GOVT. MEDICAL COLLEGE CHANDIGARH
IN SERVICE OF HUMANITY

Manthan

GLIMPSE 2025

Art By: Bhavya

MANTHAN

THE CHURNING WITHIN

There are moments in life when everything feels unsettled, when questions outweigh answers, and when confusion itself becomes the teacher. That is Manthan, the churning within. It is the stirring of thoughts and emotions that pushes us to grow, even when it feels uncomfortable. It is not simply chaos or restlessness—it is a deliberate process of change that reveals both the nectar and the poison within us.

For us as medical students, manthan happens every day, in ways both big and small. The first time we meet a patient, our confidence is shaken and yet rebuilt in the same breath. The long hours of study test our discipline and demand persistence. The mistakes we make leave us humbled, reminding us of our fallibility, yet also motivating us to learn better and do better. And the small victories—the answer recalled in an exam, the grateful smile of a patient, the nod of approval from a mentor—each of these churns something inside, adding to the mix of who we are becoming. Through it all, we are constantly reflecting, confronting what we do not yet know, and discovering strength we did not realize we had.

This churning is not easy. It is messy, uncertain, and often tiring. It can feel like being caught between who we are and who we hope to be, between the comfort of the familiar and the fear of the unknown. But it is also what shapes us. Just as the mythical ocean had to be churned to bring hidden treasures to the surface, our own struggles, doubts, and confusions bring out resilience, compassion, and wisdom. In the silence of our worries and the noise of our challenges, we discover the quiet truth that clarity is born from confusion, and that every trial carries within it the seed of transformation.

The process of manthan also teaches us patience. Growth does not happen overnight, nor is it ever linear. Some days we feel stagnant, some days overwhelmed, and some days we glimpse a breakthrough that reminds us why we chose this journey. In the churn of competing demands—between lectures, wards, exams, and personal lives—we begin to see that balance is not found in avoiding turbulence but in learning to navigate it with grace.

As we look back, we realize that these very churnings are the moments that define us. They remind us that doubt is not weakness but the beginning of wisdom. They teach us that being unsettled is not failure but the stirring of something new inside. They show us that discomfort, though unpleasant, is the soil in which growth quietly takes root.

As you read through this year's Glimpse, let yourself step into Manthan. These pages hold stories of questions, doubts, insights, and growth. They carry the voices of your peers, each of whom has undergone their own churning within. May their words remind you that it is alright to feel unsettled, that struggle is not the opposite of progress but a part of it, and that every whirl of uncertainty is guiding you toward strength, compassion, and becoming.

(On behalf of the Student Editorial Board)

सत्यमेव जयते

संदेश

Gulab Chand Kataria

Governor of Punjab and
Administrator
Union Territory, Chandigarh

मैं गवर्नमेंट मेडिकल कॉलेज एवं अस्पताल, चंडीगढ़ के विद्यार्थियों, संकाय सदस्यों एवं समस्त कर्मचारियों को वार्षिक साहित्यिक पत्रिका "ग्लिम्प्स" के प्रकाशन पर हार्दिक शुभकामनाएँ प्रेषित करता हूँ।

इस वर्ष की थीम "मंथन" जो आत्मचिंतन, संवाद एवं नवचिंतन को प्रेरित करती है—वर्तमान समय में अत्यंत सार्थक और प्रासंगिक है। आज के तेजी से बदलते वैश्विक परिवेश में आत्ममंथन और नवाचार की भावना केवल विज्ञान और चिकित्सा के क्षेत्र में ही नहीं, बल्कि व्यक्तिगत और संस्थागत प्रगति के लिए भी अत्यंत आवश्यक है।

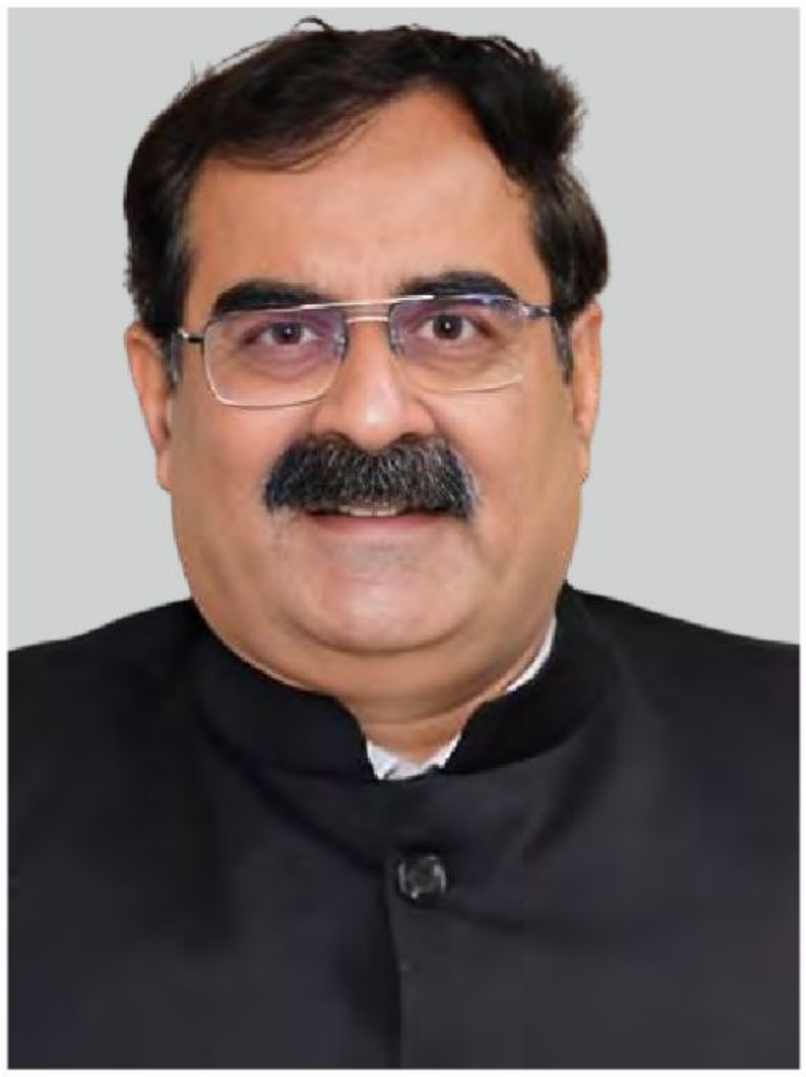
यह जानकर प्रसन्नता होती है कि जीएमसीएच न केवल शैक्षणिक उत्कृष्टता को बढ़ावा देता है, बल्कि विद्यार्थियों को सांस्कृतिक एवं साहित्यिक अभिव्यक्ति के लिए भी सशक्त मंच प्रदान करता है। ऐसे प्रयास युवाओं को स्वतंत्र रूप से सोचने, अभिव्यक्त करने और एक समावेशी, करुणाशील स्वास्थ्य सेवा समुदाय के निर्माण की दिशा में प्रेरित करते हैं।

मैं संपादकीय टीम एवं सभी सहयोगियों को उनकी रचनात्मकता, समर्पण और परिश्रम के लिए बधाई देता हूँ। मेरी शुभकामना है कि "ग्लिम्प्स" प्रेरणा का स्रोत बना रहे और जीएमसीएच की प्रखर बौद्धिक चेतना एवं रचनात्मक ऊर्जा को निरंतर उजागर करता रहे।

गुलाब चंद कटारिया

सत्यमेव जयते

Message



Rajeev Verma, IAS

Chief Secretary
Union Territory, Chandigarh

I am pleased to learn that the Government Medical College and Hospital, Sector 32, Chandigarh is publishing its annual literary magazine, GLIMPSE 2025, themed around 'Manthan' a symbol of introspection, transformation and the exchange of ideas that inspire innovation and institutional progress.

Glimpse magazine showcases the continuous journey of growth and the dynamic spirit that drives the academic and healthcare endeavours of GMCH. I am confident that the students and faculty will make the most of this opportunity to express their intellectual capabilities, creativity and cultural vibrancy through their literary contributions.

I extend my best wishes to the institution for continued success and sincerely hope it will keep serving meaningfully towards the promotion of higher education. My warmest congratulations to the faculty and students on this publication and I wish Glimpse-2025 all success.

Rajeev Verma, IAS

Message

Ajay Chagti, IAS

Secretary Health
Chandigarh Administration,
UT Chandigarh

'GLIMPSE', the annual magazine of Government Medical College & Hospital, Sector 32, Chandigarh has evolved into a vibrant reflection of the institution's academic depth and cultural richness over the years. It serves as a creative chronicle of the GMCH community's journey of achievements and aspirations.

It is a matter of great pleasure to witness the release of Glimpse, centered on such a thought-provoking theme "Manthan". The idea of Manthan, as a process of reflection, questioning, and meaningful transformation, is deeply relevant to the field of Medicine and Medical Education. It is heartening to see GMCH nurture this ethos among its students and faculty, not only through clinical excellence but also through cultural and literary engagement.

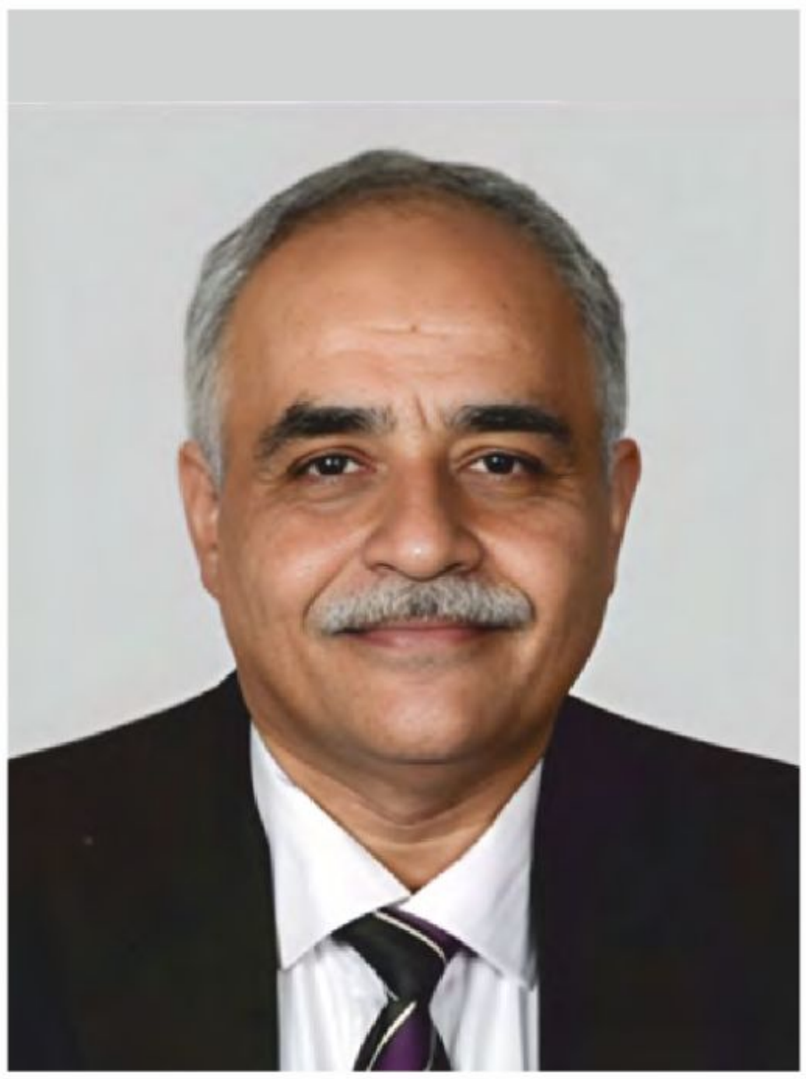
Glimpse serves as a window into the creativity, resilience and academic spirit of the GMCH community. I commend the editorial team and all contributors for bringing together such a thoughtful and inspiring compilation.

I look forward to see this magazine continue to grow as a vibrant forum for expression, innovation and institutional pride.

With sincere appreciation,

Ajay Chagti, IAS

Message



Prof. (Dr.) Vivek Lal

MD (Med), DM (Neuro)
Director & Head, Department of Neurology

It gives me an immense pleasure to know that Annual Literary Magazine "Glimpse" is being published by the GMCH, Chandigarh.

I extend my best of the best wishes to the medical students, faculty and staff of Government Medical College & Hospital, Chandigarh, on its publication.

The theme "Manthan"-evoking reflection, dialogue, and renewal-is very well chosen.

I am very happy that the GMCH, Chandigarh, is continuously nurturing academic excellence while encouraging cultural and literary pursuits since its inception. Such platforms helps medical students to express themselves freely in a best possible manner.

My heartfelt congratulations to the editorial team and contributors for their endeavour in this pursuit.

I am sure, "Glimpse" will continue to be a source of inspiration to one and all.

Prof. (Dr.) Vivek Lal

Message

Prof. Renu Vig

Vice -Chancellor
Panjab University
Chandigarh

I am delighted to extend my warm greetings to the students, faculty, and editorial team of Government Medical College & Hospital, Chandigarh, on the release of Glimpse, the institution's annual literary magazine.

The theme "Manthan" beautifully captures the essence of academic life, where reflection, intellectual exchange, and transformation are central to growth. Whether in the sciences or the humanities, such churning of ideas is what propels institutions and individuals toward innovation and excellence.

Panjab University deeply values the promotion of such creative platforms and the nurturing of diverse talents. It is heartening to see GMCH fostering a culture where scientific inquiry coexists with creative expression, and where students are encouraged to grow as thinkers, writers, and professionals.

I commend all those who have contributed to this edition of Glimpse, and I wish the magazine continued success in reflecting the evolving spirit of GMCH.

With warm regards,

Professor Renu Vig

Message

Dr. Bhavneet Bharti

Director Principal
AIMS, Mohali

I am honored to once again contribute to "Glimpse", the annual literary magazine of Government Medical College & Hospital, Chandigarh. My journey with GMCH began in 1998 as a Senior Resident and later as a Senior Lecturer, experiences that shaped my career and commitment to medical education. It is deeply fulfilling to see the institution's steady progress, most recently marked by the establishment of the Trauma Centre.

During my tenure as Director, it was a privilege to work alongside Prof. Attri in navigating academic, clinical, research, and NMC-related responsibilities. His words at our White Coat Ceremony-" Kam to karna hai, karna bhi padhega karna bhi chahiye fir kyun na khushi sefir kyun na khushi se karen"-resonated with me and with our faculty and staff, serving as a reminder that purpose and joy can go hand in hand.

I would also like to warmly acknowledge the new Director, Prof Dr. Thami, whose reputation as a visionary leader and compassionate clinician precedes him. His commitment to academic excellence and patient-centered care will undoubtedly steer GMCH toward even greater accomplishments in the years ahead.

As "Glimpse" is released, I extend my heartfelt wishes to the GMCH family. May the magazine continue to capture the creativity, intellect, and community spirit that define the institution, and may GMCH keep scaling new heights.

Bhavneet Bharti

Dr. Bhavneet Bharti

Message

Dr. Gurvinder Pal Thami

Director Principal
GMCH 32, Chandigarh

It gives me immense pleasure to pen this message for Glimpse, the Annual Magazine of Government Medical College & Hospital, Chandigarh. This year's theme, "Manthan", holds deep relevance-not just as a word, but as a metaphor for the continuous process of introspection, analysis, and evolution that lies at the heart of medical education and healthcare.

"Manthan", meaning churning, reminds us of the ancient tale of the Samudra Manthan, syınbolizing the effort required to bring forth knowledge, growth, and innovation from the depths of inquiry and contemplation. As students, faculty, and staff of this esteemed institution, we too engage in a constant 'manthan' of ideas, practices, values, and visions-striving to improve ourselves, our systems, and the lives of those we serve.

The past year has brought new challenges and opportunities, pushing us to re-examine our approaches, embrace new technologies, and reaffirm our commitment to excellence in medical education, patient care, and research. It is heartening to witness the resilience and dedication of our students and faculty, whose collective efforts continue to uphold the high standards of GMCH.

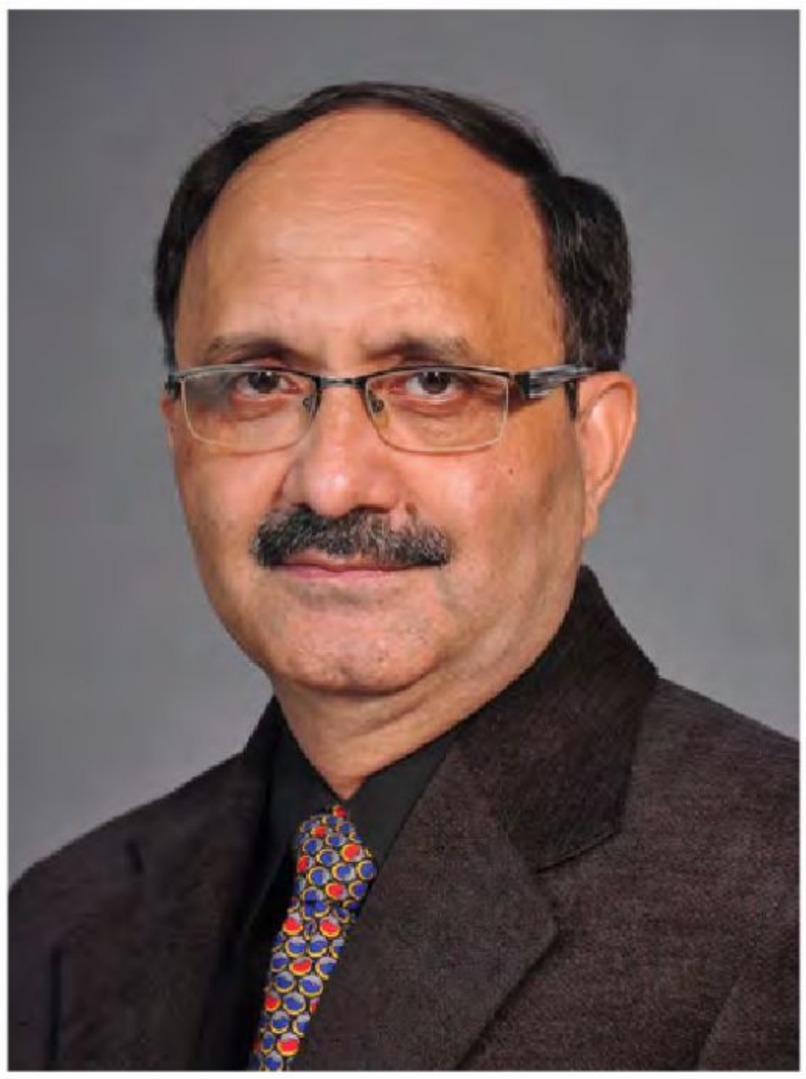
I congratulate the editorial team of Glimpse for choosing such a thought-provoking theme and for providing a platform to showcase the creativity, reflections, and academic spirit of our college community. May this edition inspire thoughtful dialogue, innovative thinking and a renewed sense of purpose among its readers.

As we celebrate another milestone in our journey, let us continue this 'manthan-of knowledge, compassion, and service-with renewed vigor and unity.

With best wishes for a successful Annual Day and the continued progress of GMCH.

Dr. Gurvinder Pal Thami

Message



Dr. A.K. Attri

Former Director Principal
GMCH 32, Chandigarh

It gives me immense pleasure to write message for our prestigious college magazine "The Glimpse 2025" to be released on 9th September 2025-our Annual Day. I completed my tenure on 24th August 2025 as Director-Principal of GMCH hence has been requested by literary committee to write this message. I have association with The Glimpse since its inception. When it was decided to have our college magazine reflecting all our activities during the academic year, the entries were solicited for the naming of magazine. I was fortunate that name proposed by me "The Glimpse" was accepted by Editorial board of that time with kind approval of GMCH anthorities. This was duly acknowledged in the first issue of "The Glimpse". I will always feel nostalgic about this.

Last Annual Day i.c. 9th September 2024 was celebrated with great enthusiasm. Honable Governor of Punjab and Administrator UT Chandigarh Sh Gulab Chand Katariya graced the occasion as chief guest along with Sh. Rajeev Verma Chief Secretary and Sh. Ajay Chagti SMER. In last one year GMCH achieved mile stones like Inauguration of Emergency Trauma Block and holding the 11th GMCH Convocation for all courses of GMCH together for first time on 8th August 2025.

Our students organised events like Euphoria, sports meet and many other activities. Students of all courses have been consistently performing very well in academic and extracurricular activities bringing laurels to their almameter. GMCH got many posts sanctioned by Ministry of Health & Family Welfare Govt of India especially for ministerial and nursing stall. This fulfilled the long pending desire of these categories for well deserved promotions.

I am sure that brilliant students, dedicated staff and excellent faculty will take the GMCH to new heights.

My best wishes to Editorial Board (Faculty as well as Students) for putting in whole hearted efforts to bring out this year's Glimpse.

Thanks & God bless us all.

Dr. A.K. Attri

Message

Prof. Sanjeev Palta

Head, Department of Anaesthesia
& Intensive Care
Chairperson, Literary Committee

As children, our idea of a doctor was simple—someone in a white coat with a stethoscope, almost magical in their ability to cure anything. But as we walked this path ourselves, we discovered another reality: long, gruelling hours, relentless workload,and often placing others' needs before our own. That is where the true churn began—Manthan- rightly chosen as this year's theme for this magazine

"Churn within, rise beyond..."

It was through this inner Manthan that the journey transformed. What began as a profession slowly transmuted into service without our conscious realisation .Exhausting days turned into fulfilling ones, as the sight of teary-eyed patients looking at us with hope felt no less than witnessing a miracle. Their unwavering faith in us often gave us the strength to achieve what once seemed impossible—deepening our belief in both this noble profession and the Almighty.

Manthan reminds us that growth is never without discomfort, but it is precisely in that turbulence that wisdom and resilience emerge.

As you leaf through this edition, you will find stories of determination, creativity, and self-discovery—snapshots of individuals and collectives who embody the true spirit of Manthan. From academic rigor to moments of vulnerability, from laughter shared to obstacles overcome, these voices remind us that medical education is not merely about textbooks and wards—it is about becoming compassionate human beings first, and healers second.

We are deeply grateful to the editorial team and contributors who poured their hearts into this magazine, ensuring that Glimpse continues to be a space where our community's spirit is captured and cherished.

We hope this edition inspires you to embrace your own Manthan—to pause, to reflect, and to find meaning in the challenges you face. Because within every stirring, no matter how unsettling, lies the possibility of transformation.

Prof. Sanjeev Palta

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Prof. Dilpreet Sandhu

Prof. Chandrika Azad

Prof. Nitin Gupta

Prof. Arvind Malhotra

FROM THE LITERARY COMMITTEE

Prof. Shivani Jaswal: This year's magazine, Manthan, is a celebration of ideas and creativity that have flowed from our students, faculty, and staff of the college. Like its name, it is the result of a thoughtful churning—of words, art, and experiences—that has come together beautifully through collective effort. Working on this issue has been a journey of learning and joy for all of us on the editorial team. What makes it truly special are the voices of our students, full of energy, imagination, and hope. I sincerely thank everyone who contributed, and I hope our readers will feel the same excitement and connection while turning these pages as we did while putting them together.

Prof. Usha Dalal: It gives me immense pleasure to write this message for the college magazine. The dedicated students team has worked hard under the able guidance of the literary committee members to compile their various academic and literary activities in the GLIMPSE Magazine. Glimpse reveals the various academic, extracurricular activities and artistic skills of the medical students apart from the excellence in medical education. To compile these activities a lot of time and patience is required, and the students have worked day and night to accomplish this challenging task of completing the GLIMPSE MAGAZINE in its present form.

Prof. Mala Bhalla: This magazine is a tangible proof of the immense creative talent of our students . A lot of hard work and thought goes into creating 'each aspect of 'Glimpse'. This magazine has everything from poems resounding with feelings, interesting articles and beautiful paintings capturing the essence of life. Wishing everyone a happy reading of this wonderful issue.

Prof. Subina Narang: It gives me immense pleasure to pen down a message for the Glimpse 2025. In line with the theme of 'Manthan' of Hindu philosophy, Glimpse has brought out the very best of our students. It has helped them introspect and identify their hidden self. Glimpse has given wings to the thoughts and ideas of our students.This literary extravaganza, amidst the academic conundrum, speaks volumes about the creativity and resilience of the students. May your journey ahead be filled with the same enthusiasm, innovation, wisdom and compassion.

Prof. Chandrika Azad: As per ancient Hindu philosophy 'When the ocean of the mind is churned, both poison and nectar arise-it is up to you what you drink.' Who we become is a result of our inner turmoil and choices.

Prof. Dilpreet Sandhu: Manthan, the Sanskrit word for churning, holds deep significance. In our philosophy, it brought forth both nectar and poison — a reminder that every intense effort and deep reflection yields lessons, treasures, and challenges alike. In the life of a medical student and professional, this churning happens daily — in our minds, in our hearts, and in our work. Each contribution within these pages is a product of a deep stirring of thought and feeling — transformed into words, art, and expression. As members of the literary committee, we are proud to bring together voices that inspire, question, and celebrate the many dimensions of medical life. May these pages encourage you to embrace your own churning process — to keep questioning, keep creating, and keep growing, knowing that even the toughest storms can yield the most precious pearls.

Prof. Nitin Gupta: It gives me an immense pleasure to be a part of the Literary committee. The magazine is the result of the hardwork and dedication of all team members under the able guidance of Prof. AK Attri , Director Principal and Prof. Sanjeev Palta. The college students have worked tirelessly to bring the magazine to its present shape. The faculty and the students have given an overwhelming response to submit the articles and I am sure the magazine will be unique and live up to the expectations of all. It epitomizes the best of our literary and artistic skills. It also highlights the major milestones and achievements of the previous year. I hope that you all will enjoy reading the magazine as much as we enjoyed it in preparing it and will welcome your feedback and suggestions for further improvement. I once again thank the entire literary team for their efforts and wish lots of success for the magazine.

Prof. Arvind Malhotra: In these technology-driven times, when Artificial Intelligence is often projected as a "better doctor," I urge the younger generation of MBBS students to give a befitting reply through your work and your compassion. Remember, no machine can ever replace the wisdom of real teachers or the empathy of a dedicated doctor. Even with the most advanced treatments, what a patient needs most is a warm human being who can reassure them, hold their hand, and say, "Everything will be fine." That healing touch, that human connection, is something no machine can ever provide. As future doctors, let your knowledge be sharp, but let your heart be warmer still. Be the doctor who not only treats the illness but also heals the person. That is where true medicine lies.

FROM THE

Student Editors' Desk

Dear Readers,

*Each year, the new edition of Glimpses is not merely a collection of words, pictures, or ideas, but a living expression of unspoken experiences hidden in the folds of time. The theme this year is "**Manthan**." This profound Sanskrit word recalls not only the mythical churning of the ocean but also the inner tides, conflicts, and self-dialogues that rise within us all.*

*In essence, **Manthan** is the refining of thoughts, emotions, and experiences. It is the act of plunging into the depths of the mind, stirring beliefs, doubts, hopes, and fears, and drawing from them a truth that shines like nectar. Within this churn lie both stillness and turbulence: moments of silence as well as waves that test our strength.*

On life's path, every seeker, whether doctor, student, artist, or householder, encounters such inner churn. At times it is a tug-of-war between doubt and confidence, at times a struggle between ideals and reality, and often a balance between personal dreams and collective duties. From this churn emerges both nectar and poison: clarity, awakening, and strength on one side, confusion and despair on the other. Like Shiva, it is our role to hold the poison within and embrace the nectar as our guide.

This edition of Glimpses celebrates that journey. Essays, poems, memoirs, and artworks explore diverse dimensions of reflection, transformation, and resilience. Our contributors have poured not only thoughts but the essence of their inner worlds into these works, making this issue a collective moment of consciousness.

*In today's age, where external noise often silences inner listening, the message of **Manthan** becomes even more urgent. It reminds us that every challenge, failure, and uncertainty is an opportunity for growth, a chance to turn darkness into light. More importantly, it teaches us that self-knowledge is the greatest conquest, one that liberates us from illusions of limitation and helplessness.*

*For us too, preparing this edition has been a **Manthan**. Creative debates, time pressures, and our commitment to excellence all became the churning rod that shaped this issue into its final form.*

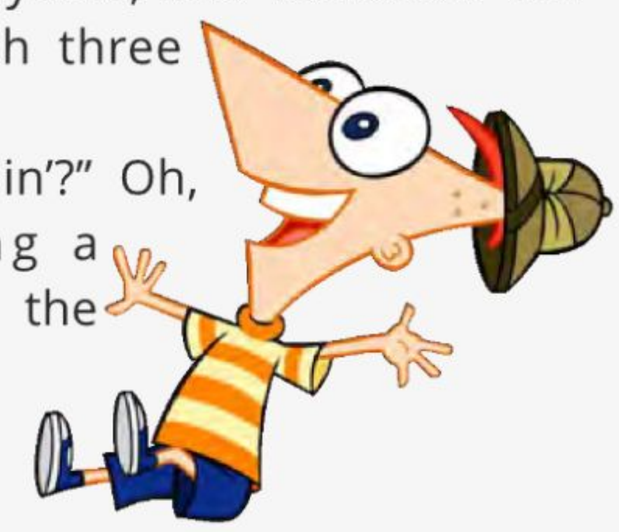
As you turn these pages, may their words and images stir something within, awakening a forgotten dream, raising a long-buried question, or opening a new horizon of thought. If this inspires even a small dialogue with yourself, our purpose will be fulfilled.

Yours,
Editorial Team
Glimpses, GMCH Chandigarh

Meet The Student Editors

Hi, I'm Shivangi, basically the Phineas of this magazine. I have this strange compulsion where every free moment mysteriously turns into a side hustle. Normal people rest. I, on the other hand, convince myself it's the perfect time to start "just one more" project. Spoiler: it's never just one. For me, editing isn't about cutting commas, it's about building odd little inventions out of words. Sometimes they're sleek, sometimes they wobble, but they usually make people smile (or at least raise an eyebrow). I don't have a Ferb quietly making things work in the background, but I do have an endless supply of naps. I can fall asleep anywhere, anytime, and somehow still wake up with three new ideas.

"Whatcha doin'?" Oh, just editing a magazine on the side.



Hi, I'm Aarna Gupta and in many ways I am the Anna (Frozen) of real life. I am silly enough to laugh at my own jokes, clumsy enough to trip over nothing, and dramatic enough to believe every small problem is the end of the world until I find chocolate or sleep. I forget things at the wrong time, remember the most useless details at the right time, and always manage to land myself in little everyday disasters. Just like Anna, I have mastered the art of turning my chaos into charm. The funniest twist is that somehow this same Anna ended up as the Chief Editor of Glimpse, which means I get to turn all my clumsy adventures and silly ideas into words on paper. If nothing else, I promise to keep you entertained because who better than Anna to add a little laughter to every page.

Meet The Student Editors

I'm Ishan Garg I would undoubtedly be Shinchan. Mischievous, playful, and a little too fond of making silly comments, I thrive on teasing people and sleeping in most random places. Being serious has never been my strong suit, and honestly, life is too short to sit around pretending otherwise. Between my love for cricket, the thrill of fast cars, and endless cups of chai, I manage to stay busy sleeping. Yet somehow, I still find time to pour my energy into Glimpse, and that has been a joy in itself. My message is simple: do not overcomplicate things. Laugh at yourself, laugh with your friends, and collect moments that are worth remembering long after deadlines are forgotten. Because in the end, the real beauty lies not in perfection, but in the memories we create along the way.

I'm Raghav Kaushish! A bit like Doraemon if he traded gadgets for good food and soulful music! Life's real, not a cartoon, but I try to keep things fun and light, always hungry for a snack for new experiences and flavors. You'll usually find me humming ghazals or reading some old school urdu shayar, chasing the same happiness Doraemon gets from his dorayaki cakes. Community vibes, spirituality, and a sprinkle of optimism guide me every day. I believe in helping, hanging out, enjoying life's little moments, and bringing the same cheerful energy to my work as Doraemon does to Nobita's chaos. So, whether it's connecting with people, sharing a meal, or making a little music, I'm all in, genuinely. Welcome to my world!

SYNERGY

SUPPORT

Anmol

Prachi

Bhavya

Rohan

Samya

Mrinal

GUIDANCE

Shaurya

Prerna

Pahul

Poetry

Confluence of Verses

The Great Weaver

I look at the clock's relentless ticking,
And the heart tirelessly mimicking,
A spark, a blink, a glimpse of light,
With each hum, a moment swiftly slips,
I rise, I fall, I strive, I cease,
But unyielding time gives no relief.
I look for secret threads, unseen, untold,
Seeking how my ephemeral existence unfolds.

Time marches like an unyielding Samurai,
Through dark nights beneath the cold sky
Carving mountains and eroding proud stones,
Leaving but dust where empires shone.
Whether good or ill, it constantly flows,
Through our joys, tears, and woes,
In shattered hopes and words unsaid,
It hears no cries and feels no regret.

The humble nature bows down to Time,
The sun and moon know this truth sublime.
The seasons too take turns in swift embrace,
The flourishing blooms inevitably fade.
We are but a blip in time's infinite space,
Passing through youth and aged grace.
They say, time and tide wait for no man;
Fielding souls to the giant cosmic plan
When Time, the master, drives me to the crossroads,
Where diverging paths make the miles grow,

I will float, no matter how the currents flow,
And fly to where the winds of wander blow.
Though pain may cling and sorrows last,
This too shall pass, as the die is cast.
The storm will break, the clouds will part,
The skylights will show me my North Star.

Time hums with secrets, hidden from our sight,
With purpose vast, beyond our mortal might.
It holds eternal stories, endlessly retold,
Where abiding souls meet in every frame,
Embellished with different worldly names;
So let the memories we hold so dear,
Banish every doubt and quell all fear.
Time, the great weaver, strong and true,
Will bring us back, me and you

Prof. Monica Gupta
Department of Medicine

Orphans Of War

When the dust settles
And the gunfire ceases
A feeble whimper
Pierces the air

A child totters
Amongst the rubble
Misery etched over
The tiny tear-streaked face

Crying out
For dear ones
Knowing not
They are already lost

Hands that were
Crammed with toys
Are now pleading
For a day's meal

Dancing puppets are
Smeared with blood
Gunpowder covers
The tumbled sand castles

A childhood meant to be
Spent in merry
Has turned to
Unending misery

Rulers shakes hands
And sign accords
Boasts loud and wide
That victory was theirs

What did we win?
What did we gain?
Just broken families
And crumbled lands

Orphans of war
Left with noone
To wipe their tears
And heal their wounds

Wounds not of flesh and bone
But of the heart
that refuse to heal
For ages more to come

Dr Divya Aneela
PG JR (Department of Dermatology)

उड़ान

एक परिंदा बेगाना सा,
उड़ चला है वो ।
दुनिया से परे अनजान
तूफानों से भिड़ रहा है वो ।।
बादलों की छाया ओढ़ कर
बारिश की बँदो को,
लिबास बना,
देखो उड़ चला है वो ।
सूरज के तेज सा,
चाँद की ठंडक लिए ,
अपनी माँ से लिपट कर सोजाऊँ ।
ये अरमान लिए उड़ चला है वो ।।

Dr Naaz Manchanda
PG JR (Department of Radiotherapy)

Rumination

A look back at that timid child
Grown up and tamed in the wild
Of joyous hearts and dreamy eyes,
Capturing moments; those butterflies.

With gleamy eyes, he looks into sky
All his world wrapped in a lullaby
As time grows he learns his steps,
Aims for the world in those crepts.

Rocking the cradle, to new giant leaps
Two hands by his side, parental love in heaps
As time flies he learns new tasks,
Tied round the shoulders, bags and flasks.

To the new bonds that he learns with time
Teachers, mates and friends alike
Nurtured bonds that branched like trees,
His roots that hold as deep as leap.

Unfathomed by the facile gems
Bright afresh yet tangible then
He fell in love with bogus claims,
Of friends, of love, of worldly gains.

Ah,
How gullible was that grown up man
To have lend his heart to all the kins
Oblivious to the voguish trend,
To share the time without being friends.

As old schooled fashioned as he was
He left a portion of his heart
To all those he loved, without a clause,
Of drinks, of memories, all a fraught.

Once afresh and filled with love
Of hope, of faith; a virtuous dove
Broken off with monstrous gait,
Horrendous game of shattered faiths.

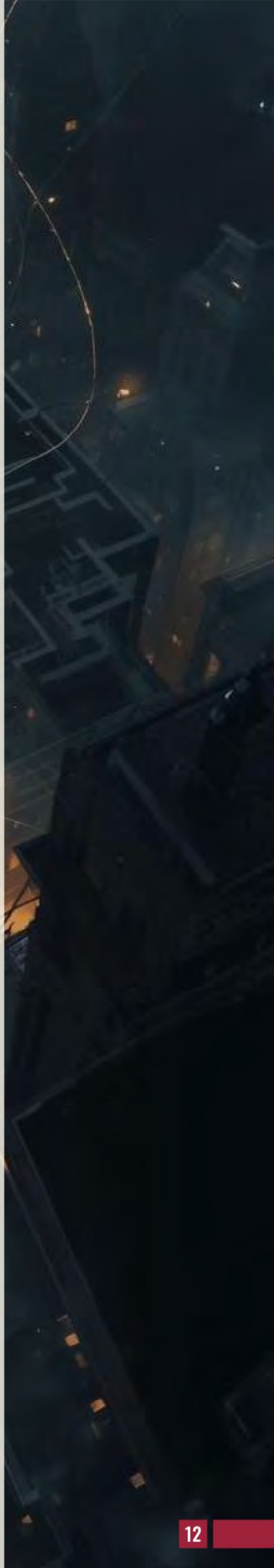
Lies alone in the obscure crowd
Held together by the same old end
Of those hands that held him walk,
By his side stood as tall as rock.

Dr Dhananjay
PG JR (Department of Paediatrics)
Batch 2023

Chaos

Are all these life events just forutious,
Or is there some sequence in this chaos,
'random' is the second word that intrigues me a lot,
These irregularities are too artistic to be hapazard,
These messes are too unique and custom designed,
These quite a coincidences doesn't seem to be planless,
I love this serendipity of the chaos.
These stochastics are at times unpleasant..
Sad,stray and abrupt
Like being lost in your own city,
Circled around Unsolved Whys hows and whens
Do these arbitrary incidents have any reasons
Or are they fillers in between the show
But then the whole play is so orderless
Seems like the fist that we have kept tightly folded, have nothing in them,
No maths or probabilities can calculate these sporadics.
Anyhow we try to check the contingent
Later to realize that we are not given the power to do it,
That we have no restraint on this mayhem
That what's best is to make the best of this madness.
What's certain are these uncertainties
All we have and all we do and all what happens are Chances,
Planned chances of these unplanned chaos
Hope we learn soon to cherish these flavors of chaos.

Dr Diksha Srivastava
PG JR (Batch 2024)

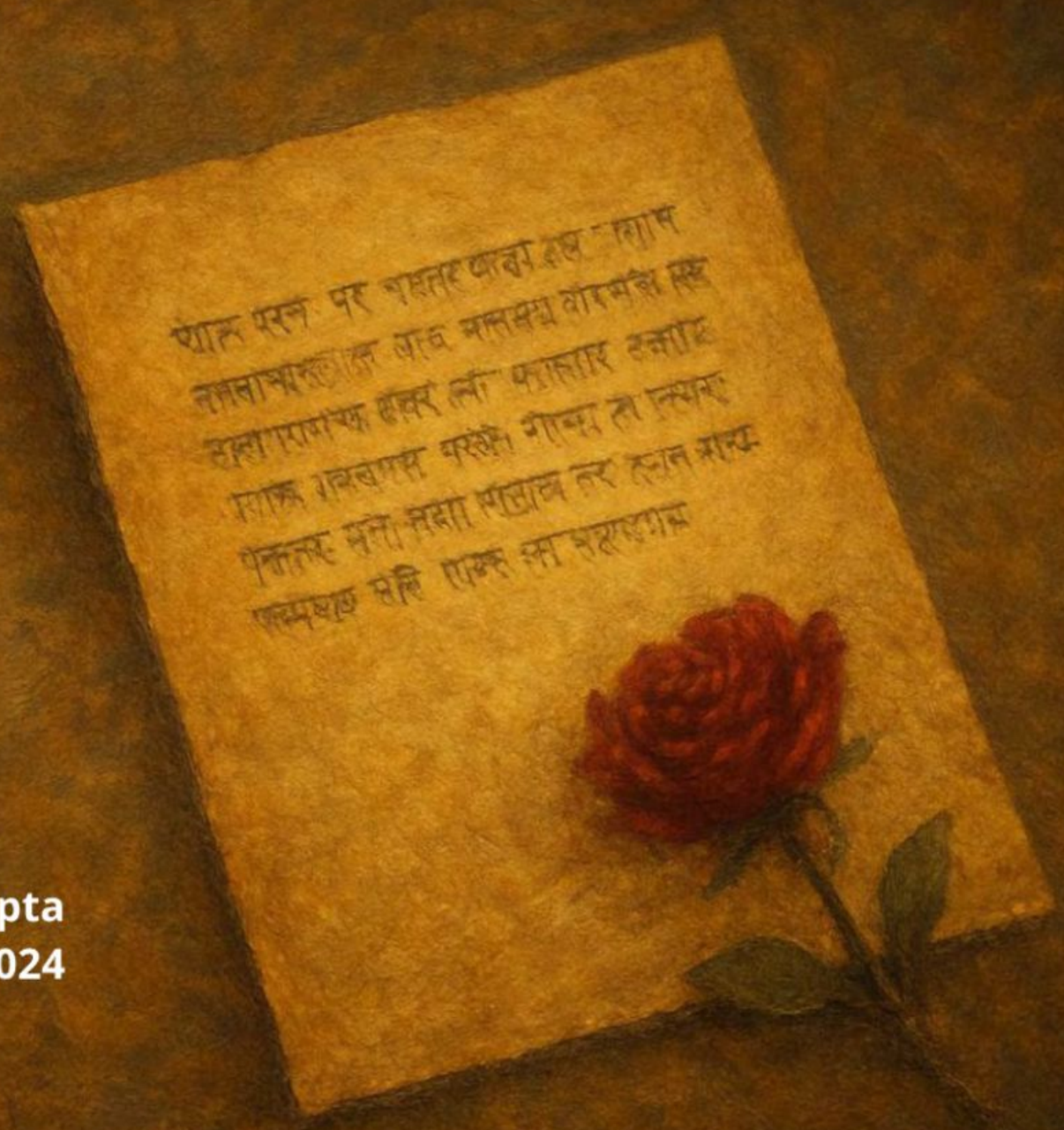


कागजी न बातें

कागजी न बातें ये तो कागजों की बातें हैं।
जो लिख के भेजी है तुझको, उन मुलाकातों की बातें हैं।
महक रहे मेंहदी से अब तक,
जिसमें पिया का नाम छुपा था।
पहली मुलाकात के पहले गाने की यादें, वो धुन लिख के भेजी है।
शब्दों में तेरी तस्वीर कागज पे बना कर रखी है।
कागजी न इश्क, कागज तो मिलने का बस एक जरिया है।
कागजी न बातें ये तो कागजों की बातें हैं।

कैसे कागज के टुकड़ों का एहसान उतरेगा,
ना मिलके भी मिलना आसान हो गया।
तुझतक महक–ए–इश्क पहुँचाना आसान हो गया।
रोकी वक्त की रेत, हम दूर पर पास होने का एहसास दिला दिया।
सोणिए कागजी न बातें ये तो कागजों की बातें हैं।
जो लिख के भेजी है तुझको, उस सावन की बातें हैं।

सोणिए तेरी याद जो आए,
रातों को तकिए तले कागज सुलाए।
तेरी चिट्ठियों पे काजल के निशान रह गए।
कुछ अक्षर उन मोतियों की बारिशों में बह गए।
वो चिट्ठी में रखा फूल, वो महक,
ये सब बिन बोली बातें बोल गए।
तू अखियों में सपने सजा रही है।
आईने में खुद को देख मुस्कुरा रही है।
बारिशों के गीत में मेरी नज्म दोहरा रही है।
हम दूर होकर भी पास, हमपे कागजों का एहसान है।
कागजी न बातें ये तो कागजों की बातें हैं।
जो लिख के भेजी है तुझको, उन मुलाकातों की बातें हैं।
सोणिए कागजी न बातें ये तो कागजों की बातें हैं।
जो लिख के भेजी है तुझको, उस सावन की बातें हैं।



Abhitanya Gupta
Batch 2024

किस्मत

कहते हैं किस्मत खुदा लिखता है।
क्या सच में किस्मत खुदा लिखता है।

अगर लिखता है तो मुझे भी बताएं वो।
क्यूं लड़की के जीवन में वो दुख लिखता है।

दुनिया को बहुत ही हसीन लिखता है वो।
फिर शोषण, तेजाब, हत्या क्यूं लिखता है वो।

क्या लड़कियों के आंसु दिखते नहीं है उसे।
या कलियों का मरना, कुचलना पसंद है उसे।

लोग कहते हैं कंकड़–पत्थर सभी में खुदा है।
फिर जो लड़कियों को मारते है, वो बेखुदा है?

