ideas. We took excruciatingly long to make a decision. As fate would have it, we ended up going to the standard tried and tested batch trip destination Jim Corbett Nainital Rishikesh (which was quite a relief in itself, even Rajiv bhaiya had started saying 'Tum toh nahi jate kahin!'). Keeping the good-bad views aside, we set off, thanks to the momento



us efforts of our very own organizer, Sandeep Singh aka Sandy and the support of Dr. Hitesh Verma and his family. So we started with our bags packed for a full week of excitement and adventure, only at the cost of a decrease in the number of days for the summer vacations. After a halt at Gurudwara Shri Paonta Sahib, the 17 hour bus journey came to an end and we reached our first destination Jim Corbett National Park. After a delicious dinner, we retired to our rooms. But who sleeps on a batch trip! So the night was spent in endless chit-chats, games, songs and much more.

For some strange reason, the swings at our resort





particularly fascinated us. Perhaps anything would, to break free from the clutches of the hectic college life. The jungle safari in open jeeps was truly enthralling even though we did not see a tiger!

After two days full of adventure, we started for Nainital, famously called 'The Lake District of India'. After a short stop at the Jim Corbett Water fall on the way, we reached Nainital in around 4 hours. The scenic splendour left us completely enchanted. Walking on the Mall Road, with the picturesque Naini Lake at the side, nothing could be more relaxing. The adventure caves, boating in the Naini Lake- we enjoyed the two days in Nainital to the fullest. A very heartening

moment was to see a gurudwara, a temple, a church and a mosque all standing together reflecting the harmony and unity of our country. Stoles, shawls, candles, jewellery, here was something for everybody and each one of us did take something to keep as a memoir of the land of lakes.

Next we proceeded to the last leg of our



trip the most thrilling and adventurous of it all 'Rishikesh'. Camping by the river side, bonfire nights, trekking we had the time of our lives. The best part of the trip had to be the adrenaline rushing white water river rafting in the Ganges- a heart pumping, once in a lifetime experience, a proper mix of fear, adventure and excitement. One of our classmates meeting with a shoulder dislocation yet again and an entire raft capsizing were the only dismal memories. After 7 days of complete enjoyment, we headed back to Chandigarh. With lots of memories, strengthened old friendships and new bonds to cherish for a lifetime. This trip faced more difficulties than anything, but anything worth having is worth striving for.

As Roosevelt has rightly said, "The purpose of life is to live it, to taste experience to the utmost, to reach out eagerly and without fear for newer and richer experience."

Those 7 days were truly the best days of our lives.



Jannat
Batch 2011



MUMBAI MADNESS

GOAN GRATIFICATION



It's one thing to start a tradition, and an altogether different one to keep it alive. Plexus had ended and for all we knew it was time to finally come to terms with reality - Exams. We still had our voracious appetite for fun alive though. After our sojourn to Manali the previous year, we were eager to up the ante. We finally settled for nothing less than the tourism hub of our country. So our team of eleven 2k11ites got down to studies, with the light at the end of the tunnel seeming brighter with each passing day and getting us through every one of the twenty two major exams we had to bear with. All the bookings were made frantically in the midst of all this, Sandeep being the main force behind this, knowing fully well that this was the peak season for a place everyone wanted to be at on New Year's.

Christmas was over but our Christmas wish had just been granted. Come December 26 and before we knew it, our flight had taken us from the chilly Chandigarh to the uber cool Mumbai. Like monkeys out of cages, we stepped on the gas as soon as we landed. First on our wish list was the street food of Bombay, and there was no better place for that other than Juhu-Chowpati. From 'pavbhaji' to 'vadapav' to 'sev chat', we ate till we could eat no more. Despite all this there was Shreyak's lost phone (yet again) which was making all the headlines. After a night of back-slapping laughter, we were back on the streets of Mumbai the next day. We were all in agreement that the next stop would be the 144 year old Leopold café at the heart of Mumbai. After satisfying our hunger, we went to the beautiful Gateway of India and the majestic Taj Hotel. We also made a few pit stops, Mannat - Shah Rukh Khan's famous abode being one among others. Jaskaran wearing his trademark shades looked very much at home there. Though we didn't meet any Bollywood stars, their cars and houses were enough to leave us star struck. As night fell, we preferred the quiet of the famous Marine Drive. The serenity of the ocean with the lights of Bombay *nagri* in the background made for a memorable end.

Next morning, we were all up early in order to catch our train to Goa. On arriving, there was definitely a rise in the mercury, but our adrenaline was pumping far more for it to be a concern. Soon we were at our cottage in the wilderness near Mapusa market. We got a brand new Ertiga and a Swift for a good bargain. Off we went as soon as this was over. First we decided to go to Anjuna beach. Beaches like Vagator and parts of Anjuna were being used for 'Sunburn', the annual extravaganza at this time of the year. At Anjuna, seeing the *firangs*, our hearts did go *dhak dhak*, but after all the travel we decided to leisurely settle down for dinner.

Next day we went down to South Goa. The Morjim beach was aesthetically pleasing both in terms of the beach and...ahem ahem...the *firangs*. Gupta sir and Mohit aka Phunn looked the happiest that day. We clearly have little sense of the 'brown rang' beauty! We played beach football and volleyball till the ball's lungs burst. In the evening, we again switched beaches to



Aarambol. On 30th by the time we all got up, it was time to go to Baga. This is the place where we had the most fun. We started with motor scooter rides which gave us enough thrills to last a lifetime. The parachute riding which followed next was more of a pleasurable experience with the cool breeze caressing our already soaked bodies. We could see the whole beach and beyond. The horizon felt so close we could almost feel it. The banana ride was not one for the weak hearted. Right in the middle of the ocean they made us jump with nothing to hold on to. The feeling of being not in control of your life was scary and yet an enlightening experience. Returning to our remote residence was in itself a Herculean task. It was routine to find Tejasav, one of our trusted drivers, yelling at Prakhar, the humble Google maps using guide.

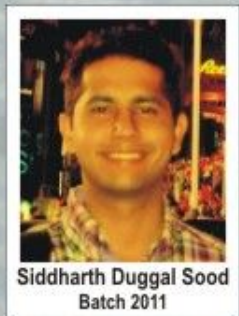


It was already New Year's Eve and we were at Candolim beach. This was definitely one of the most memorable New Year our lives. Next morning, the journey through The Basilica of Bom Jesus was definitely a moving one. From there we quickly rushed to the most beautiful Palolim beach. The boat we paddled from there to a nearby virgin island painted a breathtaking visual. Like always, Harsheel the affable 'majjh' was the most excited about taking a dip underwater. We did rafting in pairs. It took a lot of stability to keep our heads above water but we managed to reach the shores alive. Next day was to be our last. Even as the *Dil Chahta Hai* movie song played in our hearts and cars, we knew this too would end.