युगों युगों से कहा गया है नारी मां समान है।
फिर मां का ही आंचल खींचे कौन वो शैतान है।

चलो मान लिया खुदा जो भी लिखता सच लिखता है।
फिर हर बार क्यों वो बिकता दरबार लिखता है।

या मैं मान लूं खुदा कुछ नहीं लिखा करता है।
क्या वो भी लड़कियों की मौत पर छुपकर रोया करता है।

चलो माना ये किस्मत नहीं सिर्फ इत्तेफाक होता है।
तो फिर सड़कों पर क्यूं महफूज गुनहगार होता है।

मैंने मान लिया जो भी लिखता खुदा नहीं लिखता।
फिर इंसान के अन्दर बैठकर वो क्या करता है।

Taruna Singh
Batch 2021

मंथन प्रेम का

एक छोर पे मन है, दूजे पे है दिल ये मेरा,
एक छोर पे मन है, दूजे पे है दिल ये मेरा,
मंथन है ये प्रेम का मेरे, रस्सी बना नींव ये तेरा,
दिल और मन लड़ पड़े आपस में, जब खामोशी आई बीच हमारे,
विष भी लगा अमृत समान, तोहफे जो थे दिए तुम्हारे,
मन को पसंद नहीं तुम अब, तुमने बहुत सताया इसे,
दिल कहता कोशिश तो कर, तूने प्यार जताया किसे?
इजहार मैं भी कर देता, पर उसके पास 'नाश' की सजा है,
क्यों इजहार करूं, जब इजहार के इंतजार में ही मजा है,
बात जब तुमसे होती है, कोशिश रहती है एहसास कराने की,
पर तुम चुप रहती हो, छोड़ो आदत ये जख्मों पे नमक लगाने की,
इस मंथन से फिर नफरत निकली, निकली हाँ तन्हाई फिर,
जब आँसू निकले मंथन से इस, सियाही मैंने बनायी फिर,
मन कहता है फिर मेरा, दिल की क्या औकात है?
फिजूल है ये इश्क मोहब्बत, ये कुछ पल के जज्बात हैं,
भूल जाऊंगा मैं भी तुझको, तेरी तस्वीर बिना सो जाऊंगा,
बुलाती रहना फिर मुझको, मैं भी बेपरवाह हो जाऊंगा,
सामने आके बैठी वो, आँखें उसकी तरफ जाने लगी,
धड़कने तेज हो गयी, चेहरे पे मुस्कान आने लगी,
दिल ने मांगी इजाजत मुझसे, कहने को एक बात फिर,
नींव कहकर बुलाया उसने, बदल गए हालात फिर,
पास होकर भी दूर हैं, ये कैसी तकदीर हमारी है,
हार गए दिल और मन दोनों ही, पर मंथन अब भी जारी है।

Neev Mehra
Batch 2024

निकालो उसे और जला दो

देखो वहीं दबी होगी!!
तुम्हारा अतीत, बीता हुआ कल
भूली हुई बाते या भूला दी गई बातें।।

वही जो कारण था तुम्हारे हर्ष का
वही जो कारण बना तुम्हारे विलाप का।।

वही जिसने तुम्हे निरंतर सुख दिया
वही जिसने तुम्हे हास्य का कारण बना दिया।।

निकालो उसे और जला दो
जहाँ सभी बहा रहे हैं तुम भी वही बहा दो।।

डरो मत ये सिलसिला यही रुकेगा नही
जब तक तुम हो, ये लोग हैं, यातनाएं थामेंगी नही।।

और मैं फिर आऊंगा और कहूंगा,
देखा वंही दबी होगी, निकालो उसे
और जल दो।।

Suraj Patel
Batch 2022

The Quiet Storm

And I don't know why, but the days feel quiet,
I try to write, But the pages stay white.

I search for words, but they won't come,
Like chasing shadows in the sun.

I beg the paper to come alive,
To break this spell, to let me thrive.

But it stays blank, no matter what I do,
Like a stubborn lock without a clue.

But in the silence, I find my way,
To beat the stillness and have my say.

Some nights I sit here, head in my hands,
Watching the clock drag through shifting sands.

I tell myself maybe the words are asleep,
Curled up in corners, hidden deep.

There's a lump in my throat I can't explain,
A restless ache that feels like rain.

I wonder if others have felt this too,
Or if I'm alone in this shade of blue.

But then a thought sparks — small, but warm,
Cutting a path through the quiet storm.

A single line falls, then another and more,
Like finding a key to a long-locked door.

And soon the page is no longer bare,
It breathes with life, with truth to share.

I smile at the mess, the ink, the stains,
Even droughts can bloom after the rains.

Ishan Garg
Batch 2022

नींद से परे

सड़कें थकी नहीं, चौराहे अभी जागते हैं,
मुरझाई आँखों से, नींद के झोंके झाँकते हैं,
गाड़ियों के हॉर्न और फोन की रोशनी के बीच,
खोई हुई खामोशी ढूँढती है अपनी रीत।

झरोखों पर टँगी अधखिली जम्हाइयाँ,
उन रोशन जिंदगियों की अधूरी तन्हाइयाँ,
उस चाँदनी सन्नाटे की राहें ढूँढती हैं,
जिन रातों में अब महफिलों की आवाजें गूँजती हैं।

फिर खुली आँखों में क्यों ऐसा अभाव है,
सुख–शांति तो जैसे बन गई बस एक याद है,
बिजली के झिलमिल दायरे में खोई है जिंदगी,
पर तारों की असली चमक अब दिखती नहीं।

हँसते हैं तस्वीरों में, बातें बड़ी करते हैं,
पर दिल के ये परिंदे क्यों जीने से डरते हैं।
इस चहचहाती भीड़ में, हर चेहरे पे तन्हाई है,
हर मुस्कान के पीछे क्यों एक उदासी–सी छाई है?

ख्वाबों के बाजार में नींद बिकती नहीं,
सुकून की कोई दुकान इस शहर में दिखती नहीं,
हर शोर में छिप जाती है दिल की पुकार,
रोशनी में ढक जाता है अंधेरों का संसार।

ये दुनिया थमती नहीं, भागी चली जाती है,
पर अपनी ही रफ्तार में कहीं खुद खो जाती है।
कभी तो आए वो रात, जब खामोशी अपना गीत गाए,
जब शहर की पलकों पर आलसी नींद उतर आए।

Shivangi Gupta
Batch 2022

You

They say petals are meant to fall,
Not a person for the other.
But I have already fallen for you,
Like a drop of rain in the Sun,
Making a spectrum of colours.

They say people do not sleep
because they have fears,
But it's your thoughts
which keep me
awake all through the moonlight glare.
For you, I could play
the guitar till all its strings
lose their tension,
For you, I could write
till none of the pages
is left ink ridded.

And I'll love you like the
fields love raindrops,
And the silence is
loved by the storm,
Like the moon loves to make the dead of night alive,
And the ivies love to climb the
walls along the aisle.

Like hummingbirds love the nectaries,
Like the setting sun loves to tint the seas,
And the waves love to destroy the sandcastles
along the beach.
Like sparks love to come along with the thunder,
And thunder loves to scare the poor.
Like mirages love to instil hope in the lost,
Like the oases love to hide in the deserts.

And for you, I might be
another affectionate stare,
But you are the one
I look for in every crowd and fare.

Riya Solanki
Batch 2024

Desert Rose

I yearned for him,
as a desert for rain
His smiling face pouring away my
pain hiding in his arms,
sensing sweet love's gain
I knew my mind made this Mirage
Unrestrained

I knew this pour never touched earth
leaving my
Caravan of dreams to
dearth,
This oasis of emerald was never true
His voice, whispering dunes seemingly
cruel

I hope next time,
when the stars align
Our shadows will meet
for the first time,
This Desert Rose
will be mine.

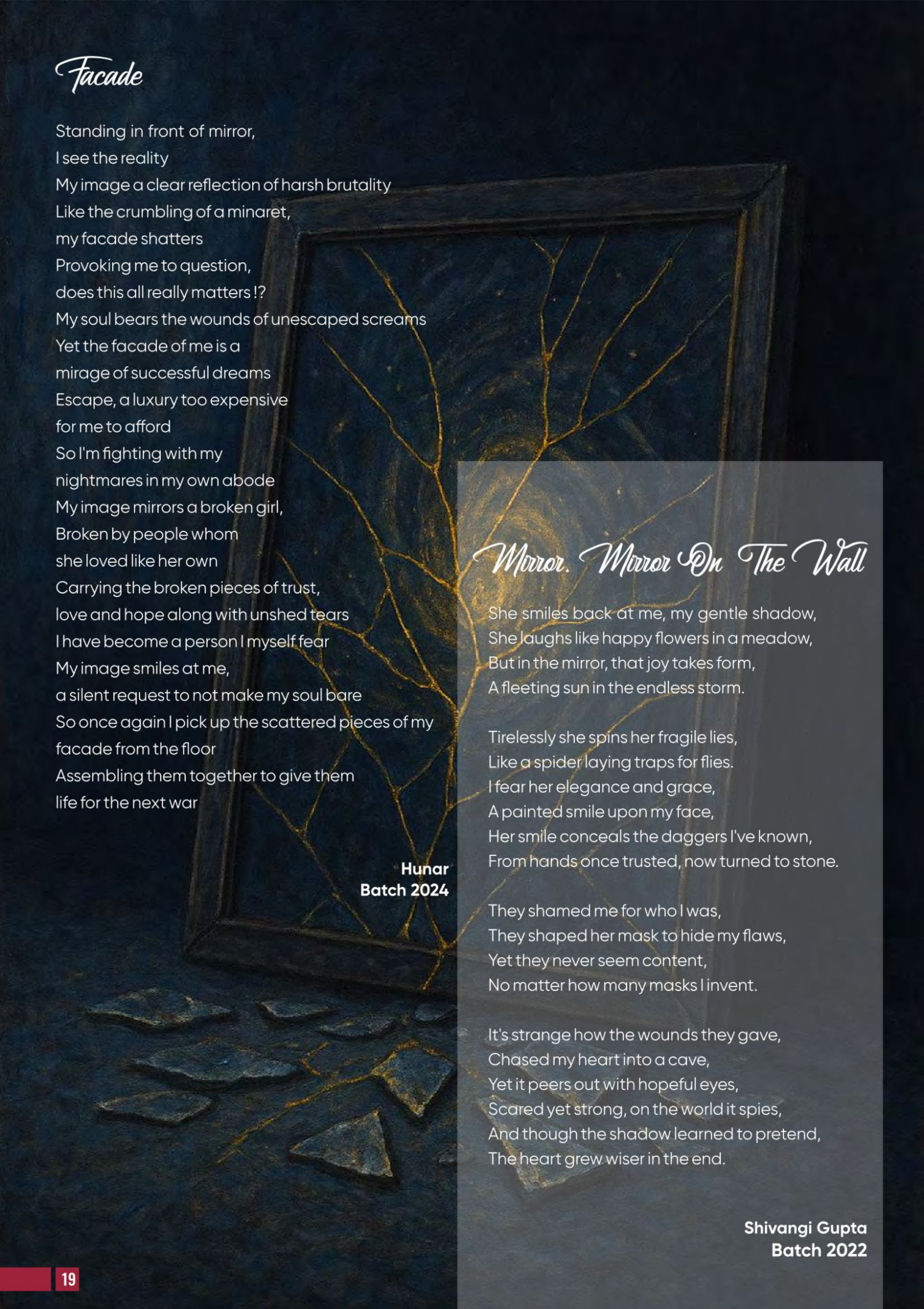
Anshika
Batch 2024

Whispers Of Wandering Soul

Through barren lands
and
endless haze,
Moves a caravan
in wistful gaze.
Once filled with fire,
bold and bright,
Now trailing embers
in the night.

Echoes dance in hollow air,
Songs of hopes
no longer there.
Golden visions,
torn apart,
Scattered dust
upon the heart.

Naman Garg
Batch 2024



Facade

Standing in front of mirror,
I see the reality
My image a clear reflection of harsh brutality
Like the crumbling of a minaret,
my facade shatters
Provoking me to question,
does this all really matters !?
My soul bears the wounds of unescaped screams
Yet the facade of me is a
mirage of successful dreams
Escape, a luxury too expensive
for me to afford
So I'm fighting with my
nightmares in my own abode
My image mirrors a broken girl,
Broken by people whom
she loved like her own
Carrying the broken pieces of trust,
love and hope along with unshed tears
I have become a person I myself fear
My image smiles at me,
a silent request to not make my soul bare
So once again I pick up the scattered pieces of my
facade from the floor
Assembling them together to give them
life for the next war

Hunar
Batch 2024

Mirror, Mirror On The Wall

She smiles back at me, my gentle shadow,
She laughs like happy flowers in a meadow,
But in the mirror, that joy takes form,
A fleeting sun in the endless storm.

Tirelessly she spins her fragile lies,
Like a spider laying traps for flies.
I fear her elegance and grace,
A painted smile upon my face,
Her smile conceals the daggers I've known,
From hands once trusted, now turned to stone.

They shamed me for who I was,
They shaped her mask to hide my flaws,
Yet they never seem content,
No matter how many masks I invent.

It's strange how the wounds they gave,
Chased my heart into a cave,
Yet it peers out with hopeful eyes,
Scared yet strong, on the world it spies,
And though the shadow learned to pretend,
The heart grew wiser in the end.

Shivangi Gupta
Batch 2022

Timeless Corners

The old house with a picket fence,
Down the forgotten street of memories,
Calls my name, stirs my sense,
And tickles my heart with soft reveries.

As I tiptoe gently around the place,
Beneath the velvet skies,
Moonlight drapes it in silver lace,
A tender glow that soothes my eyes.

Inside the window where shadows play,
I see my childhood linger there,
Grandfather's smile lights up the day,
A warn beacon, beyond compare.

The creaking floorboards hum a tune,
Of whispered laughter long ago,
A lullaby beneath the moon,
That only i used to know.

The old swing sways without a hand,
Caught in memory's gentle breeze,
As if the past has made its stand,
To linger softly among the trees.

I linger too, though night grows deep,
And feel the warmth of what once was,
A treasure of memories to keep,
A timeless gift without a cause.

Aarna Gupta
Batch 2022

Silent Echoes...

I want to cry, but the tears won't fall,
I want to smile, yet no joy comes at all.
I long to love, but my heart feels numb,
I try to hate, yet no reason will come.

I want to live, though I've lost my way,
At times I wish my soul could drift away.

I want to dream, but my nights are bare,
I wake to silence that hangs in the air.
I try to stop time, but it slips through my hand,
I run beside it, yet lose my stand.

I want to row, but the current is fast,
I try to swim, but the ocean is vast.

I want to run, to escape my mind,
But stopping feels like a heavy bind.
I long to fly, though my wings are torn,
I yearn to try, though I feel forlorn.

I want to help, though hearts seem closed,
I ask for help, but none are disposed.

I want to glow, though my light is thin,
I seek the calm that the sea holds within.
I hide my pain, though it spills too deep,
I bare my soul, though no one will weep.

Yet still a spark survives the night,
A fragile ember, a trace of light.
It hums of hope in the quiet air,
A promise that healing waits somewhere.

For even echoes, though faint, remain,
And guide me gently through loss and pain.
The darkness fades, and I understand:
I still can rise, with trembling hand.

Gitanshu Galgat
Batch 2022

Tokyo

Hallowed halos and a white winged embrace,
Dressed in miracles and dripping with grace,
Angels come in forms of many :
But to me an angel came, robed in fur of brown and ebony.

We brought you home in a box of blue,
You whined and cried the whole ride through.
"Who is this new girl?" You had not a clue :
Then weary and confused, you fell asleep;
your small head inside my shoe.

June would have been your name, that's true,
But you jumped off ledges fourfold your height,
And bared your teeth at dogs ten times your might,
It was only fair we called you Tokyo, beloved by all, in Money Heist.

But now you lay 6 feet below,
A patch of mud and grass your warm pillow.
That spot that is washed golden by sunlight,
Like all the days of basking in our porch, warm and bright.

This ball of grief gets smaller with time, I know;
But days loop on, glacial and slow,
When will it arrive?
This tomorrow?
Rewinds and replays do not suffice,
For immense love, why must grief be the ultimate price?

I loved it all, I hope you know.
Your smell, your fur,
beside the fireplace, your face
aglow.
For now I hope you're running wild and free
I'll see you soon, another tomorrow;
In a big, green, dandelion-lined grass meadow.

Daemitre Pariat
Batch 2022

A Pocketful Of Diamonds

Collecting the delicate drops
That glittered down as rain,
The child giggles, the laughter hops,
A joy she can't contain.

Tenderly she placed them,
Inside her tiny pocket,
Collecting each and every diadem
As if following a docket.

With her little pocket full,
And heart even fuller,
Wearing a smile, Oh so beautiful,
Even the fierce sun seemed cooler.

Excited she reached her home,
And opened her treasure,
Only to find a surreal chrome,
Turning each drop into a jewel of pleasure.

She kept the radiant diamonds
In her big and dreamy box,
Guarding them like secret islands,
Safe beneath its tiny locks.

Seeing her so proud, my eyes filled with tears,
In the cracked old mirror she danced all around,
Her laughter mended my silent tears,
And turned my sorrow to joy newly found.

Revisiting this memory of mine,
Always mended my heart,
Like raindrops turning into sunshine,
A joy that will never depart.

And when I open my box once more,
With diamonds from yesterday,
My childhood dreams come rushing back,
And sweep my sadness away.

Aarna gupta
Batch 2022

Perfect Lives

I wear a smile like borrowed skin,
Hoping that no one sees within,
A dress of confidence, fraying at its seams,
A sand castle, atop burried dreams.

I've chased a mirage across the sand,
Yet it slipped away from my outstretched hand,
I've run through miles and miles at stretch,
Bearing a thirst even oceans couldn't quench.

I scroll endlessly through perfect lives,
Through flawless days and happy smiles,
Each frame pricks me like a Cactus thorn,
Reminding me of hopes stillborn.

Entangled in the past, like an insect in a spider's thread,
Woven through with choices I wish I made instead.
But it's not the lives that we've never led,
It's regret itself that leaves us dead.

It's quite a revelation to truly see,
That the real prison existed just within me,
The lock is mine and so is the key,
I am ultimately the one who'll set me free.

Shivangi Gupta
Batch 2022

नाम छुपाता हूँ

आज जिक्र करता हूँ, मेरी मोहोब्बत के किस्से के बारे में,
मोहोब्बत नहीं, पर हर गम आया हिस्से हमारे में,
मुझसे मदद मांगी उसने, हाँ मुझ पर एहसान किया,
जब लगा उसका अपना हूँ मैं, फिर दो पल में मेहमान किया,
शायद मेरी ही कहीं खता होगी , उसमे तो कोई गुरूर नहीं,
इश्क भी तो मैंने किया, उसका तो कोई कसूर नहीं,
यूं इतराकर कुछ नहीं होता, बातों से बात बढ़ानी होती है,
गिर जाया करती है ईमारतें भी, पहले नींव बनानी होती है,
कहना चाहता था कह नहीं पाया, सबकी यही कहानी होती है,
फिर याद करते रहना उसको, ऐसे बर्बाद जवानी होती है,
सामने बैठ जाती है वो, पर आँखें नहीं मिलाती है,
मिलने का वादा नहीं करती, और पीछे खूब भगाती है,
बस वही किनारा दिखता है , अब मैं रुख मोड़ नहीं सकता,
खुदा मान लिया उसको, अब इबादत छोड़ नहीं सकता,
नाजाने क्यों रूठ गया मुझसे, क्यों ऐसे हालत हुए,
तीन दिनों से नहीं देखा उसको, दस दिन बीते बिना बात हुए,
जला रही अब दिल को मेरे, आग जो भीतर दहक रही,
ना चाँद रोशन लगता अब, इन फूलों में भी महक नहीं,
कह नहीं सकता उससे मैं ,तो शब्दों से इश्क जताता हूँ,
यूं नाम नहीं ले सकता उसका, तो उसका नाम छुपाता हूँ।
काश मुलाकात हो जाए उससे , हम आस लगाते रहते हैं,
मंजिल नहीं यहाँ कोई, इकतरफा इश्क इसी को कहते है।

Neev Mehra
Batch 2024

Interview

The First Salute To Change

Major Priya Jhingan

Major Priya Jhingan, the first woman cadet of the Indian Army, is more than a pioneer. She is a young woman with a dream big enough to challenge tradition. With courage in her heart and an unshakable determination, she stepped into history in 1992, opening the doors of the armed forces to women who had waited too long for their chance. Her journey is not just about breaking barriers in uniform but about carrying the hopes of many on her shoulders, showing that sometimes it only takes one brave step to change countless lives.

1. Growing up as the daughter of a police officer, what sparked your dream to serve in the Indian Army, a field closed to women at the time?

I grew up in a home where the uniform wasn't just a piece of clothing — it was a way of life. Watching my father put it on every morning, with such pride, honour, and quiet determination, left a deep and lasting imprint on me. I saw the weight it carried — the long hours, the sacrifices, the silent battles no one spoke about — and yet, there was always dignity in his bearing. The ethos of the Indian Army, service before self, resonated with something in my own spirit even before I knew how to name it. When I learned that women couldn't be part of the Defence Forces back then, I didn't see a wall — I saw a challenge. It wasn't enough for me to just dream of joining; I wanted to help unlock that door for every girl who came after me.

2. Your bold letter to General Sunith Francis Rodrigues in 1989 was a pivotal moment. What inspired you to challenge the status quo, and how did his response shape your path?

That letter was born out of an inner refusal to accept "no" as the final answer without even trying. I imagined my older self, years later, wondering what might have happened if I had spoken up — and I knew I would never forgive myself for staying silent. It wasn't defiance for the sake of rebellion; it was faith — faith that the Indian Army was strong enough to embrace the courage of its women and also faith in my own abilities. It was not acceptable to me that only men could safeguard their country and not women. General Rodrigues' reply was measured yet warm. He didn't dismiss me; he acknowledged the merit in my aspiration but also said that women will be inducted into the Army but it would take time. He advised me to carry on with my academic and physical preparation. That lit a fire in me. I realised that sometimes history begins with a single conversation, but it takes persistence, grit, and courage to see it through to change

3. As Lady Cadet No. 1 at OTA in 1992, how did you navigate the challenges of being among the first women in a male-dominated environment?

It felt like stepping onto a stage where every move was under the spotlight. The training was rigorous, the scrutiny was constant, and the unspoken question hung in the air — can women really do this? I decided my answer would not be in words but in performance. I kept my focus on the mission, I took my identity as Lady Cadet No.1 very seriously. I had to prove not just my own ability but be the motivator for the 24 others who stood behind me. Respect isn't handed to you; it's earned through competence, discipline, and the willingness to pull your weight in any situation and I was determined to earn it for all of us. I treated the "first" tag not as a burden but as a privilege — a chance to set the tone for those who would follow.

4. During your service in the Judge Advocate General's Department, you conducted numerous Courts-Martial. Can you share a story from one of these trials that reflects your approach to leadership and justice?

The most memorable trial I ever conducted was also my very first. Walking into the room, I realised I was the most junior officer there. A small voice in my head whispered doubts — would my rank,

size, gender, and inexperience make them question my capability?I decided to take charge from the start — greeted each officer, guided them to their seats, and took my place as Judge Advocate. The presiding officer, warm and avuncular, asked, "So, Lieutenant, how many Courts-Martial have you conducted?" Though a storm raged inside, I replied calmly, "Sir, this will be the fourth one." He smiled at the others and said, "Gentlemen, we are in safe hands." The trial went smoothly. I was meticulous, cautious, and firm yet respectful with the witnesses. At the end, the offender was found guilty. The presiding officer thanked the panel, praised my legal knowledge, and especially noted my handling of the witnesses. That's when I confessed — "Sir, this was actually my first trial." I braced for disapproval, but instead saw nods of respect. It was a powerful moment of validation — proof that confidence, preparation, and self-belief can silence doubt. That first Court Martial will always remain the closest to my heart.

5. From a cadet at OTA to mentoring kids today, how has your definition of leadership evolved?

At OTA, leadership meant command - The instructors commanded and we followed, unquestioningly. Over the years, I've learned that the most powerful leaders are also listeners, mentors, and enablers. Today, when I stand before young people, I tell them that leadership is not about the position you hold, but the difference you make. It's about creating space for others to rise, guiding without overshadowing, and knowing when to step back so others can step forward.

6. You've been a vocal advocate for permanent commissions and combat roles for women in the Army, contributing to the 2020 Supreme Court ruling. How do you view the progress of women in the armed forces today?

The strides we've made are remarkable — women commanding ships, leading troops, flying fighter jets. These were once daydreams. Yet, progress is not just about breaking barriers; it's about changing the mindsets that built them. Every time a woman officer excels, it sends a silent but powerful message. We have come a long way, yet, we have distance to cover, but the path is no longer invisible — it's being walked on, widened, and strengthened every day.

7. Having trained in conventional warfare, how do you view the rise of modern threats like cyber warfare, drone strikes, and psychological operations? Do they require a different kind of soldier or a different kind of conscience?

I think modern warfare has shifted battlefields from visible terrains to invisible networks, but the soul of soldiering hasn't changed. Yes, we need a new skill set — sharper technological literacy, adaptability, and mental agility. But more than that, we need a moral compass that can navigate the murkiness of new-age conflict. Whether you're on a frontline or behind a computer screen, the principles remain the same: act with integrity,

respect the laws of war, and remember that even in a digital age, a soldier's duty is to defend with honour.

8. How do your military experiences, such as leading a disciplined team, translate into the leadership lessons you impart to children?

The Army taught me that victory is built long before the battle begins — in training, in discipline, in trust forged within a team. For children, I translate that into small, consistent habits — showing up on time, preparing well, and supporting their peers. I teach them that discipline is not a cage; it's a framework that frees you to perform at your best. And I remind them that teamwork is not about everyone doing the same thing — it's about everyone doing their part for the same goal.

9. As a leadership trainer, which qualities do you think are most missing in today's youth that you're determined to replant not just skills, but values?

Without being judgemental I would say that in most cases resilience and accountability are lacking. I see a growing discomfort with failure, and often a readiness to point fingers rather than reflect inward. I try to show young people that failure is not a verdict; it's a teacher. Accountability, on the other hand, is about owning both your successes and your mistakes. Without these values, skills float untethered. With them, even modest talent can achieve extraordinary

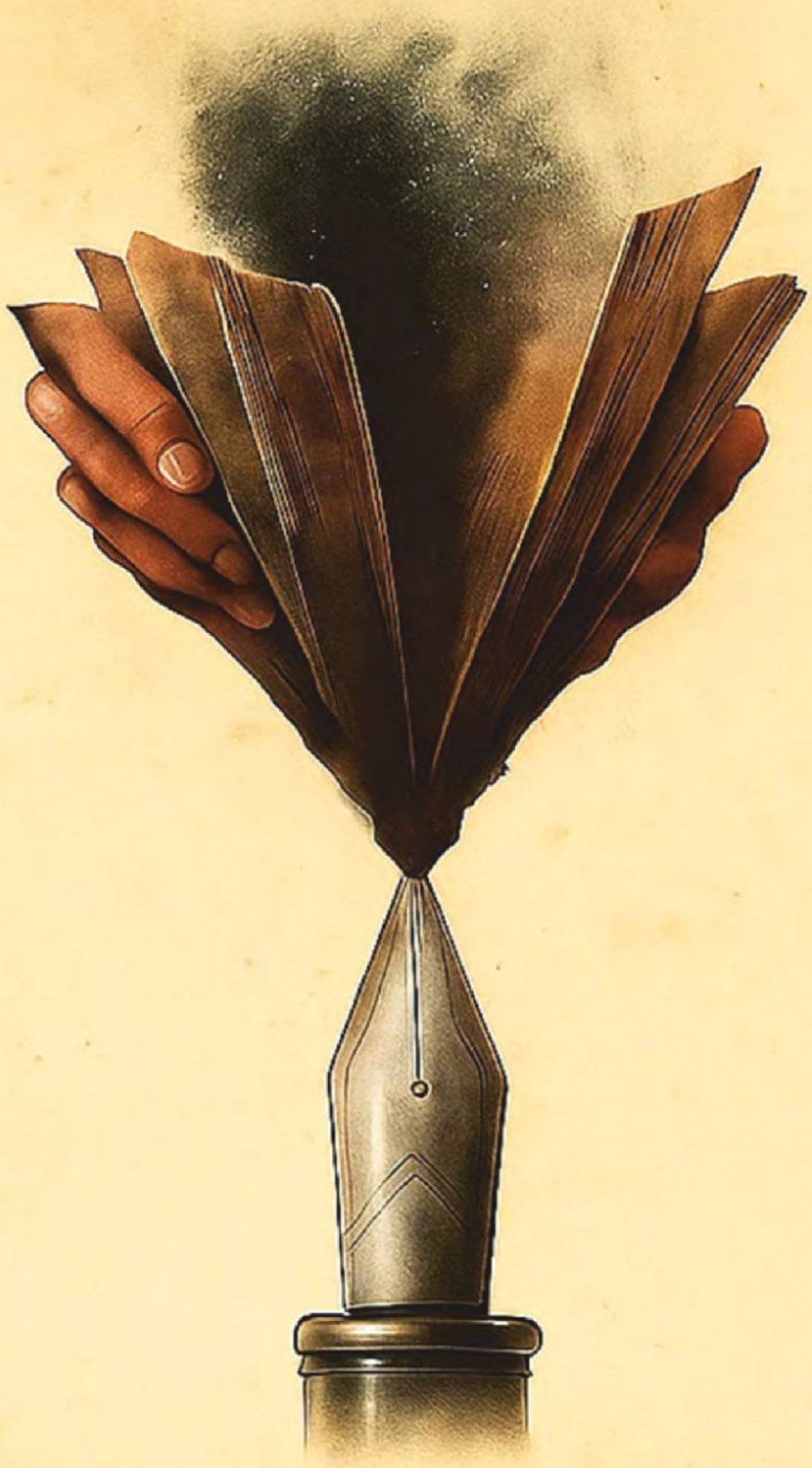
10. As a trained skier and mountaineer who led an all-women rafting expedition and summited Mt. Kilimanjaro, how do adventure sports complement your leadership philosophy?

Adventure strips away every illusion and leaves you face-to-face with your truest self. On a mountain slope or a turbulent river, there's no bargaining with nature — only the choice to prepare, adapt, and respect her power. Out there, every breath feels earned, every step deliberate. You learn to think with clarity when the air is thin, to trust your teammates as if your life depends on it — because sometimes it does — and to make decisions when seconds matter and the margin for error is zero.

Leading an expedition is so much like leading in life — you read the environment, pace the journey, protect your people, and remind them that the summit is not the only victory; the climb itself is the reward. On my trek to the Everest Base Camp, I understood something profound: the heart of adventure is not in reaching the destination, but in the unshakable commitment you bring to the journey.

PERSPECTIVES AND CHRONICLES

Tapestry of Words



Essays · Stories · Reflections

Do You Have A Sunshine 'es am ae li' (S.M.I.L.E)?

Dr Shikha Chawla

Obstetrics & Gynecology

A smile is more than just a facial expression. Smile is a neurophysical process which triggers the signal travelling through whole of the cortex to the brainstem and involves approxiatemately 17 facial muscles. Smile boost the secretion of endorphins like serotonin and norepinephrine- "the happy hormones". At the same time, it decreases the cortisol and epinephrine- the stress hormones thus decreasing the heart rate, blood pressure, stress and pain.

A child in the womb starts smiling as early as 24 weeks. Social smile is the very first developmental milestone that is achieved by a neonate. On an average a child smiles 400 times a day. Just pause for a moment and recall your childhood- see you are smiling! But then why does the frequency of smiling decrease as we grow older? Research shows only 1/3 of the adults smiles more than 20 times a day while approximately 14% smile fewer than 5 times a day. Which category do you belong to?

In a longitudinal study, researchers followed people over 30 years, analysing their school photographs. The presence and depth of smiles were strongly linked to longevity, happier marriages, and greater life satisfaction. Truly, a smile is a predictor of well-being. Smile leads to the path of confidence, competence, care, satisfaction, joy, healing and love.

Smile also has many types:

- Joyful Smile – expressing pure happiness
- Bonding Smile – strengthening social connections
- Greeting Smile – a gesture of warmth and welcome
- Contagious Smile – one that spreads effortlessly
- Sardonic Smile – ironic or mocking

In today's social-media age, reels often claim to teach you the "perfect smile." But is that real or just a reel? Remember, the neurophysical response of a genuine smile is equal to the pleasure of 2,000 bars of chocolate or receiving nearly 1 million rupees in cash! Smiling, quite literally, makes you rich.

In the end, the truth is simple: Any smile that makes you and those around you happy is the perfect smile.

So, Do You Have A Sunshine SMILE (es am ae li)?

An Unsung Tale Of Love

Dr. Divya Aneela
MD dermatology 2022

Love, the most overrated yet underrated entity in the world. From a newborn smiling up at its mother's face to the tear crumbs shining upon the tombstone, love extends across a lifetime. But the most discussed and glorified form of love is romantic love. Search through the books written over the millennia to the first book ever written or first story ever told, it will be the romantic love that would constitute the lion's share of it.

Why? Isn't the mother's love for her child good enough? Or the camaraderie of peers? Or the kindness of strangers? Maybe not.

Because romantic love evoked a multitude of emotions along with it. The first jolt when you lock your eyes. The endless nights of dreaming awake. The fervour of the first words. The enchanting first smile. The trepidation of being not good enough for that special someone. The electricity of the first touch. The ecstasy of the first kiss. The warmth of the first cuddle. The dismay of the widening distance. The anguish of the heartbreak. The agony of the ensuing loneliness. The solace of finally healing and finding self.

The love innumerable poets sung was never about love itself, but this turmoil and the multitude of emotions love evoked. The excitement that rouses us from the mundane everyday life. The possibility that even the ordinary, can be made extraordinary.

But what is love in its purest form? It is the simple affection we grow for anything or anyone. The mother cooking for her children, the father toiling for his family, the fistfights of siblings, the wagging tail of your pet, the smile that widens on bumping into friends, the warmth that arises from a random act of kindness, the tiny burst of happiness on seeing a beautiful flower. This is love. The love for our fellow beings, the love for the universe, the love for self.

It is this unseen, unsung, underappreciated love that keeps the world moving. Not the turmoil of emotions that keeps us on our toes, but the bliss of the calm and silent affection, is what drives us to try more, live more, be more every single day.

AI in Medicine

Transforming Healthcare for the Future

Aryan Rana

Batch 2022

Artificial Intelligence (AI) has rapidly evolved from a futuristic concept into a transformative reality in medicine. With its ability to process vast amounts of data, identify patterns, and make precise predictions, AI is reshaping the way healthcare is delivered. From detecting cancer early to predicting patient deterioration and personalizing treatment plans, AI is proving to be an indispensable ally. As Dr. Eric Topol insightfully states, "AI won't replace doctors, but doctors using AI will replace those who don't."

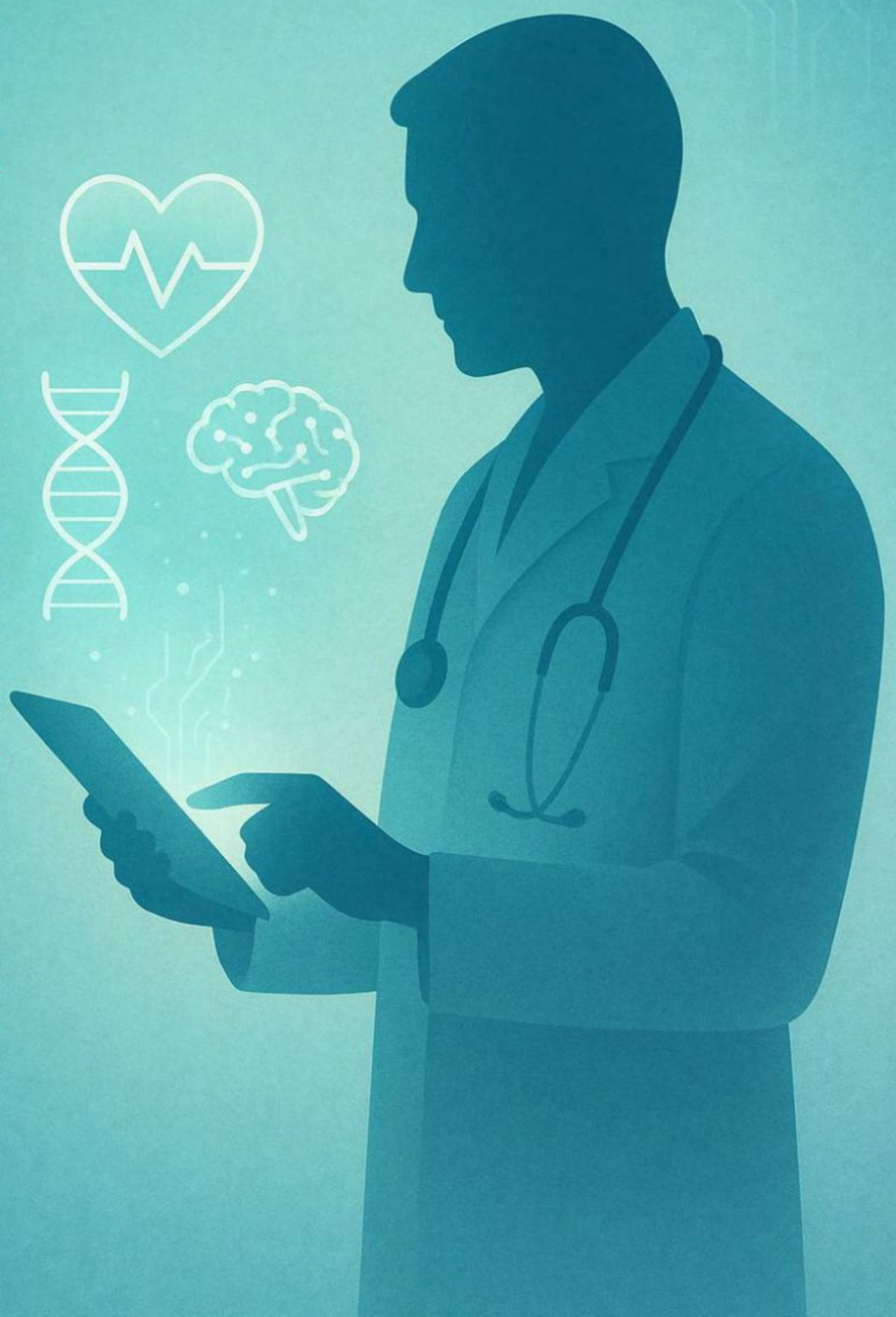
One of AI's most promising roles lies in personalized medicine. By analyzing genetic data, lifestyle habits, and medical history, AI can tailor treatments that are both effective and less harmful. In oncology, where tumor profiles vary greatly, this precision is invaluable. Similarly, in drug discovery, AI platforms accelerate research by identifying and testing drug molecules at record speed, reducing timelines from decades to just a few years. During the COVID-19 pandemic, AI also played a vital role in vaccine development and virus spread modeling.

In hospitals, AI improves efficiency by analyzing patient records, predicting bed occupancy, assisting in emergency triage, and streamlining administrative tasks. Virtual assistants and chatbots make medical guidance more accessible, especially in underserved regions. By taking over repetitive duties, AI frees healthcare professionals to focus on direct patient care—the human connection that technology cannot replace. As Dr. Fei-Fei Li reminds us, "The future of AI needs to be human-centered."

The benefits are clear: earlier and more accurate diagnoses, precision treatments, faster drug development, and more efficient systems. These advancements improve patient outcomes, cut costs in the long run, and allow doctors to focus on empathy and ethical judgment.

Yet, the challenges are significant. Data privacy and security risks, algorithmic bias, high implementation costs, and potential overreliance all pose dangers. Ethical and legal questions remain unresolved—if AI-guided decisions harm a patient, who is accountable?

The path forward lies in responsible integration. AI must be transparent, unbiased, and developed with medical professionals. Doctors should be trained to view AI as a partner, not a replacement. If done wisely, AI can usher in a golden era of healthcare—accurate, efficient, and humane.



Biryani

India's Crown Jewel in a Pot

Arnav Chugh
Batch 2022

Biryani: A Dish Beyond Borders

Few dishes in the world can command the kind of devotion, nostalgia, and excitement that biryani does. For many, it is not just food—it is an emotion, a cultural bond, and often, a family tradition. From the streets of Hyderabad to the homes of Kolkata, from the royal kitchens of Lucknow to the bustling food stalls of Karachi, biryani stands as a timeless dish that unites people across regions, religions, and generations.

At its core, biryani is a layered rice dish, fragrant with spices, often enriched with meat, eggs, or vegetables. But to define it so simply is to do it injustice, because biryani is not just about ingredients—it is about history, technique, and storytelling passed down over centuries.

The Origins of Biryani

The origin of biryani has long been debated. Some food historians trace it back to Persia, where a dish called birinj biryan (literally, "fried rice") was popular among the nobility. Others believe that biryani arrived in India with the Mughals, who transformed it into the royal delicacy we know today. The story goes that the Mughal emperors, particularly Shah Jahan's wife Mumtaz Mahal, inspired its widespread preparation. According to legend, she once visited army barracks and found the soldiers undernourished. She instructed the cooks to prepare a balanced meal of rice, meat, and spices—thus giving rise to a dish that would become biryani.

While the legend is charming, what is undeniable is that biryani found its true identity in India, where regional flavors, local spices, and cultural influences shaped dozens of unique versions.

Regional Varieties: A Journey Through India

Travel through India, and you will discover that biryani is not one dish but many. Every region adds its own personality, creating an extraordinary culinary map.

- Hyderabadi Biryani: Perhaps the most famous, this version is known for its dum cooking technique, where marinated meat and partially cooked rice are slow-cooked together in a sealed pot. The result? Aromatic layers bursting with flavor.
- Lucknowi or Awadhi Biryani: Softer on spices but rich in fragrance, this biryani is influenced by Persian traditions. The meat is cooked separately, and the rice is flavored with subtle aromatics like saffron and rose water.

- Kolkata Biryani: A fascinating offshoot of the Awadhi style, it became famous for its use of boiled potatoes alongside meat. This addition emerged during the rule of Nawab Wajid Ali Shah, who, after being exiled to Kolkata, recreated his beloved biryani but with modest substitutions. Today, the potato is celebrated as a signature element.
- Malabar Biryani: In Kerala, the biryani takes on a coastal character with the addition of short-grained rice and influences of coconut oil, curry leaves, and sometimes seafood.
- Sindhi Biryani: Bursting with tangy notes from yogurt and dried plums, Sindhi biryani has a spicier, zestier personality, beloved in both Pakistan and India.

This regional diversity proves that biryani is not static—it evolves with geography, culture, and the people who prepare it.

The Art of Preparation

Making biryani is more than cooking—it is a ritual. Patience is its most important ingredient. The rice must be carefully parboiled, the meat or vegetables marinated with spices, and the layering done with precision. Traditional biryani is slow-cooked in a sealed vessel, a technique known as dum pukht. This allows the flavors to meld together, creating a harmony that no hurried cooking can achieve.

The spices—cardamom, cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, star anise—are not just seasonings but the soul of biryani. Each one plays its role, creating a symphony of aroma and taste. This is why no two biryanis taste exactly alike, even when made with the same recipe.

Biryani in Modern Times

In today's world, biryani has stepped out of royal kitchens and into everyday life. From roadside vendors serving it on banana leaves to five-star restaurants offering gourmet versions, biryani is everywhere. Technology has also played a role—food delivery apps show biryani consistently topping the charts of most-ordered dishes across India.

Interestingly, biryani has adapted to modern dietary preferences as well. Vegetarian biryani, once dismissed by purists, now has a loyal following. Vegan versions replace ghee with plant-based oils and paneer with tofu. In some parts of the world, quinoa or brown rice substitutes the traditional basmati, proving that biryani can evolve without losing its essence.

Biryani as a Cultural Symbol

What makes biryani truly remarkable is not just its taste, but the emotions it evokes. It is a dish of celebrations—served at weddings, festivals, and family gatherings. It is also a dish of comfort—warming students in hostels, reuniting friends, and even serving as a symbol of hospitality to guests.

For many, biryani carries memories: of home-cooked meals on Sundays, of long queues outside iconic eateries, of secret family recipes guarded like treasures. Sharing a plate of biryani is not just sharing food—it is sharing culture, heritage, and affection.

Global Journey

Biryani's influence has not been limited to South Asia. Migrants carried it to the Middle East, Southeast Asia, and beyond. Today, one can find biryani festivals in London, New York, and Dubai. Restaurants across the world serve their own interpretations, but the essence remains unchanged—fragrant rice cooked with care, spiced with tradition, and layered with love.

Conclusion: More Than a Meal

Biryani is not merely a dish—it is a story written in rice and spice, told differently in every region, every kitchen, every family. It is history on a plate, carrying the legacy of empires, migrations, and cultural exchanges. It is art, requiring skill and patience. It is tradition, binding people across time and place. And most importantly, it is joy—one bite can transport you to memories of home, celebrations, and warmth.

- In the end, biryani reminds us that food is not just about sustenance. It is about identity, connection, and love. That is why, centuries after its creation, biryani continues to be celebrated—not just as a recipe, but as an experience that transcends borders

योग

स्वयं से मिलने की यात्रा

Vibhav Agarwal
Batch 2022

आज के समय में ष्योगष शब्द सुनते ही हमारे मन में सबसे पहले आसनों और शारीरिक व्यायाम की छवि उभरती है। सुबह की ठंडी हवा में किसी पार्क में लोग चटाई पर बैठे हुए, धीरे–धीरे आसन बदलते हुए, या फिर टेलीविजन पर योग–गुरुओं के कार्यक्रम, हममें से अधिकतर लोग योग को यहीं तक सीमित समझते हैं। लेकिन योग का असली अर्थ, इसकी गहराई और इसका उद्देश्य, इससे कहीं आगे है। ष्योगष शब्द संस्कृत की धातु ष्युजष से बना है, जिसका अर्थ है ष्जोड़नाष या षमिलनष। यह मिलन केवल शरीर और मन का नहीं, बल्कि आत्मा और परमात्मा, सीमित और असीम, साधक और साध्य के बीच का है। योग, अपने गहरे अर्थ में, एक आंतरिक यात्रा है, एक ऐसा मार्ग जो हमें बाहर की हलचल से हटाकर भीतर की शांति तक ले जाता है।

हमारा दिन सुबह से शाम तक काम, रिश्तों, इच्छाओं और चिंताओं के इर्द–गिर्द घूमता है। हम बाहर की दुनिया में इतने उलझ जाते हैं कि अपने भीतर झाँकना भूल जाते हैं। हमारे विचार, भावनाएँ और इच्छाएँ लगातार हमें खींचती रहती हैं, और हम इस खिंचाव में अपनी सच्ची प्रकृति से दूर होते जाते हैं। योग हमें रुकने, ठहरने और भीतर की ओर मुड़ने का अवसर देता है। यह मन के दर्पण को साफ करता है, ताकि हम स्वयं को बिना किसी विकार के देख सकें।

महर्षि पतंजलि ने योग को आठ अंगों में विभाजित कियारू यम, नियम, आसन, प्राणायाम, प्रत्याहार, धारणा, ध्यान और समाधि। यम हमारे आचरण और नैतिकता से जुड़ा है– अहिंसा, सत्य, अस्तेय, ब्रह्मचर्य और अपरिग्रह जैसे सिद्धांत हमें दूसरों के साथ संतुलित और करुणामय व्यवहार करना सिखाते हैं। नियम आत्म–अनुशासन और व्यक्तिगत शुद्धता पर केंद्रित है– शौच, संतोष, तप, स्वाध्याय और ईश्वर–प्रणिधान जैसे अभ्यास हमारे भीतर संयम और आत्म–जागरूकता लाते हैं। आसन केवल शारीरिक मुद्राएँ नहीं, बल्कि शरीर को स्थिर और आरामदायक बनाने का साधन हैं, ताकि लंबी साधना में मन विचलित न हो। प्राणायाम श्वास–नियंत्रण की कला है, जो हमारे प्राण–शक्ति को संतुलित करती है और मन को शांत करती है। प्रत्याहार इंद्रियों को भीतर मोड़ने की प्रक्रिया है, जिससे हम बाहरी उत्तेजनाओं पर निर्भर नहीं रहते। धारणा में मन को एक ही बिंदु या विचार पर केंद्रित किया जाता है, जिससे एकाग्रता बढ़ती है। ध्यान निरंतर और गहरी एकाग्रता की अवस्था है, जिसमें साधक और साध्य के बीच की दूरी कम होने लगती है। समाधि वह अवस्था है जहाँ साधक और साध्य एक हो जाते हैंय द्वैत मिट जाता है और केवल शुद्ध चेतना रह जाती है।

आजकल योग का लोकप्रिय रूप अक्सर फिटनेस और लचीलेपन से जुड़ा है। लेकिन वास्तविक योग शरीर को एक साधन मानता है, साध्य नहीं। जब हम आसनों में स्थिर होते हैं और अपनी श्वास पर सजगता से ध्यान देते हैं, तो धीरे–धीरे हमें एहसास होता है कि शरीर और मन केवल माध्यम हैं, असली लक्ष्य तो स्वयं से मिलना है। जीवन में उतार–चढ़ाव, सुख–दुःख, हानि–लाभ, ये सब लहरों की तरह आते–जाते रहते हैं। योग हमें सिखाता है कि इन लहरों में बहना नहीं, बल्कि इनके बीच अपनी स्थिरता ढूँढना है। यह स्थिरता केवल मांसपेशियों की ताकत से नहीं, बल्कि भीतर के मौन से आती है। यह मौन ऐसा है जो न समय से बँधा है, न परिस्थितियों से। यह हमारी सच्ची प्रकृति है।

यदि हम योग को केवल चटाई पर किया जाने वाला अभ्यास न मानकर जीवन जीने की कला मान लें, तो यह हमें हर क्षेत्र में संतुलन, स्पष्टता और करुणा देगा। हम पाएँगे कि योग केवल सुबह के एक घंटे का अभ्यास नहीं, बल्कि हर श्वास, हर विचार, हर कर्म में जीवित है। यह हमें सिखाता है कि कैसे गहरी साँस लेकर तनाव को दूर किया जा सकता है, कैसे क्रोध आने पर भीतर की शांति को बनाए रखा जा सकता है, और कैसे कठिन परिस्थितियों में भी मन को स्थिर रखा जा सकता है। योग हमें यह याद दिलाता है कि असली यात्रा बाहर नहीं, भीतर की ओर होती है। जब हम भीतर के उस शून्य, उस मौन में पहुँचते हैं, तो पाते हैं कि हम पहले से ही पूर्ण हैं। बस हमें इसका स्मरण नहीं था। योग उसी स्मरण की प्रक्रिया है। एक ऐसा मार्ग जो हमें स्वयं से, और अंततः उस असीम से, जोड़ता है। इसका अभ्यास, चाहे वह आसनों के रूप में हो, ध्यान के रूप में, या केवल सजगता से श्वास लेने के रूप में। हर पल हमें अपने भीतर के सत्य के और करीब लाता है। और यही है योग का असली वरदान, अपने भीतर वह शांति पाना, जो बाहर की किसी भी हलचल से अछूती रहती है।

Honour

Dr. Divya Aneela K

MD Dermatology 2022

It was nearly 3 am, and I was nearly blackout drunk. In hindsight, I should not have chosen that dim-lit road that night, given the stories I had heard about it. And I almost made it too. I had crossed that road halfway through when I got a weird sensation that someone was following me. Looking back into that narrow twisting lane didn't calm my nerves, as all I could see was shadows dancing around eerily in the flickering streetlight. The hair at the back of my neck stood up.

I tried to orient my brain to look for a solid form of a person. In my inebriated state, my eyes were failing to obey my brain's commands. The whole street went in and out of focus, like a novice trying to tune his brand-new camera. As I could see nothing to solidify my fear or suspicions, I decided to move onwards in my chosen path.

I agree that, had I been my 10-year-old self, I wouldn't have dared to set foot in this lane, not after sunset and definitely not alone. But here we are, with some liquid courage in my system and I chose to bravely take this route back home, to my ancestral home.

I was back in my village after several years. When I was a kid, we used to come here for every vacation. Those were the golden days of my childhood. Mornings were spent in gathering up our little gang and going on make-belief adventures, climbing trees for ripe mangoes and contentedly eating our harvest in the tree shades in the afternoon. But we had a strict curfew, all of us. We had to be home by sundown. I was told that our family and the village were cursed, by a death that happened nearly a century earlier.

It was here, in the abandoned bungalow in this lane and the adjacent sheltered pond, that it happened.

A young woman was found dead, drowned in the pond. Drownings were not uncommon in villages. But the mysterious part was that she was an excellent swimmer, and she died on the eve of her wedding. Since then, multiple unexplained deaths have happened in the village, and they have been attributed to her spirit. Wild stories ran about her that she haunts young betrothed men and women, jealous of the wedding she could never have. Even one of my long-lost ancestor's disappearance had been linked to her curse.

Even though these stories terrified me as a child, they seemed a little too far fetched for my teenage self. My grandmother insisted that since the spirit had targeted our family once, we are directly under risk and should be extra cautious. I disagreed with her strongly on this. First of all, our long-lost uncle was not found dead in the village, he went missing around the time of her death. I assumed that, just like many patriots of that time who were fighting for freedom, he probably met his end in some unknown jail or bunker. My grandma reducing this history to a spooky story annoyed me beyond anything. And secondly, there was no direct link connecting his disappearance or those deaths to the spirit.

To prove my grandmother and the villagers wrong, my gang of friends set out after sundown to explore the abandoned mansion. It was an exhilarating adventure for a bunch of 14-year-olds, an upgrade from the make-belief adventures. We opened the locked dusty doors and joked about whether the ghosts were going to jump out at us in every room we entered. We were just about to explore the pond, when our scared and angry families put an end to our adventure.

I was prepared for it, the scolding and probably a beating, for our spooky quest. But what I was not ready, was the look of utmost terror on my grandmother's face when she found out where we were. She called the priest and tied blessed threads in all parts of my body she could access. Even then, that sense of fear remained in her, hidden most of the time, but peeking out whenever she looked at me, all throughout that summer. I felt guilty for making her worry, and decided to put an end to all our explorations.

It was more than a decade back from tonight. I am not an adventurous teenager anymore and not in

the company of my equally carefree and reckless peers, who are right now probably stumbling back to their own homes after our evening together of catching up. But the memory of that day brought some calm to me. After all we explored the whole mansion and found nothing but rusty doorknobs and dusty carpets. This thought steadied my steps. The street lamp had stopped flickering and the street looked peaceful, sane. I almost laughed out loud at my stupidity of minutes prior, of feeling scared of some faulty streetlights.

The moon had come out of the clouds and had filled the whole place in its pale blue light. The mansion looked majestic in this light, forlorn and crumbling, but still royal. Passing the mansion, I reached level with the pond, the villain of the story. It was half covered in algae, and occasional sprouts of water lilies. A crazy idea came to my mind.

The pond was the only place we hadn't explored, why not do it now? I pondered on this idea for a moment. I could call up my friends and finish the job we started 12 years ago. They would probably have reached home by now and slept, but surely would answer my call and the possibility of this adventure.

I held onto that thought for a minute and decided against it. This night and this adventure was mine and mine alone. The high from the alcohol was fading and a new high was running in my blood, the excitement of an adventure. I rerouted my path and turned towards the ruins at one end of the pond.

There was a broken roof made of century old terracotta tiles, with many tiles missing here and there. Moonlight swept in through the cracks, dimly lighting the broken steps leading to the water. It was damp and slippery, covered in algae and overgrown weeds. I walked down to the last step and looked out into the pond. It was calm and still with the moonlight reflecting on the dark water, and the water lilies swaying in a mild breeze. It was eerily beautiful. A sudden waft of breeze touched my face, and with the breeze, it brought a faint scent of Jasmine flowers.

Jasmine?

At this time of the year? Here?

My heart rate began to rise, surely it must be my faulty drunken senses.

Just as I was assuring my heart to calm down, I sensed a shadow in the corner of my eyes. For the second time in the night, terrified to find what I will see, I looked in the direction. Surely it must have been the moonlight playing with my eyes.

And then, my blood froze in my veins.

A woman.

Sitting at one end of the steps, dipping her left foot in the edge of the pond.

I stood there, not able to move a limb, my brain paralyzed, my voice dead in my throat.

My heart pounding violently in my chest was the only thing that assured me I was not dead. Yet.

Time kept ticking by, how long I stood there, I am not sure. Minutes, hours? Still the woman didn't look at me, she kept her position, moving her foot dipped in the edge of the water to some unknown rhythm.

Her hair was pitch black; it ran down her back past her waist in beautiful curls. She was wearing a dull white clothing, something between a saree and a dhoti, something I have seen old women wear to temples occasionally. Her face was hidden in shadows.

She didn't seem to acknowledge that a living human with a pounding heart was standing a few feet away from her. She didn't seem to have any immediate plan to jump on me and drink my blood.

As I stood watching her for some more time, some sense of feeling began to come back to my limbs.

A voice in head was urging me “Run, now is the time, Run with all might”.

But I didn't run.

The more I stood there, I realised more my fear was ebbing away. A sense of familiarity was creeping in, like I knew her, like I knew this place all along. The voice in my head was telling me panic-stricken,

“Run, what are you doing? Are you crazy? Run now”.

But the voice was fading, being tuned out of clarity like a radio.

I took my first step towards her.

In the silence, the crunch of my shoes sounded like a gunshot. Still, she didn't look back. I walked slowly but steadily towards her, with an unexplainable yearning in my heart.

I stood right next to her, waiting for her to acknowledge me.

She turned her head and looked at me.

I gasped.

She was beautiful. The kind of beauty I have only seen in paintings of Ravi Varma. Her kohl rimmed eyes were dark and round. Thick lashes lined her eyes. Her eyebrows arched gracefully over them. A drop of water was clinging to the tip of her sharp nose. There was a dark mole at the left corner of her upper lips. Her deep tinted full lips were curved in a doleful smile. I realised that her curly hair and her clothes were damp and dripping, as if she had just taken a dip in the pond. We kept looking at each other for a long time. Her eyes were too mesmerising to think of anything else, but her. She smiled at me sadly and said, “I was waiting for you all this time”. And I knew she was speaking the truth.

I looked down at her foot in the water which was making tiny ripples in the water. There was an angry reddish mark in her ankle, like something was tied to it before. She followed my gaze to her ankle. When she looked back again to my face, that sad smile was playing in her lips again. I wanted to ask her whether she was hurt, but couldn't form solid words out of my mouth.

She stood up in front of me, dripping from her clothes and hair into the steps. She looked like a piece of cloud plucked out of heaven and placed on the ground.

'Otherworldly' was the word that sprung to my mind on seeing her, “which she might be” reminded a feeble voice in my head before being extinguished.

She held out her dainty hands towards me. I took her hand without a second thought. It was as cold as the water that was now splashing on my legs. The cold seemed to be spreading from the tip of her hands to mine.

She smiled again before jumping into the water, taking me with her. The icy cold water burned my skin on contact. It felt like tiny needles were piercing through my pores. But I was not afraid, not with her by my side. She swam deep into the darkness of the pond, the moonlight above the pond was fading into darkness. I swam alongside her, struggling to find my way through the roots of the overgrowth. I wondered where she was taking me.

Just as the thought formed in my mind, she let go of me. Now panic kicked in. Her presence meant safety. With the rapidly dawning sanity, I realised that I was deep inside a cursed pool in the presence of what probably was a ghost, with not even a hint of light to guide me to surface. I frantically began swimming towards what I prayed was the surface. Then something caught my leg and started pulling me down.

In sheer panic I let out a silent scream and along with it, all the air I was holding in. My head started spinning. It was pulling me down to the depths. Kicking and writhing against it, I realised that it was a chain, a metal chain weighing me down. I tried blindly to wrench it out of me, but it was too heavy. When I felt the ripple of a 'thud' at the bottom, I realised what was dragging me down. A heavy weight was tied to the other end of the chain, keeping me to the basin, preventing me from swimming upwards.

I began fumbling the chains around my ankle and around the heavy weight now resting on the basin of the pond and chanced upon something entirely different.

Bones.

Human bones?

It was entangled with the chains that was weighing me down. The shock of this discovery, kicked in a panic response in my fuzzy oxygen-deprived brain. I grabbed a bone and used it as lever to yank out the chains from my ankle. With a final pull, I was free. I kicked off from the basin, fighting the plants and debris blocking my way to the air my lungs were screaming for. With a final kick, I broke the surface and spluttered into thin night air.

I was lying on a soft surface, my whole body ached as if every inch of me was beaten up. Squinting

through my heavy eyelids, I could see the reddish rays of setting sun seeping into my room. It was dusk. The air was thick with chants and the fumes of incense. I was at my grandmother's home, and there seemed to be more people than usual downstairs.

I pulled up my leaden limbs from the bed and went down the dingy stairway leading to the hall. There were indeed a large number of people, priests chanting some prayers, neighbours, relatives, even my parents have come down from the city. Everyone seemed to be absorbed in the prayers going on.

The stairs creaked on my next step and I felt everyone's eyes turn towards me. My little cousin who was lurking at the bottom of the stairs ran up to me and asked,

“Are you okay? What happened?” with equal parts curiosity and fear in her voice.

“I lost my way in the dark and fell in the pond”

I hoarsely shouted out to the curious crowd in the room, wondering at the same time whether it was indeed the reality. Was my alcohol addled brain lying to me? Was I hallucinating? Was it real?

My answer prompted a fresh onset of hushed murmurs, people looking at me over their shoulders and shaking their heads, some of them clasping their hands tighter in prayer. Just by the side of the altar was my grandmother, and my eyes met hers. I saw again that look of absolute fear in her eyes, and we both understood silently that what I said was indeed a lie.

“Since you didn't return till morning, grandma gathered up neighbours and searched for you. They found you unconscious and wet near the pool of the ghost mansion” My cousin finished her explanation in a whisper.

“Grandma is holding this prayer for the protection of you and our family. Also, a prayer for the soul of the dead granduncle of ours”

I listened to her passively, trying to make a sense of what happened last night, a thousand questions spinning in my hungover and near-drowned brain.

Was it real, any of that? In my heart I knew it was, and so did my grandma. What does she know? That makes her this terrified?

Impulsively I touched my ankle and winced. I looked down to see reddish welts where the chain had cut into my skin, just like hers. There it was, undeniable proof that it indeed was real, that I met the most beautiful woman I have ever seen at a haunted mansion last night.

Was she tied down to the bottom of the pond by those chains like me? But why? And why me? Why was she waiting for me? If her body was recovered from the pond that day, then whose bones are lying at the basin, unaccounted for? I sat there befuddled watching the priests chant in unison for the departed soul.

And then like a bolt of lightning, it struck me, why she was waiting for me, why my grandmother was terrified for me and our family, why this prayer was being held for my long lost kin, and who lay as broken bones at the basin of the pond.

She didn't die alone that day. The heavy chains were meant to drown them together, her and her love, my kin. A love that was a taint to the honour of their families.

She was not a jealous or vengeful spirit.

She was the guardian of her love and my blood.

She was the victim of a love, that the world didn't deem fit.

She was a dark secret that was not meant to escape the chains and reach the surface.

She was the secret keeper of the honour of her family and mine.

A new prayer had begun, for a different soul. Her.

As I watched the priest chanting her name into the fumes, I looked out of the window into the darkening dusk. I could make out the silhouette of the mansion in the settling night, as her name formed in my lips “Mythili”.

I knew this wouldn't be the last time that I see her.

And I knew that she would be waiting for me.

The Unfinished Letter

Dhanishtha

Batch 2023

You'd have to read it twice to complete it

The winter winds were harsh outside. Beth sat at the dining table opposite the window to the backyard, observing the sun as it set. The clock on the wall ticked away the seconds, its rhythm filling the quiet air of the house. She was preparing the pre-anniversary dinner. Frames on the wall hung, showing memories of a distant past. The oven bell rang, and she got up to take out the hot pie. As usual, she hoped that her husband, Charlie, would come back home on time today. It happened that on every occasion they had planned, Charlie could not reach on time. He was always late.

As a surgeon, Charlie's job was demanding, and Beth had learned to accept the unpredictability of his hours. Every anniversary they had almost had to be celebrated the next day because some emergency at the hospital always came up. Beth still kept her hopes up that he would arrive on time someday. This time it was a little different. She had taken a teacher's leave from school and had been preparing all his favorites herself since Charlie left for work that morning. He had promised he'd make it in time. She also wanted to surprise him by sharing great news—her bakery shop startup, for which she wanted a loan, had been finally approved by the bank.

As she placed the hot pie on the table, the aroma and heat wafting in the air, her phone rang. It was Charlie. She was rather disappointed and hesitant to pick up his call at 4 o'clock in the evening, as she had almost anticipated another emergency striking at Charlie's desk. And so it was...The hospital was short-staffed as usual, and a patient with gunshot wounds had to be attended. Charlie had to stay back and perform the surgery.

“I am sorry, but I would arrive late at night as soon as I complete my work. I promise it won't be too late.” Charlie explained.

Beth sighed, “I know. It happens always. I had to share and surprise you with something that I cannot do in front of the guests tomorrow, but I guess I'll have to wait.” Charlie reassured her and soon cut the call and went back to work.

Beth's disappointment grew with time. She tried to pass her time by reading the newspaper, fixing the flowers, and reheating the food from time to time, hoping that Charlie would arrive at any moment.

The evening dragged on. The quiet of the house, once soothing, now felt suffocating. She glanced at the clock again—9:30 PM. There was still no sign of Charlie; his calls were unanswered. Eventually, she gave up. She ate the meal in the company of Charlie's absence and the silence of her house. The slumber did her spirit seal. She dozed off at the dining table, the candlelight flickering softly, casting a shadow over her form.

It was around 11:30 PM. Keys jingled at the door but weren't loud enough to wake up Beth. Charlie finally entered and saw Beth sleeping on the dining table. The aroma

of cold food had lingered on. Charlie was guilty, yet again, of not keeping her promise.

“Beth,” he whispered, “you shouldn't have waited. Let's get you to bed.”

“Did you eat?” she asked sleepily, rubbing her eyes.

“I already had dinner at the hospital,” he replied, his voice soft with exhaustion. “Emergency surgery. You know how it goes.”

“Hmm,” Beth replied. It was their anniversary tomorrow, but neither had the energy to celebrate it tonight. As usual, it was understood that the anniversary cake would be cut the next morning.

The sun's rays peeked through the curtains and hit Beth's eyes, gradually waking her up. She turned to her side, expecting to find Charlie beside her, but the bed was empty. Her disappointment met her again. He must have had to leave early for another emergency, she thought, still fighting sleep's grip on her. It seemed like Charlie was married to the clock instead of her.

She got up from the bed with a gloomy face, unsaid words, and thoughts lingering from the previous night. She discovered a letter lying on the side table. She was surprised because Charlie seldom wrote any letters. It read:

“Happy anniversary, my dearest Beth. I could have never asked for love and support greater than yours. For 7 years, on every anniversary of ours and other important occasions, I have been guilty of not being there at the right moment. The same is true for the previous night. But whenever I do manage to be with you, I feel utmost peace. That's the nature of my life, and nobody can understand that better than you. I would choose you a thousand times in every lifetime I get, and I wish you would do the same... wait...”

The letter ended abruptly. It looked unfinished. The handwriting gradually became jagged towards the end. Charlie had written it hurriedly and couldn't pen down all his thoughts properly. It did cool down Beth's frustration, though. She acknowledged the letter and accepted her fate. At least Charlie was sensible enough to jot down the letter before he left, she thought. It wasn't really his fault; his job didn't spare him. She pulled out her phone to wish Charlie, but she was surprised as she noticed the screen was filled with 15 missed calls from last night. She felt a pang of guilt in her chest, wishing she hadn't silenced her phone. Charlie had eventually come back home, though.

In a hurry, she dialed his number with a sweet smile. It rang several times before the call was picked up—but it wasn't Charlie's voice on the other end. A woman had picked up the call. Her voice was shaky and strained; she spoke through the line, her tone heavy with sorrow:

“This is Nurse Elise from Louis Shepherd Hospital. We tried calling you several times last night but couldn't get an answer. I'm afraid to convey this news, but your husband, Charlie... he... he died in a car accident last night, around 11:00 PM.”

Beth froze, her eyes widened, and her heart skipped a beat. She thought she was in a dream. “What?” she whispered, unable to process the words.

“I'm so sorry,” Nurse Elise continued. “He was too tired. We believe he fell asleep at the wheel. There was an accident on the bridge near the lake. The road was under construction, and proper diversion signs hadn't been placed. It seemed the car lost

its balance and resulted in a crash against the railing. He didn't survive. We found roses and an anniversary cake in his car, along with a picture of you. We tried our best to resuscitate him, but... he passed away at 11:30 PM. The whole hospital staff is grieving the loss of such a generous and kind surgeon. You're requested to come and see his body."

She couldn't believe the nurse's words. Charlie was with her last night. There is no way he could have been in the accident. The nurse must have made a mistake. Beth felt like she was transported to some other reality—a place that did not feel like home. She felt utterly uncomfortable. The tears choked her, and she felt suffocated. Her knees went weak as she swayed and fell onto the chair, a heaviness settling on her chest like someone was dropping heavy bricks on her.

Then, who came last night?

Was it really Charlie?

All she knew now was that she had to go and see him one last time. Maybe... just maybe, she would encounter him at the reception or in his office chair going through the case files. What if she might see him coming out of the OT to hug her and wish her on their anniversary?

With trembling hands, Beth stood, wiping the tears from her eyes as the phone slipped from her fingers onto the wrinkled bedsheet. The food on the table was untouched, and the flowers had dried. Without thinking twice, she rushed to the hospital to see him. The letter and the time she spent with him were unfinished, after all. She opened the door to leave, allowing an eerie silence and eternal grief to creep in and take her place instead. Frames on the wall hung loose for her. She left the house to bring him home.

Maybe she'd never return home again.

She Wore My Face

Anmol Rattan
Batch 2022

Knock! Knock!
The sharp knock shattered the silence, yanking Ritu out of her haze.
“Open the door!”
The voice, urgent, cut through.
A shallow gasp escaped her.
That voice... unmistakable.
She froze, heart pounding, hand inches from the knob.
It couldn't be... It was her own voice.
She felt her skin tighten. Her heart thudded against her ribs. She stepped forward. She turned the knob slowly, and the door creaked open. The outline matched hers exactly, shoulder to shoulder, eye to eye.
Ritu's lips parted. “Who are you? And what do you want?”

The figure at the door didn't reply. It took a step further. The light above flickered. Ritu didn't flinch, but her stomach turned, cold and sour. It couldn't be. No—it was her. Same face, same clothes—like standing outside her own body. A gush of chilled air came in. The other Ritu stood still, balancing the chaos she had brought in. Ritu grew pale. If this were a nightmare—she didn't want to know how it ended.

Ritu looked at the clock—11:14. She closed the door, hesitating. It had been ages since someone had set foot in the apartment.
She backed up, stiff-legged, eyes fixed on the thing at the door. The figure followed.
Then it spoke. Voice like iron.
“Don't you see? I'm you.”

Silence had lived here longer than she had. Until now. Until... her.

Pain spiked behind her eyes. Not again. Not that flashback. Highway 66. The scream. Her hand on the wheel—or had she been gripping a bottle? The stench of whiskey returned—burning her throat like a memory. She hadn't driven since that night.
She couldn't tell anyone about what happened. That night... never ended.
The screech of tires. A red dress flying like a flag across her windshield. Then silence.
But the memory kept shifting. Slipping. She didn't want to think about that night. Not now. Not ever.

Thunder cracked overhead, snapping her back to the now.
“You don't remember how it ended, do you?” Her shadow said. “You've forgotten who you left bleeding on the road.”
“No, I didn't mean to.” Ritu was adamant.
“You looked away before the windshield cracked, didn't you?” The shadow kept pressing.
“I swear I was sober.” She broke down. “Why are you doing this to me? Why now?”
“You left her to die that day. I'm just here to return the favour.”

“What do you mean?” Ritu's mouth went dry.
“She begged.” The shadow was onto her—onto her wrongdoing.

She needed comfort. She needed her cat beside her. “Bianca!” she called out. A white cat appeared from behind the couch. As Ritu came close, it growled, as if to bite her.
Ritu backed up. She stepped back, her face twisting in disbelief.
“That... has never happened. What is all this?” she asked, turning to the other Ritu.
“You're lying to yourself, just like you lied to the cops. She wore red, remember? Her name was Alia.”
“Stop... stop talking.” Ritu got defensive.

The figure just smiled—wide, wrong—and turned away.
“She's still waiting for you, you know. Alia.”
Then it slowly took steps towards the door. She lingered at the threshold, fingers trailing the frame like a dare. Then she vanished into the storm. She had left a bloody handprint. Dark and wet on the wall. Ritu stared. Reassuring herself, she followed. She was outside before she realised she'd stepped out. Her eyes fixed on the handprint the figure had left—the red was too bright, too fresh. A throb pulsed in her temples. Her brain screamed no. Her body didn't listen. The storm lashed against her skin.

A dream. It had to be a dream. Right?
Ritu got in her car. The figure sat beside her, murmuring directions like old memories. Left. Right. Ritu's gut twisted—she'd driven this road before. The trees swayed in the heavy wind. Ritu felt her pulse match the thunder. It was a different night for her. Yet quite the same. After 15 mins or so, they came to a fork in the road and the figure asked her to stop.

“What happened?” Ritu asked.
“This is where you chose to forget.” The figure smiled.
She stood at the split in the road—and in her mind. Both led somewhere dark. To follow her mirror self in curiosity or to just go back home to be in her cosy bed with her cat.
Her hands darted to her pockets. Empty. She patted again. No phone. Her fingers searched again—pointlessly. Panic bloomed in her chest.
“I... I'm going back,” Ritu said. The figure remained silent.

Ritu repeated. Still silence. The rain came down in knives. Cold. Punishing.
Ritu remembered this road. This turn. She was on Highway 66.
She turned to see the figure. No one. She couldn't believe her eyes. The cool wind sent a chill down her spine. Her hands were clammy; her throat dry. She wanted to scream, but fear had stolen her voice.u
Time marched on. Her thoughts stumbled behind. She had to move. She clenched the keys to her car like a lifeline. Her hands trembled. Another car came speeding the wrong way. It had headlights on, with brightness that blinded her. Something about the lights—too fast, too close.

She swerved. She jumped into the bushes. As the car vanished, she crawled out of the undergrowth. It took a moment for the shock to wear off. Then she saw it—a body

lying in the middle of the road.

She hurried towards it. It was lying prone, and she could see blood oozing from multiple lacerations. She turned the body over—and froze. It had no face—smooth like wax, like a sculptor had abandoned mid-creation.
Ritu's knees gave in. She staggered. She didn't blink. Couldn't. She could only feel the pounding in her skull, and a voice that screamed: run. Fumbling with the keys, she got in her car.

“This... this can't be happening. No. It's all a dream.” She mumbled.
She turned the key. A dry click. No engine. Again—silence. Her breath stopped. She looked up. At the body.

Her third try yielded success. With trembling hands, she drove. Her knuckles white. Where should I go? She thought to herself. She wanted comfort. She wanted to escape. To forget.

And then, suddenly, it all came back—Highway 66 a couple of years ago. The girl. The silence after the scream. How she didn't stop when she hit her. She smelled burnt rubber. She felt something slither down her wrist—blood. She couldn't feel any pain and yet she wanted to stop. Stop doing. Stop thinking. Escape somehow from the guilt.

Somehow, she made it home. Her legs carried her upstairs like they belonged to someone else. A white cat crouched at the door, hissing like she saw a stranger.
“Bianca?” She whispered, coming closer. The cat turned away and ran.
11:14. Still. Always.

She lifted her hand to knock—Knock! Knock!—but the sound had already come.
"Open the door!"
The voice, urgent, cut through the stillness.

Interview

IN CONVERSATION WITH GRACE

Dolly Ahluwalia

Dolly Ahluwalia is a versatile Indian actress and award-winning costume designer, celebrated for her work in theatre, television, and films. A National School of Drama graduate, she has delivered memorable performances in movies like Vicky Donor and Haider, while also earning National Film Awards for her exceptional costume design. Known for her sincerity, adaptability, and passion for storytelling, she continues to leave a lasting mark on Indian cinema both on and off screen.

1. What is your approach to acting and costume designing respectively?

A. The approach to acting and costume designing is very different. I find costume designing to be extremely challenging as in every costume, one has to make the audience understand who the characters are and make it believable for them even if it is a slapstick comedy. From acting point of view, whatever character I do and whatever projects I take are challenging in the sense that I'm constantly working with new people and new equations are being formed.

2. If you could swap roles with someone else in the film or theatre industry for a day—director, writer, cinematographer, or anyone—what role would you choose, and what's the first thing you'd do?

A. I would love to be an editor. I believe that editor is the true magician behind the scene. Editing in itself is very challenging. Everything we see on the screen is an editor's magic, they bring out the director's vision, add an emotional depth to every scene and ultimately make a movie what it is.

3. You've worked in both the high-energy chaos of film sets and the intimate world of theatre. What's a quirky ritual you've developed to switch gears between these two creative spaces?

A. Before starting work on a film set or in theatre, I always take my lord's name. It's a small habit that calms me, clears my mind, and helps me adjust to the different energy each space brings.

4. What does theatre mean to you?

A.Theatre is my first love. Whatever I am today is because of theatre. Theatre has always been my backbone, something which has supported me and guided me throughout my journey—be it acting or costume designing. I say this with great belief that I wouldn't have been the same person as I am today without theatre. It's not only entertainment, but also education— something which has taught me not just the art of acting but also about life in general.

5. No one in your family is in any way associated with Bollywood, so how did you end up going to the national school of drama?

A. During my graduation, I took keen interest in many different extra curricular activities. When I was in St. Thomas, my principal called up my father and said that whatever she does, please see to it that she sees it through because she is a very talented person. After graduation, I applied for the job of air hostess and hotel management and it was actually my father who encouraged me to apply for NSD. After I got selected for all of them, I made 4

chits— three with each of these options and one being blank suggesting another possible future option. I took my lord's name and he guided me towards NSD.

6. What drives you as an actor when taking on new roles, and how do you use feedback to refine your performances?

A. My life's motto is to give birth to a character on screen and be reborn each time I step into a new role. Surrendering yourself to the art and being honest to yourself and everything you do in life is very important. I think for me, personally, constructive criticism is very important. It helps me understand my flaws and hone my craft.

7. In the film industry, typecasting is something many actors encounter. From your perspective as an actor, how do you view this phenomenon, and what do you feel is the most effective way to break away from or navigate typecasting while still keeping performances engaging and fresh?

A. I have been typecast as a mother in many projects, which is a common occurrence in our industry. But I believe shaking things up is ultimately the actor's responsibility. It's about finding ways to bring freshness, depth, and unique shades to even familiar roles, so that each performance feels new and alive. By exploring different interpretations, adding subtle nuances, and constantly challenging myself, I ensure that I'm not just repeating a pattern but creating something that resonates differently every time.

8. In the film " Sitaare Zameen Par", you worked with children with special needs, how did that experience change your perspective towards life?

A. Working on Sitaare Zameen Par was truly a new and eye-opening experience for me. It completely shattered many stereotypes I had unknowingly carried. The children I worked with were incredibly hardworking and deeply committed to their craft. What amazed me most was their attentiveness—not only did they remember their own lines perfectly, but they also knew the dialogues of other actors and would even correct us at times with such confidence and clarity. Their focus, dedication, and pure love for the work reminded me that passion and discipline have nothing to do with limitations, and it left me with a renewed sense of respect and humility towards life.

9. Which character you've played so far has left the deepest impact on you and continues to stay with you even today?

A. The most memorable role I've played was that of a woman whose in-laws forced her to undergo multiple abortions simply because she was carrying a girl child. The character's journey was heartbreaking—after enduring

this trauma several times, she discovers she is pregnant again and learns it will be a girl. This time, she runs away, determined to protect her child. She eventually gives birth to a boy, yet chooses not to return to her in-laws, symbolizing her reclaiming of dignity and independence. The role stayed with me because it reflected deep social issues and the silent strength of women who dare to break free.

10. You've seen the Indian entertainment industry evolve over the years. What's one trend you wish would disappear?

A. One trend I truly wish would disappear is the star culture. It creates an unhealthy hierarchy in the industry, where a handful of actors are placed on a pedestal while others, who are equally talented and hardworking, are undervalued—sometimes even in terms of payment, and everyone is aware of it. This over-glorification not only affects fairness and opportunities but also discourages fresh talent from coming forward. I believe the focus should be on the craft, collaboration, and the collective effort it takes to make a film or a show, rather than on elevating a few individuals above the rest.

RAPID FIRE

1. Comfort food: Khichdi
2. Go-to dish to cook when hungry: Poha
3. Favourite place to eat: The Cottage, Sector 7
4. Cat person or dog person: Dog person

Biryani or pizza: Definitely biryani

TUESDAY
09 SEPTEMBER
2025

CAPTURE THE MOMENT

TRAVELOGUE

Take only memories,
leave only footprints.

Photo by: Ishan Garg

Postcards to the Land of Passes

Prologue

Some journeys cannot be told in straight lines. They live better as flashes of memory. Our road trip through Srinagar-Leh–Ladakh was one such journey. It wasn't just about the places we saw — it was about what those places made us feel. So instead of writing a travelogue, I've written postcards, written not to people, but to the valleys, lakes and mountains themselves.

By: Prof. Shivani Jaswal,
Professor & Head
Department of Biochemistry

Dear Srinagar,

You were the gentle beginning — Dal Lake glowing like silver in the morning light, shikaras drifting as if time had slowed down, and gardens bursting with flowers that looked painted by hand. The air smelled of saffron and warm kahwa, wrapping us in comfort. You made us believe the journey would stay calm and poetic. But now I know — you were only the pause before the storm.

Dear Kargil,

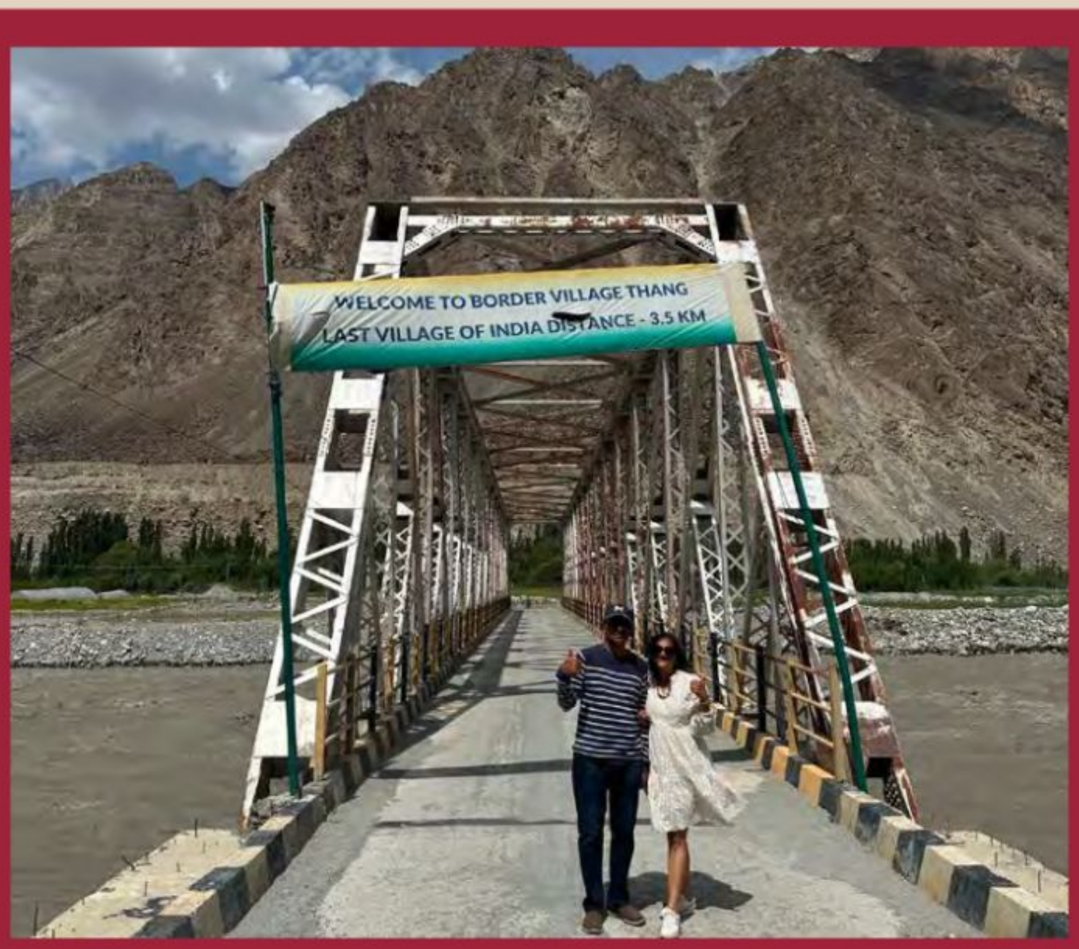
You carried silence in your air. At the War Memorial, every name carved on stone felt alive in the wind. There was no noise, no rush, just a stillness that made us stop and listen. It was here we felt how much is given, quietly and bravely, so the rest of us can live in peace.

Dear Mountain Passes,

You were the true tests of our journey. From the mighty Khardung La to Chang La and Zoji La, each pass had its own story — narrow roads, hugging cliffs, winds rushing through prayer flags, and snow peaks shining in the sun. Mighty Kardung La, you took our breath away — quite literally. At over 17,000 feet, every step felt heavy, but every view was worth it.

Dear Leh,

You felt like another planet — dry mountains in shades of red and brown, skies so wide they swallowed us whole. Breathing in your thin air was not easy, but it slowed us down and made us notice life in smaller details: prayer flags fluttering, monks chanting, stories carried in the silence of the rocks.



Dear Nubra,

You were both beauty and fear. Roads curved too close to the edge, and every turn felt like a dare. But then you opened into valleys full of light. At Turtuk and Thang, we met young soldiers with sunburnt smiles, standing tall at the borders. You reminded us that courage is not loud — sometimes it's just steady and quiet.

Dear Pangong,

You were a painting come alive. Your water shifted from turquoise to deep blue with every glance, as if you were playing tricks with the sun. That night, without phones or signal, we sat under a sky full of stars, warming our hands with a bowl of thukpa. For the first time in a long time, we were fully present — no screens, just stories and silence.

And finally, Dear Mountains,

Thank you for everything — for testing our patience, taking our breath away, and giving us memories we'll carry for a lifetime. We returned to Chandigarh a little dusty, a little worn out, but with lighter hearts and fuller spirits, holding onto the magic you left within us.

Dear Siachen,

You left us awe-struck. Endless snow-peaked mountains stood around us like silent guardians, marking the fragile boundaries of our country.. Amid this breath taking scenery, the presence of soldiers at your base camp was a quiet reminder of the strength it takes to call this frozen land home.

WHEELS & WONDERS

A Family Road Trip Across the Himalayas

By: Dr. Nikhil Mehta
Assistant Professor
Department of Forensic Medicne & Toxicology

Travel Dates: July 17 – 23, 2025

Family trips are special. But a family road trip through the Himalayas ? That's an adventure, a test of patience, a photo album of surprises, and a memory for a lifetime. After a long wait, in July 2025, I set out on a 7-day journey with my parents from Chandigarh to Leh, Nubra Valley and back — covering mountain passes, war memorials, desert valleys, and deep Himalayan forests. Here's how each day unfolded:

Day 1 – July 17, 2025

Chandigarh to Pathankot | 235 km | 5.5 hrs

I started my journey post-lunch, packing the car with essentials, snacks etc . The smooth highway roads made the drive easy, and the changing scenery — from cityscapes to forested edges — set the tone. Pathankot, nestled at the base of the Himalayas, welcomed us by evening with pleasant weather and hot tea. The excitement of the journey ahead kept me wide awake as it was peak season of Shri Amarnath Yatra.

Highlight: Trip to Leh was planned within two hours

Day 2 – July 18, 2025

Pathankot to Srinagar | 330 km | 9 hrs

We began early to beat the traffic and slowly climbed into the heavenly landscapes of Jammu & Kashmir. The mountain roads tested both patience and driving skills, but the view kept parents glued to their windows. Reaching Srinagar by late afternoon, we were greeted by the Mughal Garden, Pari Mahal and serene Dal Lake.

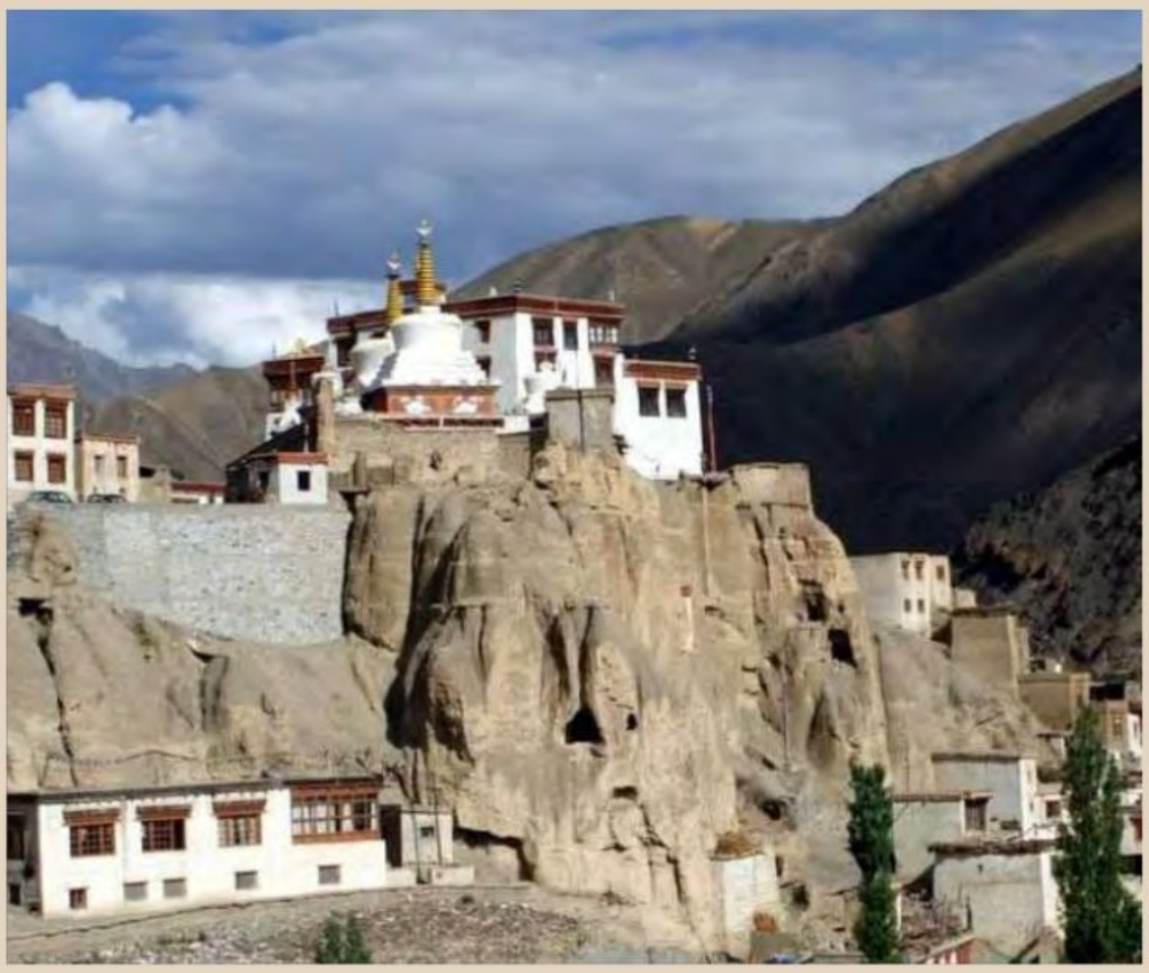
Highlight: Watching my parents enjoy a peaceful shikara ride as the sun dipped behind the mountains.

Day 3 – July 19, 2025

Srinagar to Kargil via LOC Viewpoint (Drass) | 210 km | 9 hrs

This day took us deep into the mountains. After crossing the stunning Sonamarg, we tackled the tough Zoji La Pass, had kahwa at zero-point, then paused at the LOC View Point near Drass. Surrounded by snow-capped peaks and army bunkers, we felt pride and gratitude. We reached Kargil in the evening, a quiet town that holds history in its silence. After crossing Namikala Pass in late evening we stayed at a place near Lamayuru by cresting the Fotu-La Top

Highlight: Zoji La Pass, The Kargil War Memorial and LOC view point.



Day 4 – July 20, 2025

Kargil to Nubra Valley via Lamayuru, Khardung La and Leh | 290 km | 10 hrs

Possibly the most thrilling day of the trip! From Lamayuru's moon-like landscape to the dizzying heights of Khardung La (18,380 ft), every turn stunned us. We finally descended into the Nubra Valley, a magical place where sand dunes meet snow mountains. We reached Hunder by evening, just in time for a camel safari.

Highlight : Historical Gurudwara Shri Pathar Sahib, Leh !

Day 5 – July 21, 2025

Nubra to Keylong | 350 km | 11 hrs

A long and dramatic drive through remote valleys, rivers, and winding roads. We crossed Moore plains, Tanglang La, Sarchu, Jispa before finally reaching Keylong, a quiet village in Lahaul, Himachal Pradesh. Though tiring, the drive was filled with breathtaking moments.