We visited fort Chapora after stuffing our bags full. The fort was not just uniquely beautiful; it left us nostalgic too, providing a panoramic view of Goa. We wanted to jump off the fort with joy like the leads in the movie but then that would have been the last thing we ever did! The journey back seemed longer and almost arduous. We had a lot to look forward to - a new building, Euphoria, Sports day... but all seemed mundane now. Looking back, we had experiences that would truly last a lifetime. Our hearts still reverberated;

Dil chahta hai, kabhi na beetein chamkeele din!



Wanderlust

The great affair is to move. - R.L. Stevenson

Hold my hand and let's head out,
The skies beckon me to find their realms.
The inky, starry, velvet night
Confounds, astounds and overwhelms

My heart, my soul, my humble spirit;
A speck in the wonder of creation.
Paths untreaded have some kind of charm,
Losing yourself will find you salvation.

The air in my lungs has gotten stale,
The mundane rut has lulled me to slumber.
Let's not sleep through the prime of our lives,
Let's throw away the umbrellas and chase the thunder.

Hot sand on my feet, cold winds in my hair;
The stories of a lifetime in the waves of the sea.
Ships are safe in their harbour, but
That's not how ships are meant to be.



Smriti Mahajan
Batch 2011

A TREK IN NATURE

A look around and my journey begins
Time eludes me, my heartbeat skips
Storm of emotions blind my mind
Unwary of destination, waves I ride
Dancing shrubs to the tunes of breeze
Pastures of green grass so much at ease
Gratitude of nature flowing through the dew
Driving me to wonderlands, without any clue
The sunrays peeping through trees so high
With harsh winds blowing, the treetops sigh
The squirrels running from branch to branch
The chirping of birds sending me into a trance
Flirting butterflies with numerous flowers
The petals unfurling with gentle showers
Kissing and humming bees competing
Making the most of moments fleeting
The swinging poppy with lovely blush
Awaken in me the gentlest crush
Those feelings stirred, I cannot define
Nostalgic bonds of these moments divine
The essence, the feel that tickles my soul
The minute I'm lost in nature alone
The meditative touch of these precious gifts
Are prettiest photos my conscience clicks
A thought suffices to bring them alive
With perfect essence and pictures so bright
The scenes so clear, time fails to erase
Oozes out poetry in each of my phrase
Wakes me up from slumber of life
Into its company of journey's delight.



Dr Alka Sehgal
Dept. of Obstetrics
& Gynecology

The score never interested me, only the game
- Mae West

ZEAL



A SPORT LARGER THAN LIFE; FOOTBALL

Some people think football is a matter of life and death. I assure you, it's much more serious than that. -Bill Shankly, Former Liverpool Manager

The landscape of football in GMCH has changed over the three years I've been here. From people saying 'kyun hi khelte ho, haarna toh tumne hai hi', we are currently the two time defending champions of Euphoria. And believe me; nobody would have expected that three years ago.

The origins story of football in GMCH can be traced back to legends like DK Sir, Ritwik Sir, Ankit Sir and Lakshya Sir. These were the guys who thought that football could have a real standing in our college. And having played with all of them, I can vouch for the fact that they are football geniuses. Their legacy was carried on by the footballers of 2k7 and 2k8 whose passion for football is unrivalled to this day.

I think the real moment for football came with the establishment of GMCH Premier League. It started in our first year and it has been an amazing platform for all the students, old and new, to get some match practice and valuable experience.

It has made a huge difference to the development of new football players coming in every year.

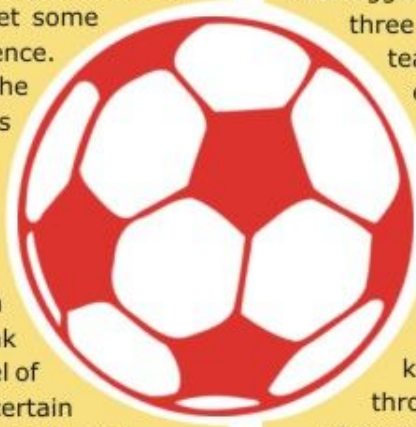
In three years of being a member of this team, I have seen three stages of this wonderful story. First year was when GMCH won a football match in Euphoria for the first time. I don't think we have ever again matched that level of celebration. And I remember that a certain senior (who wishes to remain un-named) cried when he heard the news.

Second year was the best of the three for obvious reasons. Although I had to sit out due to a fracture in my right leg, I don't think I have ever felt more a part of the team than that time. Against all odds, the team that was never going to win suddenly became the team that was CHAMPIONS. That was the one moment that gives us Goosebumps every time we think about it. I still

remember Shreyak scoring the winner, and Tarun Sir (el capitano) collapsing to the ground when he heard the final whistle. And I still remember what it meant to every current and former player to finally win the elusive title.

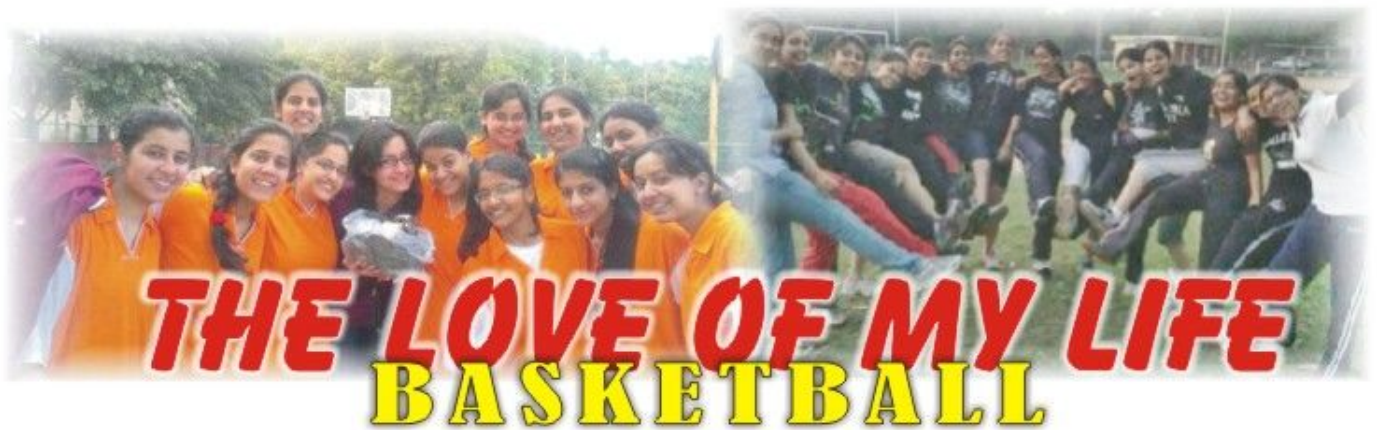
Third year was when there was an air of inevitability around the team. I shouldn't be saying this but it seemed like we were destined to be winners, which we eventually were. Maybe it was because of the amazing talent that had come through in the new batch. Or maybe it was because of the new found self confidence in the players. It was a joy to be a part of that team.