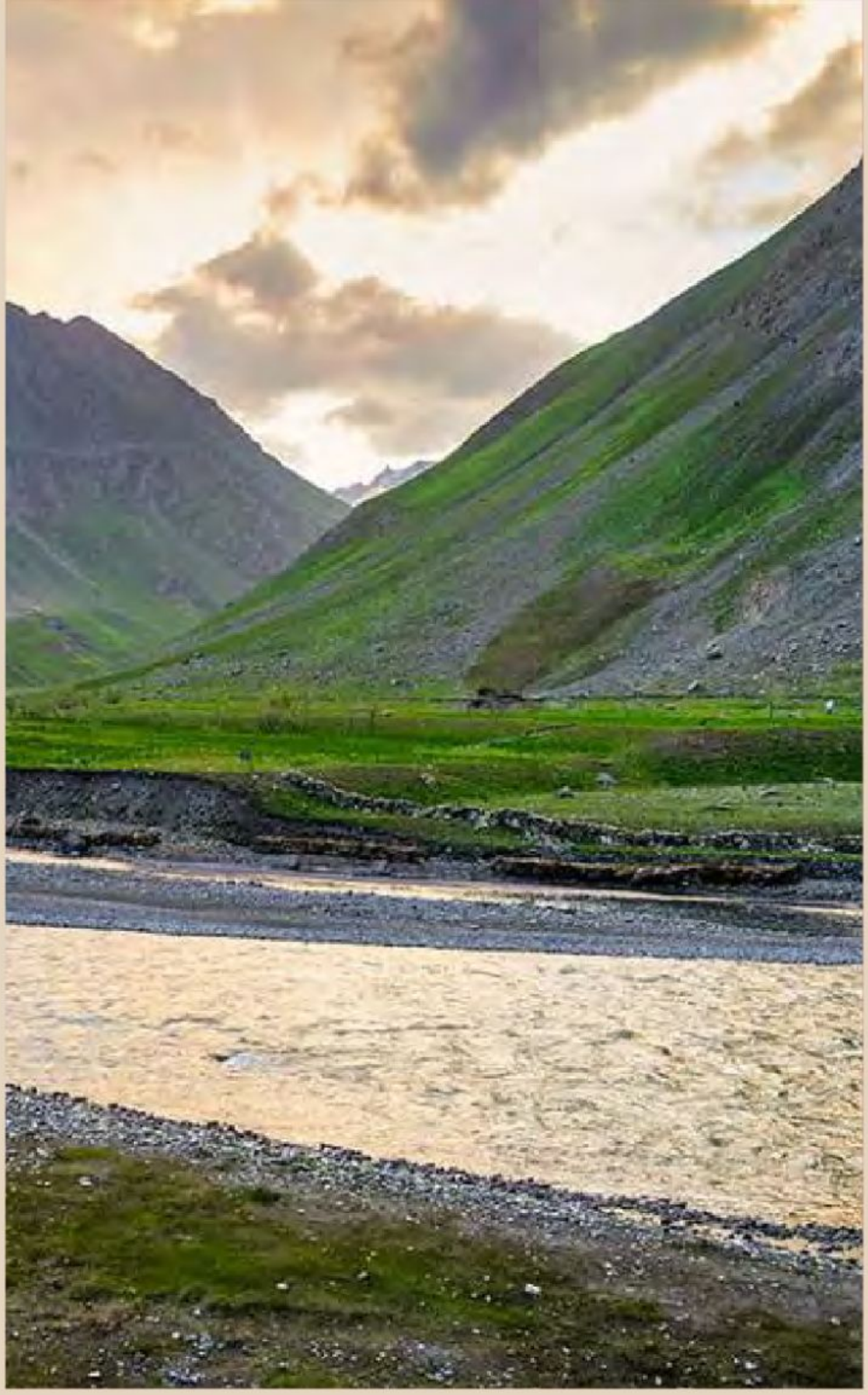
Highlight: Seeing my mother pray quietly at a roadside stupa with prayer flags flapping all around.

Day 6 – July 22, 2025

Keylong to Nurpur, Himachal Pradesh | 260 km | 8 hrs

We passed through Baralacha La and entered lush greenery as we left behind the stark landscape of Ladakh. Crossing the Atal Tunnel was like emerging into a new world — from barren rocks to apple trees, rain, waterfalls. By evening, we reached Nurpur, a small, peaceful town perfect for a family stopover.

Highlight: As highway was closed, we drove in rain through lush green forest area, village roads feeling nature at its peak in monsoon season.



Day 7 – July 23, 2025

Nurpur to Chandigarh | 220 km | 5 hrs

The final stretch. A quiet, reflective drive back to where it all started. I left my parents at home town and started my journey and reached Chandigarh by afternoon where I had lunch and left for Car washing and detailing. Car dusty but our hearts full. The mountains had given us something we couldn't explain — peace, perspective, and pride in our family bond.

Highlight: My father's words as we reached home: “We didn't just complete a trip; we collected stories for a lifetime.”

Closing Thoughts:

Traveling with parents across the Himalayas taught me that the best memories are made when time slows down, when you're away from notifications, and when your biggest task is to enjoy the view. This road trip wasn't just about conquering miles; it was about celebrating moments.

If you ever get a chance — take the long road, with the people who've seen your first steps. The mountains will do the rest.

Tips for Students Planning a Family Road Trip to Leh:

- Health First: Acclimatize slowly, especially for elders.
- Vehicle: Choose a powerful SUV for mountain roads.
- Carry: Essential medicines, dry snacks, and extra water.
- Permits: Keep required permits ready (for Nubra, Pangong).
- Network: Many areas have no signal — download offline maps.
- Pace it: Don't rush — give time to enjoy and adjust to altitude

WHERE THE SNOW FELL FIRST

A New Year in the Himalayas

Ishan Garg
Batch 2022

We didn't know it at the time, but when we left Chandigarh on that winter night, we were walking out of routine and into something timeless.

We were six college friends, packed more with curiosity than clothes, seeking snow, stillness, and maybe a sunrise we'd never forget. What followed wasn't just a trek. It was a transformation.

Day 1: The Road That Hummed a River's Song

After a drowsy arrival in Rishikesh, we boarded a traveller that carried us uphill, both literally and spiritually. The 7-hour drive to Lohajung carved through cliffs and bent around valleys with every shade of green and brown.

Midway, our driver pulled over by a riverside dhaba - there a staircase lured us down toward a roaring river. We raced down like children, boots thudding on stone, laughter echoing through trees. We stood on rocks kissed by centuries of current, clicking photos and just listening—truly listening—to the water sing beside us. That moment lingered, far beyond the click of the shutter.

By evening, we arrived at our homestay in Lohajung, a quiet village suspended between silence and stars. The air was sharp. The chai was hot. We were ready.

Day 2: Snowmen, Slides, and Rhododendron Red

9 AM. After breakfast at the homestay, we tightened our laces and took our first real steps into the unknown. The path rose slowly through whispering pines and frost-laced oaks.

Soon, a small mountain shack appeared like a warm invitation. Inside, the owners served us steaming Maggi and a chilled glass of Buransh juice—made from the brass-red rhododendron flowers native to Uttarakhand. It was sweet and sharp, a burst of local flavor that instantly bonded us to this place.

But the real moment arrived around noon.

As we climbed, breathless and sore from our first serious incline, we turned a bend—and there it was. Snow.

A white trail stretched ahead, soft and pure and glowing under sunlight. All our fatigue vanished. In seconds, we were laughing, tumbling, taking photos, jumping into snow like it was our second skin. We forgot tiredness. We found wonder.

We reached Bekaltal lake (~9,700 ft) around 2 PM, a small frozen lake ringed by trees and serenity. The silence here had depth. With the help of other trekkers, we built a snowman, a snowwoman, and a slide carved into the hill's slope. Our jackets became sleds. We screamed, slipped, spun, and laughed like children born of the snow.

That night, in tents pitched near the lake, we stared up at a sky so clear it felt unreal. The stars were closer here, and so were we.

Day 3: Prayers on the Ridge, Peace by the Lake

Morning arrived wrapped in white. We began the next stretch towards Brahmatal, with hearts lighter than our gear.

Around midday, we reached the legendary Telandi Meadows, now buried beneath a thick, sunlit blanket of snow.

We sat there, soaked in sunlight and silence. Then came the snowball fight. One throw led to another, and soon we were all at war—laughing, slipping, ambushing. The snow was fresh, soft, and sparkling like the Himalayas had thrown us a private celebration.

Later, we reached Jhandi Top, a ridge that felt spiritual. A small Shiva temple stood guard, its

Trishul and prayer flags swaying in the breeze. We folded hands, closed eyes, and then together shouted, “Har Har Mahadev!” The sound echoed. It stirred something in us. It gave us fuel.

Then came the descent, by 4 PM, we reached the camp near Brahmatal Lake (~10,200 ft).

What we saw was stillness shaped like a story: a frozen lake hugged by slopes, guarded by peaks, and fed by a clear, sacred stream.

According to legend, Lord Brahma meditated here and we believed it. We took turns sipping from the icy water.

Then, we did nothing.

We stood near the edge. Not talking. Not moving. Just breathing in that divine calm.

Evening fell, we enjoyed Maggi in the snow and with it came another gift: a crystal night sky.

Orion. Auriga.

We traced constellations with frozen fingers, our boots buried in snow, our eyes lit with awe.

Day 4: A Sunrise Worth a Lifetime

4:30 AM.

Headlamps on. Walking sticks in hand. Hearts full. We started the final push towards the Brahmatal Summit (12,250 ft) in complete silence. Not a word. Just the crunch of snow and the hum of breath.

The path was steep, icy. But we were stronger now. We moved with purpose, bonded by the silence of the slope.

And then we saw it.

At the summit, we found an Indian flag planted firmly, flapping proudly in Himalayan winds.

Moments later, the first light of 2025 broke across the sky.

The sun spilled over the peaks of Trishul and Nanda Ghunti, igniting them in pink, gold, and fire. Time stopped. Words failed.

We hugged. We cried a little. We clicked pictures, yes—but more importantly, we remembered everything.

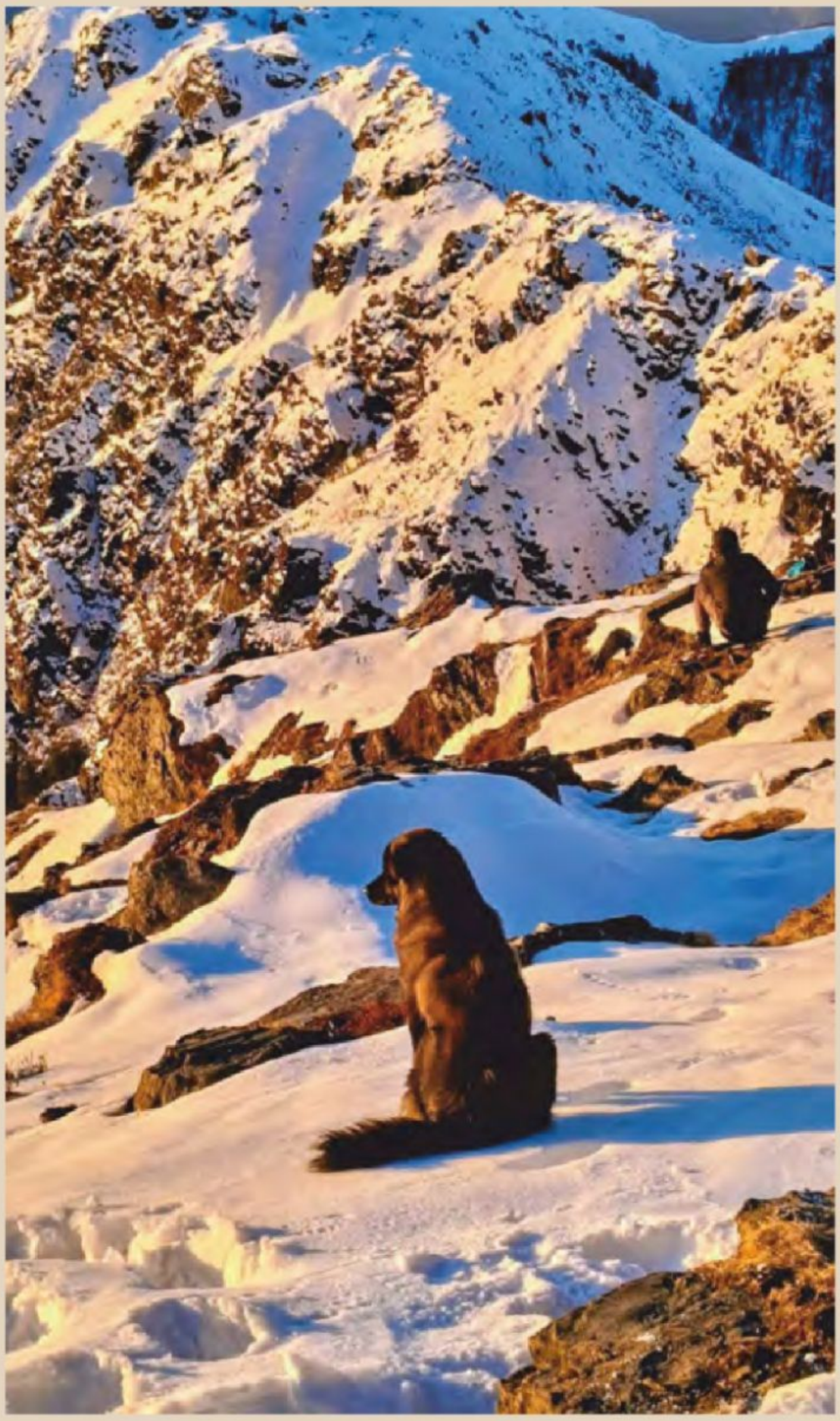
We had entered the New Year not through doors or phones, but through snow and stillness and sunrise. And it was perfect.

The descent was slow. At Daldum, we paused exhausted, proud. That small clearing offered a moment of reflection. We didn't say much. We didn't need to.

By late evening, we were back in Lohajung, warmed by soup and satisfaction.

Day 5: Where Rivers Meet, and So Did We

The journey down was quieter.



We stopped at Devprayag, where the Bhagirathi and Alaknanda rivers meet, forming the sacred Ganga. The confluence was majestic—two distinct waters merging in a graceful embrace. It felt like a metaphor.

Like us. Six friends from six different rhythms, now flowing in sync.

We reached Rishikesh, caught our train back to Chandigarh, and began the return to real life but not unchanged.

We Came for Snow. We Found So Much More.

Brahmatal gave us:

Snowball fights and slope slides

Sacred silences and star-drenched skies

Frozen lakes and flag-touched peaks

Rhododendron drinks and Maggi with a view

A New Year sunrise no city could offer

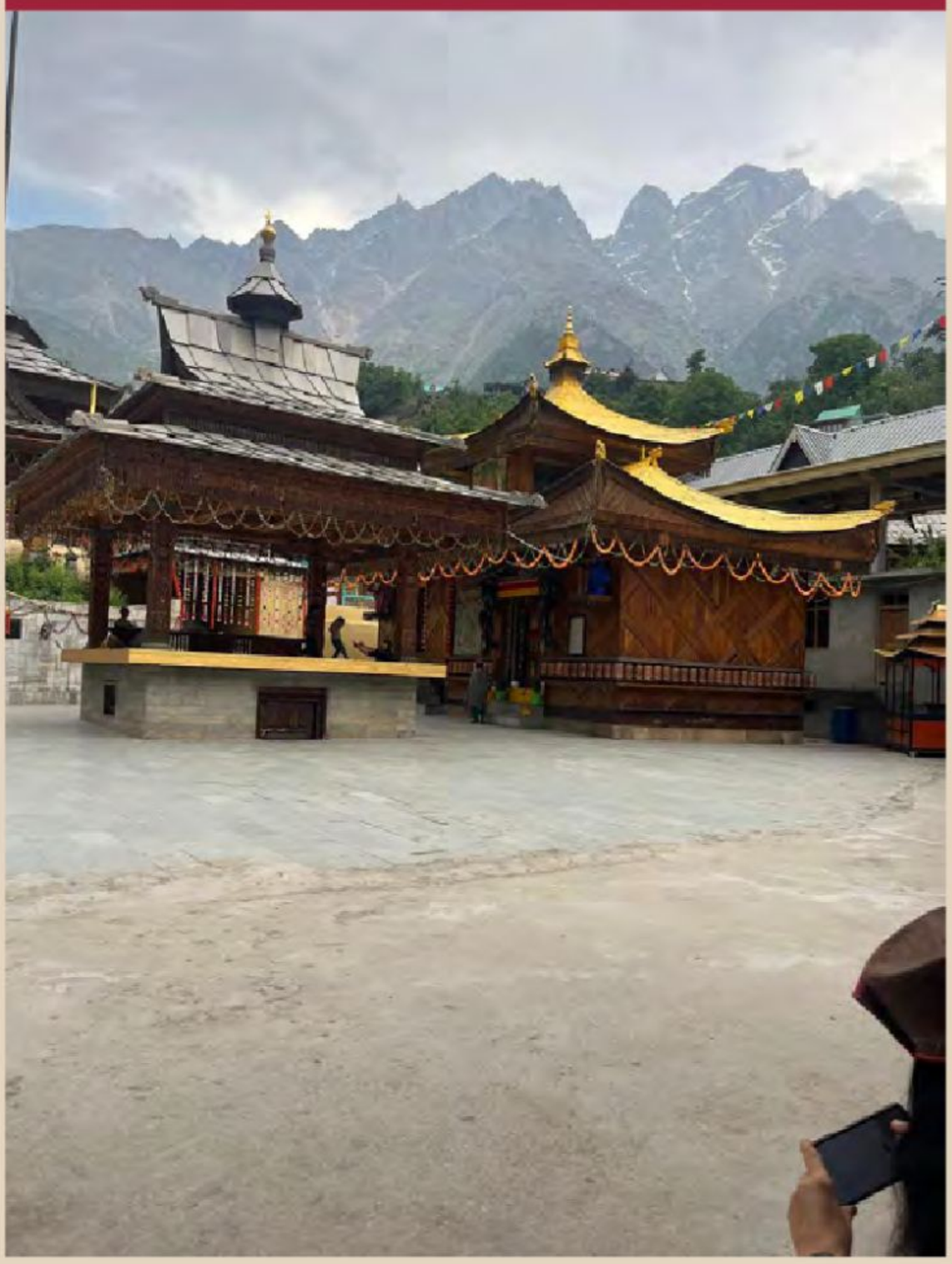
We went looking for adventure. What we found was a version of ourselves we didn't know existed—more alive, more aware, more awake.

Six friends climbed toward the clouds, and came back grounded.

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE ENCHANTING SANGLA & CHITKUL

A New Year in the Himalayas

Arnav chugh
Batch 2022



Day 1: Departure from Chandigarh and Arrival in Sangla

Our journey began early in the morning, as we left behind the hustle, bustle and the scorching heat at Chandigarh and began our ascent into the heart of Himachal Pradesh. With every turn of the winding road, the temperature dropped, and the air became crisp, filling our lungs with a freshness that felt both invigorating and calming at the same time.

The drive to Sangla was nothing short of magical. We passed through thick pine forests, craggy cliffs, and meadows that seemed like something straight out of a dream. The snow-capped peaks of the Kinnaur Kailash range stood tall in the distance, a silent sentinel that made me feel incredibly small yet deeply connected to the natural world. The Baspa River, with its teal blue waters, flowed beside us for most of the journey, offering a soothing soundtrack to our ride.

Arriving in Sangla felt like stepping into a postcard. The charming little village nestled in the Kinnaur Valley was surrounded by towering peaks, lush green fields, and colorful wooden homes. The simplicity of the place was a welcome change from the usual, modernized tourist spots.

Our stay was in a beautifully set-up Riverside Camp on the outskirts of Sangla, pitched against a backdrop of towering Himalayan giants and The Baspa Reservoir behind the Baspa II dam. The tents were cozy, equipped with comfortable beds and warm blankets but the highlight was the bonfire. As evening descended, we sat around the fire, sipping hot tea, friends recalling old memories with light classical Himachali music in background, and gazing at the stars-a night to remember.

Day 2: Exploring Sangla & The Allure of Local Himachali Cuisine

After a good night's rest, we set out to explore Sangla. The town is known for its apple orchards and the picturesque landscapes that surround it. The cool mountain breeze was a constant companion as we walked through the winding village lanes with the Baspa river running along as a constant companion. The Fabulous monastery in the town with gleaming gompas shining against the bright sun were a picture perfect start to the day..the

people at Sangla were very warm and welcoming..the attire of the locals was another highlight..the vibrant colours added bling to the otherwise stark landscape of the region .

Any trip is incomplete without the local cuisine, and I couldn't resist trying the famous Siddhu (to know what the fuss on Instagram is all about!) but least to say-it's not at all overhyped..The delicate flavors of the dough covered with a thin layer of the local ghee made from goat milk paired perfectly with the spicy walnut chutneys, making it an experience to remember. For lunch, we devoured a steaming bowl of Maggi (yes, for a trip to be called a trip to Himachal, one needs to put up a story/snap ft. The Pahadi Maggi)..There were cool coffee houses there too offering continental cuisine as well.

In the afternoon, we visited a local farm, which felt like a step back in time. The farmer, a friendly local named Lobsang, showed us how apples, apricots, and potatoes are grown in the fertile valley and how crop rotation operates in the region. The lush green fields were bordered by towering mountains, and the sight of the crops swaying in the breeze was nothing short of therapeutic.

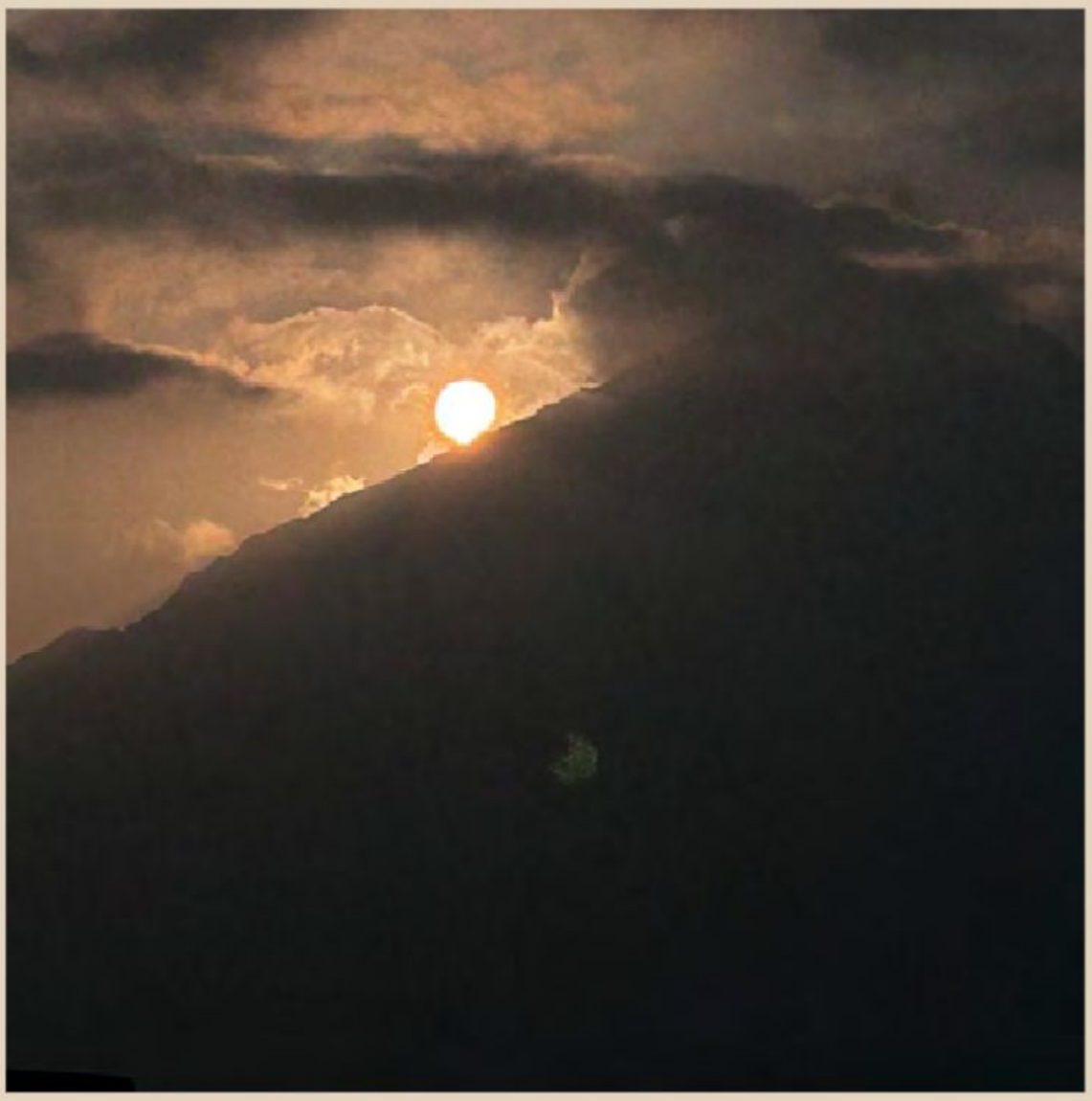
For the water sports lovers, Sangla has something for you as well...yes of course...river rafting in the Baspa river will definitely give you your YJHD moment!

Day 3: Journey to Chitkul - The Last Village of India

The next day, we took a day trip to Chitkul, which is hailed as the last inhabited village before the Indo-Tibetan border. The road to Chitkul was even more treacherous and thrilling, with the Baspa River roaring beside us, its waters frothing against the boulders. The narrow, rugged path took us through dense forests, small streams, and several traditional stone houses.

Chitkul was like a scene from a fairy tale—quaint, peaceful, and untouched by time. The village, perched at an altitude of about 3,450 meters has a haunting beauty to it that sucks your breath away. With its narrow lanes, wooden homes with sloping roofs, and gardens bursting with wildflowers....every scene is an instant Kodak moment. The snow-capped peaks in the distance seemed to touch the sky, giving the village an air of serenity that's hard to describe.

The highlight of Chitkul was the local temple, where we paused to offer our respects. The temple



is made entirely of wood, with intricate carvings on the walls that tell stories of the village's rich cultural heritage. Another highlight is the hard work of Border Roads Organisation that we get to cherish at these places...hats off to the people who were behind the building of such good roads in these far flung areas.

Later, we sat by the riverbank, relishing the peace and stillness of the place. The cold water of the river gurgled as it danced over rocks, and it felt like I had been transported to another world.

Day 4: Back to Sangla - Reflecting on the Journey

On our final day, we retraced our steps back to Sangla, stopping to take in the majestic views of the valley one last time. The time spent in the mountains had been a much-needed escape from the fast-paced life I had left behind. Whether it was the warmth of the local hospitality, the exquisite landscapes, or the simple joy of enjoying hot, delicious food in the cold, every moment had been special.

Before heading back to Chandigarh, we indulged in one last meal of Siddhu and Momos, savoring the flavors and the memories of the past few days.

As we began the long drive back, the misty mountains slowly receded into the distance, leaving me with a deep sense of gratitude. The trip to Sangla and Chitkul had been more than just a vacation—it was a spiritual retreat that allowed me to reconnect with nature, indulge in the local culture, and most importantly, discover a part of India that's untouched by commercialization. The place should definitely be in your bucket list!

LETTERS CARRIED BY THE WIND OF RUPIN

A New Year in the Himalayas

Stuti Gupta
Batch 2022

Dear God of Mountains,

I hope this letter reaches you somewhere between the clouds of Dhauladhar and the snows of Kinnaur, where silence roars and winds carry secrets only the peaks understand. I just returned from the Rupin Pass trek—yet my heart is still somewhere on that trail, maybe lodged between a snow patch and the spray of the great waterfall, or fluttering near the prayer flags that danced gently at the summit. And so, I write to thank you.

The journey began long before my boots touched your soil. It started the day I booked this trek—the excitement, the packing lists scribbled and re-written, the fitness runs to meet the pre-requisite, the restless nights dreaming of snow bridges and ridges. By the time we boarded our midnight bus from Chandigarh, joining strangers who had set off earlier from Delhi, I knew this was not just a trek—it was a calling. We were a random group bound together by one thing: the hunger to walk one of your prettiest trails.

Our first halt was Rohru, a gentle prelude to what awaited us. The air was cool, the food comforting, the streets humming with a small-town rhythm. The next morning, with the sunrise painting the valley, we rushed to pack our rented rucksacks—fumbling, laughing, already letting go of comforts like a warm shower. The convoy of Boleros took us to Jiskun village via the mighty Chanshal Pass, where Maggi breaks tasted like nectar at 12,303 ft. At Jiskun (7,430 ft), we were welcomed with tilaks and blessings. There we met our trek leader, guides, kitchen team, and co-trekkers—people who would soon turn from strangers to family. Over chai, popcorn, and evening mist, we learned the little rituals of trekking—how to lace our boots, lift our packs, use sleeping bags, and, above all, follow HELPER: Hydrate, Eat well, Layer up, Pace yourself, keep Ears open, Rest well. That night, after dal-roti, chawal, and lauki halwa, we called home one last time before plunging into days of no network, only mountains.

The days unfolded like chapters of a story you had written. Jakha, the “hanging village,” where we learned “misudya misudya hando”—walk slowly. The climb through deodar forests where we were but tiny dots under giant trees. The taste of rhodo juice and siddu with honey at a trail-side halt. The first snow patches that slipped us into laughter before leading to Saruwas Thatch (10,770 ft), where I ate pasta by a riverside, chai in hand, no phone in

sight, just the music of water and wind. The starry sky that night—how can city lights ever compare?

And then, you gave us a gift I will never forget—DIY Day. You stepped back and let us lead ourselves. The trek leaders became fellow walkers, while we chose our own navigators, pace-setters, disciplinarians, and kitchen helpers. Suddenly, the responsibility of moving as one was ours. With roti and chana in our bellies and Rupin River by our side, we discovered the thrill of finding our own way through hills and meadows. That was the day we caught the first glimpse of your grandest spectacle—the three-tiered Rupin waterfall. Its thunder shook us to stillness, reminding us of how small we were. By noon, we reached the meadows of Dhanderas Thatch (11,700 ft), a campsite so vast and lush it felt like it had been handwoven by the sun. Lying on the grass, hearing mule bells in the distance, I realized this: leadership here wasn't about being first, but about walking together.

And just when we thought the day had given us everything, you surprised us with one more lesson—training for the snow ahead. At Dhanderas Thatch, we gathered with helmets strapped tight and microspikes in hand. The guides taught us how to walk safely on hard ice, how to cut steps into slopes, how to steady ourselves against falling rocks, and how to listen to the moods of mountain weather. It wasn't just instruction; it was initiation. The kind of preparation that makes you realize the mountains never forgive carelessness, but always reward respect. That night, with aloo bondas in our bellies, gulab jamun for dessert, and the Milky Way blazing above us, I felt like a child again—humbled, taught, and protected by forces far greater than myself.

But you tested us too. The next day, we had to climb nearly 2,000 ft in 3 km—steep snow patches, risky bridges, and that endless roar of the waterfall. And yet, by your grace, it was doable. At Upper Waterfall Camp (13,300 ft), I sipped aam panna, watched the sun dip behind cliffs, and felt an ache in my heart—we were leaving Rupin Valley behind after summit, never to turn back. That evening, I understood what goodbyes feel like when spoken to mountains.

Then came the great test—Summit Day. At 3 AM, under a dark-blue dawn, Venus shining above, we strapped on our gear and started. Black ice, vast snowfields, and then the final wall: Rupin Gully—a 70° climb of snow and grit. Waiting for mules to pass, we cracked riddles at 15,000 ft, laughing

through nerves. And then, step by step, breath by breath, we pushed, encouraged by our trek leaders, by each other, and perhaps by you, watching silently. At 15,279 ft, we stood on Rupin Pass. I cried—not from exhaustion, but from something far deeper. From humility, from awe, from peace. Around us, peaks like Kinnaur Kailash rose, and prayer flags fluttered as if in agreement: Yes, you made it.

The descent was your playful gift—snow slides into the Kinnaur Valley, our butts going numb, laughter echoing. But the trek was not over. An 8 km slog awaited us—snow knee-deep, sun blazing, drizzle later drenching us. At last, Ronti Gad (12,300 ft) embraced us with cake-cutting, debriefings, laughter, tears, and one final night under stars.

The return to Sangla was no less an adventure—trucks jolting us through forests and villages, our hands gripping wooden railings, our voices singing into the wind. A final meal at Saryu Café, and then the long road back through Theog, Shimla, Kasauli, and finally home.

Now, sitting here, I realize what you gave me. Not just landscapes that shift from pine forests to rhododendron valleys to endless snowfields. Not just the pahadon-wali chai, the maggi at passes, the stargazing, or the snow slides. You gave me transformation. You taught me how small I am, and how strong. You gave me strangers who became family, silence that spoke louder than noise, storms that taught resilience, and views that redefined beauty.

So thank you, dear God of Mountains. For the snow, for the silence, for the storm. For letting me pass.

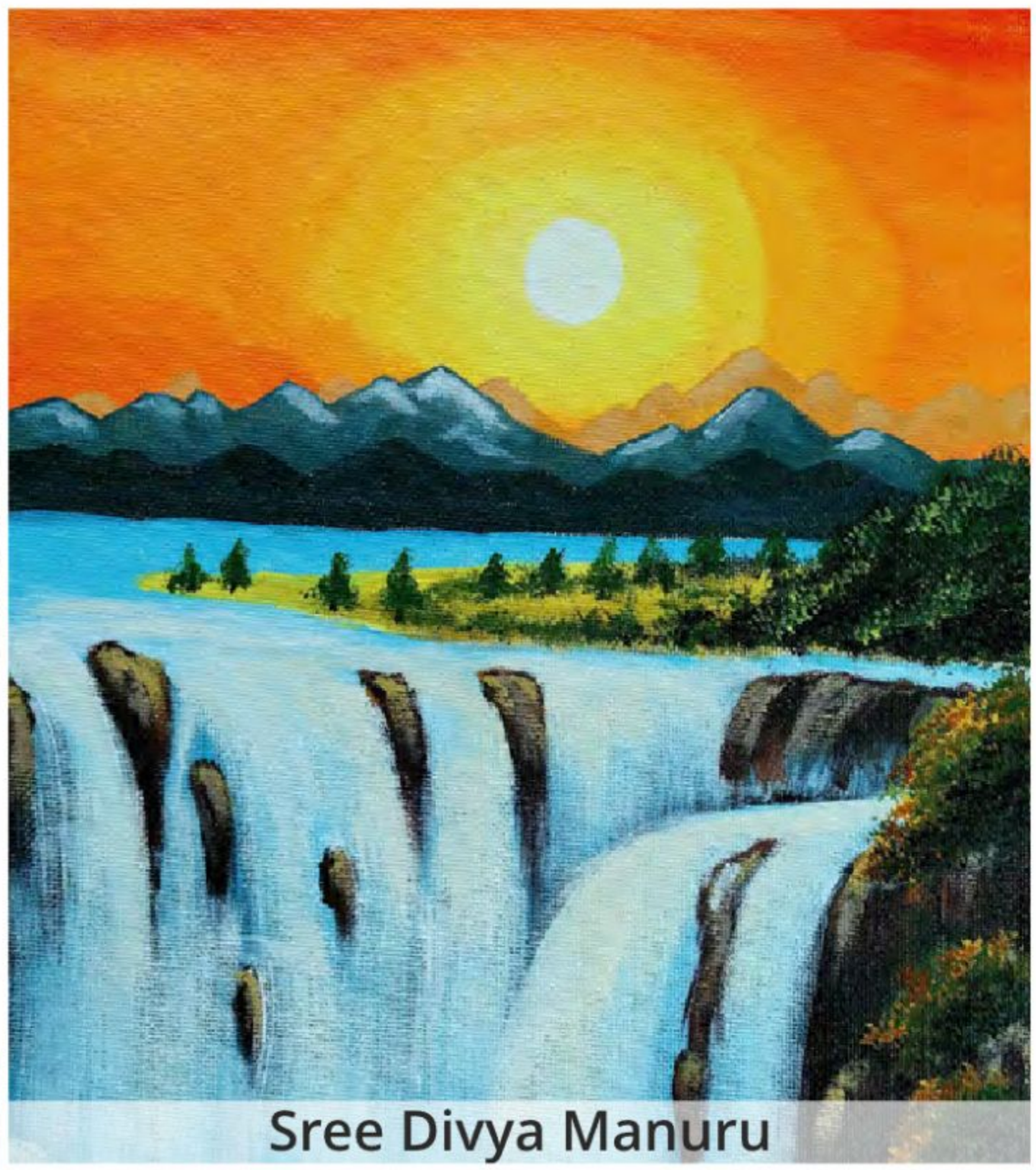
With reverence, aching legs, and a heart still lost in your valleys,

A Grateful Trekker

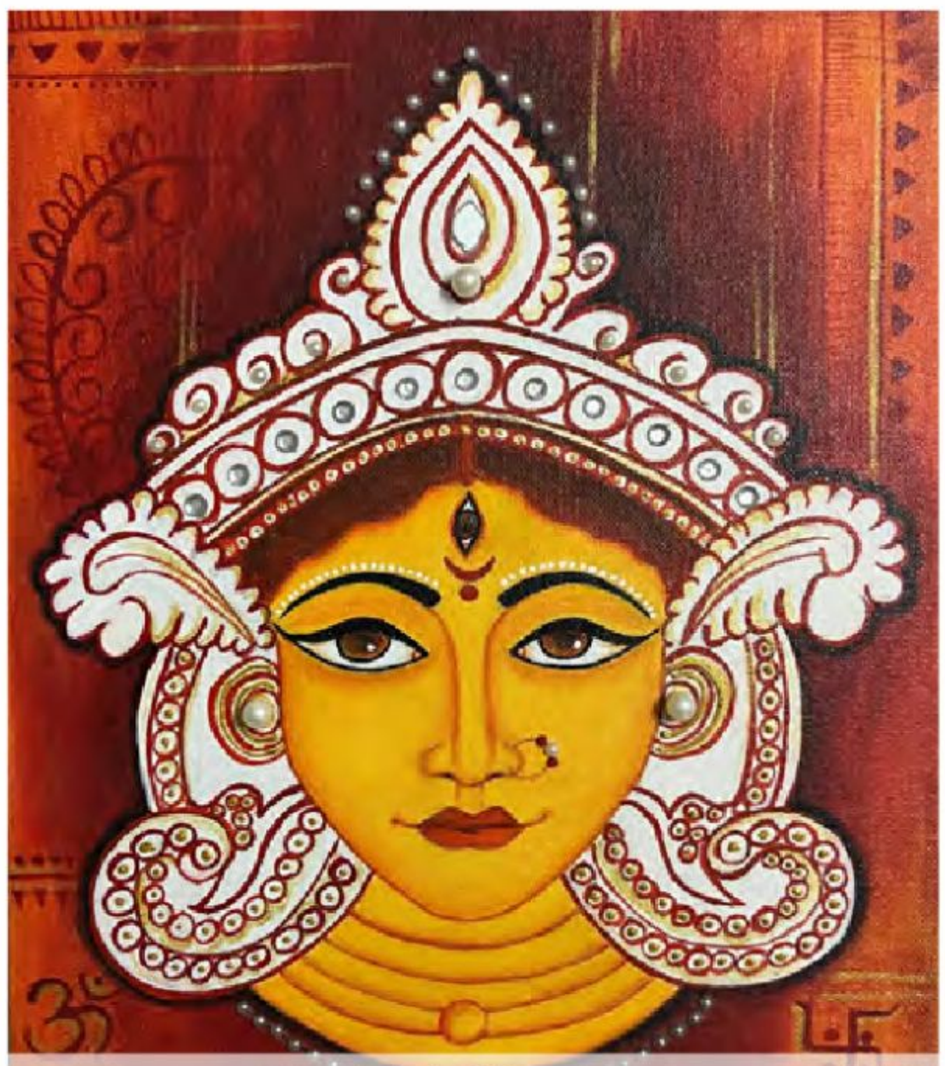
Artworks

The artistic Chronicle

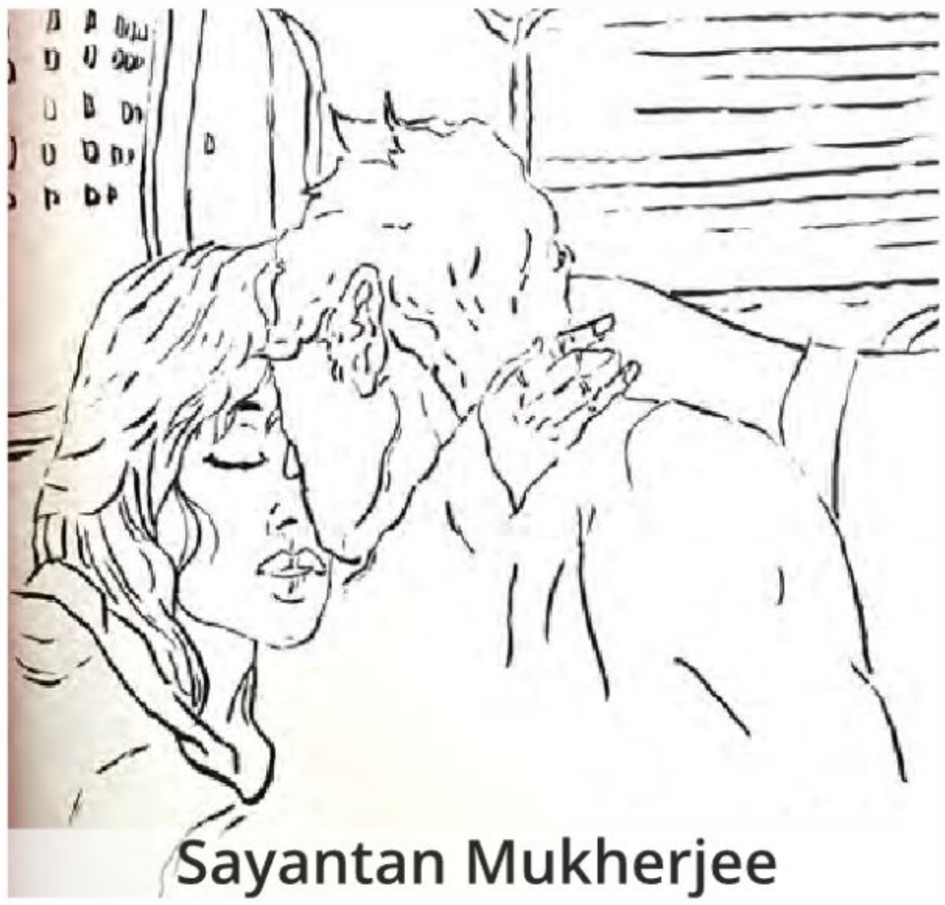
Harazeez Kaur



Sree Divya Manuru



Prachi Sharma



Sayantan Mukherjee

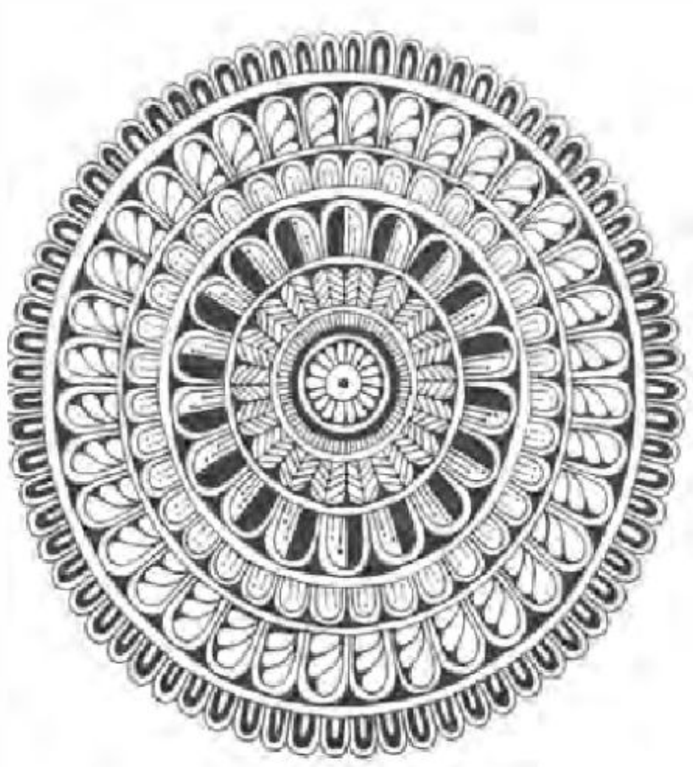
Aurya Aggarwal

Tanisi Rawat

Dhanishtha Kumar

Aarna Gupta

Nishtha



Taruna Singh

Interview

Chasing Dreams, Scoring Goals

Krishna Pandit

Krishna Pandit's journey from Chandigarh to professional football is a testament to talent, discipline, and determination. Bursting onto the scene after winning the Best Player Trophy at an international tournament in Japan, he quickly became one of the most promising names in Indian football. Over the years, his passion for the game, deep-rooted family support, and spiritual grounding have shaped not just his career but also his outlook on life. Today, as both a player and mentor, he continues to inspire the next generation. In this interview, Krishna shares his story, his values, and his vision for Indian football.

1. From Chandigarh to professional football — what's the one moment that made you say, "Yes, this is my path"?

The defining moment for me came after my first international tournament in Japan, where I won the Best Player Trophy. That achievement felt incredible on its own, but the real turning point was what happened when I returned. My school organized a welcome, my parents were invited, and I was honored in front of everyone for the award I had brought home. For a young boy, that recognition was priceless. It made me realize football wasn't just passion, it was my path.

2. Who was your biggest inspiration in football growing up, and how did they shape your style of play?

My earliest inspirations were my father and brother, both of whom played football when they were young. Watching them sparked my first connection with the sport. Later, in 2006, I saw France face Brazil, and Zidane's brilliance in that game changed everything. His grace, control, and intelligence on the ball showed me football was as much an art as it was a sport. His influence, along with my family's encouragement, helped shape my style of play — disciplined, passionate, and always striving for creativity on the field.

3. Was there ever a point in your journey when you thought of giving up? What kept you going through that phase?

Yes, there were moments I questioned myself. Sometimes I played well, scored goals, yet wasn't promoted or selected for the starting eleven. I remember being in Kuwait, performing consistently but still benched. Those situations hurt deeply. What saved me was my father's encouragement, my memory of sacrifices already made, and ultimately, my faith. Over time, prayer and chanting became my anchors. Instead of cribbing about unfairness, I chose to trust in God's plan. That belief, that setbacks are stepping stones, kept me on the path forward.

4. You've seen Indian football grow over the years, what's one thing you think young players have now that you wish you had starting out?

I was fortunate to get good opportunities early, but one thing I wish we had more of back then was marketing. Today, young players who perform against big teams instantly get exposure, recognition, and even financial backing through media and social platforms. During my time, even when I scored against top countries, it rarely translated into attention or opportunities. The new generation benefits from a spotlight that can build confidence and open doors. I had opportunities, yes, but not the same level of visibility that players enjoy now.

5. What's your go-to pre-match ritual or superstition?

I don't believe in superstition, but I do believe in preparation. My ritual starts a week before the match, staying disciplined with diet, ensuring proper rest, and keeping myself hydrated. For me, that routine builds confidence more than any lucky charm. On match day itself, I take a moment to pray and think about my family. That small prayer centers me, fills me with gratitude, and gives me the mental calmness to go out and give my best.

6. If you could create a dream team of five players (past or present) to play alongside, who would they be?

If I could build my dream five, I'd start with Buffon as goalkeeper, a legend and a wall of confidence. In defense, I'd pick Maldini for leadership and Roy Keane for grit and toughness. Then up front, there's no question: Ronaldo, Messi, and Neymar. Each one brings something unique.

7. What's the funniest or most unexpected thing that has happened to you on the field?
One incident always makes me laugh now. After a tense match against Kuwait, the final whistle had already blown, but I continued arguing with the referee about decisions. To my surprise, he gave me a yellow card after the match was over! At that time, I was angry, but later it struck me as ridiculous. Who gets booked once the game is done? Looking back, it's one of the funniest and most unexpected experiences I've had on a football field.

8. Which city or stadium in India feels like a second home to you when you play there?
Goa feels like home to me in Indian football. I've spent time in Kolkata as well during my early days with the Indian team, and the football culture there is rich, but Goa has a different energy. The people are warm and the whole atmosphere feels welcoming. Playing there always feels less like pressure and more like celebration. That connection makes me always look forward to games in Goa.

9. How do you keep yourself motivated on days when training feels like a grind?
Training every single day isn't always easy. There are mornings when you don't feel like getting up and pushing yourself. On such days, I remind myself of a simple truth: one day we will all die, so why not live life fully now? For me, that means staying fit, staying happy, and keeping my family healthy. Motivation is important, but it fades. Discipline is what keeps you going. Small daily habits like eating right, sleeping well, sticking to training and sharpen your life and keep you grounded.

10. What's one message you'd like to give to young footballers in India who look up to you?
My message would be to follow your passion wholeheartedly and not overthink your future at a young age. Until you're 19 or 20, you should focus entirely on improving, training, and enjoying the sport. Don't waste time worrying about what will happen next. Even if your family doubts you, once you begin performing well, they will support you. I've lived through that myself. Success takes discipline and sacrifice. You can't party through weekends and expect miracles. Stay focused, work hard, and trust that everything is possible.

RAPID FIRE

1. Best street food spot in Chandigarh?
Sector 15, Patel Market – Raju Chinese Food (especially fried chicken momos).

2. Morning chai or evening coffee?
Coffee. Always Americano. I hate tea.

3. If you could master one hobby apart from sports, what would it be?
Dance.

4. A guilty pleasure food you never admit to your fitness coach?
Butter chicken with garlic naan – the OG combination.

5. One movie or series you can watch on repeat?
Narcos.

Photo By: Varidhi

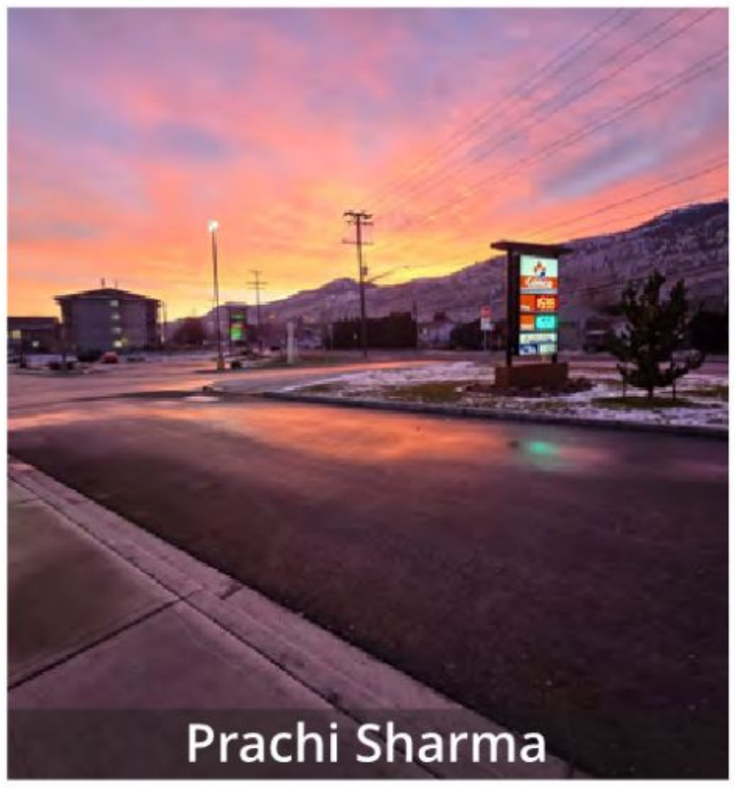
Photography

The Magic of Lens

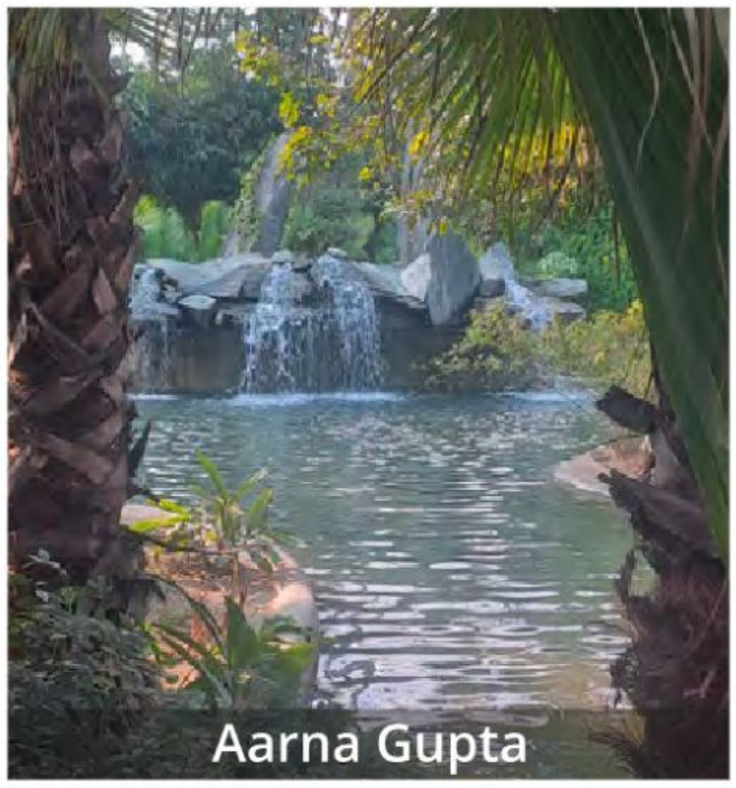
Aurya Aggarwal

Aarna Gupta

Atif Zafar

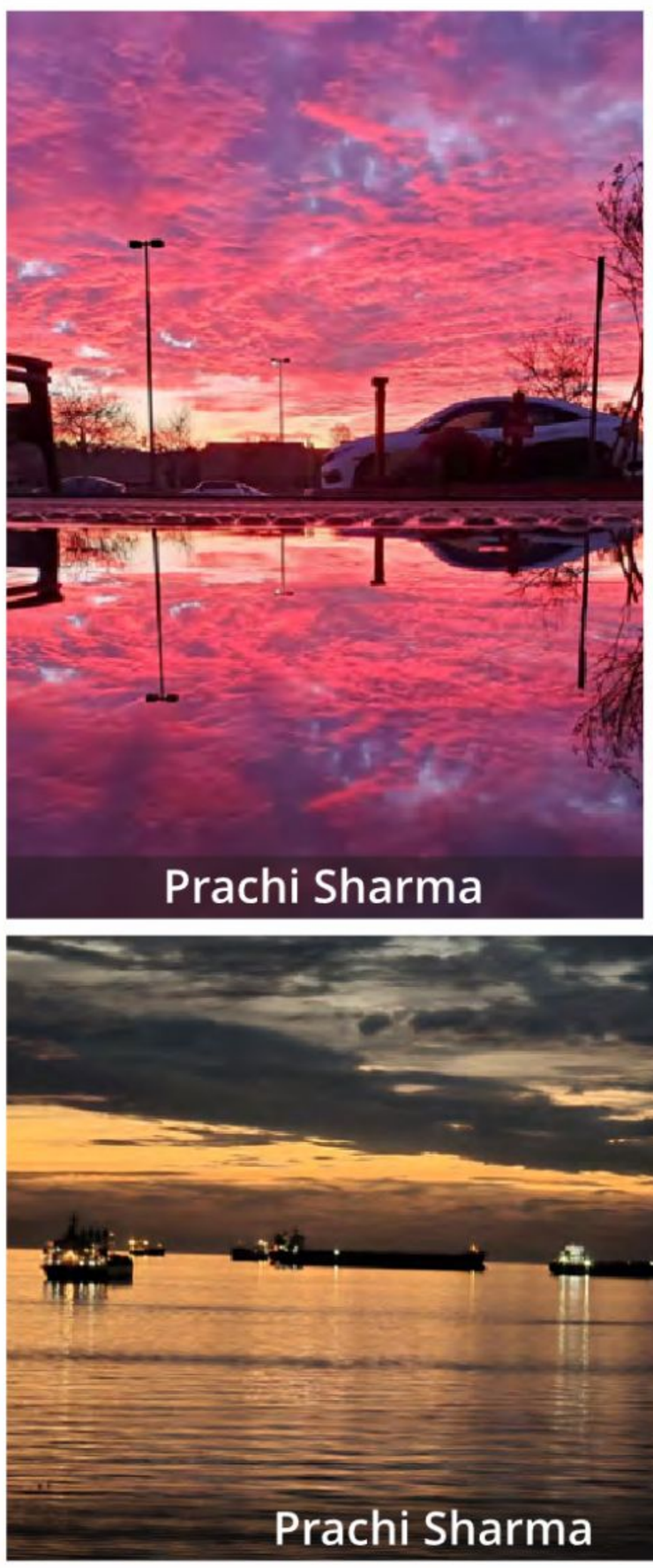


Prachi Sharma

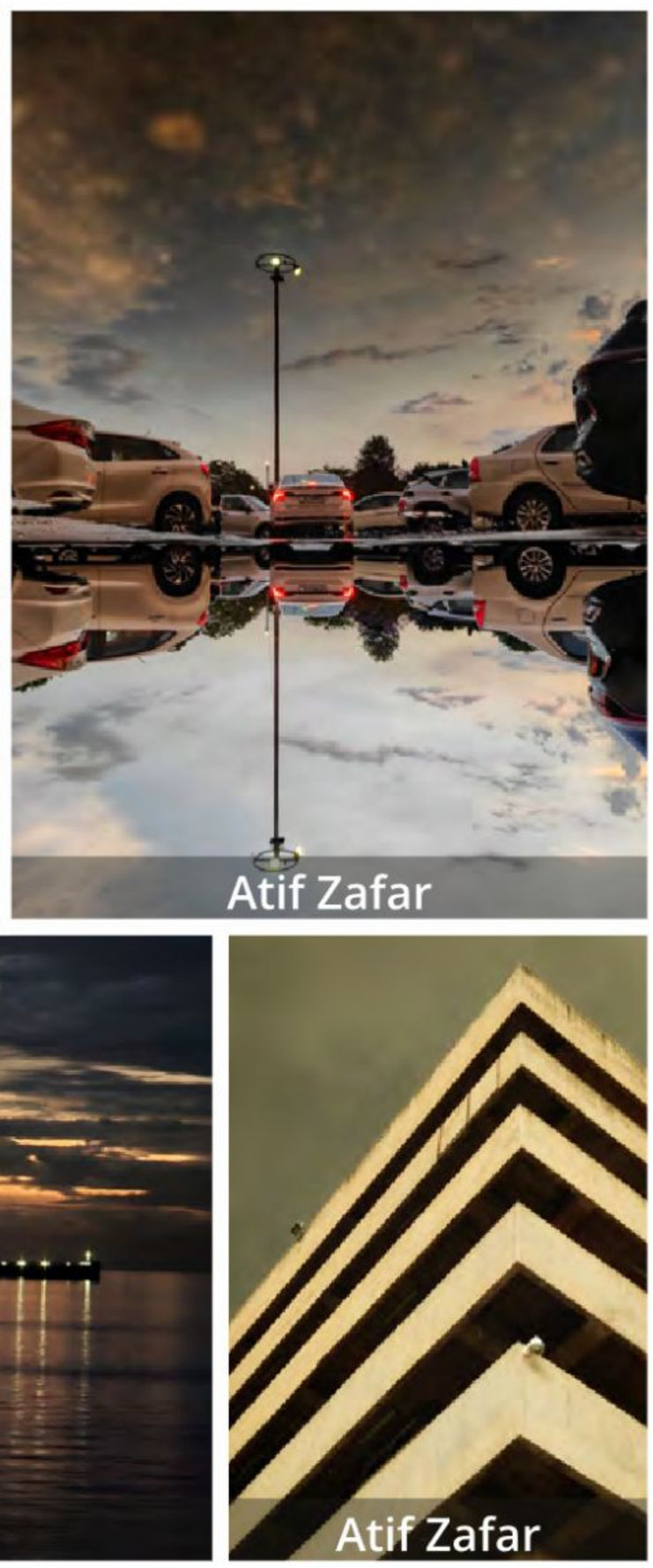


Aarna Gupta

Aurya Aggarwal



Prachi Sharma



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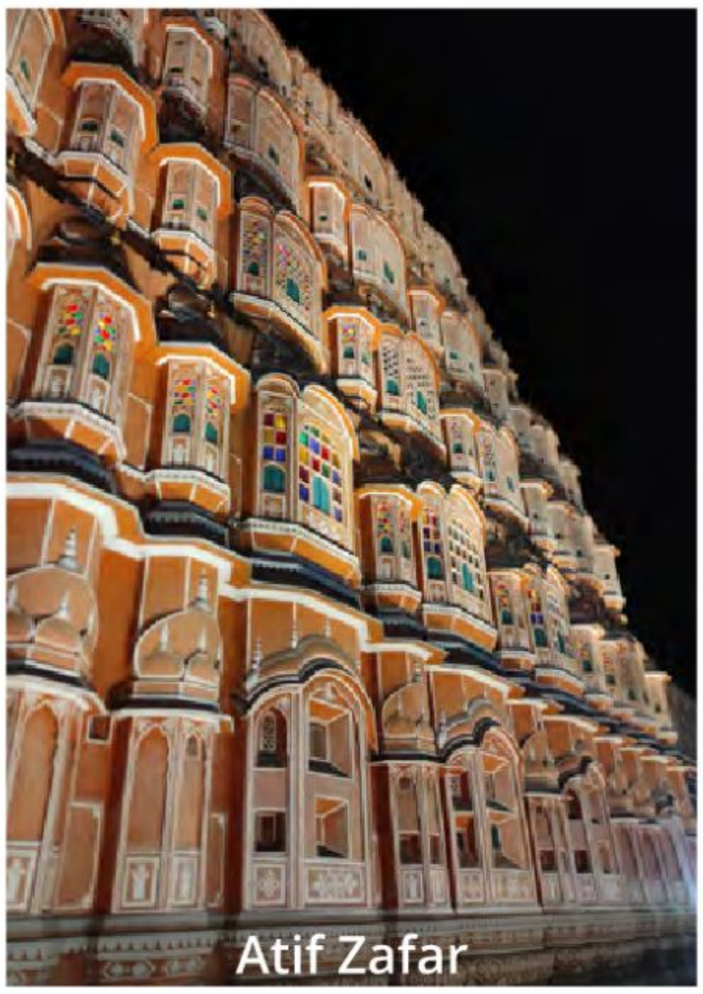

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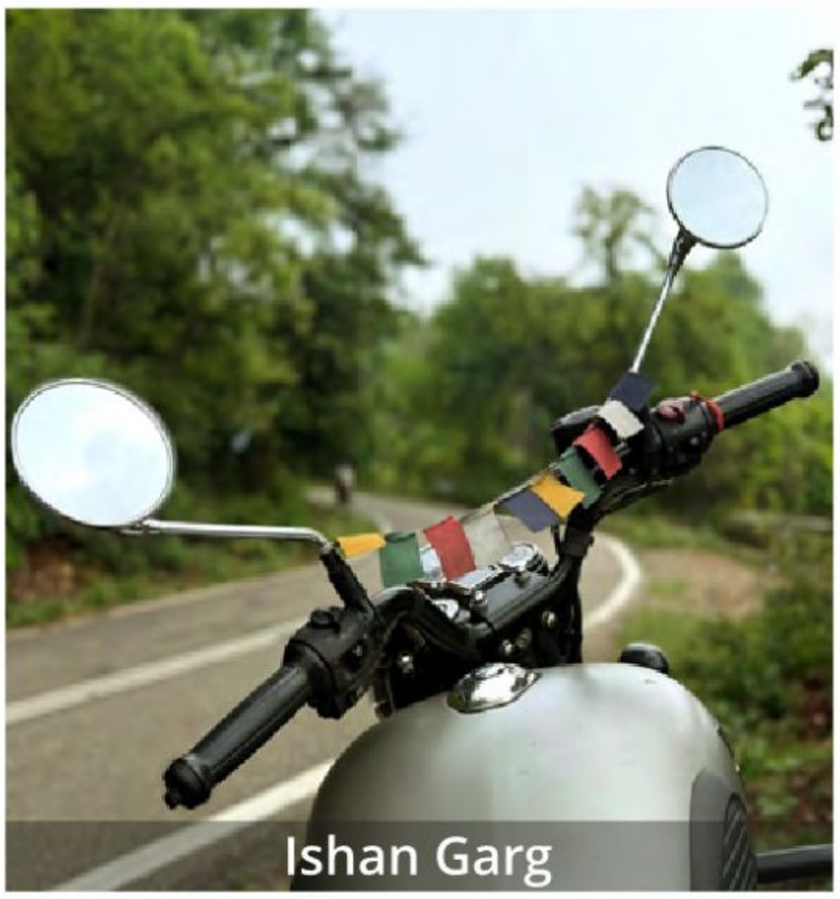

Ishan Garg

Prachi Sharma

Atif Zafar

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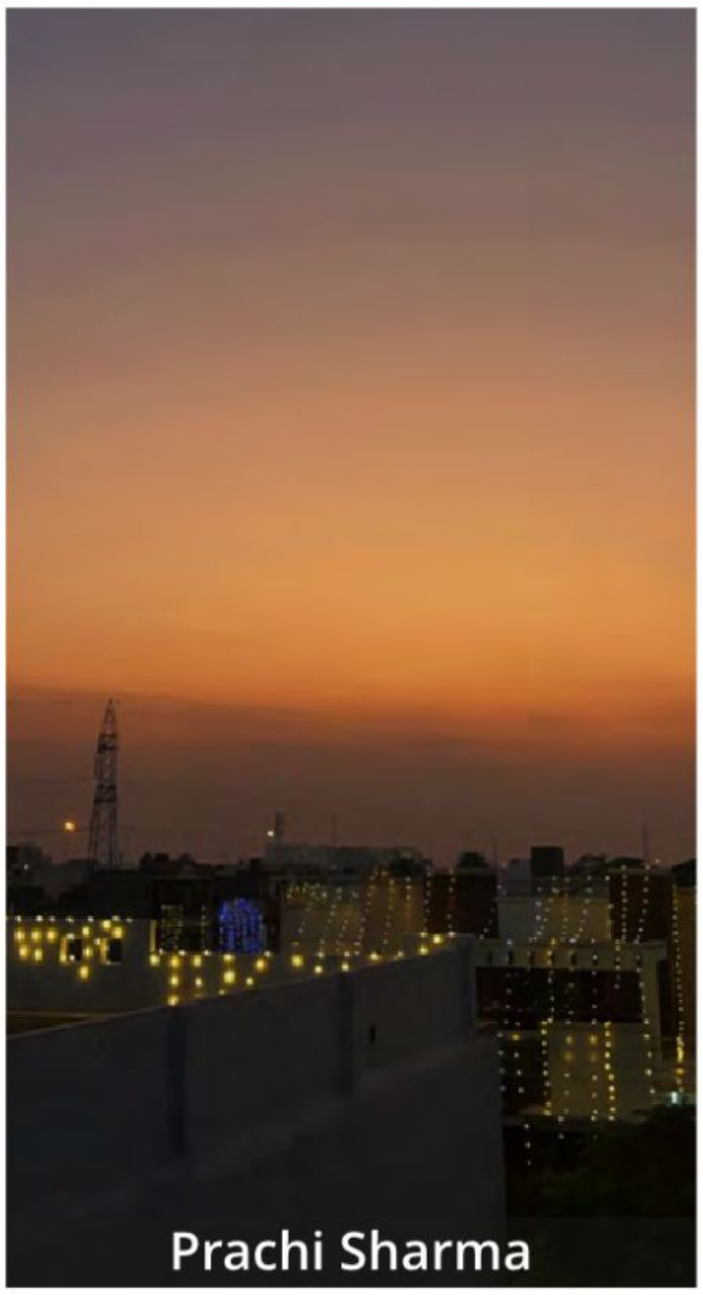
Mallika Sharma



Prachi Sharma

Harazeez Kaur

Dr. Srijan Bareja

Diversity

Threads of Togetherness

পশ্চিমবঙ্গ

ভারতের সাংস্কৃতিক মানচিত্রে পশ্চিমবঙ্গ এক অনন্য রাজ্য। ভৌগোলিক বিস্তার, ঐতিহাসিক উত্তরাধিকার, সাহিত্য-শিল্পের সমৃদ্ধ ভাণ্ডার, সংগীত ও নাট্যকলার পরম্পরা, বহুবিধ লোকাচার, উৎসব এবং সামাজিক জীবনধারা— এই সমস্ত উপাদান পশ্চিমবঙ্গকে এক স্বতন্ত্র পরিচয় প্রদান করেছে। গঙ্গা নদীর উর্বর অববাহিকা থেকে হিমালয়ের পাদদেশ ও দক্ষিণের সুন্দরবনের নোনা জল— প্রাকৃতিক বৈচিত্র্য যেমন সুস্পষ্ট, তেমনি মানুষের জীবনযাত্রার বৈচিত্র্যও সমানভাবে দৃশ্যমান।

ভৌগোলিক প্রেক্ষাপট ও ঐতিহাসিক উত্তরাধিকার

পশ্চিমবঙ্গের ভৌগোলিক অবস্থান তাকে এক বিশেষ গুরুত্ব দিয়েছে। উত্তরে দার্জিলিং-এর পর্বতমালা, দক্ষিণে সুন্দরবনের ম্যানগ্রোভ অরণ্য, পশ্চিমে লালমাটির মালভূমি ও পূর্বে গঙ্গার বদ্বীপ—প্রকৃতির প্রতিটি রূপ এখানে প্রতিফলিত হয়েছে। এই ভূপ্রকৃতি শুধু প্রাকৃতিক সম্পদই দেয়নি, বরং মানুষের চরিত্র, কর্মপদ্ধতি এবং জীবনযাত্রার ছন্দকেও গভীরভাবে প্রভাবিত করেছে।

ইতিহাসের দিকে তাকালে দেখা যায়, প্রাচীন গঙ্গা– ব্রহ্মপুত্র অববাহিকার সভ্যতা থেকেই বাংলার সাংস্কৃতিক বিকাশ শুরু। মৌর্য, গুপ্ত, পাল ও সেন রাজবংশের শাসন এই অঞ্চলে সমৃদ্ধ নগরায়ণ, মন্দির স্থাপত্য ও শিক্ষাকেন্দ্রের উত্থান ঘটায়। পরবর্তীকালে মুঘল ও নবাবি আমল বাণিজ্য, কারুশিল্প ও খাদ্যসংস্কৃতিকে বিকশিত করে।

নবজাগরণ ও আধুনিক চিন্তাধারা

ব্রিটিশ শাসন যদিও অর্থনৈতিকভাবে বাংলাকে শোষণ করেছিল, তবু উনবিংশ শতাব্দীর নবজাগরণ, শিক্ষাব্যবস্থার আধুনিকীকরণ, সংবাদপত্রের বিস্তার, পশ্চিমবঙ্গের সংস্কৃতিতে এক মৌলিক মোড় ঘুরিয়ে দেয়। রাজা রামমোহন রায় সমাজসংস্কারের যে আন্দোলন শুরু করেছিলেন, তা পরবর্তী কালে ঈশ্বরচন্দ্র বিদ্যাসাগর, মাইকেল মধুসূদন দত্ত, বঙ্কিমচন্দ্র চট্টোপাধ্যায়, রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর প্রমুখের চিন্তাধারায় বহমান হয়। বিদ্যাসাগরের বিধবা বিবাহ প্রবর্তন বা মধুসূদনের নাট্যকাব্যে পাশ্চাত্য রীতির সংমিশ্রণ—সবই বাংলার সমাজকে আধুনিকতার দিকে এগিয়ে দেয়। রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুরের অবদান কেবল সাহিত্যেই সীমাবদ্ধ নয়; শিক্ষা, সংগীত, চিত্রকলা ও আন্তর্জাতিক ভাবধারার সঙ্গে বাংলাকে যুক্ত করাতেও তাঁর ভূমিকা অসামান্য। শান্তিনিকেতনের বিশ্বভারতী আজও বিশ্বমানবতার প্রতীক।

স্বামী বিবেকানন্দ ও সাংস্কৃতিক পুনর্জাগরণ

নবজাগরণের ধারাবাহিকতায় স্বামী বিবেকানন্দ ছিলেন পশ্চিমবঙ্গ তথা ভারতের এক অসামান্য ব্যক্তিত্ব। তিনি

West Bengal

On India's cultural map, West Bengal holds a unique place. Its geographical expanse, historical legacy, rich treasure of literature and art, tradition of music and theatre, diverse folk customs, festivals, and social lifestyle—all these elements together bestow West Bengal with a distinct identity. From the fertile plains of the Ganges basin to the Himalayan foothills and the saline waters of the Sundarbans in the south—just as natural diversity is evident, so is the diversity of human life.

Geographical Context and Historical Legacy

West Bengal's geographical position has given it special importance. The mountains of Darjeeling in the north, the mangrove forests of the Sundarbans in the south, the red laterite plateau in the west, and the Ganges delta in the east—all reflect nature's many forms here. This terrain has not only provided natural resources but has also deeply influenced people's character, work patterns, and rhythm of life.

Looking back into history, the cultural development of Bengal began with the civilization of the ancient Ganga–Brahmaputra basin. The Maurya, Gupta, Pala, and Sena dynasties nurtured urban growth, temple architecture, and centers of learning in this region. Later, under the Mughals and the Nawabs, trade, handicrafts, and culinary culture flourished.

Renaissance and Modern Thought

Although British rule economically exploited Bengal, the nineteenth-century Renaissance, modernization of education, and the spread of newspapers brought about a fundamental turning point in its culture. Raja Rammohan Roy's social reform movement was later carried forward by Ishwarchandra Vidyasagar, Michael Madhusudan Dutt, Bankimchandra Chattopadhyay, Rabindranath Tagore, and others. Vidyasagar's introduction of widow remarriage, Madhusudan's blending of Western forms in drama—all pushed Bengali society toward modernity. Tagore's contribution was not limited to literature; his role in education, music, painting, and connecting Bengal with global thought was unparalleled. His Visva-Bharati in Santiniketan still stands as a symbol of universal humanism.

Swami Vivekananda and Cultural Revival

Continuing the legacy of the Renaissance, Swami Vivekananda emerged as an extraordinary personality for both Bengal and India. He was not only a spiritual leader but also a social thinker,

শুধু আধ্যাত্মিক গুরু নন, বরং সামাজিক চিন্তাবিদ, দার্শনিক ও যুবসমাজের প্রেরণাদাতা/ ১৮৯৩ সালের শিকাগো ধর্মসভায় তাঁর বক্তৃতা ভারতীয় আধ্যাত্মিকতা ও সর্বধর্ম সমন্বয়ের বার্তা সমগ্র বিশ্বে পৌঁছে দেয়/ তিনি বাঙালি জাতিকে আত্মবিশ্বাসী হতে শিখিয়েছিলেন এবং সমাজসেবাকে ধর্মচর্চার অঙ্গ হিসেবে প্রতিষ্ঠা করেছিলেন/

philosopher, and an inspiration for youth. His speech at the World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago in 1893 spread the message of Indian spirituality and harmony of religions across the globe. He taught Bengalis to be self-confident and established social service as an integral part of religious practice.

সাহিত্য ও ভাষার বিকাশ

বাংলা সাহিত্য পশ্চিমবঙ্গের সংস্কৃতির প্রাণকেন্দ্র/ প্রাচীন চর্যাপদ থেকে শুরু করে আধুনিক কবিতা ও উপন্যাস—সাহিত্য প্রতিটি যুগে মানুষের আনন্দ, দুঃখ, আশা ও সংগ্রামের প্রকাশ ঘটিয়েছে/ মধ্যযুগে চণ্ডীদাস, জয়দেব কিংবা বৈষ্ণব পদাবলির কবিগণ প্রেম ও ভক্তিকে মিলিয়ে এক অপূর্ব কাব্যভাষা নির্মাণ করেছিলেন/ পরবর্তীকালে মঙ্গলকাব্যের রচয়িতারা আঞ্চলিক ভাষা, সমাজজীবন ও ধর্মবিশ্বাসকে একত্রিত করেন/ উনবিংশ শতাব্দীতে বঙ্কিমচন্দ্রের আনন্দমঠ কেবল উপন্যাস নয়; জাতীয়তাবাদের অগ্রদূতও বটে/ রবীন্দ্রনাথের গীতাঞ্জলি বাংলা কবিতাকে বিশ্বসাহিত্যের উচ্চতায় পৌঁছে দেয়/ শরৎচন্দ্র চট্টোপাধ্যায় গ্রামীণ ও মধ্যবিত্ত সমাজের সংগ্রাম ও মানবিকতাকে তার উপন্যাসে চিত্রিত করেছেন/ জীবনানন্দ দাশ নগরজীবন ও নিসর্গপ্রেমের এক ভিন্ন স্বর তৈরি করেন/ সমকালীন লেখক যেমন মহাশ্বেতা দেবী, সেলিনা হোসেন কিংবা সুনীল গঙ্গোপাধ্যায় সমাজ- রাজনীতি ও ইতিহাসকে নতুন দৃষ্টিকোণ থেকে উপস্থাপন করেছেন/

Growth of Literature and Language

Bengali literature is the lifeblood of West Bengal's culture. From the ancient Charyapada to modern poetry and novels, literature has always expressed human joys, sorrows, hopes, and struggles. In the medieval period, poets like Chandidas, Jayadeva, and the Vaishnava lyricists created a poetic language blending love and devotion. Later, the Mangal-kavyas integrated local dialects, social life, and religious beliefs. In the nineteenth century, Bankimchandra's Anandamath was not only a novel but also a herald of nationalism. Tagore's Gitanjali elevated Bengali poetry to the heights of world literature. Sarat Chandra Chattopadhyay portrayed the struggles and humanity of rural and middle-class life in his novels. Jibanananda Das created a unique voice of urban life and love for nature. Contemporary writers like Mahasweta Devi, Selina Hossain, and Sunil Gangopadhyay presented society, politics, and history from new perspectives.

সংগীতের ঐতিহ্য

সংগীত পশ্চিমবঙ্গের সংস্কৃতির আরেক অপরিহার্য অঙ্গ/ গ্রামীণ বাংলার বাউল গান, ভাটিয়ালি বা ভাওয়াইয়া নদী ও মাঠের জীবনকে প্রতিফলিত করে/ বাউলরা তাঁদের আধ্যাত্মিক দর্শন ও মানবতাবাদী দৃষ্টিভঙ্গিকে সংগীতের মাধ্যমে ব্যক্ত করেছেন/ রবীন্দ্রসংগীত ও নজরুলগীতি দুই ধারা বাংলার মানসে গভীর প্রভাব ফেলেছে/ রবীন্দ্রসংগীতে প্রেম, প্রকৃতি, ভক্তি ও মানবতাবাদ মিলেমিশে এক সার্বজনীন আবেদন তৈরি করেছে/ অন্যদিকে নজরুল ইসলাম তাঁর গান ও কবিতায় বিদ্রোহ, সাম্যবাদ ও অসাম্প্রদায়িক চেতনার প্রতিফলন ঘটিয়েছেন/ লোকসংগীতের পাশাপাশি ধ্রুপদী সংগীত ও আধুনিক গানের ক্ষেত্রেও পশ্চিমবঙ্গ অগ্রগণ্য/ পণ্ডিত রবিশঙ্কর বা আলাউদ্দিন খাঁর মতো শিল্পী আন্তর্জাতিক অঙ্গনে ভারতের সঙ্গীতকে পরিচিত করেছেন/ সমকালীন জনপ্রিয় সংগীতও আজ বৈশ্বিক পরিসরে পৌঁছেছে/

Musical Heritage

Music is another essential part of West Bengal's culture. The Baul songs, Bhatiali, or Bhawaia reflect the life of rivers and fields in rural Bengal. The Bauls expressed their spiritual philosophy and humanist outlook through music. Rabindra Sangeet and Nazrul Geeti have profoundly influenced the Bengali mind. Rabindra Sangeet blends love, nature, devotion, and humanism into a universal appeal. On the other hand, Kazi Nazrul Islam expressed rebellion, equality, and secular consciousness in his songs and poems. Alongside folk traditions, Bengal has contributed to classical and modern music as well. Artists like Pandit Ravi Shankar and Alauddin Khan introduced Indian music to international audiences. Today, contemporary popular music from Bengal also reaches global platforms.

নাট্য ও চিত্রকলার ধারা

বাংলার নাট্যচর্চা ঊনবিংশ শতাব্দী থেকে ক্রমে বিকাশ লাভ করে/ গিরিশচন্দ্র ঘোষ, দীনবন্ধু মিত্র প্রমুখ নাট্যকার সমাজজীবনের অসংগতি ও রাজনৈতিক বার্তা নাটকের মাধ্যমে উপস্থাপন করেছিলেন/ পরবর্তীকালে শম্ভু মিত্র, উদয়শঙ্কর, বিজন ভট্টাচার্য নাট্য

Drama and Fine Arts

Theatre in Bengal gradually developed in the nineteenth century. Playwrights like Girish Chandra Ghosh and Dinabandhu Mitra presented social flaws and political messages through plays. Later, Shambhu Mitra, Uday Shankar, and Bijon Bhattacharya gave new dimensions to the theatre movement. From rural jatra to urban auditoriums, theatre still remains a beloved medium of

আন্দোলনকে নতুন মাত্রা দেন/ গ্রামীণ যাত্রা থেকে শহুরে প্রেক্ষাগৃহ—সবেতেই নাটক আজও মানুষের প্রিয় বিনোদন ও চিন্তার ক্ষেত্র/ চিত্রকলার ক্ষেত্রে অবনীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর, নন্দলাল বসু বা গগনেন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর ভারতীয় আধুনিক শিল্পকলা গড়ে তুলতে গুরুত্বপূর্ণ ভূমিকা পালন করেন/ তাঁদের কলমে ভারতীয় ভাবনা ও পাশ্চাত্য শিক্ষার সমন্বয় দেখা যায়/

উৎসব ও সামাজিক জীবন

উৎসব পশ্চিমবঙ্গের সংস্কৃতির প্রাণস্পন্দন/ দুর্গাপূজা নিছক ধর্মীয় আচার নয়; এটি সামাজিক ঐক্যের এক বর্ণময় অভিজ্ঞতা/ শিল্পীসুলভ প্রতিমা, থিম প্যান্ডেল, আলোকসজ্জা ও সাংস্কৃতিক অনুষ্ঠান—সবকিছু মিলিয়ে দুর্গাপূজা আজ বিশ্বব্যাপী স্বীকৃত/ এছাড়াও সরস্বতী পূজা, কালীপূজা, দোলযাত্রা, ঈদ, বড়দিন— সবই সামাজিক মেলবন্ধনের উৎসব/

খাদ্যসংস্কৃতি

পশ্চিমবঙ্গের খাদ্যসংস্কৃতি বৈচিত্র্যময় ও স্বতন্ত্র/ ভাত-ডাল, শাক-ভাজা, মাছের ঝোল-বড়া দৈনন্দিন জীবনের পরিচিত উপকরণ/ ইলিশ মাছ বাংলার রসনার সঙ্গে অবিচ্ছেদ্যভাবে যুক্ত/ মিষ্টান্নের কথা বলতে গেলে রসগোল্লা, সন্দেশ ও মিষ্টি দই বিশ্বব্যাপী পরিচিত/ এই খাদ্যসংস্কৃতি কেবল রসনার তৃপ্তি দেয় না; বরং বাংলার অতিথিপরায়ণতার প্রতীকও বটে/

শিক্ষা ও গবেষণা

কলকাতা বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়, যাদবপুর বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়, প্রেসিডেন্সি কলেজ বা শান্তিনিকেতনের বিশ্বভারতী—সবই শিক্ষার উৎকর্ষের নিদর্শন/ প্রাচীন কাল থেকে নালন্দা ও বিক্রমশীলার উত্তরাধিকার বহন করে বাংলার শিক্ষা ব্যবস্থা আধুনিক যুগেও গবেষণা, সাহিত্য ও বিজ্ঞানচর্চায় বিশেষ অবদান রেখেছে/

রাজনীতি ও সংস্কৃতির সংযোগ-

পশ্চিমবঙ্গের সংস্কৃতি কখনোই রাজনীতি থেকে বিচ্ছিন্ন ছিল না/ স্বাধীনতা আন্দোলন, বিপ্লবী আন্দোলন বা তেভাগা সংগ্রাম—সবেতেই সাহিত্য, গান, নাটক ও শিল্প অনুপ্রেরণার উৎস হয়েছে/ কবিতা ও সংগীত মানুষের প্রতিবাদী চেতনা জাগ্রত করেছে/ এই সংযোগ বাংলার সাংস্কৃতিক ইতিহাসকে অন্য রাজ্য থেকে আলাদা করে তোলে/

উপসংহার

পশ্চিমবঙ্গের সংস্কৃতি এক চলমান ধারা/ এটি কখনোই স্থির নয়, বরং সময়ের প্রয়োজন অনুযায়ী নিজেকে নবায়ন করেছে/ এই ভূমি আমাদের শিখিয়েছে কেবল বস্তুত সুখী হওয়া নয়; বরং চিন্তায়, সৃজনে ও মানবিকতায় সমৃদ্ধ হতে/ তাই পশ্চিমবঙ্গ কেবল ভারতের একটি রাজ্য নয়; এটি এক জীবন্ত সংস্কৃতির মহাকাব্য, যেখানে প্রতিটি অধ্যায় মানুষকে নতুনভাবে ভাবতে, বাঁচতে ও স্বপ্ন দেখতে শেখায়/

entertainment and thought. In fine arts, Abanindranath Tagore, Nandalal Bose, and Gaganendranath Tagore played vital roles in shaping Indian modern art. Their works reflect a synthesis of Indian ethos and Western education.

Festivals and Social Life

Festivals are the heartbeat of West Bengal's culture. Durga Puja is not just a religious ritual but a colorful celebration of social unity. Artistic idols, themed pandals, lighting, and cultural programs together make Durga Puja globally recognized today. Apart from this, Saraswati Puja, Kali Puja, Dol Jatra, Eid, and Christmas are also celebrated as festivals of social harmony.

Culinary Culture

The cuisine of West Bengal is diverse and unique. Rice and lentils, leafy greens, fried vegetables, and fish curries are staples of daily life. Hilsa fish is inseparably linked with Bengali taste. Among sweets, rosogolla, sandesh, and mishti doi are world-famous. This food culture not only satisfies the palate but also symbolizes Bengali hospitality.

Education and Research

Institutions like the University of Calcutta, Jadavpur University, Presidency College, and Visva-Bharati at Santiniketan are landmarks of academic excellence. Carrying forward the legacy of ancient Nalanda and Vikramshila, Bengal's educational tradition has made significant contributions to research, literature, and science in modern times.

Politics and Culture

Bengal's culture has never been isolated from politics. The independence movement, revolutionary struggles, and the Tebhaga peasant movement—all found inspiration in literature, music, theatre, and art. Poetry and songs awakened the spirit of protest among people. This link between politics and culture makes Bengal's cultural history distinct from that of other states.

Conclusion

The culture of West Bengal is a flowing stream—it is never static but constantly renews itself according to the needs of the time. This land has taught us not only to be content in material life but also to be enriched in thought, creativity, and humanity. West Bengal, therefore, is not just a state of India; it is a living epic of culture, where each chapter teaches people new ways to think, live, and dream.

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Junior Resident
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தமிழ்நாடு – பாரம்பரியம் பேசும் புனிதத் தாயகம்

“கல் தோன்றா, மண் தோன்றா காலத்தே முன் தோன்றிய மூத்த தமிழ்” எனப் புகழப்படும் தொன்மையின் தாயகம்தான் தமிழ்நாடு. உலகம் முழுவதும் இயற்கையும் பண்பாடும் இணைந்த புனித மண் எனத் தேடப்படும் இந்நிலம், கவிஞர்களின் வாண்மையும், மன்னரின் வீரமும் கலந்த நிழலாகத் திகழ்கிறது.

கிழக்கே வங்காள விரிகுடா கரையோரம் நீண்ட கடற்கரை, மேற்கே மலர்ந்த மேற்குத் தொடர்ச்சி மலைகள், தெற்கே அகன்ற கன்னியாகுமரி – இவை அனைத்தும் தமிழ்நாட்டை இயற்கையின் பொக்கிஷக்கோப்பையாக மாற்றுகின்றன. ஊட்டியும், கோடைக்கானலும், யேர்காடும், குன்னூரும், கொடைக்கானலும் – 'நிலகிரி அரசி' என அழைக்கப்படும் அபூர்வ அழகு மலைகளின் வீடு இந்தத் தமிழகம். ஊட்டியின் ஏரி, தாவரவியல் தோட்டங்கள், மலைக் குழித்தடங்கள் – உலகையே இன்புறச் செய்கின்றன. கொடைக்கானலின் தலையார் அருவியும் குக்கால் குகைகளும் இன்னும் இயற்கை வாழ்வின் உன்னதத்தை வெளிப்படுத்துகின்றன.

மனித நாகரிகம் கிமு நான்காம் நூற்றாண்டிலேயே இங்கு வேரூன்றியது. அந்தத் தொடக்கம் முதல் – சேரர், சோழர், பாண்டியர் என மூவேந்தர்கள் தம் புகழால் தமிழ்நாட்டை உலகம் முழுதும் அறிய வைத்தனர். பண்டைய எகிப்து, கிரேக்கம், ரோமாவுடன் கூட வர்த்தகச் சக்கரம் சுற்றியது. பல்லவர், சாளுக்கியர், பாண்டியர், சோழர், நாயக்கர் – யாரைக் கூறினாலும் அவர்கள் அரசின் அடையாளமே கலைக் கோயிலே. தஞ்சாவூரின் பெருவுடையார் கோயில், மதுரையின் மீனாட்சி அம்மன் ஆலயம், மாமல்லபுரத்தின் கற்கோயில் அதிசயங்கள் – இவை எத்தனை தலைமுறையின் கையாலேயே உருவாக்கப்பட்ட கவிதைகள். மாநிலம் முழுவதும் உயர்ந்து நிற்கும் கோபுரங்கள் –

Tamil Nadu – The Sacred Land Where Tradition Speaks

“Older than the soil, older than the stones—the ancient Tamil that predates time itself” – Tamil Nadu is celebrated as the homeland of such antiquity. Across the world, this sacred land is sought after as a place where nature and culture are seamlessly woven together. Here, the eloquence of poets and the valor of kings meet in a timeless shadow.

On the east, the long shoreline of the Bay of Bengal; on the west, the blossoming Western Ghats; and to the south, the vastness of Kanyakumari—together turn Tamil Nadu into a treasure chest of nature. Ooty, Kodaikanal, Yercaud, Coonoor—the enchanting hills, called the “Queen of the Nilgiris,” are housed in this Tamil land. Ooty’s lakes, botanical gardens, and valleys delight the world. Kodaikanal’s Thalaiyar Falls and Guna Caves reveal the heights of nature’s grandeur.

Human civilization took root here as early as the 4th century BCE. From those beginnings, the Cheras, Cholas, and Pandyas—the triumvirate of Tamil kings—brought global fame to this land. Ancient trade extended even to Egypt, Greece, and Rome.

The Pallavas, Chalukyas, Pandyas, Cholas, and Nayaks—all left behind artistic temples as the very identity of their rule. The Brihadeeswarar Temple of Thanjavur, the Meenakshi Amman Temple of Madurai, and the rock-cut marvels of Mamallapuram are poetry sculpted across generations. The towering gopurams across the state remain the signatures of past kings, coming alive each morning with the sound of temple bells.

Tamil Nadu itself is a great house of literature.

கடந்த கால அரசர்களின் கைரேகை, இன்னும் ஒவ்வொரு காலையிலும் மணி ஒலியில் உயிர்ப்பெடுகின்றன.