I have been a part of two teams in college. One is the college football team and the second was the Red Juggernauts in the GPL. Actually make that three. I can't possibly forget my Batch 2k11 team. Well, I can't vouch for anybody else but for me, football was always something that enabled me to be a part of something bigger than I could ever be by myself. It was something that was the perfect release after a particularly busy week in college. Some of the people (especially juniors and seniors) I know best are the ones I got to know through football. And some of the ethics of medical college were taught to me on the football field. For all of this and much more, I am forever grateful to the beautiful game for being such a big part of my college life and for giving me memories to cherish for a lifetime.



Parth Bansal
Batch 2k11





The undying excitement,

The feeling of letting yourself free after being all worked up,

The THUMPPP..when it hits the ground,

And then running like the wind to score that basket,

The applause, the cheer, the "Shabba boy kareng" and the "YESS!!" it's a basket.

My craze for basketball has been ever-growing right from the time when I was eight years old. I played through school years and hardly realized how time flew and I was ready to step into college. College was going to be no exception.

Here at GMCH, with the support of my seniors (a special thank you to Sudhir sir and Dhruv sir) and my enthusiastic batchmates, we created the first ever Girls Basketball team. It was overwhelming to see the response. A big chunk of our batch was more than eager to carry the GMCH flag higher!

We began practicing at the Sec. 46 Sports complex. Gradually we were spending our entire evenings playing, starting as early as 4 pm, rushing out of the D-Hall!

Punctuality, dedication, practice, sweat we were emerging as a stronger team everyday.

Apart from the intense yet absolutely fun game

sessions, we made sure the post practice sessions were lively and refreshing; going out for juice treats every other day was a highlight.

The following year, a new development came as a dream come true our very own majestic Basketball court! We couldn't be thankful enough to the authorities. This came as a big boost to the sport and the college saw the start of the GBL. It brought together seniors, juniors, fun, fights and bonding, all on a 74x24 ft. court.

Those who have seen our matches know how entertaining they can be. One of my personal favourite memories is Dhillon battling a 'Hulk' from another college team during a Euphoria match, saying "Main nahi dunga ball, leke toh dikha, nahi dunga mein." It set us all laughing hysterically, the air thick with tension felt much lighter.

We proceeded to lose the match (A Euphoria final), but were applauded for the fight we put up. That's what is so special about this team of Girls. We are all in various stages of learning the game, yet we never let go without a good fight!

The words of Number 23, MJ still echo in my head "I can accept failure, everyone fails at something; but I cannot accept not trying again."



Cricket - The legacy continues



Come December, the trumpet heralding the cricket season sounds melodious to our exam sick ears. For the foregoing cricketers of our institute, us and all who have poured not just their time, blood and sweat but have also invested their emotions beyond compare into Team GMCH, cricket is more than just a game.

The defeats of last season may have dented our egos but our will was strengthened more than ever. Practice began as usual in CSIO with much fervor and enthusiasm. The new crop of cricketers, unaccustomed to the grind, had their plates full. In fact, all of us knew we had our work cut out. Rakesh sir was the hard task master who ensured

maintaining top notch fitness levels was

top priority right from the beginning. From the seemingly endless rounds of the ground, to the fielding and fitness drills, and the dizzying hours of practice; all played their part.

Rituals followed practice; soon it was time for the real thing playing matches representing GMCH. As fate

would have it our first match was against IGMC, Shimla; the team we

had a close encounter with in the last game of previous season. We were hungry for

revenge. PCA being the venue was the icing on the cake which made our victory even sweeter. It was a great feeling being able to contribute with both bat and ball. We managed to chase down a decent target with panache.

A change from going against the petite Snowdonians, we played the hefty jatts of GMC Patiala next. The match proved to be a dead rubber. The disciplined bowling displayed by Rakesh sir, Sagar sir, Sumukh, Meharda and myself; combined with our ruthlessness on the field helped us make short task of this match. Dhir sir and Mohit as always were electric in the field and helped us



continue the winning momentum forward. Pankaj sir helped us overhaul the easy target with Dhir sir.

From the previous day's effortless win we were back at the LIC ground feeling confident. This match however proved to be one of the best and closest matches I've played so far. Pankaj sir and I gave our team a good start against the Mullana Dental team's bowling which ultimately he along with with Devan, and later Shubhi, ensured translated into a stiff target. Sumukh bowled first-rate, so did Meharda but it was Shubhi who got his game up when needed. With 3 overs remaining, it was anyone's game, but we held our nerves better that day. Seniors like Sahil sir and Anubhav sir helped us stay focused. And as soon as Devan took a brilliant catch to dismiss their last man, we all erupted with euphoria, as did the crowd.

We had reached the finals. There was a sense of déjà vu. We knew we had to go all the way this time. We were playing at PCA. It couldn't get bigger than this. We were to bowl first. Facing us was DMC, Ludhiana. Sumukh and I started well, but the first breakthrough came only in the last over of my spell. Meharda as always gave nothing away. Sagar sir kept getting us vital breakthroughs. But the DMC batsman stuck it out well. We had to get 84 runs only. We kept our heads down, our captain Pankaj sir again proved his class, helping us get across the line. He was given the Man of the Series award for his heroics.

It took a couple of minutes for the feeling to sink in. We had done it together. The footballers, who too had won, along with other innumerable supporters from GMCH were equally gleeful and

came running down from the stands. All 20 odd squad members had played their part to perfection. The organizers including Manmohan sir, Singhal sir and Arjun sir were with the team each step of the way and did a fantastic job. We had won the greatest prize for a student at GMCH The Euphoria cup. The fire in our bellies, the burning passion and fierce hard work had all paid off in full. No matter what happens in the future, all would remember this Euphoria as the first time when Cricketers and Footballers won at Euphoria together.

Our seniors had left for us a rich legacy to live up to. It was extremely satisfying to see the legacy continue. The legends of cricket in GMCH are always remembered and so would this.

It is said "Carve your name on hearts, not tombstones. A legacy is etched into the minds of others and the stories they share about you."

We too like the outgoing seniors would like to leave a legacy of a team of victors who may fall but who always fought adversity with resilience. This is the stuff champions are made of and we found it deep within us. This was our greatest victory.