தமிழ்நாடு என்பதே ஒரு பெரும் இலக்கியவீடு. சங்கப்பாடல்களில் தோன்றிய ஐந்திணைத் தத்துவம்–குறிஞ்சியும், முல்லையும், மருதமும், நெய்தலும், பாலையும் – மனித வாழ்வின் அனைத்து நிலைகளையும் இயற்கையின் வழி விளக்கியது. இங்கு வாழ்ந்த தமிழர் கலைக்கும், ஒழுக்கத்துக்கும் இணையானோர். "அறத்துப்பால், பொருட்பால், காமத்துப்பால்" என வள்ளுவர் சொன்ன குறள் – உலகெங்கும் அழியாச் சின்னம். சித்தர்களின் பாடல்கள் மருத்துவமும் ஆன்மீகமும் ஒன்றாய் கலந்த மருந்து. அகத்தியர், அவ்வையார், கம்பர், பாரதியார் – இவர்களின் சொற்களில் இன்னும் நம் மொழியின் மணம் வீசுகிறது.

இசையில் பண் தோன்றி, பின்னர் அதுவே கர்நாடக இசையாக விரிந்தது. இன்றும் ஆலய விழாக்களில் 'பண்ணிசை' ஒலிக்கிறது. யாழின் மென்மையும், நாதஸ்வரத்தின் பெருமையும், தமிழிசையின் உயிரும் நம் பண்பாட்டை ஆயிரம் ஆண்டுகளாகப் பாதுகாக்கின்றன. நடனத்தில் பரதநாட்டியம் – கலைக்கும் ஆன்மீகத்துக்கும் திருநாடு காட்டும் வழிகாட்டி. உலகம் முழுவதும் பிரபலம் பெற்ற ஆண்-பெண் நடனக் கலைஞர்கள், தமிழகத்தின் பெருமைக்குச் சான்றான அடையாளமாம்.

தமிழ்நாடு சுவைகளின் தாய்மை— வீதியிலிருந்து வீட்டுவரை நறுமணமூட்டும் இட்லி, தோசை, வடை; அன்போடு இணையும் சாம்பார், சட்னி தின வாழ்வின் இனிய இசை. பொங்கலில் பானை பொங்கி வழியும் இனிப்பு நன்றியின் நித்யச் சின்னம். செட்டிநாட்டு கோழிக்கறி, மென்மையான ஆட்டுக்கறி, துவர்ப்பு–கரிப்புச் சமநிலையுடன் புளியோதரை, எளிமை செழுமையாய் எலுமிச்சை சாதம், வெப்பம் தணிக்கும் மோர் சாதம்—ஒவ்வொன்றும் மரபுக் கவிதை. பருப்பு பாயசம், வெல்ல பாயசம் நெய்மணம் கலந்த திருவிழா நினைவு; வாழை

The Sangam poems, with their philosophy of the five landscapes—Kurinji, Mullai, Marudham, Neidhal, and Palai—explained every stage of human life through nature. The Tamils who lived here were equals in art and ethics. Thiruvalluvar's immortal Tirukkural—"Virtue, Wealth, Love"—stands as an eternal emblem across the world. The songs of the Siddhars blended medicine with spirituality. Agastya, Avvaiyar, Kambar, and Bharathiyar—through their words, the fragrance of Tamil still lingers.

Music was born here in the form of Pann, which later evolved into Carnatic music. Even today, Pannisai resounds in temple festivals. The tenderness of the Yaal (lyre), the majesty of the Nadaswaram, and the spirit of Tamil music have preserved our culture for millennia.

In dance, Bharatanatyam stands as Tamil Nadu's guide, merging art with spirituality. World-renowned male and female dancers bear testimony to this pride of the Tamil land.

Tamil Nadu is also the mother of flavors—idli, dosa, vada, the aromas from the street to the home; sambar and chutney that blend with affection—together they are the sweet music of daily life. Pongal, with its pot brimming over, is a daily emblem of gratitude. Chettinad chicken, tender lamb, the tangy-spicy balance of tamarind rice, the simple richness of lemon rice, the cooling buttermilk rice—each dish is a traditional poem. Paruppu payasam, jaggery payasam with the fragrance of ghee—are festival memories. On a banana leaf—aviyal, kootu, pickles, and appalam—hospitality itself shines as a dharma. Here, cuisine is not just taste—it is the strength of the land, the wisdom of time, and the boundless heritage of love.

The life of Tamils flows like the rhythm of festivals. Thai Pongal, the grand day of Tamils—thanks offered to the earth and the stars. Mahamagam, Thaipoosam, Karthigai

இலையில் அவியல், கூட்டு, ஊறுகாய், அப்பளம் வரை விருந்தோம்பலின் தர்மம் பொலியும். இங்கு சமையல் சுவை மட்டும் அல்ல— நிலத்தின் பலம், காலத்தின் அறிவு, அன்பின் அளவுகடந்த மரபு.

தமிழரின் வாழ்க்கை பண்டிகைத் தாளமென ஓடுகிறது. தைப்பொங்கல், தமிழரின் பெருநாள் – விண்மீனுக்கும் மண்ணுக்கும் நன்றி சொல்வது. மஹாமகம், தைப்பூசம், கார்த்திகை தீபம் – களம் முழுவதும் ஆன்மீகத் தீபங்களாய் விழும். கயிலாயம் முதல் வைகை ஆறு வரை – திருவிழாக்கள் தமிழனின் சமூகத்தின் ஒற்றுமை, அன்பின் அடையாளம்.

இன்று சென்னையெனும் தலைநகரமோ "இந்தியாவின் டெட்ராய்ட்". மரீனா கடற்கரை, அஷ்டலட்சுமி ஆலயம், போர்ட் செயின்ட் ஜார்ஜ் ஆகியவை வரலாற்றின் கண்ணாடி. காஞ்சிபுரம் பட்டுச் சரிகள் – உலகம் முழுவதும் மணமகளின் கனவு. தஞ்சை ஓவியங்கள், பிதளை, வெண்கலப் பொருட்கள், வெள்ளி அலங்காரங்கள் – கைவினைஞர்களின் ஊர்வலம். மாமல்லபுரம் – யுனெஸ்கோ பாரம்பரியச் சின்னம் – கல் பேசும் இடம்.

"தமிழ்நாடு" என்று சொன்னாலே – வரலாறும், இயற்கையும், கலையும், அன்பும் ஒன்றாய் சேர்ந்த உயிர்ப்புள்ள கீதமே தோன்றுகிறது. உலகம் முழுவதும் வாழும் தமிழர், எங்கு இருந்தாலும் மார்பில் தங்கியிருப்பது ஒன்று – "தமிழே என் தாய்!" என்பது.

Deepam—festivals that rain down as lights of spirituality. From Kailash to the Vaigai River, every festival reflects Tamil unity and the bond of love.

Today, the capital city Chennai is called "the Detroit of India." Marina Beach, the Ashtalakshmi Temple, Fort St. George—all are mirrors of history. Kanchipuram silk sarees are the dream of brides across the globe. Thanjavur paintings, brass and bronze wares, silver adornments—stand as processions of craftsmanship. Mamallapuram, a UNESCO heritage site, is where stones speak.

When one says "Tamil Nadu," what emerges is a living song where history, nature, art, and love come together as one. Wherever in the world Tamils live, one truth forever rests in their hearts—"Tamil is my Mother!"

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ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದ ವೈಭವದ ನಾಡಿನ ಒಂದು ಝಲಕ

ಇತಿಹಾಸ ಮತ್ತು ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿ

ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದ ಇತಿಹಾಸ

ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದ ಇತಿಹಾಸವು ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ರಾಜವಂಶಗಳು, ಶಕ್ತಿಶಾಲಿ ಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ಮಹತ್ವದ ಸಾಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಕ ಚಳುವಳಿಗಳ ಎಳೆಗಳಿಂದ ನೇಯ್ದ ಒಂದು ಸಮೃದ್ಧ ವಸ್ತ್ರವಾಗಿದೆ. ಇದರ ಕಥೆಯು ಶಿಲಾಯುಗದ ಕಾಲಕ್ಕೆ ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು ಕೊಂಡೊಯ್ಯುತ್ತದೆ, ರಾಜ್ಯದಾದ್ಯಂತ ಮಾನವ ವಾಸದ ಕುರುಹುಗಳು ಕಂಡುಬಂದಿವೆ. ಐತಿಹಾಸಿಕವಾಗಿ **'ಕರುನಾಡು'** (ಎತ್ತರದ ನಾಡು) ಎಂದು ಕರೆಯಲ್ಪಡುವ ಈ ಪ್ರದೇಶವು ನಾಗರಿಕತೆಯ ತೊಟ್ಟಿಲು. ಇದು ತನ್ನ ಭೂಮಿ ಮತ್ತು ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಅಳಿಸಲಾಗದ ಛಾಪು ಮೂಡಿಸಿದ ಮಹಾನ್ ಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯಗಳ ಉದಯ ಮತ್ತು ಪತನಕ್ಕೆ ಸಾಕ್ಷಿಯಾಗಿದೆ.

ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದ ದಾಖಲಿತ ಇತಿಹಾಸವು ಕ್ರಿ.ಪೂ. ೩ನೇ ಶತಮಾನದಲ್ಲಿ **ಮೌರ್ಯ ಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯದ** ಕಾಲದಿಂದ ಆರಂಭವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಮೌರ್ಯರ ಅವನತಿಯ ನಂತರ, ಶಾತವಾಹನರು ಈ ಪ್ರದೇಶವನ್ನು ನಾಲ್ಕು ಶತಮಾನಗಳ ಕಾಲ ಆಳಿದರು. ಪ್ರಾಮುಖ್ಯತೆಗೆ ಬಂದ ಮೊದಲ ಸ್ಥಳೀಯ ರಾಜ್ಯಗಳೆಂದರೆ **ಬನವಾಸಿಯ ಕದಂಬರು** ಮತ್ತು **ತಲಕಾಡಿನ ಪಶ್ಚಿಮ ಗಂಗರು**. ಇವರೇ ಮೊಟ್ಟಮೊದಲ ಬಾರಿಗೆ ತಮ್ಮ ಆಡಳಿತದಲ್ಲಿ ಕನ್ನಡವನ್ನು ಬಳಸಿದರು.

ನಂತರದ ಶತಮಾನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ದಖ್ಖನ್ ಪ್ರಸ್ಥಭೂಮಿಯಾದ್ಯಂತ ತಮ್ಮ ಪ್ರಭಾವವನ್ನು ವಿಸ್ತರಿಸಿದ ಶಕ್ತಿಶಾಲಿ ಕನ್ನಡ ಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯಗಳ ಉದಯವಾಯಿತು. ಬಾದಾಮಿಯ ಚಾಲುಕ್ಯರು (ಕ್ರಿ.ಶ. ೬-ಎನೇ ಶತಮಾನ) ಐಹೊಳೆ, ಬಾದಾಮಿ ಮತ್ತು ಪಟ್ಟದಕಲ್ಲಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಭವ್ಯವಾದ ದೇವಾಲಯಗಳನ್ನು ನಿರ್ಮಿಸಿ ವಾಸ್ತುಶಿಲ್ಪದ ಸಾಧನೆಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೆಸರುವಾಸಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದರು. ಅವರ ನಂತರ ಮಾನ್ಯಖೇಟದ ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರಕೂಟರು (ಕ್ರಿ.ಶ. ೮-೧೦ನೇ ಶತಮಾನ) ಕಲೆ ಮತ್ತು ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯದ ಮಹಾನ್ ಪೋಷಕರಾಗಿದ್ದರು.

ಕಲ್ಯಾಣದ ಪಶ್ಚಿಮ ಚಾಲುಕ್ಯರು (ಕ್ರಿ.ಶ. ೧೦-೧೨ನೇ ಶತಮಾನ) ಮತ್ತು ಅವರ ಸಾಮಂತರಾದ ಹಳೇಬೀಡಿನ ಹೊಯ್ಸಳರು (ಕ್ರಿ.ಶ. ೧೧-೧೪ನೇ ಶತಮಾನ) ದೇವಾಲಯ ವಾಸ್ತುಶಿಲ್ಪದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಸುವರ್ಣಯುಗವನ್ನು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸಿದರು. ಬೇಲೂರು, ಹಳೇಬೀಡು ಮತ್ತು ಸೋಮನಾಥಪುರದ ಹೊಯ್ಸಳ ದೇವಾಲಯಗಳ ಸಂಕೀರ್ಣವಾದ ಕೆತ್ತನೆಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ವಿವರವಾದ ಶಿಲ್ಪಗಳು ಅವರ ಕಲಾತ್ಮಕ ಪ್ರತಿಭೆಗೆ ಸಾಕ್ಷಿಯಾಗಿವೆ.

೧೪ನೇ ಶತಮಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ವಿಜಯನಗರ ಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯದ ಉದಯವಾಯಿತು. ಇದು ಉತ್ತರದಿಂದ ಬರುವ ಆಕ್ರಮಣಗಳ ವಿರುದ್ಧ ಒಂದು ಪ್ರಬಲ ರಕ್ಷಣೆಯಾಗಿ ಮತ್ತು ಹಿಂದೂ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿ ಹಾಗೂ ಕಲೆಯ ದಾರಿದೀಪವಾಗಿ ನಿಂತಿತು. ಅದರ ರಾಜಧಾನಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದ ಹಂಪಿಯ ಅವಶೇಷಗಳು, ಇಂದು ಯುನೆಸ್ಕೋ ವಿಶ್ವ ಪರಂಪರೆಯ ತಾಣವಾಗಿದ್ದು, ಅದರ ವೈಭವಯುತ ಭೂತಕಾಲವನ್ನು ನೆನಪಿಸುತ್ತವೆ. ವಿಜಯನಗರ ಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯದ ಪತನದ ನಂತರ, ಬಹಮನಿ ಸುಲ್ತಾನರು ಮತ್ತು ದಖ್ಖನ್ ಸುಲ್ತಾನರು ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದ ಕೆಲವು ಭಾಗಗಳನ್ನು ಆಳಿದರು.

ಒಂದು ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ವಿಜಯನಗರ ಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯದ ಸಾಮಂತರಾಗಿದ್ದ ಮೈಸೂರಿನ ಒಡೆಯರು ೧೭ನೇ ಶತಮಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ತಮ್ಮದೇ ಆದ ರಾಜ್ಯವನ್ನು ಸ್ಥಾಪಿಸಿದರು. ೧೮ನೇ ಶತಮಾನದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೈದರ್ ಅಲಿ ಮತ್ತು ಅವನ ಮಗ ಟಿಪ್ಪು ಸುಲ್ತಾನರ ಉದಯವು ಬ್ರಿಟಿಷರ ವಿರುದ್ಧದ ಪ್ರತಿರೋಧದ ಅವಧಿಯನ್ನು ಗುರುತಿಸಿತು. ೧೭೯೯ರಲ್ಲಿ ಟಿಪ್ಪು ಸುಲ್ತಾನ್ ಪತನದ ನಂತರ, ಕರ್ನಾಟಕವು ಬ್ರಿಟಿಷರ ಆಳ್ವಿಕೆಗೆ ಒಳಪಟ್ಟಿತು.

ಭಾರತದ ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯ ಸಂಗ್ರಾಮದಲ್ಲಿ ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದ ಜನರು ಸಕ್ರಿಯವಾಗಿ ಭಾಗವಹಿಸಿದ್ದರು. ಸ್ವಾತಂತ್ರ್ಯದ ನಂತರ, ೧೯೫೬ರಲ್ಲಿ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಕನ್ನಡ ಮಾತನಾಡುವ ಪ್ರದೇಶಗಳನ್ನು ಒಗ್ಗೂಡಿಸಿ ಮೈಸೂರು ರಾಜ್ಯವನ್ನು

A Glimpse into the Glorious Land of Karnataka

History and Culture

The History of Karnataka

The history of Karnataka is a rich fabric woven with the threads of ancient dynasties, powerful empires, and significant cultural movements. Its story stretches back to the Stone Age, with evidence of human habitation found across the region. Historically referred to as Karunadu (the elevated land), this area has been a cradle of civilization. It has witnessed the rise and fall of great empires that left an indelible mark on its land and culture.

Recorded history of Karnataka begins in the 3rd century BCE with the Mauryan Empire. After their decline, the Satavahanas ruled the region for four centuries. Among the earliest local dynasties were the Kadambas of Banavasi and the Western Gangas of Talakad, who were the first to use Kannada in administration.

Subsequent centuries saw the emergence of powerful Kannada empires that expanded their influence across the Deccan plateau. The Chalukyas of Badami (6th–8th centuries CE) became famous for their architectural achievements, building grand temples at Aihole, Badami, and Pattadakal. They were succeeded by the Rashtrakutas of Manyakheta (8th–10th centuries CE), great patrons of art and literature.

The Western Chalukyas of Kalyani (10th–12th centuries CE) and their feudatories, the Hoysalas of Halebidu (11th–14th centuries CE), ushered in a golden age of temple architecture. The intricate carvings and elaborate sculptures of Hoysala temples at Belur, Halebidu, and Somnathpura testify to their artistic genius.

In the 14th century, the Vijayanagara Empire rose to prominence. It stood as a powerful bulwark against northern invasions and as a beacon of Hindu culture and art. The ruins of its capital, Hampi—now a UNESCO World Heritage Site—remind us of its glorious past. After its fall, the Bahmani Sultans and Deccan Sultanates controlled parts of Karnataka.

In the 17th century, the Wodeyars of Mysore, once feudatories of Vijayanagara, established their own kingdom. The 18th century saw the rise of Hyder Ali and his son Tipu Sultan, marking an era of resistance against the British. After Tipu's fall in 1799, Karnataka came under British rule.

The people of Karnataka actively participated in India's freedom struggle. After independence, in 1956, all Kannada-speaking regions were unified to

ರಚಿಸಲಾಯಿತು. ೧೯೭೩ರಲ್ಲಿ, ಈ ರಾಜ್ಯಕ್ಕೆ 'ಕರ್ನಾಟಕ' ಎಂದು ಮರುನಾಮಕರಣ ಮಾಡಲಾಯಿತು.

ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದ ವೈವಿಧ್ಯಮಯ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿ

ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಯು ಅದರ ಇತಿಹಾಸದಷ್ಟೇ ವೈವಿಧ್ಯಮಯ ಮತ್ತು ರೋಮಾಂಚಕವಾಗಿದೆ. ಇದು ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯಗಳು, ಕಲಾ ಪ್ರಕಾರಗಳು, ಸಂಗೀತ, ನೃತ್ಯ ಮತ್ತು ಪಾಕಪದ್ಧತಿಯ ಸಾಮರಸ್ಯದ ಮಿಶ್ರಣವಾಗಿದೆ.

- **ಕಲೆ ಮತ್ತು ವಾಸ್ತುಶಿಲ್ಪ:** ಬಾದಾಮಿಯ ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ಗುಹಾಂತರ ದೇವಾಲಯಗಳಿಂದ ಹಿಡಿದು ಚಾಲುಕ್ಯ, ಹೊಯ್ಸಳ ಮತ್ತು ವಿಜಯನಗರ ಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯದ ಭವ್ಯವಾದ ದೇವಾಲಯಗಳವರೆಗೆ ಕರ್ನಾಟಕವು ವಾಸ್ತುಶಿಲ್ಪದ ಅದ್ಭುತಗಳ ನಿಧಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಈ ದೇವಾಲಯಗಳ ಸಂಕೀರ್ಣ ಕೆತ್ತನೆಗಳು, ವಿವರವಾದ ಶಿಲ್ಪಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ಎತ್ತರದ ಗೋಪುರಗಳು ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ಹಬ್ಬವನ್ನುಂಟುಮಾಡುತ್ತವೆ.
- **ಸಂಗೀತ ಮತ್ತು ನೃತ್ಯ:** ಕರ್ನಾಟಕವು ತನ್ನ ಕರ್ನಾಟಕ ಸಂಗೀತದ ಶ್ರೀಮಂತ ಸಂಪ್ರದಾಯಕ್ಕೆ ಹೆಸರುವಾಸಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. ೧೬ನೇ ಶತಮಾನದ ಸಂಯೋಜಕ ಪುರಂದರ ದಾಸರನ್ನು "ಕರ್ನಾಟಕ ಸಂಗೀತದ ಪಿತಾಮಹ" ಎಂದು ಪರಿಗಣಿಸಲಾಗಿದೆ. ರಾಜ್ಯವು ಹಿಂದೂಸ್ತಾನಿ ಸಂಗೀತಕ್ಕೂ ಮಹತ್ವದ ಕೊಡುಗೆ ನೀಡಿದೆ. ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನ, ಒಂದು ಸಾಂಪ್ರದಾಯಿಕ ನೃತ್ಯ-ನಾಟಕ ಪ್ರಕಾರವಾಗಿದ್ದು, ಕರಾವಳಿ ಪ್ರದೇಶಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಜನಪ್ರಿಯವಾಗಿರುವ ಒಂದು ರೋಮಾಂಚಕ ಮತ್ತು ವರ್ಣರಂಜಿತ ಕಲಾ ಪ್ರಕಾರವಾಗಿದೆ. ಡೊಳ್ಳು ಕುಣಿತ, ವೀರಗಾಸೆ ಮತ್ತು ಕಂಸಾಳೆಯಂತಹ ಇತರ ಜಾನಪದ ನೃತ್ಯಗಳು ರಾಜ್ಯದ ಸಾಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಕ ಪರಂಪರೆಯ ಅವಿಭಾಜ್ಯ ಅಂಗವಾಗಿವೆ.
- **ಹಬ್ಬಗಳು:** ಕರ್ನಾಟಕವು ವಿವಿಧ ಹಬ್ಬಗಳನ್ನು ಅತ್ಯಂತ ವಿಜೃಂಭಣೆಯಿಂದ ಆಚರಿಸುತ್ತದೆ. ಮೈಸೂರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಆಚರಿಸಲಾಗುವ ದಸರಾ, ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಾದ್ಯಂತದ ಪ್ರವಾಸಿಗರನ್ನು ಆಕರ್ಷಿಸುವ ಒಂದು ಅದ್ಭುತ ಕಾರ್ಯಕ್ರಮವಾಗಿದೆ. ಯುಗಾದಿ (ಕನ್ನಡ ಹೊಸ ವರ್ಷ), ಗಣೇಶ ಚತುರ್ಥಿ ಮತ್ತು ದೀಪಾವಳಿಗಳು ಉತ್ಸಾಹದಿಂದ ಆಚರಿಸಲಾಗುವ ಇತರ ಪ್ರಮುಖ ಹಬ್ಬಗಳಾಗಿವೆ.
- **ಪಾಕಪದ್ಧತಿ:** ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದ ಪಾಕಪದ್ಧತಿಯು ಅದರ ಭೌಗೋಳಿಕತೆಯಷ್ಟೇ ವೈವಿಧ್ಯಮಯವಾಗಿದೆ. ಕರಾವಳಿ ಪ್ರದೇಶಗಳು ತಮ್ಮ ರುಚಿಕರವಾದ ಸಮುದ್ರಾಹಾರದ ಖಾದ್ಯಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೆಸರುವಾಸಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದರೆ, ಉತ್ತರ ಭಾಗಗಳು ತಮ್ಮ ಖಾರವಾದ ಜೋಳದ ರೊಟ್ಟಿ ಮತ್ತು ಪಲ್ಯಗಳಿಗೆ ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧವಾಗಿವೆ. ರಾಜ್ಯದ ದಕ್ಷಿಣ ಭಾಗವು ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧ 'ಬಿಸಿ ಬೇಳೆ ಬಾತ್' ಸೇರಿದಂತೆ ಅಕ್ಕಿ ಆಧಾರಿತ ಭಕ್ಷ್ಯಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೆಸರುವಾಸಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಉಡುಪಿ ಪಾಕಪದ್ಧತಿಯು ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣ ಸಸ್ಯಾಹಾರಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದು, ಪ್ರಪಂಚದಾದ್ಯಂತ ಜನಪ್ರಿಯವಾಗಿದೆ.
- **ಕರಕುಶಲ ಕಲೆ:** ಕರ್ನಾಟಕವು ಶ್ರೀಗಂಧದ ಕೆತ್ತನೆಗಳು, ದಂತದ ಕೆತ್ತನೆಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ರೇಷ್ಮೆ ಸೀರೆಗಳು ಸೇರಿದಂತೆ ತನ್ನ ಸೊಗಸಾದ ಕರಕುಶಲ ವಸ್ತುಗಳಿಗೆ ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧವಾಗಿದೆ. ಮೈಸೂರು ರೇಷ್ಮೆಯು ತನ್ನ ಗುಣಮಟ್ಟ ಮತ್ತು ಕುಶಲತೆಗೆ ಹೆಸರುವಾಸಿಯಾಗಿದೆ.

ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದ ಸುಂದರ ಪ್ರವಾಸಿ ತಾಣಗಳು

ಕರ್ನಾಟಕವು ಉಸಿರುಕಟ್ಟುವ ನೈಸರ್ಗಿಕ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯ ಮತ್ತು ಐತಿಹಾಸಿಕ ಅದ್ಭುತಗಳ ನಾಡು. ಮಂಜು ಮುಸುಕಿದ ಪರ್ವತಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ನಿರ್ಮಲವಾದ ಕಡಲತೀರಗಳಿಂದ ಹಿಡಿದು ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ದೇವಾಲಯಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ಭವ್ಯವಾದ ಅರಮನೆಗಳವರೆಗೆ, ರಾಜ್ಯವು ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಬ್ಬ ಪ್ರಯಾಣಿಕರಿಗೂ ವೈವಿಧ್ಯಮಯ ಆಕರ್ಷಣೆಗಳನ್ನು ನೀಡುತ್ತದೆ.

ಹಂಪಿ: ಅವಶೇಷಗಳ ನಗರ

ವಿಜಯನಗರ ಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯದ ಹಿಂದಿನ ರಾಜಧಾನಿಯಾಗಿದ್ದ ಹಂಪಿಯ ಭವ್ಯವಾದ ಅವಶೇಷಗಳು ಯುನೆಸ್ಕೋ ವಿಶ್ವ ಪರಂಪರೆಯ ತಾಣವಾಗಿದೆ. ವಿಶಾಲವಾದ ಪ್ರದೇಶದಲ್ಲಿ ಹರಡಿರುವ ಈ ಅವಶೇಷಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ದೇವಾಲಯಗಳು, ಅರಮನೆಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ಇತರ ರಚನೆಗಳು ವಿಜಯನಗರ ಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯದ ವೈಭವಕ್ಕೆ ಸಾಕ್ಷಿಯಾಗಿವೆ. ವಿರೂಪಾಕ್ಷ ದೇವಾಲಯ, ಸಂಗೀತದ

form the state of Mysore. In 1973, it was renamed Karnataka.

Karnataka's Diverse Culture

Karnataka's culture is as vibrant and diverse as its history—a harmonious blend of traditions, art forms, music, dance, and cuisine.

- **Art & Architecture:** From the ancient rock-cut cave temples of Badami to the magnificent temples of the Chalukya, Hoysala, and Vijayanagara empires, Karnataka is a treasure trove of architectural wonders. Intricate carvings, detailed sculptures, and towering gopurams captivate every eye.
- **Music & Dance:** Karnataka is renowned for its rich tradition of Carnatic music. Purandara Dasa (16th century) is hailed as the "Father of Carnatic Music." The state has also contributed significantly to Hindustani music. Yakshagana, a traditional dance-drama from the coastal regions, is a colorful and enthralling art form. Folk dances like Dollu Kunitha, Veeragase, and Kamsale are integral to its cultural heritage.
- **Festivals:** Karnataka celebrates festivals with grandeur. Mysuru Dasara is a spectacular event attracting tourists worldwide. Other major festivals include Ugadi (Kannada New Year), Ganesha Chaturthi, and Deepavali.
- **Cuisine:** Karnataka's cuisine is as varied as its geography. Coastal regions are famed for delicious seafood, while the northern part is known for spicy jowar rotti and curries. The south is famous for rice-based dishes, especially the iconic Bisi Bele Bath. Udupi cuisine, entirely vegetarian, has gained worldwide popularity.
- **Handicrafts:** Karnataka is famous for its elegant handicrafts, including sandalwood carvings, ivory works, and silk sarees. Mysore silk is celebrated for its quality and craftsmanship.

Karnataka's Diverse Culture

Karnataka is a land of breathtaking natural beauty and historic marvels. From misty hills and pristine beaches to ancient temples and majestic palaces, it offers diverse attractions for every traveler.

Hampi: The City of Ruins

Once the capital of the Vijayanagara Empire, Hampi's grand ruins are a UNESCO World Heritage Site. Spread over a vast area, its temples, palaces, and monuments reflect the empire's magnificence. Must-see sites include Virupaksha Temple, Vittala Temple with its musical pillars, and the iconic Stone Chariot.

ಕಂಬಗಳನ್ನು ಹೊಂದಿರುವ ವಿಠ್ಠಲ ದೇವಾಲಯ ಮತ್ತು ಕಲ್ಲಿನ ರಥವು ಹಂಪಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನೋಡಲೇಬೇಕಾದ ಕೆಲವು ಆಕರ್ಷಣೆಗಳಾಗಿವೆ.

ಮೈಸೂರು: ಅರಮನೆಗಳ ನಗರ

ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದ ಸಾಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಕ ರಾಜಧಾನಿಯಾದ ಮೈಸೂರು, ತನ್ನ ಭವ್ಯವಾದ ಅರಮನೆಗಳು, ಸುಂದರವಾದ ಉದ್ಯಾನವನಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ವರ್ಣರಂಜಿತ ಹಬ್ಬಗಳಿಗೆ ಪ್ರಸಿದ್ಧವಾಗಿದೆ. ಒಡೆಯರ ಅಧಿಕೃತ ನಿವಾಸವಾಗಿದ್ದ ಮೈಸೂರು ಅರಮನೆಯು ಇಂಡೋ- ಸರಾಸೆನಿಕ್ ವಾಸ್ತುಶಿಲ್ಪದ ಒಂದು ಅದ್ಭುತ ಉದಾಹರಣೆಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಬೆಟ್ಟದ ತುದಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಚಾಮುಂಡೇಶ್ವರಿ ದೇವಾಲಯವನ್ನು ಹೊಂದಿರುವ ಚಾಮುಂಡಿ ಬೆಟ್ಟವು ನಗರದ ವಿಹಂಗಮ ನೋಟವನ್ನು ನೀಡುತ್ತದೆ.

ಜೋಗ ಜಲಪಾತ: ಭವ್ಯ ಜಲಪಾತ

ಶಿವಮೊಗ್ಗ ಜಿಲ್ಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಜೋಗ ಜಲಪಾತವು ಭಾರತದ ಅತಿ ಎತ್ತರದ ಧುಮ್ಮಿಕ್ಕುವ ಜಲಪಾತಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದಾಗಿದೆ. ಶರಾವತಿ ನದಿಯು ೨೫೩ ಮೀಟರ್ ಎತ್ತರದಿಂದ ರಾಜ, ರಾಣಿ, ರೋರರ್ ಮತ್ತು ರಾಕೆಟ್ ಎಂಬ ನಾಲ್ಕು ವಿಭಿನ್ನ ಜಲಪಾತಗಳಾಗಿ ಧುಮ್ಮಿಕ್ಕುತ್ತದೆ. ಮಳೆಗಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಈ ಜಲಪಾತದ ದೃಶ್ಯವು ನಿಜಕ್ಕೂ ಉಸಿರುಕಟ್ಟುವಂತಿರುತ್ತದೆ.

ಕೊಡಗು: ಭಾರತದ ಸ್ಕಾಟ್ಲೆಂಡ್

ಕೊಡಗು, ಪಶ್ಚಿಮ ಘಟ್ಟಗಳಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಒಂದು ಸುಂದರ ಗಿರಿಧಾಮ. ಇದು ತನ್ನ ಹಚ್ಚ ಹಸಿರಿನ ಕಾಫಿ ತೋಟಗಳು, ಮಂಜು ಮುಸುಕಿದ ಪರ್ವತಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ಧುಮ್ಮಿಕ್ಕುವ ಜಲಪಾತಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೆಸರುವಾಸಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. ಅಬ್ಬೆ ಜಲಪಾತ, ರಾಜಾ ಸೀಟ್ ಮತ್ತು ದುಬಾರೆ ಆನೆ ಶಿಬಿರ ಕೊಡಗಿನ ಕೆಲವು ಜನಪ್ರಿಯ ಪ್ರವಾಸಿ ಆಕರ್ಷಣೆಗಳಾಗಿವೆ.

ಬೇಲೂರು: ದೇವಾಲಯಗಳ ಪಟ್ಟಣ

ಯಗಚಿ ನದಿಯ ದಡದಲ್ಲಿರುವ ಬೇಲೂರು ತನ್ನ ಸೊಗಸಾದ ಹೊಯ್ಸಳ ದೇವಾಲಯಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೆಸರುವಾಸಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. ವಿಷ್ಣುವಿಗೆ ಅರ್ಪಿತವಾದ ಚೆನ್ನಕೇಶವ ದೇವಾಲಯವು ಹೊಯ್ಸಳ ವಾಸ್ತುಶಿಲ್ಪದ ಒಂದು ಮೇರುಕೃತಿಯಾಗಿದೆ. ದೇವಾಲಯದ ಗೋಡೆಗಳನ್ನು ಅಲಂಕರಿಸುವ ಸಂಕೀರ್ಣ ಕೆತ್ತನೆಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ಶಿಲ್ಪಗಳು ನೋಡಲು ಒಂದು ಅದ್ಭುತ ದೃಶ್ಯವಾಗಿದೆ.

ಇತರ ಜನಪ್ರಿಯ ಪ್ರವಾಸಿ ತಾಣಗಳು:

- **ಗೋಕರ್ಣ:** ತನ್ನ ನಿರ್ಮಲವಾದ ಕಡಲತೀರಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ಪವಿತ್ರ ದೇವಾಲಯಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೆಸರುವಾಸಿಯಾದ ಒಂದು ಪ್ರಶಾಂತ ಕಡಲತೀರದ ಪಟ್ಟಣ.
- **ಚಿಕ್ಕಮಗಳೂರು:** ಕಾಫಿ ತೋಟಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ಚಾರಣ ಮಾರ್ಗಗಳಿಗೆ ಹೆಸರುವಾಸಿಯಾದ ಸುಂದರ ಗಿರಿಧಾಮ.
- **ಬಾದಾಮಿ, ಐಹೊಳೆ ಮತ್ತು ಪಟ್ಟದಕಲ್ಲು:** ಚಾಲುಕ್ಯ ರಾಜವಂಶದ ವಾಸ್ತುಶಿಲ್ಪದ ವೈಭವವನ್ನು ಪ್ರದರ್ಶಿಸುವ ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ದೇವಾಲಯ ಪಟ್ಟಣಗಳು.
- **ಉಡುಪಿ:** ತನ್ನ ಪ್ರಾಚೀನ ದೇವಾಲಯಗಳು ಮತ್ತು ರುಚಿಕರವಾದ ಪಾಕಪದ್ಧತಿಗೆ ಹೆಸರುವಾಸಿಯಾದ ಕರಾವಳಿ ಪಟ್ಟಣ.
- **ಬಂಡೀಪುರ ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರೀಯ ಉದ್ಯಾನವನ ಮತ್ತು ನಾಗರಹೊಳೆ ರಾಷ್ಟ್ರೀಯ ಉದ್ಯಾನವನ:** ಕರ್ನಾಟಕದ ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಜನಪ್ರಿಯ ವನ್ಯಜೀವಿ ಅಭಯಾರಣ್ಯಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಎರಡು, ವಿವಿಧ ಸಸ್ಯ ಮತ್ತು ಪ್ರಾಣಿಗಳಿಗೆ ನೆಲೆಯಾಗಿದೆ.

ಕರ್ನಾಟಕವು ತನ್ನ ಶ್ರೀಮಂತ ಇತಿಹಾಸ, ರೋಮಾಂಚಕ ಸಂಸ್ಕೃತಿ ಮತ್ತು ಬೆರಗುಗೊಳಿಸುವ ನೈಸರ್ಗಿಕ ಸೌಂದರ್ಯದಿಂದ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಹೃದಯ ಮತ್ತು ಆತ್ಮವನ್ನು ಸೆರೆಹಿಡಿಯುವ ನಾಡಾಗಿದೆ. ನೀವು ಇತಿಹಾಸ ಪ್ರೇಮಿಯಾಗಿರಲಿ, ಪ್ರಕೃತಿ ಪ್ರೇಮಿಯಾಗಿರಲಿ ಅಥವಾ ಆಧ್ಯಾತ್ಮಿಕ ಅನ್ವೇಷಕರಾಗಿರಲಿ, ಕರ್ನಾಟಕವು ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಬ್ಬರಿಗೂ ಏನನ್ನಾದರೂ ನೀಡುತ್ತದೆ.

Mysuru: The City of Palaces

Karnataka's cultural capital, Mysuru, is renowned for its palaces, gardens, and vibrant festivals. The Mysore Palace, official residence of the Wodeyars, is a splendid example of Indo-Saracenic architecture. Chamundi Hill, with the Chamundeshwari Temple, offers a panoramic view of the city.

Jog Falls: The Majestic Waterfall

Located in Shivamogga district, Jog Falls is one of India's highest waterfalls. The Sharavathi River cascades 253 meters in four distinct streams—Raja, Rani, Roarer, and Rocket. The sight during the monsoon is truly awe-inspiring.

Coorg: Scotland of India

Nestled in the Western Ghats, Coorg (Kodagu) is a picturesque hill station known for its lush coffee plantations, misty hills, and gushing waterfalls. Popular attractions include Abbey Falls, Raja's Seat, and Dubare Elephant Camp.

Belur: The Town of Temples

Situated on the banks of the Yagachi River, Belur is famed for its exquisite Hoysala temples. The Chennakesava Temple, dedicated to Vishnu, is a masterpiece of Hoysala architecture, adorned with intricate carvings and sculptures.

Other Popular Tourist Spots

- Gokarna: A serene coastal town, known for its pristine beaches and sacred temples.
- Chikkamagaluru: A scenic hill station famous for coffee plantations and trekking trails.
- Badami, Aihole & Pattadakal: Ancient temple towns showcasing the architectural grandeur of the Chalukya dynasty.
- Udupi: A coastal town renowned for its ancient temples and delicious cuisine.
- Bandipur & Nagarhole National Parks: Two of Karnataka's most popular wildlife sanctuaries, home to diverse flora and fauna.

Karnataka, with its glorious history, vibrant culture, and stunning natural beauty, is a land that captures the heart and soul. Whether you are a history enthusiast, a nature lover, or a spiritual seeker, Karnataka has something for everyone.

Dr. Satish Mahur
Junior Resident
Dept of Anaesthesia and Intensive Care

غزل

بادل کی گھٹا کو دیکھ کے آج میں نے اس نور کو یاد کیا۔
قناعت تھا حالات سے اپنی میں وہ طلب و فطور کو یاد کیا۔

اجڑتے ہوئے اس ارماں کو ہم روز ہی جلتے دیکھتے تھے۔
وہ دھوئیں نے لوٹی بینائی آج اس شعلے کو یاد کیا۔

اہلِ عجائب دیکھ کے بھی گورستان میں دل یہ پھرے۔
افسانۂ دوستی دفن جہاں آج اسی مزار کو یاد کیا۔

روح کو تڑپتا دیکھ کے وہ سنم نے جو منہ کو پھیر لیا۔
ہنس ہنس کر ہم جو سہتے تھے آج اس ہی ستم کو یاد کیا۔

روتے ہو اب اے غیرؔ کیوں تم خوابیدہ کلوں کے ٹوٹنے پر۔
وہ وصال بنا ہی تو نے کیوں ہجر کی رات کو یاد کیا۔

راگھاو کوشیش
بیچ ۲۰۲۲

ग़ज़ल

बादल की घटा को देख के आज मैंने उस नूर को याद किया।
कनाअत था हालात से अपनी मैं वो तलब ओ फितूर को याद किया।

उजड़े हुए उस अरमान को हम रोज़ ही जलते देखते थे,
वो धुएं ने लूटी बीनाई आज उस शोले को याद किया।

अह्ल-ए-अजायब देख के भी गोरिस्तान में दिल ये फिरे,
अफ़साना-ए-दोस्ती दफ़्न जहां आज उसी मज़ार को याद किया।

रूह को तड़पता देख के वो सनम ने जो मुँह को फेर लिया,
हँस हँस कर हम जो सहते थे आज उसी सितम को याद किया।

रोते हो अब ऐ 'ग़ैर' क्यों तुम ख़्वाबीदा गुलों के टूटने पर,
वो विसाल बिना ही तू ने क्यों हिज्र की रात को याद किया।

राघव कौशिश
बैच २०२२

I ja ka Bei

Khynnah waroh sodong ha chnong
Kiwa lehke Skop kyllein kyllein ha dong;
Iaphet ki wut-wut katwa ïe katwa man,
Marsien awrie ka Bei "Da ih i ja, ale wan bran!"

Syrwa ianem wei dakha sdieh,
Kamtea wei jalieh kat dang iñ, u ia pieh;
U jymmirdoh wei tuntap peit mo ia mylliñ,
Wei mynda ym ioh doh,ia bam i da ka pylleiñ.

Ha tre kchu se iow io phi kattea ia ka,
I chit wa tuid na khlieh cha thnga,
"Bam chibun mo," ong ko kat dang khat ko i ja,
Katwa u Pa wan narud, nang pynrhi u o u rnga.

Naduh na iaw hawa kit da ka muna,
Haduh i chet i kiñ, du ki arngut wow bna.
Lada kylli phi, "Te ileh marsien ih, ym ia bam phi won?"
I jubab : "Wam suk se I mynsien,lada ym ioh ie chwa ia ki khon!"

Cha jngai em o kattea, ym ioh heh ki u io,
Wa bam o i ja wa chet ki, tangwa du hei ympho
Jingchngiem, jingjem i ja ke Bei;
Daw ioh bam biang wan o ki toa, ym leilei.

Daemitre Pariat
Batch 2022

My Mother's Rice

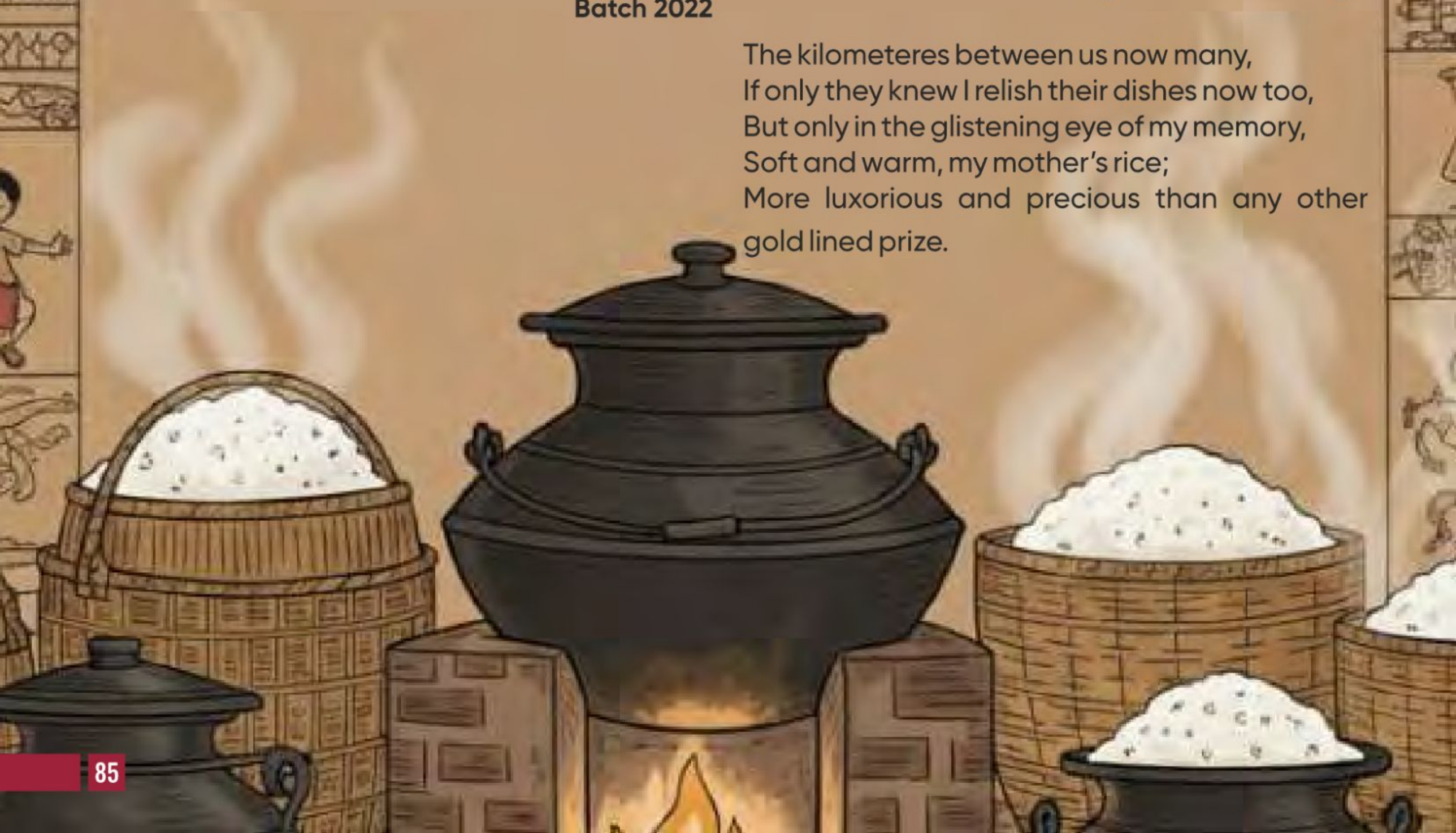
Boys and girls all around the village–
Skipping on Hopscotch squares of cobblestone brick–
Run as fast as they possibly can manage,
As soon as mother calls "Lunch is ready, come quick!"

A stew of greens and crispy fish on our plates,
Yes, with steamy rice twice served everyday;
The watercress and chutney specially made,
And on more humble days, with plain rice we would make do and go right back to play.

Crouched down on a cast iron–her entire kitchen,
Beads of sweat from her scalp to her temple,
"Eat to your heart's content!" chirping, as she would let us think we had ample,
When really, for our sake, her own hunger went unspoken.

From the market with the loads on their back, heaving;
Down to the stirring and serving, just Ma and Pa working.
But when it came down to actually eating,
Us oblivious children would get the first serving.

The kilometeres between us now many,
If only they knew I relish their dishes now too,
But only in the glistening eye of my memory,
Soft and warm, my mother's rice;
More luxorious and precious than any other gold lined prize.



ਸ਼ਿਹਰ ਦੇ ਇਲੈਕਸ਼ਨ ਤੇ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦਾ ਰੋਸ਼

ਪਹਿਲੀ ਰੈਲੀ

ਪਹਿਲਾ ਉਮੀਦਵਾਰ-

ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਦਿਓ ਲੋਕੋ ਮੇਰੀ ਗੱਲ ਜ਼ਰਾ ਤੋਲਣਾ,
ਇੱਕ ਵਾਰੀ ਸੁਣੋ ਜਿਹੜੇ ਲਫ਼ਜ਼ ਪਏ ਮੈਂ ਬੋਲਣਾ!
ਪੰਜ ਸਾਲਾਂ ਬਾਅਦ ਫਿਰ ਇਲੈਕਸ਼ਨ ਆਣਾ ਜੇ,
ਇਸ ਵਾਰੀ ਵੋਟ ਵੀ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਹੀ ਪਾਉਣਾ ਜੇ।

ਦੇਖੋ ਜ਼ਰਾ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਦਾ ਹਾਲ ਵੇਖੋ ਸੱਜਣੋ,
ਜੱਨਤ ਦਾ ਨਜ਼ਾਰਾ ਤੇ ਜਮਾਲ ਵੇਖੋ ਸੱਜਣੋ।
ਸੋਹਣੀਆਂ ਵੇ ਸੜਕਾਂ ਇਮਾਰਤਾਂ ਵੇ ਉੱਚੀਆਂ,
ਢੱਕੀਆਂ ਵੇ ਨਾਲੀਆਂ ਤੇ ਗਲੀਆਂ ਵੀ ਸੁੱਚੀਆਂ।

ਨਹਿਰ ਦਾ ਵੇ ਪੁਲ ਵੀ ਮੈਂ ਹੀ ਬਣਾਇਆ ਸੀ,
ਬੂਟਾ ਹਰ ਬਗੀਚਾ ਦਾ ਹੱਥਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਲਾਇਆ ਸੀ।
ਕੌਮ ਹਰ ਇਕ ਮੈਂ ਆਪੇ ਕਰਾਇਆ ਜੇ,
ਅਪਣੇ ਮੈਂ ਹੇਠਾਂ ਕਿਸੇ ਹੋਰ ਨੂੰ ਨਾ ਲਿਆ ਜੇ।

ਭਾਵੇਂ ਹੋਣ ਬਾਰਿਸ਼ਾਂ ਜਾਂ ਜਾੜੇ ਵਾਲੀ ਠੰਢ ਸੀ,
ਘਰ ਦਾ ਵੇ ਬੂਹਾ ਮੇਰਾ ਕਦੇ ਵੀ ਨਾ ਬੰਦ ਸੀ।
ਭਾਵੇਂ ਹੋਵੇ ਸ਼ਾਮ ਜਾਂ ਰਾਤ ਪਈ ਸੁੱਕਦੀ,
ਮੇਰੀ ਪਿੱਠ ਸੇਵਾ ਲਈ ਹਰ ਵਾਰੀ ਝੁਕਦੀ।

ਦੂਜੀ ਰੈਲੀ

ਦੂਜਾ ਉਮੀਦਵਾਰ-

ਲੋਕਿਓ, ਦੂਜੇ ਨੇਤਾ ਝੂਠ ਦੇ ਭੰਡਾਰ ਜੇ,
ਇਸ ਵਾਰੀ ਮੇਰੀ ਜਿੱਤ ਫ਼ਰੇਬੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਹਾਰ ਜੇ!

ਸੜਕਾਂ ਦਾ ਹਾਲ ਵੇਖੋ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਕਸਬਾ ਵੇ ਟੋਇਆਂ ਦਾ,
ਸਰਕਾਰੀ ਇਮਾਰਤਾਂ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਪਿੰਡ ਕੋਈ ਮੋਇਆਂ ਦਾ।
ਨਾਲੀਆਂ ਵਿਚੋਂ ਗੰਦ ਇੰਜ ਉਫ਼ਾਨ ਪਏ ਮਾਰਦਾ,
ਰਾਵੀ ਦਾ ਪਾਣੀ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਠਾਂ ਠਾਂ ਪਏ ਮਾਰਦਾ।

ਸੁੱਖੇ ਪਏ ਬਾਗਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਸੌਣ ਬਣੀ ਕੱਤਕ,
ਸੋਹਣੇ ਜਿਹੇ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਉੱਤੇ ਕਿਉਂ ਛਾਇਆ ਪੱਤਕ।
ਨਰਕ ਜਿਹੇ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਨੂੰ ਜੇ ਸੁਰਗ ਬਣਾਉਣਾ ਜੇ,
ਇਸ ਵਾਰੀ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਵੋਟ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਹੀ ਪਾਉਣਾ ਜੇ।

ਦੋਵੇ ਉਮੀਦਵਾਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਸੁਣਨ ਤੋਂ ਬਾਅਦ ਇਕ ਜਵਾਕ-

ਸੈਂਕੜੇ ਨੇ ਨੇਤਾ ਪਏ ਇਹੀ ਲਫ਼ਜ਼ ਬੋਲਦੇ,
ਮੂਰਖ ਨੇ ਲੋਕੀ ਜਿਹੜੇ ਪੋਲ ਨਹੀਂ ਖੋਲਦੇ।
ਪੱਖ ਤੇ ਵਿਪੱਖ ਦੀ ਇਹੀ ਰੀਤ ਪਈ ਚੱਲਦੀ,
ਮਸ਼ਾਲ ਕਦੇ ਇੱਥੇ ਕਦੇ ਉੱਥੇ ਪਈ ਬੱਲਦੀ।

ਤਰੱਕੀ ਤੇ ਅਵਾਮ ਦਾ ਵੇ ਰਿਸ਼ਤਾ ਹੀ ਡੁਬੋ ਦਿਆ,
ਜਵਾਕ ਦੇ ਅਰਮਾਨ ਨੂੰ ਹਨੇਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਲੁਕੋ ਦਿਆ।
ਕਿਹੜੀ ਸੀ ਸਰਕਾਰ ਜਿਹੜੀ ਕੰਮ ਪਈ ਕਰਦੀ,
ਪਹਿਲੇ ਰੂਹ ਜਰਦੀ ਤੇ ਹੁਣ ਪਈ ਠੰਰਦੀ।

ਜੇ ਮੈਂ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਨੇਤਾ ਤੇ ਗਰੀਬ ਕੋਈ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਨਾ,
ਭ੍ਰਸ਼ਟ ਅਧਿਕਾਰੀ ਮੇਰੇ ਰਾਜ ਵਿੱਚ ਸੁੰਦਾ ਨਾ।
ਦੇਸ਼ ਦਾ ਉਧਾਰ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਲੱਛਮੀ ਵਰਸਦੀ,
ਲੰਮੇ ਜਿਊਂਦੇ ਪੁੱਤ ਨਾ ਮਾਂ ਕੋਈ ਤਰਸਦੀ।

ਇਕ ਸਿਆਣਾ ਬੁੱਢਾ ਟੋਕਦੇ ਹੋਏ-

ਓ ਪੁੱਤ ਮੇਰੇ, ਗੱਲ ਤੇਰੀ ਠੀਕ ਤੇ ਜ਼ਰੂਰ ਜੇ,
ਪਰ ਤੇਰੀ ਬੋਲੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਰਾਜਨੀਤੀ ਦਾ ਗਰੂਰ ਜੇ।

ਨੇਤਾ ਸਾਰੇ ਇਕ ਜਿਹੇ ਇਹ ਵਾਕ ਤੇਰਾ ਸਚ ਏ,
ਪਰ ਤੂੰ ਰਾਜਾ ਰਾਮ ਜਿਹਾ ਇਹ ਗੱਲ ਥੋੜੀ ਖਚ ਏ।
ਸੱਚਾ ਮੰਨ ਗੱਦੀ ਅੱਗੇ ਗੋਡੇ ਪੈ ਟੇਕਦਾ,
ਹਰਾਮ ਦੀ ਕਮਾਈ ਅੱਗੇ ਪਏ ਹੱਥ ਸੇਕਦਾ।

ਹਕੂਮਤਾਂ ਕਿਸੇ ਦੀ ਨਾ ਸਕੀਆਂ ਵੇ ਹਾਣੀਆਂ,
ਭਾਵੇਂ ਹੋ ਅਮਰੀਕਾ ਜਾਂ ਯੂਨਾਨ ਜਾਂ ਬ੍ਰਿਤਾਨੀਆ।
ਦੇਸ਼ ਨੂੰ ਵਧਾਉਣਾ ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਜਨਤਾ ਦਾ ਕੰਮ ਹੈ,
ਰਾਜਾ ਮਹਾਰਾਜਾ ਨੇਤਾ ਵਿੱਚ ਨਾ ਇਹ ਦੰਮ ਹੈ।

ਕਮਾਈ ਇਮਾਨਦਾਰੀ ਦੀ ਮੁਲਕ ਦੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਹੈ,
ਦੇਸ਼ ਲਈ ਇਮਾਨ ਦੀ ਰੋਟੀ ਵੀ ਮੇਵਾ ਹੈ।
ਤੇ ਹੱਥ ਪਏ ਜ਼ੋੜ ਦਾ ਗੱਲ ਸੁਣ ਕੰਨ ਖੋਲ ਕੇ,
ਕੰਮ ਕਰੋ ਆਪਣਾ ਸੱਚ ਦੀ ਜੈ ਬੋਲ ਕੇ!

ਵਧੇਰਾ ਨੀ ਬੋਲਦਾ ਬਸ ਇਕ ਗੱਲ ਕਹਿਣ ਦੇ, 'ਗ਼ੈਰ'!
ਸਿਆਸਤਾਂ ਦੀ ਗੱਲ ਤੂੰ ਸਿਆਸਤਾਂ ਤੇ ਰਹਿਣ ਦੇ।
ਸਿਆਸਤਾਂ ਦੀ ਗੱਲ ਤੂੰ ਸਿਆਸਤਾਂ ਤੇ ਰਹਿਣ ਦੇ।।

ਰਾਘਵ ਕੌਸ਼ਿਸ਼
ਬੈਚ ੨੦੨੨

“రుచుల పల్లవి – సినిమాల అనుపల్లవి-సంస్కృతి గానముల రంగవల్లి నా తెలుగు తల్లి ”

ఆంధ్రప్రదేశ్ అంటే చరిత్ర, సంప్రదాయం, కళలు, వంటకాలు అన్నీ కలిసిన ఒక అందమైన మేళవింపు. ఈ రాష్ట్రం భారతదేశానికి ఒక ప్రత్యేక గుర్తింపు. ఇక్కడి ప్రజల జీవనశైలి ప్రధానంగా వ్యవసాయంపై ఆధారపడి ఉంటుంది. పల్లెటూరి జీవన విధానం, పండుగలు, ఊరి జీవితం అన్నీ కలసి ఒక ప్రత్యేకమైన సాంస్కృతిక వాతావరణాన్ని సృష్టిస్తాయి. ఆంధ్రప్రదేశ్ ప్రజలు సాధారణంగానే సరళంగా ఉండేవారు, కానీ వారి జీవన విధానంలో ఆనందం, ఆతిథ్యం, ఉత్సాహం స్పష్టంగా కనిపిస్తాయి.

ఇక్కడి పండుగలంటే ఒక్కోటి ఉత్సాహం, ఆనందం నిండిన వేడుకే. ముఖ్యంగా సంక్రాంతి పండుగ ఈ రాష్ట్రానికి జీవం పోసే పండుగ అని చెప్పవచ్చు. పశువుల అలంకరణ, గంగిరెద్దుల ఆటలు, హరిదాసుల పాటలు, పూలమకరందం, పందేలాటలు ఇలా ఊరంతా ఉత్సాహంతో నిండిపోతుంది. సంక్రాంతి సమయంలో ఇంటింటా రకరకాల వంటకాలు చేసి, పొరుగు వారితో పంచుకోవడం ఒక సంప్రదాయంగా ఉంది. ఉగాది తెలుగు సంవత్సరాది పండుగగా ఎంతో ప్రత్యేకతను కలిగిఉంది. ఉగాది పచ్చడి ఆ పండుగకు ప్రతీకగా ఉంటుంది. దీపావళి, దసరా, రామనవమి, వినాయకచవితి వంటి పండుగలు ప్రజల ఆధ్యాత్మికతను, సాంస్కృతిక వైవిధ్యాన్ని ప్రతిబింబిస్తాయి.

కళా వైభవం విషయానికి వస్తే, ఆంధ్రప్రదేశ్ నృత్యకళలలో కూచిపూడి అంతర్జాతీయ స్థాయిలో ప్రసిద్ధి చెందింది. ఇది ఆధ్యాత్మికత, సంగీతం, నృత్యం అన్నీ కలిసిన కళారూపం. ప్రపంచవ్యాప్తంగా తెలుగు సంస్కృతిని కూచిపూడి నృత్యం ప్రదర్శించింది. జానపద కళల్లో బుర్రకథ, ఒగులు ఆట, హరిదాసుల పాటలు, తెనాలి ఆటలు గ్రామీణ జీవితాన్ని ప్రతిబింబిస్తూ ప్రజల్ని అలరిస్తాయి. శిల్పకళ, వాస్తుశిల్పం కూడా ఆంధ్రప్రదేశ్కు ఒక విశిష్ట గుర్తింపును తెచ్చాయి. అమరావతి, లేపాక్షి వంటి ప్రదేశాలు ఈ కళలకు నిలయాలు.

వంటకాలు విషయానికి వస్తే, ఆంధ్రా వంటల రుచి చెప్పలేనిది. కారంగా, రుచిగా ఉండే వంటలు అన్నీ ఆహారప్రియుల కోసం పండగలాంటివి. పులిహోర, గోంగూర పచ్చడి, ఆవకాయ ఊరగాయ, బొబ్బట్లు, గారెలు, చింతపండు రసాలు

“Symphony of Flavours – Cinema as the Refrain – A Garland of Songs of Culture, My Telugu Mother”

Andhra Pradesh is a beautiful blend of history, tradition, arts, and cuisine. The state holds a unique identity within India. The lifestyle of its people is largely rooted in agriculture. Rural life, festivals, and village traditions together create a distinctive cultural atmosphere. The people of Andhra Pradesh live simply, yet their way of life radiates joy, hospitality, and enthusiasm.

Every festival here is a celebration filled with energy and happiness. Among them, Sankranti is considered the festival that breathes life into the state. Decorating cattle, the spirited games of “Gangireddu,” songs of Haridasas, flower arrangements, and cockfights fill the villages with excitement. Preparing a variety of dishes and sharing them with neighbours is a cherished custom during Sankranti. Ugadi, the Telugu New Year, holds its own special significance, with Ugadi Pachadi symbolizing the essence of the festival. Diwali, Dussehra, Rama Navami, and Vinayaka Chavithi highlight the spiritual and cultural diversity of the people.

When it comes to art, Andhra Pradesh is renowned worldwide for the classical dance form of Kuchipudi. This art form combines spirituality, music, and dance, showcasing Telugu culture across the globe. Folk arts like Burrakatha, Ogulu plays, Haridasas’ songs, and Tenali plays mirror rural life and captivate audiences. Sculpture and architecture have also given Andhra Pradesh a distinctive place in Indian heritage. Places like Amaravati and Lepakshi stand as timeless centres of this artistic brilliance.

The cuisine of Andhra is incomparable. Spicy, flavourful dishes are nothing short of a feast for food lovers. Pulihora (tamarind rice), Gongura chutney, Avakaya pickle, Bobbatlu (sweet flatbreads), Garelu (lentil fritters), and tamarind-based rasams bring unique character to Andhra dining. Even those who prefer milder food are charmed by the taste here. A traditional Andhra meal, filled with dal,

అన్నీ ఆంధ్ర భోజనానికి ప్రత్యేకతను తెస్తాయి. తక్కువ కారం తినేవాళ్లు కూడా ఇక్కడి వంటల్లోని రుచి చూసి మంత్రముగ్ధులవుతారు. పప్పు, వేపుడు, కూరలు, పచ్చళ్ళతో నిండిన ఆంధ్రా భోజనం ప్రతి భోజనప్రియుడికి తృప్తిని ఇస్తుంది. గ్రామాల్లోనూ, పట్టణాల్లోనూ ఆతిథ్యం అంటే భోజనం పెట్టడమే అనే మాట నిజమవుతుంది.

తెలుగు భాష గురించి చెప్పుకుంటే, దానికి సుమారు రెండువేల ఐదు వందల ఏళ్ల చరిత్ర ఉంది. ఇది ఒక ప్రాచీన ద్రావిడ భాష. "దేశ భాషలందు తెలుగు లెస్స" అని కవులు కొనియాడారు. నన్నయ్య, తిక్కన, యేర్రప్రగడ కలిసి తెలుగు మహాభారతాన్ని పూర్తి చేసి భాషకు ఒక కొత్త రూపాన్ని ఇచ్చారు. తరువాత పోతన తన భక్తి భావంతో భాగవతాన్ని రాసి సాహిత్యంలో అపూర్వ కీర్తిని సంపాదించాడు. శ్రీనాథుడు, వేమన, తెనాలి రామకృష్ణ, కృష్ణదేవరాయలు వంటి మహానుభావులు తెలుగు సాహిత్యానికి మరింత వైభవాన్ని చేకూర్చారు. వేమన సత్యం చెప్పిన పద్యాలు ఇంకా ప్రజల నోటి నిండా వినిపిస్తూనే ఉన్నాయి.

తెలుగు సినిమా కూడా ఆంధ్రప్రదేశ్ సంస్కృతిలో ఒక ప్రధాన భాగం. 1931లో భక్త ప్రహ్లాదం మొదటి తెలుగు టాకీగా తెరపైకి వచ్చిన తరువాత, తెలుగు సినిమాకు ఒక కొత్త దిశ లభించింది. భానుమతి, అక్కినేని నాగేశ్వరరావు, సావిత్రి, ఎన్టీఆర్ వంటి మహానటులు సినిమాను జాతీయ స్థాయికి చేర్చారు. వారి నటన, కృషి తెలుగు సినిమాను అభివృద్ధి పథంలో నడిపింది. తరువాతి దశలో శంకరాభరణం, శివశంకరి, ఆహుతి వంటి సినిమాలు తెలుగు సంస్కృతిని ప్రతిబింబించాయి. ఆధునిక తెలుగు సినిమా కూడా కొత్త తరహా కథలు, సాంకేతిక నైపుణ్యంతో ప్రపంచవ్యాప్తంగా గుర్తింపు పొందుతోంది.

మొత్తానికి, ఆంధ్రప్రదేశ్ అంటే సంస్కృతి, ఆహారం, భాష, కళలు, సాహిత్యం, సినిమా అన్నీ కలిసిన రంగుల రమ్యమైన రాష్ట్రం. ఈ రాష్ట్రం తన సంప్రదాయం, ఆతిథ్యం, సాహిత్యం, వంటలతో భారతదేశానికి ఒక ప్రత్యేక గుర్తింపు. ఆంధ్రప్రదేశ్ అనే పేరు వినగానే ఒక వైపు రుచికరమైన భోజనం, మరోవైపు అద్భుతమైన నృత్యం, మరోవైపు గొప్ప సాహిత్యం, ఇంకా సినిమాల వైభవం మన ముందుకు వస్తాయి. ఈ రాష్ట్రం భారతదేశంలో ఒక అపూర్వమైన వారసత్వాన్ని కలిగి ఉంది అని గర్వంగా చెప్పుకోవచ్చు.

fries, curries, and pickles, satisfies every food enthusiast. In villages as well as towns, hospitality is best expressed by serving food—a saying that holds true here.

The Telugu language itself carries a history of around 2,500 years. It is one of the ancient Dravidian languages. Poets have praised it as "Desha Bhashalandu Telugu Lessa" ("Among all the Indian languages, Telugu is the best"). The completion of the Telugu Mahabharata by Nannayya, Tikkana, and Yerrapragada gave the language a new stature. Later, Pothana, with his devotional Bhagavatam, brought glory to Telugu literature. Luminaries like Srinatha, Vemana, Tenali Ramakrishna, and Krishnadevaraya enriched it further. The verses of Vemana, filled with truth, are still on the lips of the people today.

Telugu cinema, too, is an inseparable part of Andhra culture. With Bhakta Prahlada in 1931 as the first Telugu talkie, a new chapter began. Legendary actors like Bhanumathi, Akkineni Nageswara Rao, Savitri, and NTR elevated Telugu cinema to the national stage. Their performances and dedication led cinema to great heights. Later, films like Shankarabharanam, Shivasankari, and Ahuti reflected the cultural depth of Telugu society. Today, modern Telugu cinema, with its diverse storytelling and technical finesse, has earned recognition worldwide.

In essence, Andhra Pradesh is a colourful state woven from culture, cuisine, language, arts, literature, and cinema. With its traditions, hospitality, literary richness, and delectable dishes, it has carved a special place for itself in India. The very name Andhra Pradesh brings to mind delicious meals, magnificent dances, rich literature, and the grandeur of cinema. It is indeed a state that proudly carries a priceless heritage within India.

Dr Khandavalli John Francis Victor
Junior Resident
Dept of Anaesthesia and Intensive Care

Photo By Aarna Gupta

EVENTS

33RD ANNUAL DAY

Inauguration of Trauma Centre

The Government Medical College and Hospital, Sector 32, Chandigarh (GMCH-32), has inaugurated its much-anticipated Emergency and Trauma Centre, a development that significantly enhances the city's capacity for specialised emergency care. The new facility, constructed at a cost of Rs. 42.65 crore, is a modern addition to the hospital's infrastructure and is expected to substantially strengthen patient care services for the citizens of Chandigarh as well as neighbouring states.

The Trauma Centre has been designed with the goal of addressing the growing demand for efficient and comprehensive emergency management. The facility houses 283 beds, thereby providing a considerable expansion over the earlier emergency ward, which was limited to only 50 beds. This increase in capacity is crucial, as GMCH-32 routinely manages over 120 emergency admissions daily. The new centre is therefore expected to significantly ease overcrowding, reduce waiting times, and allow patients to receive timely interventions, which are often critical in trauma care.

A key highlight of the centre is its systematic design focused on rapid response and accessibility. The facility includes specialised triage and resuscitation zones that allow patients to be assessed and stabilised without delay. These areas are equipped with state-of-the-art technology to ensure that lifesaving measures can begin the moment a patient arrives. Additionally, the presence of dedicated Intensive Care Units (ICUs) and High Dependency Units (HDUs) ensures round-the-clock availability of critical care support for patients requiring intensive monitoring and advanced treatment.

The surgical capacity of the Trauma Centre has also been significantly strengthened with the inclusion of advanced operation theatres equipped for a wide range of emergency procedures. These theatres are complemented by comprehensive diagnostic services located within the same facility, including MRI, CT scan, digital X-ray, and ultrasound. This consolidation of diagnostic and surgical capabilities under one roof is intended to eliminate delays in the care pathway, enabling healthcare teams to move swiftly from diagnosis to treatment. Furthermore, the provision of dedicated parking facilities ensures that ambulance and patient movement is seamless, minimising the risk of delays during emergencies.

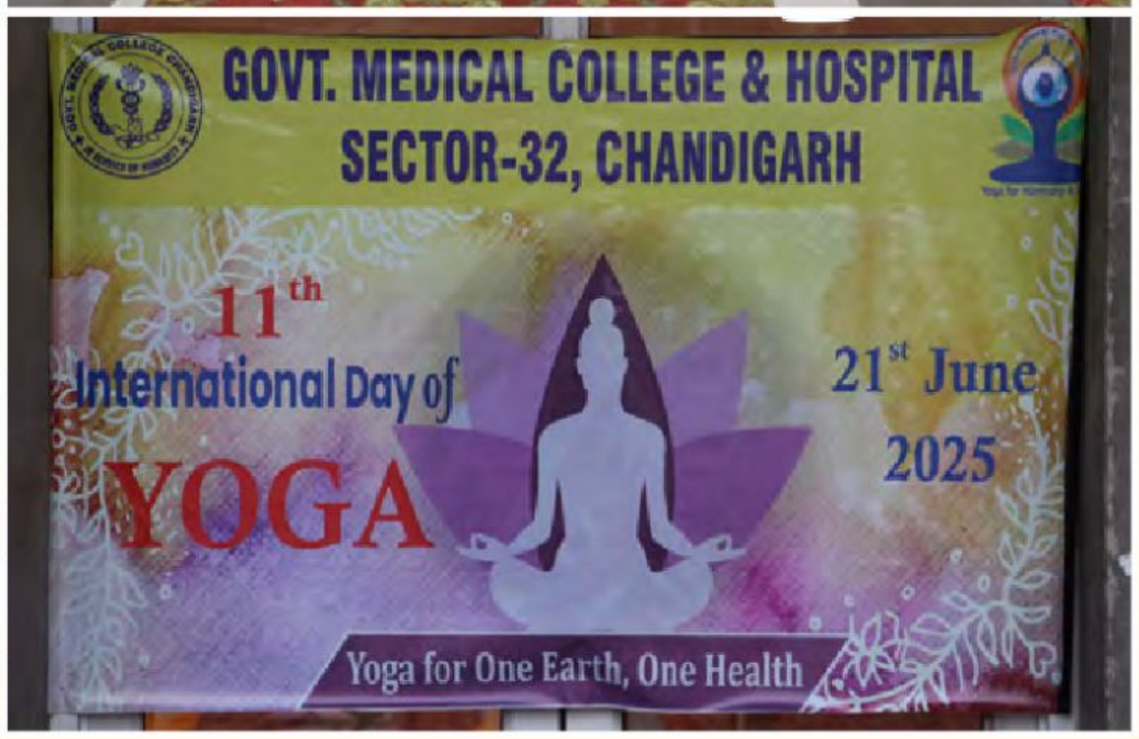
The benefits of this development extend beyond patient care alone. For doctors, nurses, and allied health professionals, the centre provides an upgraded environment in which to deliver quality medical services. For students of GMCH-32, it serves as a crucial training ground where theoretical knowledge can be directly applied to real-life emergency scenarios. The integration of advanced facilities with academic learning ensures that medical education at GMCH-32 is closely aligned with contemporary standards of trauma care.

The inauguration of the Emergency and Trauma Centre also carries broader significance for the city of Chandigarh and its neighbouring states. As a referral centre for a wide catchment area, GMCH-32 frequently receives patients from Punjab, Haryana, Himachal Pradesh, and even beyond. The addition of this facility strengthens the hospital's ability to serve as a regional hub for emergency and trauma care, ensuring that critically ill and injured patients can receive comprehensive treatment without the need for further transfers.

CONVOCATION 2025

76th REPUBLIC DAY

11th INTERNATIONAL YOGA DAY



79th INDEPENDENCE DAY

EUPHORIA 2025

OASIS OF DREAMS

The cultural spirit of Government Medical College and Hospital, Chandigarh, came alive from 10 to 13 April 2025 with the grand celebration of its annual fest, Euphoria 2025. Held at the Sarai Building, Sector 32, the festival carried the enchanting theme “Oasis of Dreams”, symbolising a refreshing escape into creativity, unity, and joy amidst the demanding world of academics. For four days, the campus became a hub of artistic expression, intellectual brilliance, and vibrant performances that brought together students, faculty, and guests in a spirit of celebration.

The opening day set the tone for the festival with a series of events that highlighted literary and performing talent. The day began with the eloquent verses of the Kavi Samelan, which filled the air with poetry and expression. This was followed by the GK Quiz, which was a battle of wit and knowledge. This was followed by an evening full of entertainment which enthralled the audiences with dances, singing and the glamorous fashion shows. The night concluded with a spectacular Band Night, where the Gabru Boys and Ishika Sehgal delivered high-energy performances that kept the crowd swaying long into the evening.

The second day of Euphoria highlighted the unique balance between intellectual pursuits and entertainment. The morning began with the Medical Quiz – Medphoria, where budding doctors displayed their academic prowess in a spirited competition. This was followed by the colourful Folk Dance Duet and the engaging Made for Each Other contest. The Inauguration Ceremony in the afternoon marked the formal

commencement of the fest, with dignitaries and faculty extending their best wishes. The night belonged to Punjabi beats, as the celebrated artist Parmesh Verma took over the stage during Punjabi Night.

The third day was a cultural showcase in its truest sense, blending intellect, art, and entertainment seamlessly. Competitions such as Extempore, Duet Singing, Folk Group Dance, Western Duet DanceDebate reflected the talent and confidence of the participants. As dusk settled, Kushagra took charge of the evening with his soulful singing and energetic performance, creating an atmosphere of excitement and joy that resonated across the campus.

The final day brought the festival to a fitting conclusion with an array of engaging performances. The day began with thought-provoking Skits. This was followed by the entertaining Western Group Dance segment and Battle of Bands filled the air with music and energy. The spotlight then shifted to the much-awaited Mr. and Ms. Euphoria, a contest that celebrated not only beauty but also talent, personality, and confidence. The festival drew to a close with the Valedictory Ceremony, where winners were honoured and heartfelt gratitude was expressed towards all those who contributed to the success of the event.

Euphoria 2025 truly lived up to its theme “Oasis of Dreams.” Over the span of four days, it created a world where music, art, intellect, and culture converged. With enthusiastic participation from students, breathtaking celebrity performances, and the tireless efforts of the organising committee, the fest stood out as a resounding success.

SPORTS DAY 2025

INDOOR SPORTS MEET

ACADEMIC DAY

3rd Edition of GMCHMUN

Debate. Diplomacy. Dominate.

The 3rd edition of GMCHMUN unfolded as a resounding success, bringing together young minds from across cities, schools, and colleges for two days of intense deliberation, diplomacy, and camaraderie. Organized under the aegis of the Literary Committee of GMCH, the conference upheld its motto **"Debate. Diplomacy. Dominate."**

The conference featured three committees and an International Press, each with thought-provoking agendas that pushed delegates to challenge perspectives, question structures, and propose solutions.

- **WHO (World Health Organisation)** grappled with the crucial issue of "Strengthening Global Strategies for Maternal and Child Healthcare." Delegates exchanged innovative approaches to improving access, equity, and sustainability in healthcare delivery worldwide.

- **UNGA (United Nations General Assembly)** took on the pressing matter of "Establishment of Effective Mechanisms Assuring Transparency and Accountability of Humanitarian Organizations in Conflict Zones," sparking fiery debates on ethics, responsibility, and the evolving global order.

- **AIPPM** offered the most riveting exchanges, with two powerful agendas:

  1. "Examining the Role of Consent, Spousal Rights, and Constitutional Safeguards in Marital Jurisprudence with Special Emphasis on Marital Rape," which saw candid and often charged discussions.
  2. "Deliberation on Safeguarding the Tripartite Balance Between the Judiciary, Executive, and Legislature," where delegates passionately defended constitutional values while probing the boundaries of state power.

What truly stood out this year was the diversity of perspectives. The cross-pollination of ideas between students of medicine, law, political science, and humanities created an environment where learning extended beyond resolutions. Beyond the committee rooms, participants enjoyed an atmosphere of warmth and inclusivity. The social exchanges, the laughter between sessions, and, of course, the amazing food added flavor to the intellectually charged environment.

The two-day event was a celebration of ideas, dialogue, and leadership. With unmatched debating, rich learning, and friendships forged across institutions, GMCHMUN's 3rd edition yet again proved to be a benchmark of excellence, and reaffirmed its place as a premier platform where students come not only to debate policies but also to embody the spirit of dialogue, leadership and collaboration.

Playground

The Lighter Side Of Manthan

Photo By Dr. Srijan Bareja

RIDDLES-I

Difficulty Level 1

1. Pricking this area while you read. You just allowed nose to take a bleed. Identify the area.

2. Born to fear the morning ray, My skin decays where children play. Fixing flaws? My cells refuse, So cancers come like phantom bruise. What am I?

3. I twist in shape, not just in fate, A shield where falciparum waits. Who am I?

Difficulty Level 2

1. On pelvis X-ray, smooth and fine, I form a graceful, curving line. Break my arc? Then do beware, A dislocated hip hides there. What am I?

2. HIV and can't breathe, cough dry, X-ray diffuse, what's infecting me, in this immune truce?

3. In cities where the skyline grows,I rank the homes in tidy rows. Job, income, books you read, My triad tells what life you lead. Who am I?

Difficulty Level 3

1. No words I need, as a principle I shout, Your actions speak there's little doubt. A sponge left in or wrong-side knife, I speak for myself and point to strife. Identify me.

2. A whisper of cases, not yet a flood, I send alerts before the crud. Rapid, early, and event-based, My surveillance is timely placed. Identify me.

3. I came to hush your hurting cry, But stayed too long, and here's why: The more you used me for addicting relief, The more I stitched your pain in grief. What rare phenomenon am I?

Difficulty Level 4

1. I cloud the cornea in early youth, With opacities like honeycomb truth. Bowman's layer I first invade, With recurrent pain that doesn't fade. What type of dystrophy am I?

2. They look like her. They cook like her. They even say the things she'd say. But I'm no fool, I see the lie. The real one's gone. This is a spy. What am I experiencing?

3. Rough, crusted, I don't belong, Hands like bark something's wrong. Skin fights a war it cannot win, With viruses crawling from within. What rare skin disorder is this?

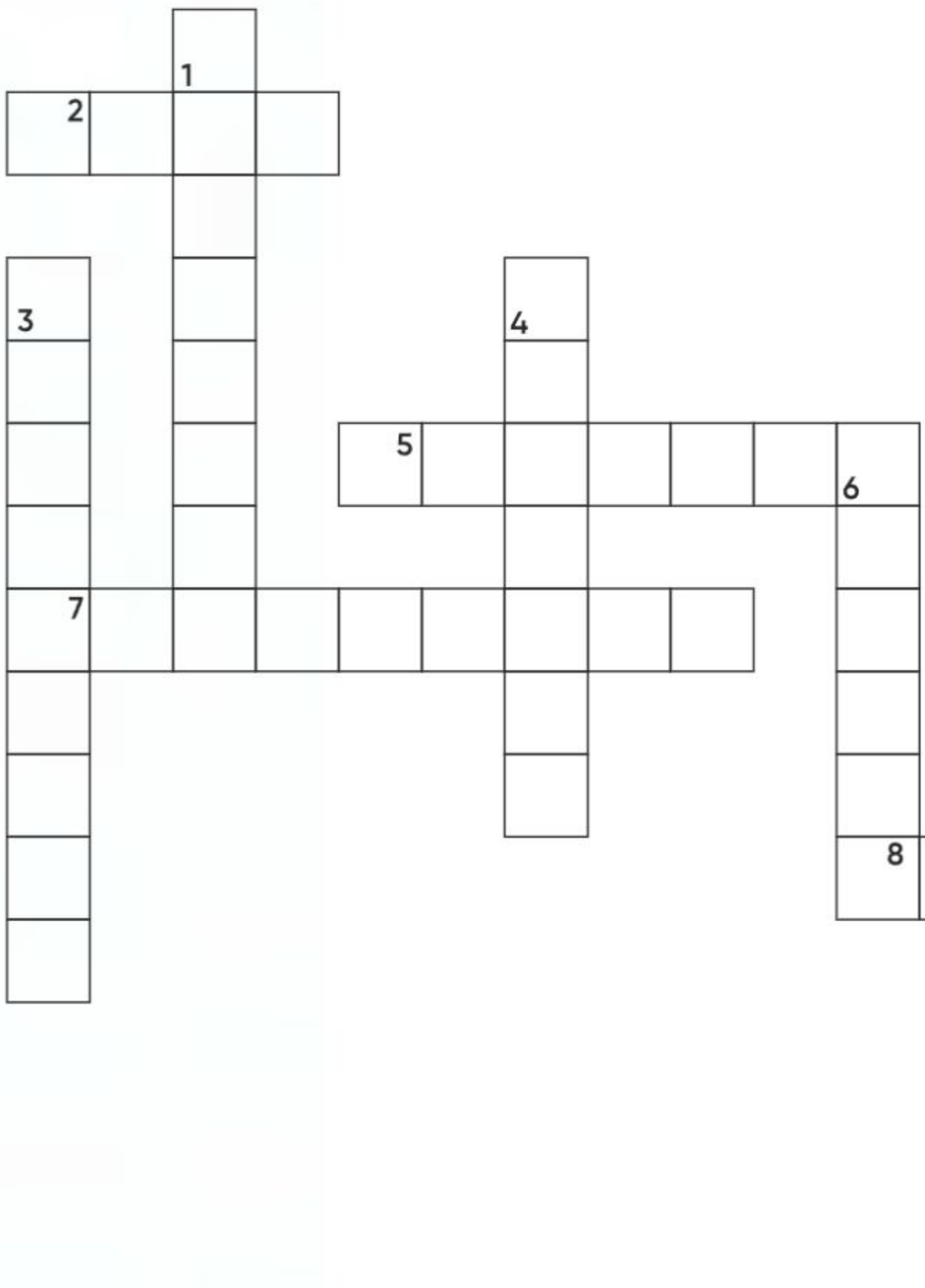
Difficulty Level 5

1. Alice walks though halls askew, My hands are giants, yours are few. No mirror tricks, no potion sips, Just fractured space from temporal slips. What syndrome haunts perception so?

2. My measure is not what's best of all, But what most doctors deem a call. One lone rebel won't suffice, I trust in groups, not just advice. Which legal test do I follow?

3. Two wombs I have, but one won't drain, Each cycle brings a shadowed pain. One kidney missed its earthly call. Can you name me after all?

CROSSWORD



Down

1. Holy scriptures passed down through generations

3. The person you trauma bond with for 5.5 years

4. The ultimate task force: dance+ decor+ stage duty

6. The only thing that makes you feel like a Grey's anatomy character

9. The only time library is full

Across

2. Status of your brain after 8 am lectures

5. Your savior in every exam and hostel crisis

7. Fancy name for microscope mystery

8. What you lose during exams

10. Four options. Zero clue

RIDDLES-II

Stethoscope Who-Dunnit

1. Four interns are questioned.

- A: “B took the stethoscope.”
- B: “I didn't take it.”
- C: “D took it.”
- D: “C is lying.”

Exactly two of these statements are true. Who took it?

2. The Breath That Lied

A victim is found next to an inhaler. The suspect says, “He died of an asthma attack; he couldn't call for help.” The detective replies, “That's impossible, so it's murder.” What simple observation gave it away?

3. ABO Alibi

Detectives know the child's blood group is AB. A couple claiming to be the parents have types AB (mother) and O (father). Can they be the biological parents?

4. The Cold Case

Two friends order iced coffee. One gulps five glasses quickly and lives. The other sips one glass slowly and dies. Why?

5. Three Switches

Outside a closed room are three switches; inside is one bulb. You may enter the room only once. How do you figure out which switch controls the bulb?

6. Brothers on the Wall

What has a face and two hands but no arms or legs, yet it's always running and never moves?

7. The Match First

You walk into a dark cabin with a candle, a kerosene lamp, and a wood stove. You only have one match. What do you light first?

ANSWERS

RIDDLES PART I

Difficulty Level 1
1. Little's Area
2. Xeroderma Pigmentosum
3. Sickle Cell Anaemia

Difficulty Level 2
1. Shenton's Line
2. Pneumocystis jirovecii pneumonia
3. Modified Kuppuswamy Scale

Difficulty Level 3
1. Res Ipsa Loquitur
2. Sentinel Surveillance
3. Opioid-Induced Hyperalgesia (OIH)

Difficulty Level 4
1. Reis-Bücklers Corneal Dystrophy
2. Capgras Delusion
3. Epidermodysplasia Verruciformis

Difficulty Level 5
1. Todd's Syndrome or Alice in the wonderland syndrome
2. Bolam Test
3. Herlyn–Werner–Wunderlich Syndrome

CROSSWORD

Down
1. Markings
3. Batchmate
4. Juniors
6. Scrubs
9. Exams

Across
2. Dead
5. Seniors
7. Histology
8. Sleep
10. MCQ

RIDDLES PART II

1. B took it. Truth table with the "exactly two true" condition gives B as the only consistent thief.

2. The victim's inhaler mouthpiece cap was still snapped on—someone staged it. In a real attack the cap would be off.

3. No. AB × O can produce only A or B children—never AB or O.

4. The poison was in the ice. The gulper finished before the ice melted; the sipper drank the melted poison.

5. Turn Switch A on for a few minutes, then off; turn Switch B on and enter. If the bulb is on, it's B. If off but warm, it's A. If off and cold, it's C.

6. A clock

7. The match.

CARTOONVERSE

Batch Polls Like Never Before!

BOYS

1. Who's walking around like Johnny Bravo — hair gelled, confidence maxed out, and still single?
2. Who's the batch's certified Buriburizaemon — the cunning opportunist.
3. The Suniyo of the class: The rich show-off
4. Always Shaby, the Shaggy — has a loyal fan club that barks on command.
5. Who's the Courage of your group — panics before every viva but will still argue with the CR like a warrior?

GIRLS

1. Who's giving Shizuka-core — the puppet master, jo sabko ungliyon pe nachaye?
2. Which girl's basically Jerry — tiny, sharp, and running mental laps around everyone without breaking a sweat?
3. The Candace of the class: always jealous, always complaining?
4. Who's the Dora of your class — the one who can't see the obvious?
5. Meg Griffin: built different, mostly ignored

COUPLES

1. She's Olivia and she's got her Oggy wrapped tighter than a hospital dressing.
2. Who's the Indumati, Chhota Bheem and Chutki: pati, patni aur woh!
3. Who's giving full Phineas & Isabella energy — he's building side hustles, she's dreaming of shaadi already?
4. Which couple is basically Mickey Mouse and Minnie Mouse: serving nibba-nibbi core?
5. Which couple gives SpongeBob & his pineapple house vibes - weirdly perfect, makes no sense, but works?

BOYS

BATCH	2020	2021	2022	2023	2024
Johnny Bravo	Adhiraj	Aman	Rohan N	Arjun	Jaiditya
Buriburizaemon	Adit	Abhimanyu	Lakshayjeet	Siddharth	Hargunvir
Suniyo	Adhiraj	Sumer	Atishay	Arman	Arvinbir
Shaggy	Manav	Nandan	Aahan	Satvik	Kuljeet
Courage	Ribhav	MD Ryan	Manak	Mankanwal	Armaan

GIRLS

BATCH	2020	2021	2022	2023	2024
Shizuka	Namisha	Samya	Anhad Bedi	Anushka S.	Ananya S.
Jerry	Kamiksha	Anshita	Sonika	Aurya	Mehak
Candace	Neha	Anshita	Trushi	Tanisha	Divya
Dora	Kamiksha	Niharika M.	Shreeya S.	Lavanya	Tanisi
Meg Griffin	Sree Divya	Sachika	Samaya	Tanya	Chhavi

COUPLES

BATCH	2020	2021	2022	2023	2024
Olivia - Oggy	Rishita-Ridham	Sanyam-Damita	Guntas-Sahil	Abhijay-Parisa	Nishtha-Harshit
Indumati, Chhota Bheem and Chutki	Rishita, Ridham and Namisha	Abhimanyu, Anshita and Gouri	Piyush, Priyal and Akshita	Himanshu, Kirti and Komal	Arvinbir, Mehreen and Nirvana
Phineas & Isabella	Vasu-Vidhi	Siddharth-Niharika	Nayna-Aahan	Siddharth-Bheeni	Manmeet-Tanisi
Mickey & Minnie	Harshita-Saksham	Harin-Pahul	Gitanshu-Priya	Divya-Nikish	Manmeet-Tanisi
SpongeBob & pineapple	Raiza-Prajjwal	Siya-Dheeraj	Bhavya-Sahil	Prisha-Raghav	Roohani-Rohan

DISTINCTIONS

NAME	BATCH	SUBJECT
Simran	2021	Community Medicine
Sneha	2022	Microbiology
Abhinav Bansal	2022	Pharmacology, Microbiologist
Ananya Sharma	2022	Pathology, Pharmacology, Microbiology
Akshita	2022	Microbiology
Prachi Sharma	2022	Microbiology
Anmol Rattan	2022	Pharmacology
Anuvansh Chugh	2022	Pathology, Pharmacology, Microbiology
Gobind Singh	2022	Microbiology
Ashish Sahoo	2022	Microbiology
Hardik Garg	2022	Pathology, Pharmacology
Mahika	2022	Pathology, Pharmacology, Microbiology
Tamanna	2022	Pharmacology
Amanpreet Kaur	2023	Anatomy
Anushka Sharma	2023	Anatomy, Biochemistry
Shruti Ahuja	2023	Biochemistry
Aurya Aggarwal	2023	Anatomy
Aadya Gupta	2023	Anatomy
Bhawna	2023	Anatomy
Harazeez Kaur	2023	Anatomy
Shreya	2023	Anatomy
Farhan	2023	Anatomy
Mankanwal Singh	2023	Anatomy
Lavanya Mittal	2023	Anatomy
Siddharth Mohan Malhan	2023	Anatomy
Bhavya Garg	2023	anatomy
Charvi Sharma	2023	Anatomy
Manya	2023	Anatomy
Gurleen Kaur	2023	Anatomy

ACHIEVEMENTS

Aurya Aggarwal
MBBS Batch 2023
Bronze Medal
Inter-college Taekwondo Tournament 2024-25
Panjab University

Aryan Rana
MBBS Batch 2021
First Prize
Solo Singing Competition,
Euphoria 2025

Shruti Ahuja, Snigdha & Aditya Jindal
MBBS Batch 2023
1st position
'SANGRE 2025' Undergraduate Intercollege Hematology Quiz (17th May 2025)
Dr. B R Ambedkar State Institute of Medical Sciences, Mohali

Atishay Jain

MBBS Batch 2022

1. ICMR STS project accepted under Prof. Varsha Gupta HOD, Microbiology as Guide on the topic “Evaluation of Direct Disc Susceptibility Testing (DDST) on positive blood cultures”.

2. Physiology research with Dr Kiran Prakash, published in Journal of Neuro Sciences in Rural Practices on the topic "Transitioning to Medical School: The Intersection of Mental Health and Time Management”.