Siddharth Duggal Sood
Batch 2011





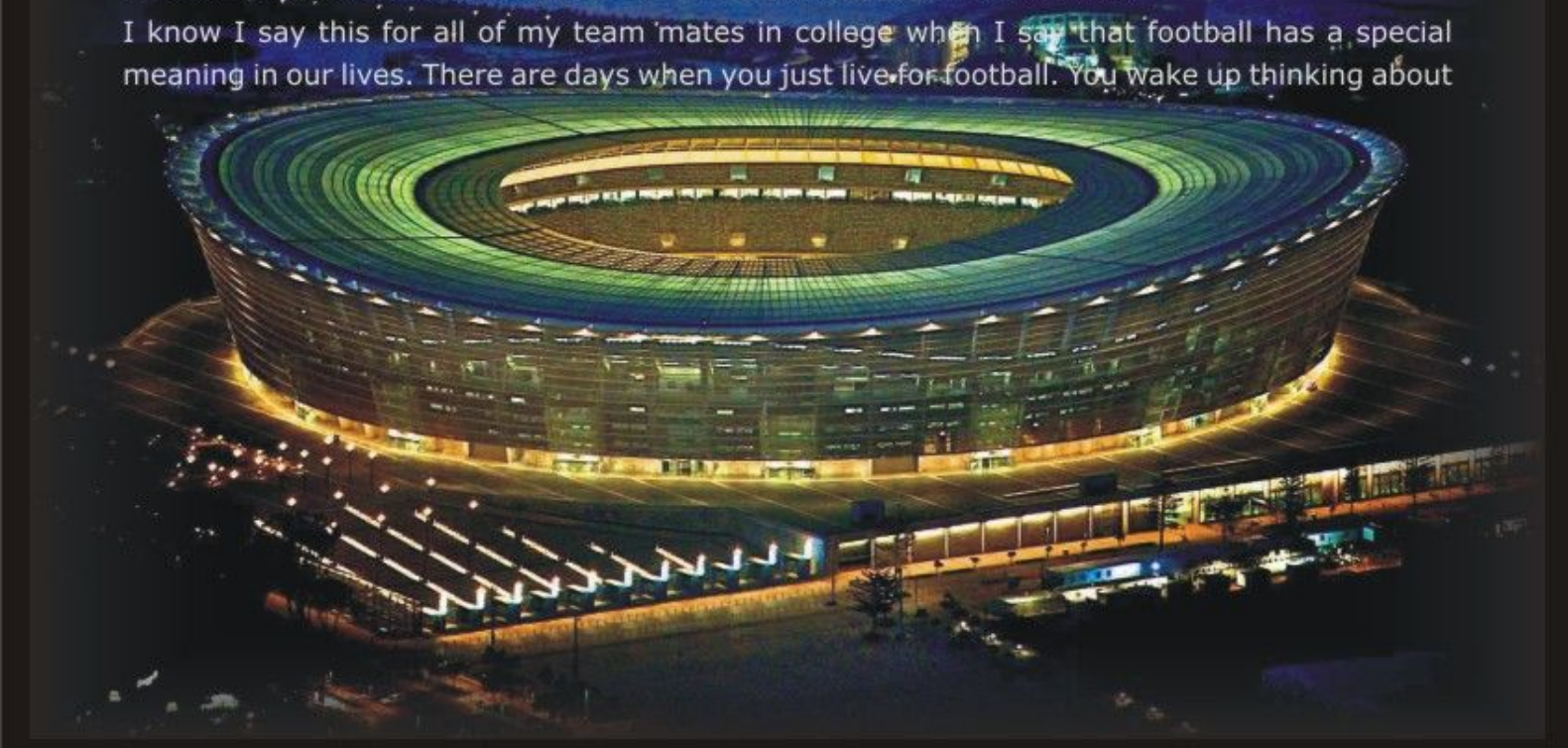
The fan mile in Berlin was overflowing, Buenos Aires was in ecstasy, no one in St. Petersburg Square had an inch to move; the Spanish, the Italians and the British, even though teary eyed, didn't have a moment to blink and of course, the Maracana overflowed with lust, the lust for that coveted prize. Life stopped everywhere; we lost our identities, our differences and the world stood still. Yes, a billion people stood still for a football match.

Reports show that the World Cup Final even broke the record for millions of people mindlessly looking at an object and not understanding a single thing, a record previously held by 'Blackboards'.

From legends Pél e to Zidane, from goal scoring machines Ronaldo to Klose, from the controversial Maradona to Suar ez, from magicians like Ronaldinho and Messi and from the talismanic Cristiano to Neymar and from Shakira to JLo, the World Cup has seen it all. We have seen it all. Nothing promises to be a bigger spectacle than the World Cup when you switch on the television. Really, nothing does, so anyone thinking of cricket right now should try not to embarrass themselves.

I used to have a very judgemental opinion of the crops of temporary football 'fans' that come along once every four years, watch the semis and the final and then go on without having to pretend to love football anymore. For another four years that is. This time I realized how wrong I was. I realized that this is the meaning of football, the beauty of it all. It sees no boundaries. It sees no experience. One taste, your first taste and you are hooked for life.

I know I say this for all of my team 'mates' in college when I say that football has a special meaning in our lives. There are days when you just live for football. You wake up thinking about



the match that night, read all the football news there is to read, play FIFA through the day, go out to the field in the evening and sit down to watch the game at night. When it ends, you always wish you could do it all over again. For people like this, the night Germany created history was the night that left a void in their hearts. A void that only the Premier League season could fill.

It's a tragedy if you are a football fan in the Indian time zone. You are done for if you stay up all night and done for if you don't, but most of the people I know braved it all and stayed up till 4:30 am so that they don't miss a beat, slept and woke up to reach classes at 8am, and then slept through them of course.

The World Cup final always promises to be a spectacle and I have watched three now. Zidane headbutted Materazzi in Germany 06, Spain and Netherlands had pretty much a wrestling brawl in South Africa 10 and now a last gasp victory for the Die Nationalmannschaft in Brazil 14. We all got together that night and ended up at a lounge waiting for the match to begin; seniors from 2k5 to juniors from 2k12, colleagues from college to friends from school all got together, united again by our love of football.

For all those who missed it, for all those who would like to know more and for the editors who wanted me to fill two pages, I would now like to give you a brief recap of the FIFA World Cup 2014.

Brazil had always promised to be the perfect destination for a football spectacle but the internal strife in the country for those who followed it marred its sheen. Questionable decisions were taken by the Government of Brazil, like making a brand new 250 million Dollar stadium in Manaus, a remote city in the Amazon Forests with no team to fill it afterwards once it had hosted the 4 world cup games. It all came back to normal though, for me at least, during the opening ceremony with the scenes of Samba (read samba dancers) and Pitbull and Lopez (read just Lopez).

Group stages took some of the most celebrated teams and players through hell. Spain, the defending champions, were thrashed brutally. England took the earliest bus home in its history of competing in the World Cup. Suarez bit Chiellini and farted on his nation's only candle of hope. Costa Rica braved all odds to come out top of the pile. Match fixing allegations against the Cameroon National Team. It was a cycle of never ending drama.

Knockout stages turned to be as scintillating as ever with penalty shoot outs deciding every match. I made to huge mistake of rushing to the toilet though when Germany played Brazil. In my defence, how was I supposed to know they'll score four times in ten minutes?

The World Cup is now over. Hitler finally rests in peace. My life moves on. Cheers to Football, cheers to India playing in the next one. What? They did tell me to finish with a joke.



Tejasv Sehrawat
Batch 2k11



LITERARY COMMITTEE (FACULTY)



Standing (L to R): Dr. Parul Ichhpujani, Dr. Deepak Aggarwal, Dr. Anshu Sharma, Dr. Robin Kaushik
Sitting (L to R): Prof. Kanchan Kapoor, Prof. Sukanya Mitra, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Dr. Subhash Das, Dr. Anshu Palta
(Not in Picture : Dr. Manjit Talwar, Dr. Seema Gupta)

LITERARY COMMITTEE (STUDENTS')



Standing (L to R): Pratiksha, Kushagrita, Arnav Kapoor, Siddharth Sood Duggal, Jasmine Singh
Sitting (L to R): Smriti Mahajan, Prof. Sukanya Mitra, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Roopjit Kaur, Tanya Sharma

POST GRADUATE COMMITTEE



Prof. Anju Huria, Prof. Arjun Dass, Prof. A. K. Attri, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Prof. Harsh Mohan, Prof. Sudhir Garg

COLLEGE CULTURAL COMMITTEE



STANDING (L to R): Dr. Jagjit Singh, Dr. Sushumna Sood, Dr. Gagandeep Kaur, Dr. Mala Bhalla, Dr. Anita S. Malhotra, Sh. Bhagwant Singh

SITTING (L to R): Dr. Gurjit Kaur, Prof. Kanchan Kapoor, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Prof. Ravi Gupta, Prof. Rajiv Sharma

THE MEDICAL EDUCATION CELL



Standing (L to R): Dr. Anita S. Malhotra, Prof. Priti Arun, Dr. Mala Bhalla, Prof. S.S. Lehl

Sitting (L to R): Prof. C.S. Gautam, Prof. Ajun Dass, Prof. B.S. Chavan, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Prof. Sunandan Sood, Prof. Sudhir Garg

SPORTS COMMITTEE



Standing (L to R): Sh. Bhagwant Singh, Dr. Mayank Jayant, Dr. Sandeep Gupta, Prof. Vishal Guglani, Dr. Jagjit Singh, Dr. Nidhi Singla, Dr. Mala Bhalla, Dr. Anshu Palta

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

LIBRARY COMMITTEE



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

SITTING (L to R): Prof. Gurvanjit Kaur Lehl, Prof. Anju Huria, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Prof. Ram Singh, Dr. Usha Dalal
(Not in Picture : Prof. R.P.S. Punia)

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STANDING (L to R): Mr. Jeet Singh, Dr. Mayank Jayant, Dr. Kislay Dimri, Mrs. Madhu Arora, Dr. Monica Gupta, Dr. Ravinder Kaur, Dr. Mala Bhalla, Dr. Sanjeev Palta, Sh. Bhagwant Singh

SITTING (L to R): Dr. Gurjit Kaur, Prof. Kanchan Kapoor, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Prof. Ravi Gupta, Prof. Rajiv Sharma, Prof. C. S. Gautam, (Not in Picture : Prof. Uma Handa)

STUDENT'S COUNCIL



STANDING (L to R): Sabari Girish, Arun Kumar, Siddharth Sood Duggal, Harikrishan Rathee

SITTING (L to R): Venu Goyal, Mugdha Singh, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Aakanksha Sharma, Jasmine Singh

HOSTEL WARDENS



STANDING (L to R): Dr. Anumeha Bhagat, Sister Anita

SITTING (L to R): Dr. Ajeet Sidana, Prof. Dasari Harish, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Prof. A. K. Attri, Prof. Varsha Gupta

COLLEGE COUNCIL COMMITTEE



STANDING (L to R): Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Prof. Kanchan Kapoor, Prof. Anju Huria, Prof. Gurvanit Kaur, Dr. Nandini Kapoor, Prof. Satinder Gombar, Prof. C.S. Gautam, Prof. Jagdish Chander, Prof. Ram Singh, Prof. Vishal Guglani, Prof. Dasari Harish

SITTING (L to R): Prof. Sunandan Sood, Prof. Arjun Dass, Prof. Suman Kochhar, Prof. A.K. Attri, Prof. A.K. Janmeja, Prof. Atul Sachdev, Prof. Harsh Mohan, Prof. Sudhir Garg, Prof. B.S. Chavan
(Not in Picture: Prof. G.P. Thami, Prof. A.K. Pandey, Prof. N.K. Goel, Prof. Jasbinder Kaur)

ADIEU 2K9



Abhishek Dhir - This mild mannered 'Roll No.1' of 2k9 is known for his antics in the clinics as well as on the cricket field. One of the most regular members of the Dabba at the library, he is known to believe in long standing sincere friendships.



Aditya Kumar - This lanky, sincere, hardworking, Harry Potter look alike hogged the spotlight by making it to the finals of the Paediatrics Quiz in Pre Final Prof.



Amanpreet Kaur - The ever smiling face of the batch, a regular citizen of the library, was the core of the Giddha team that won laurels in Euphoria and PGI Springfest.



Amrit Kaur - The Punjabi Mutiyaar of the batch, her suits always caught the spotlight on the ramp. The life of all the college parties. A favorite amongst the juniors, conducted one of the most successful Brainstorms in 2013.



Ankita Tuknayat- The cute kudi of the batch; her zest to live life to the fullest is as loud as her voice. She's a favourite amongst the girls of the batch and juniors alike, for her no nonsense attitude. Known to stand up for the cause when needed.



Anurag Rana- The chocolate boy of batch 2k9, Chief Coordinator of one of the most well organized Plexus in 2011. His demeanour both in the class and on the football field during Euphoria and GPL has won many hearts.



Atul Arora- The geek of the class. Known for his love for Harrison and his complex post-class questions. Sought after by many batchmates for clearing their doubts and enlightening them more.



Avinainder Singh- The first CR of batch 2k9. He's the perfect combo of looks and brains. Grabbed the spotlight with his unique approach to medicine, his publications and research caliber. Represented GMCH at the IAP Quiz at the zonal level. He might just be the next Harvardian GMCH produced.



Bikramjeet Singh Bindra- The aviator-donning smart surd of the class. His ramp walk lessons before the fashion shows could put any choreographer to shame. He's a friend who always stood by you in the times of need. Organized one of the best Freshers' Party in 2010.



Dheemta Toshkhani- Known for her extraordinary drawing talent and an even more beautiful calligraphic handwriting. There was always a long queue of people wanting her notes for Xerox. Her case presentations always stood out.



Isha Kapoor - Known for her love for photography, proactive in both organizing and participating in extra curricular activities. Designed the much appreciated 'Glimpse 2012' as the Editor. Organized Euphoria 2013 successfully.



Karan Jatwani - The CR of the class, the much applauded Goal Keeper of the GMCH Football Team which tasted success at many tournaments. "Jatta Sir", a favourite amongst the juniors, will be known for organizing much anticipated Rain dance Holi Parties.



Khushboo Pandey - The nightingale of the batch, known for her melodious voice as much as her warm smile. The anchor in the girls hostel, organizer of off stage events during Euphoria and Plexus.



Komalpreet Kaur - This dupatta clad ever smiling figure is hard to miss. A favorite for her light hearted, frank nature amongst classmates and seniors.



Kush Sharma - The Boston Baba! A man with a life full of zest. He landed in India for the first time with a crash (face forward, quite literally!) Known to live his life in an overdrive. Batch after batch from 2k3 to 2k13 have enjoyed his hospitality.



Mallika Goel - The girl with tiny eyes and a wide smile was the right person at the right time; from a dedicated friend who would troubleshoot for you anyday, to being the pioneer of girls sports for the batch, to bagging big sponsorships for the batch during fests.



Manjot Singh The beaming Sardarji is a friend to many be it batchmates, seniors or juniors. The male half of the duet representing batch 2k9 at all singing competitions. Known for his love for pets. Played vital role in organizing Euphoria 2013.



Monika Jassal - The little girl of the batch full of elegance. An integral part of the hospitality team during the fests. Known to quietly carry out her work to perfection.



Navjot Kaur - An all-rounder to the core. Be it Western Dance, Bhangra or walking down the ramp, she did it with confidence like none other. Helped choreograph Euphoriography for the batch during the fest and won appreciation from everyone.



Nayana - This probable Paediatrician in the making was known for her love for the subject since day one. Hardworking, dedicated and a genuine person. Always ready to help in the times of need.



Neelam Kumari The bespectacled charming lady known for her sincerity towards her friends, be it filling in for them during clinics or internship duties.



Paaras Kohli - The short guy is a treat to watch on the basketball court. The Canadian hoopster sure knows how to live the life to the fullest. He easily caught everyone's attention with his ever smiling face and never say die attitude.



Pankaj Kushal - The master blaster of batch 2k9. Known for his antics on the cricket pitch which bagged him Man of the Tournament multiple times. The charming guy who made his mark on the stage during fashion shows and as a vital part of Bhangra team which won many laurels.



Preeti Kompally - The core of C Batch, heart of all clinics and practicals, charming, always ready to help and a genuine friend to her batchmates.



Rajat Dhand - A national level skater, an extraordinary football player and an amazing friend. A person you could rely on in times of need. Formed the core of the security team during all the fests. He was an active participant in fashion show as well as a constant feature of Antakshari.



Rajesh Kumar Mohan - The 'bhai' from Haryana, might look like a geek at first sight but looks couldn't be more deceptive. A permanent citizen of the library, the love he has for medicine and surgery is unheard of. His in-depth case presentation often impressed a one too many. Mr. Reliable for his friends, often did a surprise make over for the fashion shows.



Rakesh Kumar Sharma - The speedster of the GMCH cricket team, shot answers during vivas the way he bowled his seamers. Rakka sir is often the person to go to for most hostelers to sort their problems. Topped the college round of IAP Quiz.



Ramninder Singh Nagra - His colourful turbans are hard to miss. The smartly dressed surd of the batch is known for his extraordinary Bhangra moves. A sincere friend and an amazing human being; is a support to many in the batch. Known for going an extra mile for his friends.



Reva Tyagi- Ms.Charming of the class. Her 'bunny tooth' smile often won a heart too many. Made a mark in both academics and extra curricular activities alike. Represented GMCH in zonal round of IAP Quiz. Formed an integral part of the organizing teams of both Plexus and Euphoria.



Rohan Bir Singh- Titled the Big Boss by his classmates, was the Chief Coordinator Plexus and Euphoria and the editor of the Glimpse Magazine which was much appreciated. Known for living it big and to the fullest and his love for his Harley Davidsons. Played an integral part in organization fests all through. A regular representative of the batch in debates and GK Quiz, loves to travel and is a globe trotter in his own right.



Sahil Arora - The heart of every organizing committee of the class. He successfully organized Euphoria 2013 and edited Glimpse 2012 to perfection. A vital member of the playing XI of the GMCH Cricket Team. His love for Bollywood movies is unmatched (maintains a list of every movie he has watched which has reached 3 digit figures).



Sahil Thakur - Indescribable in a few lines. His clicks leave people breathless, his facebook statuses leave people speechless. Be it hosting shows, organizing fests, publishing papers, achieving extraordinary academic feats, marking books, giving life changing advice, editing Glimpse, you name it and he has done it all. A person known for his sincerity towards his work and friends, he will be remembered for a long time in this college.



Sai Prashant Bansal The quiet yet proactive member of the batch. He played a vital role in Euphoria 2013 as the Organizing Secretary of Finance. An ever helpful and supportive attitude has won him a lot of friends.



Vaibhav - He is one of the most hilarious, most spontaneous guys of the class who only a few people were lucky enough to know. An amazing friend and person with character and lot of principles. No one understands "sangeet ki gehraiyan" like him.



Sanchi Vohra - The quiet, clear hearted, no nonsense girl, completely dedicated to whatever she had on her hand. A silent performer in the class and on the stage too.



Saniya Gupta - The Tiny Genius. Back to back distinctions in all the profs. She was way ahead of everyone when it came to academic feats. Her hardworking and helpful attitude made her a batch favorite. Her drawing and shading abilities could have put Netter to shame. The blue eyed girl for all faculty members.



Sanya Chopra - Winner of the "Miss Glamorous" title most times in a row, this fashionista has proven her mettle both academically and on the stage. Her Moonwalk in Euphoria 2010 will go down as one of the best performances the college has seen. Her lively, elegant personality sets her apart from the crowd. Was the Chief Coordinator for Plexus 2011.



Sanya Vermani The quiet but graceful part of Batch 2k9. A genuine friend, who let her actions speak for her. Her never say die attitude is an inspiration for the whole batch. She knows Rock music like no one else.



Saurabh Gaba The quiet hunk of the batch. He's the one who made six pack abs the new "in-thing" at GMCH. An 'olay' guy of batch 2k9, is a friend who extends unending support in time of crisis. Loves to spend long hours at the gym, loves his protein shakes and is obsessed with Arnold Schwarzenegger books.



Shagun Singh The Medipedia of batch 2k9. An all rounder who made a mark in both academics and extra-curriculars alike. The only other proud holder of multiple distinctions in the batch. Part of the batch fashion show squad which won laurels at Euphoria and Springfest.



Siddharth Sharma - Loves to live his life to the fullest. A dedicated friend who you can seek out, be it night or day. Famous for his 'Bees ke 4' quotes, loves to keep up with the latest technology and gadgets.



Sumit Gautam - A techie caught inside the body of a doctor. Known for his amazing graphical artwork. Be it designing for Plexus or for the magazine, he did his job like none other. Known for his unending love for computer games. Another go to senior in the hostel for all problems big and small.



Surbhi Jain - The brainy girl from Ambala , a favourite amongst the senior girl hostelers. She was a regular in all the dance performances the Auditorium in Sarai Building hosted. Regular member of the batch GK and debating teams, she was much sought after by the juniors for getting their books marked.



Vansha Pathania - The cute Himachali kudi, with a heart warming smile. The go to person for junior hostelers for advice as well as bookmarking. Known for her talent in "off stage" events year after year.



Varsha Mukherjee - The happy go lucky girl, a great support to her batchmates both in class and clinics. A regular inhabitant of the library.

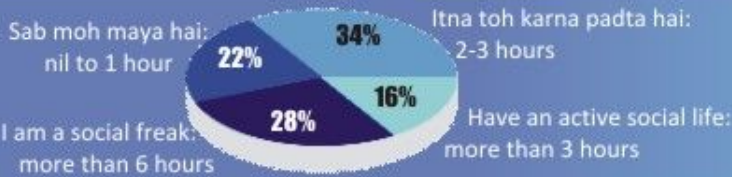


Shubhi Gupta - Ms.100pc Attendance loved attending classes like no one else. Her extraordinary attendance record is a legend in the batch. Her extraordinary notes making abilities during lectures made her a favourite with the batch mates.

SURVEY

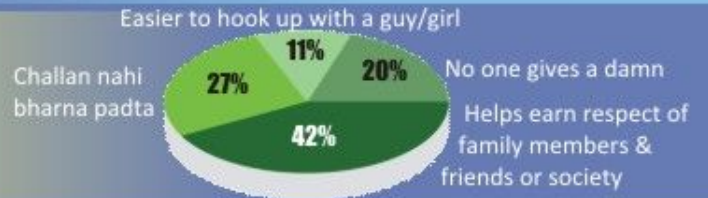
ON PUBLIC DEMAND

What do you look forward to most in college parties?

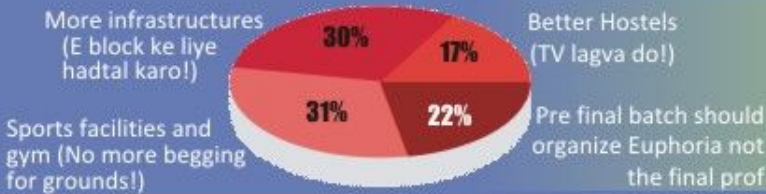


What is the average time you spend on internet/social networking every day on an average(Whatsapp included)?

How does being a future doctor/GMCHite tag help you in society?



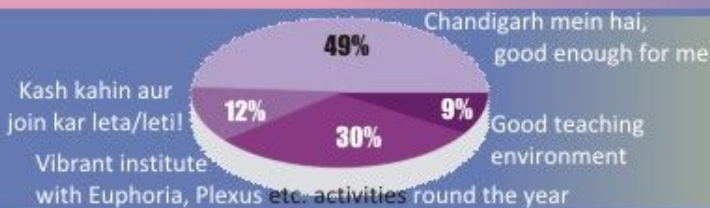
Which of these change is most desirable?



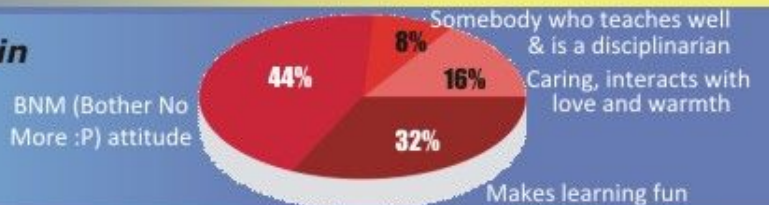
What do you do most often in library?



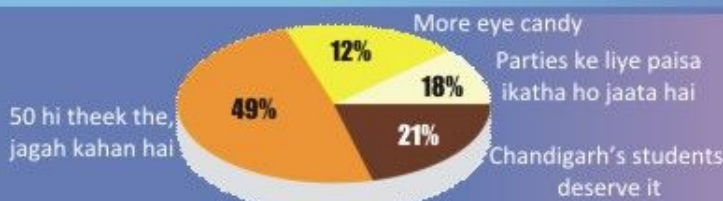
Which among these best defines your perception of GMC?



Which is the most desirable quality in a teacher?

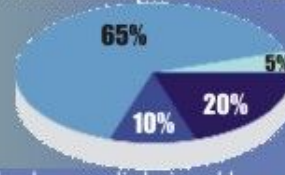


Why should college have 100 seats?



What is your main motivation behind getting out of bed and coming to college every day?

Attendance पूरी कर्नी होती है



Saara impression kharab ho gya



Keep your head low, eyes even lower and think about not laughing, Damn do NOT laugh

Which of these feelings best describes your emotions when you are scolded by a teacher in a class?

Choose the students of your batch which suit the following song titles the best:

SONGS	2010	2011	2012	2013
Bholi si Surat	Purva	Payal/Jannat	Akagri	Seerat
Uff Teri Ada	Raman	Smriti/Tanya	Akagri	Kanika
Babli Badmash	Akanksha	Komal	Ruchi	Sunanda
Mainu Crazy Kardi ae Teri Selfie	Urvi	Prerna	Arunjeet	Meher
Pappu Can't Dance Saala	Akhilesh	Chirayu	Keshav	Aman
Raju Ban Gaya Gentleman	Amish	Prakhar	Raghav	Aman
Bachna Ae Haseeno	Himmat	Kanav	Abhitesh	Aazam
Main Hoon Na	Deepak	Siddharth	Arun	Sabari

Which Teacher's lectures do you look forward to most?

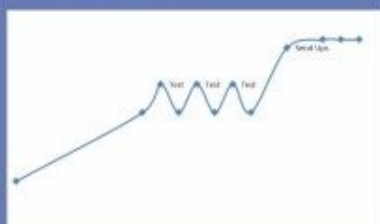
2010 Prof. A. K. Attri

2011 Prof. Sunandan Sood/Dr. Navpreet

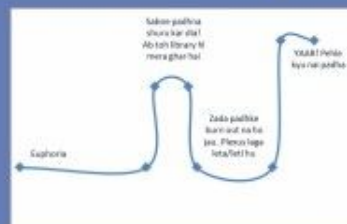
2012 Dr. Rajeev Kumar

2013 Dr. Avinash

Which of these graphs best depicts your level of 'focus' throughout the year?



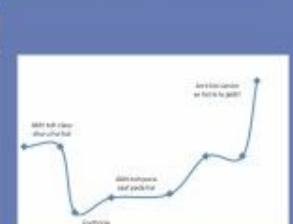
31%



11%



18%



40%

#JustGMCHthings



#CSSDvisit
#SurgeonWaliFeeling



#rangeelaGMCH



#dabba
#PgKaSucessMantra



#ForensicKaKhauff



#liftsOutOfOrder



#sundarGMCH



#sisterRastaBtado
#nahiPtaBhaiya



#GynaeNights



#finalprof #libraryHumaraGharHai



#PehlaNasha
#FormalinKa



#EkGrammarNaziKiMaut



#before
#collegeBdays



#after



#GMCHkaKhanaKhazana





#NoParkingInTheParking



#YaaranNaalBaharan



#SurgeryClinic
#DressToImpress



#WoPehliMulakat



#FromHighway
#ToSubway



#DarkRoomProcedures



#laapta
#ekaurphone



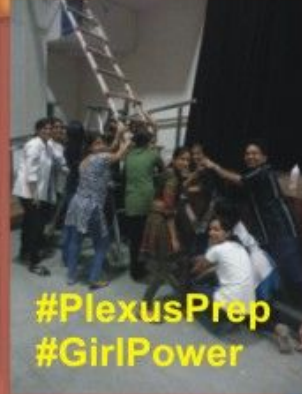
#Celebrations@theHostel



#champirox



#TootaPhootaGMCH



#PlexusPrep
#GirlPower



#PartyAnimals
#AintNoPartyLikeAGMCHparty

KUDOS

Final Professional Part II



Avinaider Singh Shagun Singh

Final Professional Part I



Harpreet Kaur Bhanu

2nd Professional



Harsimran, Tanya Jannat

1st Professional



Savneet Singh Siddharth Sharma

DISTINCTIONS

- MEDICINE** : AVINAINDER SINGH
MICROBIOLOGY : TANYA SHARMA, HARSIMRAN BHATIA, NAVNEET SIDHU
PHARMACOLOGY : HARSIMRAN BHATIA
PHYSIOLOGY : SIDDHARTH SHARMA, SAVNEET SINGH, PABNEET KAUR, UPINDERJEET SINGH
BIOCHEMISTRY : SIDDHARTH SHARMA, SAVNEET SINGH

Special Thanks to GMCH Staff

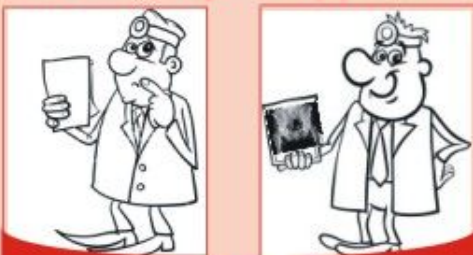


YOU KNOW YOU'RE A TRUE GMCHite WHEN- RELOADED

1. You always think fondly of Sarai building.
2. Your calendar year is divided into Pre euphoria time, Euphoria time, Pre plexus time and likewise.
3. Your quest for food begins at 10am, even if it means waiting for restaurant shutters to open.
4. You took out a day to memorize which OPD is on which level, just so you don't look clueless when asked for directions.
5. You now talk in terms of levels and not floors.
6. "B-block ke chole bhature" is your favorite phrase.
7. H & E pencils give you the jitters.
8. You're becoming more socially awkward by the day. Poor jokes with a lot of medical terminology make you laugh the hardest.
9. You camp in the library from September to December (April to July in the first year).
10. The lesser you know, the more colourful your Exam answer sheets are. You could make Art majors feel their life is grayscale.
11. You keep cribbing about the 1000 problems you have but deep inside you are proud of this place and will miss it the day you're out of here.

RIDICULOUSLY UN-FUNNY

X-Ray of which bone can tell you the correct age of any person?



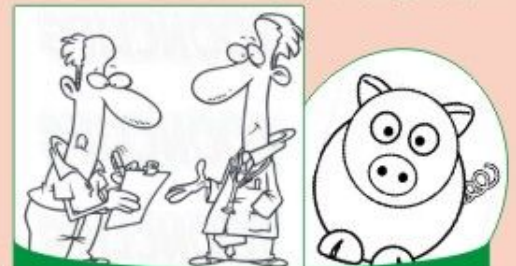
Hip Bone...

Because 'HIPS DON'T LIE!'



The Original works of neurons burnt out by MBBS

WHAT DO YOU PRESCRIBE A PIG WITH CUTS & BRUISES?



OINKMENT

Why did the scientist disconnect his doorbell?



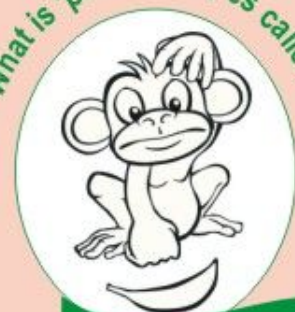
To win No-bel Prize

What do you say to God when you can't send a mail?



Mail kara de Rabba!!!

What is 'ptosis' in apes called?



APO-PTOSIS

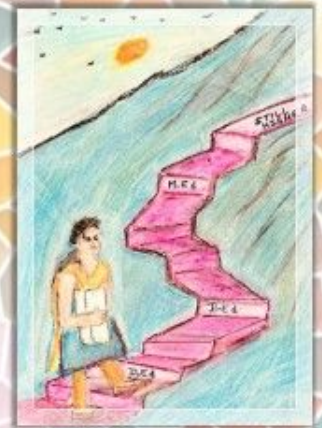


*In adversity, search deep within,
and silence doubt and fear's incessant din.*

*It's not what we gather, but what we sow,
That gives the heart a warming glow.*

*For our spirit's colourful kingdom comes alive,
when tirelessly for spreading love we strive.*

- Siddharth Sood Duggal



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Paintings by: Students of REGIONAL INSTITUTE FOR MENTALLY HANDICAPPED