3. Acted as a reviewer for Apollo Medicine Journal and reviewed an article titled "To Assess Left Ventricular Diastolic Dysfunction in Patients with Pre-diabetes”.

4. Acted as a reviewer for Apollo Medicine Journal and reviewed an article on "Postpartum Disseminated Tuberculosis Presenting with Tuberculous Meningitis and Flash Pulmonary Edema: A Multisystem Diagnostic and Management Challenge”.

5. Acted as a reviewer for Apollo Medicine Journal and reviewed an article on “Breathing difficulty, chest pain and a rare complication of myocardial infarction (MI)”.

6. Case report accepted as publication on the topic "Hydropneumothorax and pulmonary embolism-two uncommon complications of hydatid cyst of liver" in Apollo Medicine Journal.

7. Case report accepted as publication on the topic “Unveiling a Rare Diagnosis: Van Der Knaap Leukodystrophy in an Adult Male” in Journal of Medical Sciences.

8. Meta analysis published on the topic "Prevalence and Incidence of Infantile Epileptic Spasms Syndrome in India: A Systematic Review and Meta-analysis" in Journal of Epilepsy Research.

Era

MBBS Batch 2020

First Position

Clinical Case Presentation

Medsicon 2024, VMMC, Delhi

Charvi Sharma

MBBS Batch 2023

First Position

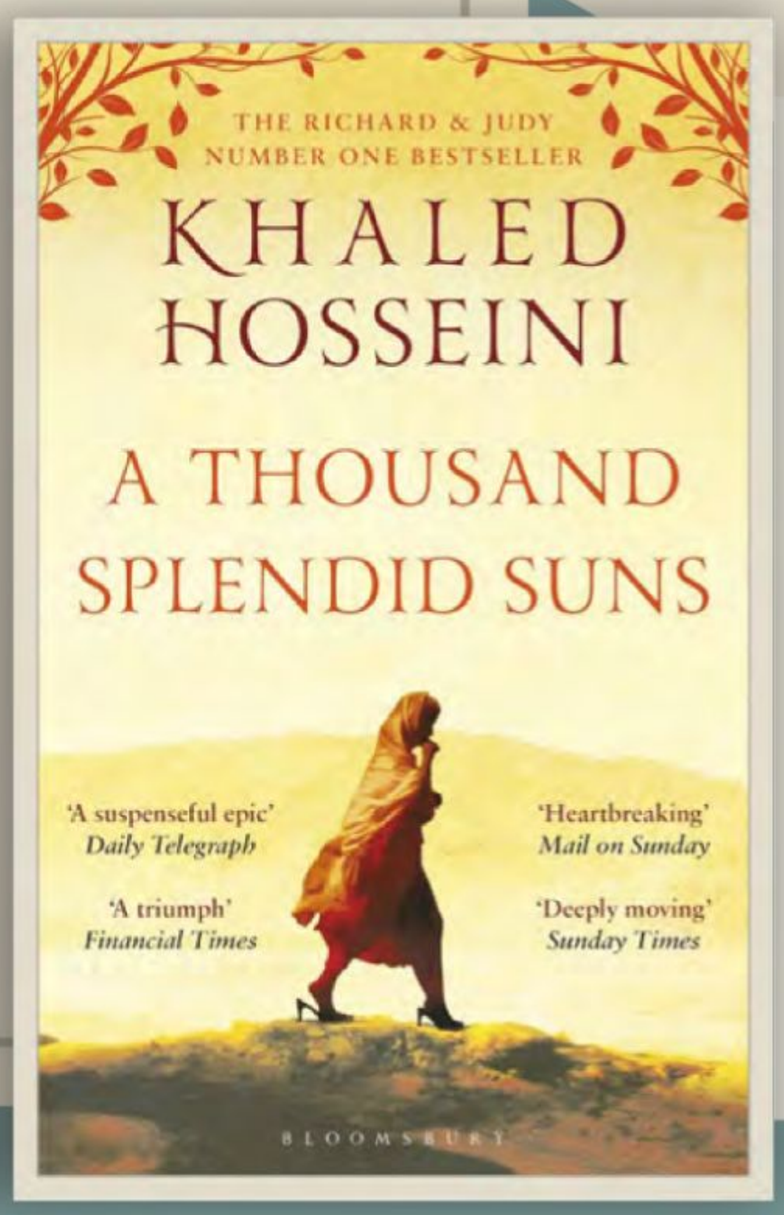
62nd National Roller Skating Championship- Inline Hockey

EDITORS'

PICKS

A THOUSAND SPLENDID SUNS

Khaled Hosseini

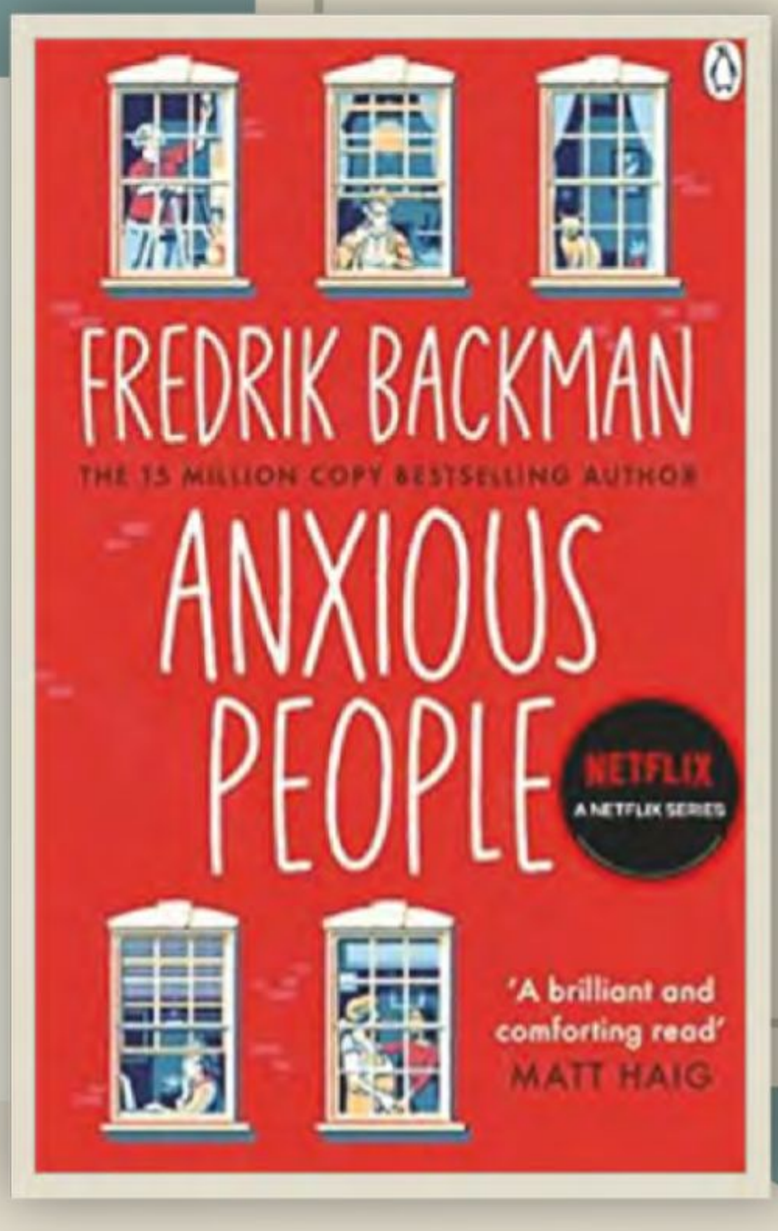


Khaled Hosseini's A Thousand Splendid Suns tells the intertwined lives of Mariam and Laila, two Afghan women bound by war, loss, and resilience. The story is painful yet tender, portraying unimaginable suffering alongside small acts of love that shine in darkness. Reading it feels like carrying echoes of real, silenced lives. Hosseini's prose immerses you so deeply that pauses are needed just to breathe. The book lingers long after the last page, not just as fiction but as an emotional experience that reshapes perspective. It is a story of endurance, love, and strength that never leaves you.

ANXIOUS PEOPLE

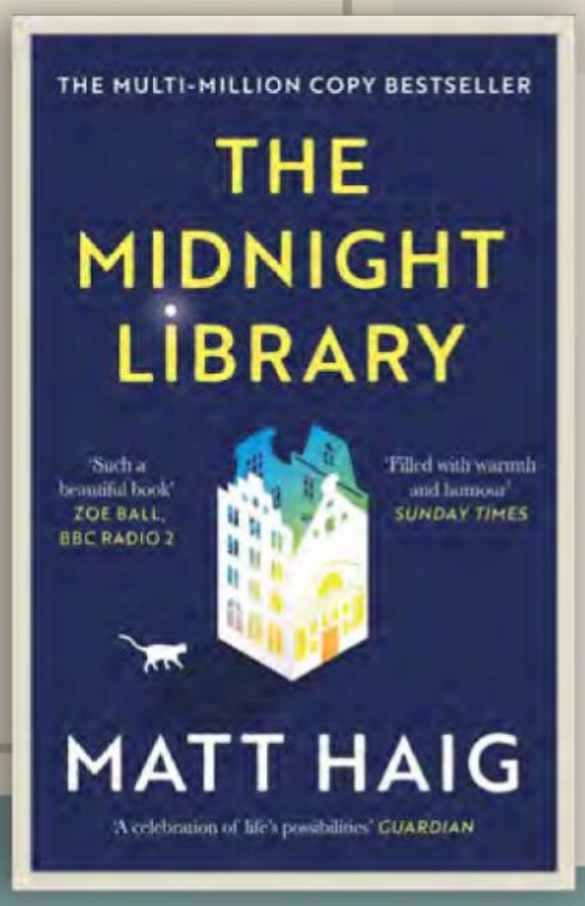
Fredrik Backman

Fredrik Backman's Anxious People begins with a chaotic failed bank robbery but unfolds into a layered story of strangers bound together. Through humor and heartbreak, Backman peels back each character, showing that behind every face lie regrets, fears, and fragile hopes. What starts as absurdity becomes deeply human, as even distant characters grow achingly real. The novel balances comedy with piercing truths, reminding us that kindness thrives in life's messiest corners. Reading it feels like sitting with a friend who understands your anxieties, leaving you laughing, crying, and comforted that every life carries a story worth knowing.



THE MIDNIGHT LIBRARY

Matt Haig

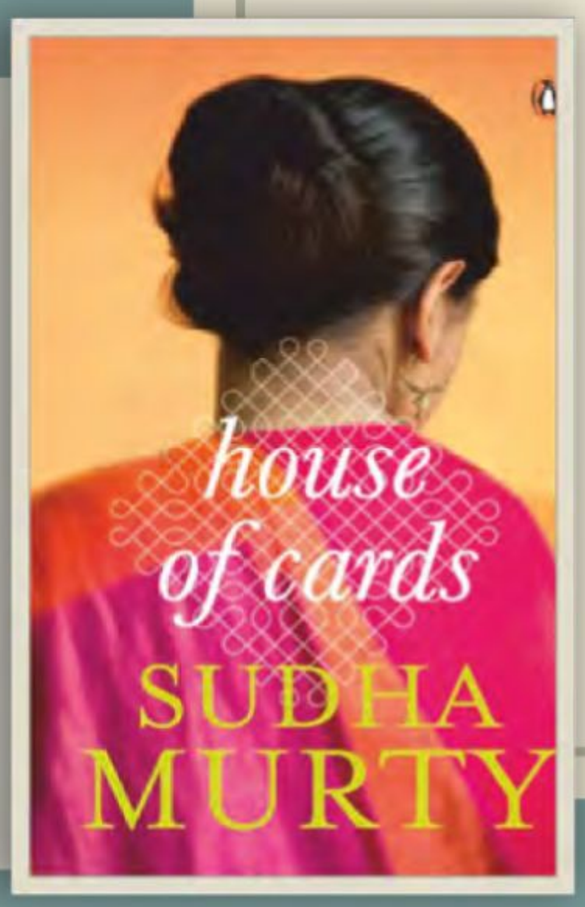


Matt Haig's The Midnight Library follows Nora Seed, who, standing between life and death, discovers a library where each book offers a life she could have lived. Through alternate realities, she confronts regrets and slowly rediscovers the beauty of living. Haig's writing is simple but deeply affecting, like a quiet mirror reflecting life's fragile meaning. Reading it feels like a warm cup of tea, gentle, grounding, and hopeful. It doesn't thrill with pace but resonates with truth: even the smallest moments matter. This book often finds readers when needed most, leaving behind a tender reminder to embrace life.

HOUSE OF CARDS

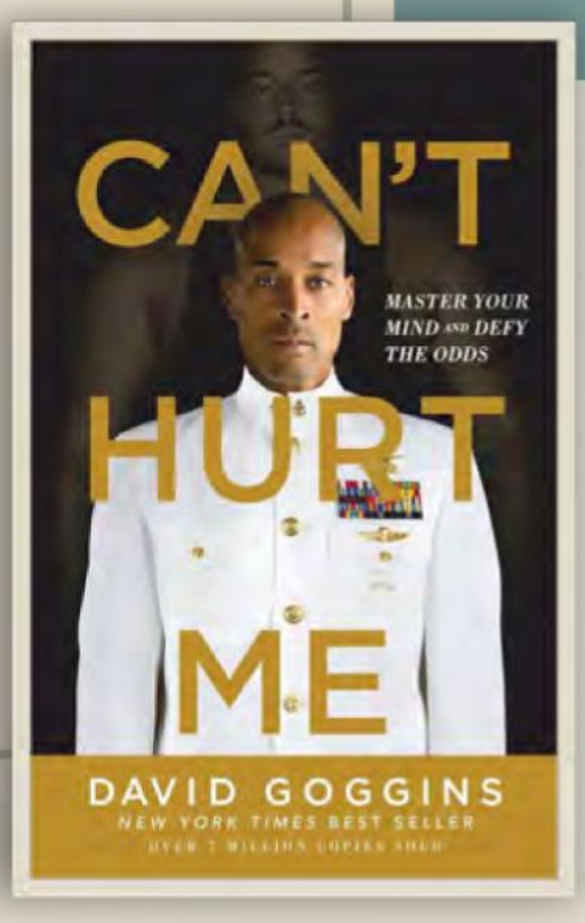
Sudha Murty

Sudha Murty's House of Cards quietly explores love, ambition, and the choices that define life. It follows Mridula, a village girl, and Sanjay, her doctor husband, whose ambitions slowly shift their marriage from dreams of love to material comfort. Their unraveling relationship reveals how success can cost emotional richness. Written in Murty's simple, steady style, the story resonates without dramatic twists or heavy language. It feels intimate and relatable, a reflection of struggles hidden within daily life. The novel's strength lies in its honesty—showing how ambition and comfort sometimes erode what truly matters in love and relationships.



CAN'T HURT ME

David Goggins



David Goggins' Can't Hurt Me is not a typical motivational book, it's raw, confronting, and relentless. A former Navy SEAL and endurance athlete, Goggins shares his journey from abuse and poverty to extreme achievements. His message isn't about inspiration but about tearing down mental barriers. One unforgettable line warns of dying without realizing true potential from living too comfortably. The book doesn't promise quick fixes; instead, it forces reflection and accountability. Through brutal honesty, Goggins challenges readers to face excuses, embrace discomfort, and push beyond perceived limits. It's less about his triumphs and more about awakening your own.

MOVIES

LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL

Roberto Benigni's Life is Beautiful (1997) blends humor with tragedy during the Holocaust. Guido, a Jewish man, uses charm and optimism to shield his wife Dora and son from despair, turning every hardship into an adventure. His defiance is not denial, but courage. The film balances laughter and heartbreak, showing that even in darkness, resilience and love can preserve hope. It leaves audiences smiling through tears, reminding us that life remains beautiful despite suffering. More than a Holocaust story, it's about protecting light for those we love.

DEAD POET'S SOCIETY

Peter Weir's Dead Poets Society (1989) tells of John Keating, an unconventional English teacher at rigid Welton Academy. Played by Robin Williams, Keating inspires students to view poetry—and life—not as rules but as liberation. The film is both tender and devastating, weaving moments of joy with heartbreak. Every performance feels like poetry in motion, carrying unspoken emotions that linger. At its core, it's a quiet rebellion urging students—and viewers—to seize the day, make extraordinary choices, and embrace life's fleeting beauty.

THREE OF US

Avinash Arun's Three of Us (2022) is a quiet exploration of love, memory, and loss. Shailaja, in early dementia, revisits her hometown with her husband and reconnects with a past friend. Together, they unearth memories and unspoken emotions. The film thrives in silences, with Shefali Shah's nuanced performance and Jaideep Ahlawat's tender strength. Swanand Kirkire adds warmth. Its cinematography—sunlit streets, rivers, shadows—feels like poetry, every frame an invitation to pause. Rather than drama, it lingers softly, reminding us that memory is not just what we recall, but how we choose to hold it.

MEET JOE BLACK

Meet Joe Black (1998), directed by Martin Brest, blends romance, mortality, and quiet wonder. Death takes human form as Joe Black (Brad Pitt), entering the life of William Parrish (Anthony Hopkins), a businessman nearing 65. What follows isn't grim, but an exploration of living fully, loving deeply, and saying goodbye with grace. Pitt's innocence contrasts Hopkins' dignity, while Claire Forlani adds vulnerability. Bathed in golden light, the film unfolds slowly, inviting reflection on love, loss, and life's measure. It's not for hurried hearts, but for those willing to sit, feel, and embrace life's fragility.

A WOMAN IN BERLIN

A Woman in Berlin (2008), based on an anonymous memoir, portrays the brutal aftermath of WWII's final days. Nina Hoss delivers a striking performance as a German woman enduring survival in a devastated city occupied by Soviet soldiers. It is not about battles, but about hunger, fear, and impossible choices. The film unflinchingly reveals wartime horrors women faced, yet also their resilience and solidarity. It's raw, intimate, and unsettling—like reading a diary never meant to be seen. It leaves a heavy silence, asking what dignity and endurance mean when the world collapses.

MADAARI

Madaari (2016), directed by Nishikant Kamat and starring Irrfan Khan, is more than just a thriller, it's a sharp mirror held up to society. The film follows Nirmal, a father broken by personal tragedy, who kidnaps the Home Minister's son to expose corruption, negligence, and the cost of power. Irrfan delivers a haunting performance, blending vulnerability with simmering rage. What makes Madaari stand out is its balance of suspense with emotional depth; it's not just about revenge, but about accountability. It leaves you questioning: when systems fail the common man, how far can grief push one toward justice?

CALL ME BY YOUR NAME

Luca Guadagnino's Call Me by Your Name (2017) is a sun-soaked memory of first love. Elio, 17, meets Oliver, an American scholar spending a summer with his family in Northern Italy. Their bond grows quietly, through glances, silences, and tenderness. Timothée Chalamet captures Elio's vulnerability, while Armie Hammer embodies Oliver's elusive warmth. The film's cinematography evokes endless afternoons, peaches, and fleeting love. Its final moments linger painfully yet beautifully. This isn't just a love story—it's about seasons in life that shape us forever, ending too soon yet leaving warmth that never fades.

ME BEFORE YOU

Based on Jojo Moyes' novel, Me Before You (2016) follows Louisa "Lou" Clark, a cheerful young woman, hired to care for Will Traynor, a once-vibrant man now in a wheelchair. Their bond grows from banter to deep connection, challenging grief and fear. Emilia Clarke and Sam Claflin's chemistry shines, layered with warmth and unspoken pain. The film raises difficult questions on choice, dignity, and love. It avoids easy endings, reminding us that true love isn't about changing someone, but about seeing them fully and respecting their path.

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A BATCH TO REMEMBER

BATCH 2020

There Is Nothing On This Earth More To Be Prized Than
True Friendship

@Abhay Kumar

151 followers

Yo Abhay, MBBS ka safar done! Those late-night study grinds and lab laughs made epic memories. As you step into the doc life, keep shining and healing. Wishing you a career full of happy patients and big wins. Go rock the medical world, bhai!

@Abhishek

151 followers

A person with best of minds and a sweet smile. One of the kindest people with a beautiful heart..handsome with brains.

@Abhishek Kanojia

151 followers

Hey Abhishek, farewell time already? From anatomy sketches to nailing ward rounds, your energy was infectious. Pure gold. You always had a knack for making tough days fun. Now go be a stellar doctor, saving lives with that same zest. Wishing you endless success, heartfelt patient stories.

@Adhiraj Wadhwa

151 followers

Adx bro- Greek god body, maxed out rizz, you can depend on bro to turn heads 180 degrees. Has a hard time not flaunting his aura, but deep down is an absolute gem of a guy.From clearing out all the gold medals in gmch to dating celebrities bro has done it all.
Always laughing together, being kicked out of lectures together to even surviving an earthquake together.

@Adit Gupta

151 followers

Adit, our official Naazuk Kali: bones break faster than his trek plans, and milk runs scarier than exams. Yet, he's always the first to make plans, the last to cancel, and the undefeated champion of our eternal game, Catan. Fragile body, rock-solid friend.

The og Pocket sized gangster-Dont let his innocent looks fool you, bro has done enough crazy shit to make a movie about.From riding on a car's bonnet to surviving an earthquake- bro is a total badass.Cheers to many great times to come Dr. Gupta

@Aditya

151 followers

Gem of a person. You're the most carefree, sweet, innocent, happy-go-lucky, lazy, fun-loving, trustworthy, helpful and mast maula person I've ever met. We've been together since the beginning and have seen each other as well as our friendship grow. You've been helpful like an elder brother as well as idiotic like a younger brother....

@Aekamleen Kaur

151 followers

Saying goodbye to our MBBS days feels heavy. Your grace under exam stress and in OPDs was unreal. From sharing notes to calming nerves before practicals, you were a gem. Wishing you a future brimming with successful diagnoses, personal growth, and tons of patient love. Shine on, doc-to-be!...

@Agam Bhullar

151 followers

Agam is a good friend and a true lover. In the period of 4 years I think the whole batch has felt it. Though one sided love did destroy his friendships... He is a true fan of dochi pizza in kasauli where he would visit anytime.

@Akanshi Mudgal

151 followers

The constant for 4 years. Thanku for being in my life through every high and low, and i am truly grateful for that. Thalamus of gossips, Queen of jananipan. A sweet, dramatic and a cheerful person, 15mins conversation with you can feel like boon or bane. Jokes aside, thank you for the help you did.

@Akash Gupta

151 followers

From being spotted together in college all the time to causing unintentional chaos with our laughter, you've been the only constant in my life over the last 4 years. There was always a vibe when we were around—good energy, loud laughs, and probably a few annoyed classmates. Now go fix your brain ...you need it more than anyone else !!

@Akash Singh

151 followers

MBBS done—time flies! Apne bhai ka enthusiasm tha top-notch. You made long study nights bearable with your jokes.

@Aklesh Kumar Sah

151 followers

As you embark on your doctor journey, carry that warmth into every ward. May your career bloom with expertise, patient smiles, and personal wins. Here's to saving lives and making a difference! Best wishes!

@Akula Aggarwal

151 followers

You're smart, intelligent, witty, humourous, helpful, generous, patient, opinionated, principled. I hope this ride never ends, and we keep creating more beautiful memories together, always and forever. Thank you Dr.Akula (Drakula) for being there for me.
My Go-to person, be it studies (thanks for the fun mnemonics) or gossips (Saanu ki) With you, college was a roller-coaster worth every twist.

@Aman Bainsla

151 followers

He's the one who loves mountains and a warm cup of tea. One moment you'll spot him in RR, and the next he's off exploring the hills. Passionate about cars and always the coolest guy around, college was unforgettable because of him.

@Aman Kumar

151 followers

From lab struggles to clinical victories, your dedication was inspiring. Those moments when we puzzled over diagnoses together built bonds for life. Tera focus always stood out. Now, as you step into the real world, go conquer medicine with that same drive.

@Anand Bijalwan

151 followers

You were the rock during stressful exam weeks and chaotic ward duties. Go make the medical world proud!

@Anjali Pandey

151 followers

Anjali, farewell's here, but the memories linger. Your positivity lit my life. As you become a doctor, keep spreading that warmth. Here's to new beginnings!

@Anjali Rai

151 followers

The most chaotic yet most beautiful person... My best friend ANJALI.... Always scolding me helping me teaching me... Misjudged by people alot... But when you get to know her she is the best person you will ever meet.

@Ankur

151 followers

Bhai, love you. Mujhe tera sath hi is zalim degree ke end tak le aya. Bye bro.

@Archana Kaushik

151 followers

Archana has to be the sweetest person in our batch. From her melodious voice to her calming presence, it's an absolute pleasure to be her friend. Her love for dogs and her habit of making silly stickers of her pup Harley is the most adorable thing about her.

@Arjun Bhardwaj

151 followers

Arjun, time to say bye to MBBS life. Bhai, keep up and hardwork karte rahiyo. We'll always be friends. Wishing you a path of success.

@Arpita Gupta

151 followers

You've always been the one to vanish right after class—but never when I needed help. From half-baked study plans to unfinished syllabi, we somehow made it through. You've been my constant support, my study partner, and my Goli.

@Arshdeep Kaur

151 followers

Sister, thanks for your companionship. Your smile was a game-changer in stressful life. As you start your doctor journey, keep spreading that warmth.

@Arya

151 followers

Arya teri bulandi aur josh ne fan bana diya mujhe. Keep up your bulandi and apne doston ko kabhi mat bhuliyo. Tere sath jo parties ka maza aya hai, kisi aur ke sath nahi aa sakta tha. Love you sis

@Aseem

151 followers

From NEET prep days to the internship phase of MBBS, Aseem has been more than a friend—he's been a brother. Through stressful exams, college bunks, endless lectures, gedis, bike rides and the unforgettable Kareri trek in the snow, he's been by my side with calm strength and unwavering loyalty.

@Bani Rattan

151 followers

Bani, the only sane Wi-Fi connection in our otherwise unstable network. She walks in, and the room upgrades to 'smile mode.' A loyal friend, emergency helpline, and certified happiness distributor, basically our free unlimited subscription to good vibes.
Bani smells like sunshine and freshly baked goods. With her, everyone's a "bestie," and honestly, anyone would be lucky to have her in their life.

@Bhawna

151 followers

Bro thanks alot, you kept me sane and hope aane wale time mein bhi rakhe. And we will keep in contact. Apna bhai hai tu. Best of luck!!

@Chakshu Sabherwal

151 followers

Brother from another mother. I clicked with you the first time we met. We share the same name as well as mother's name, but above all this we share the most beautiful bond, "MERA BHAI" bond. You are a fun-loving, happy go lucky, extrovert, soul of the party person and at the same time the most caring, thoughtful, helpful and protective for all your friends.

@Chitesh Takkar

151 followers

MBBS gave us stress, but you gave us memories. From parties to vivas, every moment with you is unforgettable. You made the stressful days bearable and the happy ones even better. Farewell yaar, may your future shine brighter than the OTs we tried to escape from!

@Daksh Gupta

151 followers

The most Jugaadu person! You can count on him to get anything done in college or hospital.(including getting treated or getting good stuff. "First bench? Never. Last bench? yes. But middle bench, near the wall is his perfect Nap zone. When everyone is revising last minute, he's busy scrolling through reels. Takes more stress for his next meal than pending syllabus.

@Deepakshi

151 followers

Saying goodbye is tough when we shared a hundred hellos, thousands of laughs, and countless hugs. You were not just a batchmate but the heartbeat of our journey. May the road ahead be full of success, laughter, and yes—lots of parties to remind you of us!

@Deepika

151 followers

Go be a rockstar doc! Keep up your hard work, I know you will reach where alot can't even think of.

@Dev Mehla

151 followers

It's hard to imagine the batch without you. You've been an amazing friend and colleague. Wishing you the very best for your future ahead!

@Devang Singla

151 followers

Farewell to our very own chess master! Your moves, both on the board and in life, have always shown intelligence and strategy. Wishing you great success ahead!

@Dhriti Garg

151 followers

Dhriti, candy sweet sugar plump has a heart full of love , kindness. Darling just work hard u r meant for the skies to fly achieve great heights.

@Dinesh

151 followers

Batch ki kahani mein tera chapter hamesha yaad rahega, tere hatke style aur full-on entertainment ke liye. Keep shining, bhai!

@Disha Bansal

151 followers

You're honestly like my personal diary with a sense of humor—always keeping my secrets, making me laugh at the dumbest stuff, and turning even the most boring moments into something fun. I seriously don't know how I got so lucky with you, but just know you're stuck with me for eternity. Through all the whispers and the laughter, you remained a constant light.

@Era Joshi

151 followers

Era is a paradox you can't help but notice, somehow both the loudest in the room and the first to shy away. Opinions so sharp that they slice, you'll have no doubt that she's always in your corner. She's hilarious, fully aware of it and not above laughing at her own jokes. And sure the clothes are stunning- but let's be honest it's really her that makes them look like a masterpiece.

@Esha Garg

151 followers

Our Eshu, Very cute n sweetu... Renowned “proxy queen” Will never forget that moment when a professor caught u marking proxy.. Bhaisahab hassi hi nahi rukti Very disciplined n hard working
From running after pizza we ordered too early while in postings to talking about anything and everyone, it’s great being your friend. You’re so helpful that I’ll even overlook all the stupid things you worry about and then make others worry about.

@Farida

151 followers

You really made college bearable. Here's to us!

@Garima

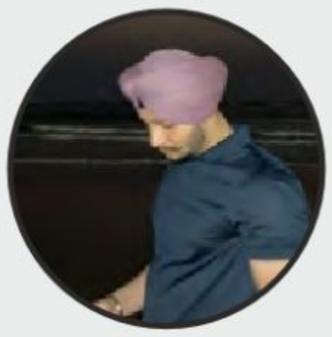
151 followers

Teri energy ne sabko inspire kiya! Now go heal the world as a fab doc. Keep rocking it!

@Gopal Krishan

151 followers

Your chill attitude kept the stress at bay. Jo bhi kare, apna unique touch zaroor daal deta hai tu. Change mat hona please



@Gurmanjot Singh

151 followers

Tere andar ek raw originality hai jo kahin aur nahi milti. Tere bina din half-charged lagta tha. I'll miss you, yaar!!

@Hargun Kaur

151 followers

Loved LOVED our gossip sessions! The late night hangout sessions, college parties, even internship wouldn't have been complete without you. Love youu DRAMA QUEEN.

@Harsh Goswami

151 followers

From random masti to the funniest memories, it's been a crazy ride knowing you! Your vibe has always been unmatched, full of drama, laughter, and those hatke moments only you could create. Life ahead will take us in different directions, but these memories will always bring a smile.

@Harshita

151 followers

Hamesha mast rehna, haste rehna dusro ko bhi khush rakhna. Lucky to have a friend like you.

@Hunerpreet Singh

151 followers

Teri sense of humor hamesha thodi 'alag hi level' ki rahi, par wahi toh tujhe yaadgar banata hai.Cheers to all the laughs, random moments aur woh hatke vibes jo hamesha yaad aayengi!

@Ishika Yadav

151 followers

Bro you've a really impressive personality-adventurous, outgoing and fun-loving. You're the type of person who brings the vibe to the party. You have the prettiest smile, which makes you so photogenic. I am inspired by what an all-rounder you are, be it skating, dance, art or academics- you excel at everything. Keep shining bro.

@Ishita Gupta

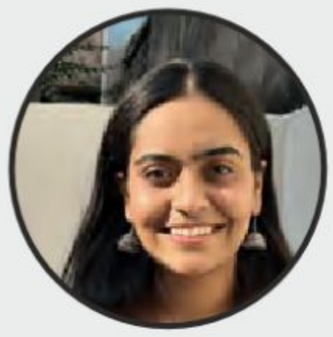
151 followers

Ishita, MBBS journey's done—wow! Here's to conquering the medical world!

@Jagpreet Kaur

151 followers

Whenever she is around you will have a smile on your face.... solving problems with solutions or jokes. A lovely friend with a good heart and beautiful smile....will always cherish u"You were one of the best part of my MBBS journey. I really enjoyed your friendship. Makes me laugh even in most tough situations like vivas, Made college tolerable and fun. Thanks for being my bff.



@Jashanjit Kaur

151 followers

She is the Naina from YJHD, started off as a nerd, she has definitely become the one jiske liye Aap apni Dilliwali Girlfriend chhod aayee! Jiske paas aake stress ko bhi stress hone lag jaye. With her jamming playlists and her craziest driving skills, this girl will never say no to a random coffee sesh (or cashews in a viva), JJ, you are the sparkle in our batch that everyone needs.

@Jaskiranvir Kaur

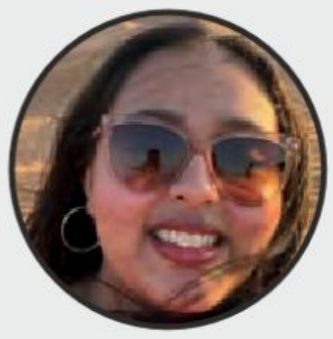
151 followers

Bestest friend.. Lucky to have her as a bestfriend.. partner in crime and study partner too. Myy fighting partner tooo.. our friendship is sooo strong... From the 1st day of MBBS till the last day of MBBS.. She is really a jolly good fellow, most funny character of our group. If u are sitting with her, definitely ur mood will lightened up and there will be a constant smile on ur face...

@Jasleen Kaur

151 followers

Our dear " Chhota pataka" urf " Chhoti Jasleen"…
Bit strict but straight HONEST.
My best friend who was with me through all odds of this 4 year journey…
Will always cherish ur odd timings of humor..
And purity with which u fulfilled our friendship..
Looking forward to build much more great memories of life with u…



@Jasleen Kaur Brar

151 followers

Jasleen, MBBS farewell feels so heavy. Teri smile ne wards ko roshan kiya, from late-night revisions to patient interactions. As you step into the doctor life, keep that warmth and strength. Wishing you a career overflowing with successful cases, patient love, and personal triumphs. Shine on, doc!

@Jeevesh Mittal

151 followers

Jeevesh, the trustworthy friend who patiently heard every rant. His friendship with fellow roll numbers and love for them was well known. From UWorld marathons to party nights and baking experiments that were a journey, he was everywhere, except in lectures and postings.

@Jivitesh Sharma

151 followers

Karan aujla once said “Akhaan vich akhaan na tu paa goriye kal nu kahengi menu pyar hogya” and he is the guy who truly lived this filmy charm ever since. The classic Sharma ji ka beta, he's that rare blend of fun-loving and fiercely responsible.

@Kamiksha

151 followers

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger, but everything is a fucking death threat for our miniscule Kamiksha and hence, she's the person who has witnessed the most growth over these 4 years (although still short a massive couple of inches). Everyone's friend and a foe to none.

@Kanika Bansal

151 followers

From being a nerdy all-India quota girl to becoming an all-rounder in the truest sense, her journey has been iconic. She's the “thick thighs, brown eyes, pretty brown skin, 99 problems but none of them are men” kinda girl, she's kind, bold, honest.

@Karan

151 followers

Wishing you a journey full of epic saves, happy patients, and a sprinkle of masti. Keep shining, bro!

@Kavya Sarwal

151 followers

Those group study sessions and ward moments? Pure magic. Tere vibes ekdum “main character energy” wali hai. Loved hanging out with you, girlie.

@Khushmeet Kaur

151 followers

Tu ek proper unforgettable personality hai. Tere bina MBBS fun nahi hoti.

@Kirti Grover

151 followers

The one who's my question bank. The girl I met on first day, but I didn't know then that we would survive med school together. She is the cutest, prettiest, and most importantly the over thinker. my chatterbox going to be a great doctor!
The Rupanzel of Batch 2020

@Kishu Godara

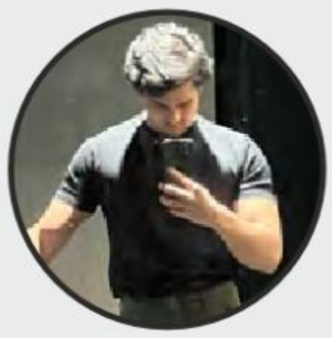
151 followers

Kishu, MBBS farewell feels unreal. Can't believe we won't be sitting next to each other anymore in the LT.

@Kumari Nikita

151 followers

Simple cheez ko bhi yaadgar bana dene ka talent hai tujhme.



@Kunal

151 followers

Tera unique style aur ward ka confidence tha zabardast. Ramp ka king, gym ka singh, aur batch ka asli hunk! Aise hi style aur swag se duniya jeetna.

@Lakshey

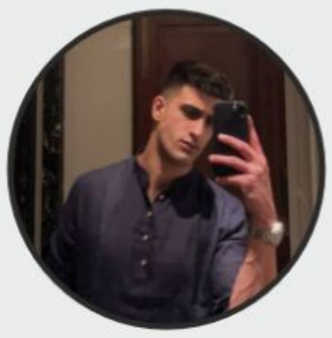
151 followers

Batch ka asli party starter aur high energy connoisseur! Aise hi masti aur unlimited energy se life ko celebrate karte rehna. Missing our trips!

@Lavisha Gupta

151 followers

Shine on!



@Manav Grewal

151 followers

Keep rocking the medical world!

@Madhavan

151 followers

Books ke saath bhi stylish lagne ka talent sirf tujhme tha! Tera attitude, ego aur dressing sense hamesha hi next level tha. Kabhi thoda extra lage, par wahi toh teri asli identity hai. Life mein bhi apni knowledge aur swag dono balance karke aage badhte rehna.

@Manika

151 followers

Manika's legacy to this college is her infamous roll number, 70, which is still whispered across all batches in FMT classes. Everyone's bestie and the go to source for the most titillating and tantalizing tales, manika is one person with whom a conversation could be neither drab nor dry.

@Mannat Randhawa

151 followers

Coconut anna u r a coconut sakht bahar se soft andr se a very beautiful n hardworking soul behind the pair of spectacles which makes u spectacular in deed. kind n knows how to nice n true at the same time . Just be happy n healthy n rest will be taken care of

@Manpreet Singh

151 followers

Your energy in labs and wards was infectious, turning stressful days into fun memories. From late-night revisions to patient care, you shone bright. As a doctor, keep that vibe going. Wishing you a journey full of successful diagnoses, happy recoveries, and personal triumphs. Here's to making a difference!

@Nehal Bajaj

151 followers

MBBS over ho gaya! Teri dedication ne sabko inspire kiya, from late-night study sessions to acing ward duties. Your focus was unreal. Wishing you a career packed with big wins, patient smiles, and a bit of fun along the way. Keep shining!

@Mihir Jain

151 followers

You r a grt doctor ik u have worked really hard thru out but everything have made u stronger and bright like a sun .Wish every person has someone like you in their life. Someone who listens. Never underestimate urself , u r a star .All the very best . Wish u all the happiness n joys of life <This message was edited>

@Muskan Bidla

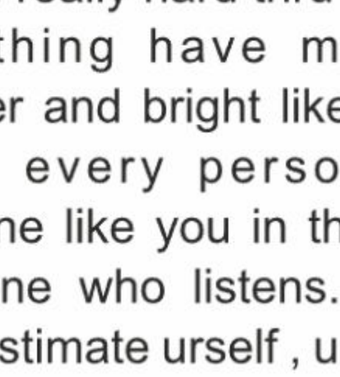
151 followers

Muskan bidla u r sweet as sugar n have heart of a child pure and kind . Sabko jodkr rakhna is u. Keep smiling be happy alwz

@Muskaan Chugh

151 followers

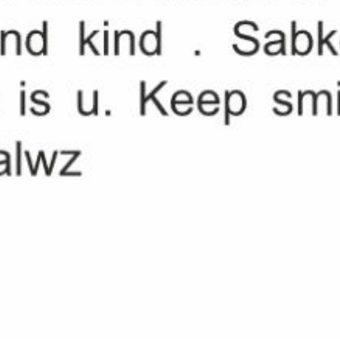
Viventium fleat - the living must weep, said the philosophers, and there is no one so vibrant - so wonderfully and tragically alive - as Muskaan Chugh. Whether eating coffee grounds to stay awake before an exam or drop-tackling her friends as a sign of affection, she carries with her a presence that is enough to fill a room - or indeed, a batch.



@Muskan

151 followers

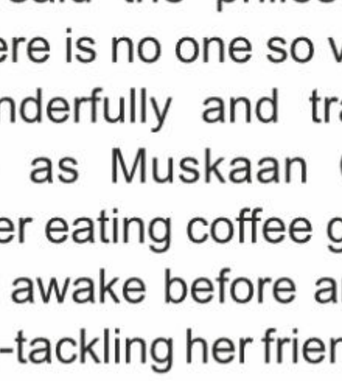
You survived viva questions, exam marathons, and even the terror of long case discussions — that itself deserves a standing ovation. Now that you're leaving, I just hope your next consultant is as forgiving as ours was. Good luck !



@Namisha Kathuria

151 followers

My biggest flex is that I'm leaving this college with the same person I entered it with. So this is about this amazing and beautiful human being who I call my best friend; and all I want to say is....THANKYOU. For all those stupid days when I'm unbearable, for all those amazing memories.



@Navjot Singh

151 followers

MBBS is a journey not everyone survives with a smile — but you did, and you inspired us along the way. Your dedication in clinics and your kindness with patients always stood out. Wishing you countless healing hands and a future full of white-coat victories.

@Neha Kumari

151 followers

From first-year anatomy struggles to final-year night duties, we've seen it all together. You've been more than a batchmate — a true partner in this mad MBBS ride. Here's to new wards and the same old friendship.

@Nikita Bhardwaj

151 followers

She is a bit jhalli, But next level empathetic...One who can break the silence in the room..One who is always available for her friends.. Keep growing bro u deserve the bestest in life

To one of the realest, sweetest most unexpected friends I've made in final year. Forever grateful to you for helping me academically and literally counselling me outside on the steps of LT 4. Love and light to you always

@Nitika

151 followers

Nitika is one of the most charming, intelligent, and kind-hearted people. Our journey started as study partners before college, and over time it blossomed into something special.

A little bit strict but pure at heart. Clean intentions straight HONEST. Slow n steady wins the race

Nitika is kind, honest, charming and a beautiful soul. Her understanding nature and patience make her truly special. From study buddies to laughs, singing, anchoring at Plexus or just masti—she made every moment unforgettable.

@Ojaswani

151 followers

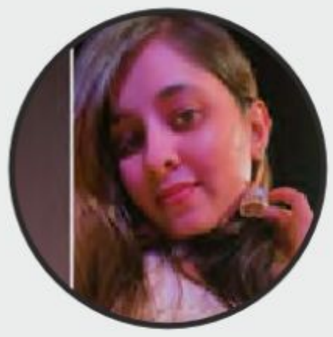
Ojaswani—our very own smol bean with the biggest heart. Don't let her tiny frame fool you—she's a powerhouse of kindness, loyalty, and quiet strength. Always ready to help, always ready to listen, and somehow always knowing the perfect thing to say.

Ojaswani from first yr to the last n finally internship u made everything so easy. Thank you for the comfort. Great person kind heart, people's person.

@Parth Chopra

151 followers

You came to college for MBBS but spent more time building biceps than building case histories. Don't worry, we'll handle the patients while you handle the dumbbells.



@Parminder Kaur

151 followers

From dissecting cadavers to dissecting the cafeteria menu, we really did it all. You're officially leaving us short of one person who laughed at all the wrong times in ward rounds.

@Pradyun

151 followers

You've been my emergency consultant for every silly doubt — medical or non-medical. Who else will remind me that not every fever is malaria? The way you speak, you literally own the room — it's like the audience is your patient list. Wherherever you go, you'll rock it...

@Prajjwal Prasad

151 followers

In a world that often rushes by- Prajjwal is a rare blend of serenity and brilliance. He is an exceptional chef whose dishes speak volumes and a mixologist who can turn any evening into an unforgettable experience.

The ultimate guy next door! Call him Attendance Paglu, Clinics Paglu, or Jesus—always reliable. Butter chicken is his charm, quirky shirts his signature.

Iske butter chicken ke hain ham sab diwane, With his quirky shirts and quirkier cocktail concoctions, he is the life of every party!

@Pranav Raheja

151 followers

Thanks for being the only person who understood my handwriting in case sheets. Now I'll have to actually write neatly. Go shine wherever you go — but don't forget us poor souls still stuck with logbooks.

@Pratham Singh

151 followers

Whether it was celebrating exam results or sneaking out for canteen snacks after lights out, you always knew how to make life fun. MBBS was hard, but you made it a party. Farewell, legend!

@Prithviraj

151 followers

Life in the hostel was never boring with your midnight Maggie sessions and unlimited gossip. You'll be missed in every 2 AM chai party. Don't forget us when you're in a room with actual WiFi and no lizards.

@Priyanka

151 followers

She is one who is actually never on time.....but this rajasthani girl is bestest friend u can ask for..when in problem she always take the stand and never leave you alone.. always been everything in this journey... beautiful face and beautiful smile ofcourse makes crazy…

@Purnima

151 followers

Can give savage replies to anyone, very pretty, very smart, good photographer (with a tagline dekh aise lete hai photo) self confidence aasman se jaada hai and she always have some funny proposal story of hers to tell about.... ofcourse she is very pretty and taking everything chill and going with the flow.

@Rabia

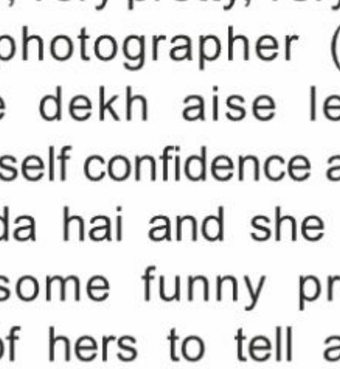
151 followers

You're a true fashion icon — the kind of person who owns the ramp with every step. Bold, unapologetic, and a little wild at heart, you keep everyone guessing. Your attitude may be fierce, your trust hard-earned, but that's exactly what makes you unforgettable.

@Ragini Sharma

151 followers

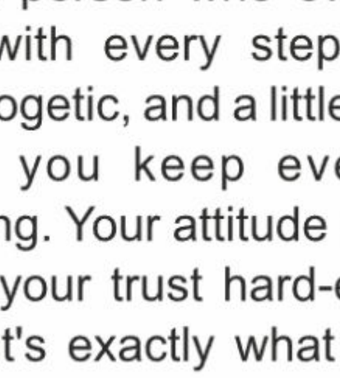
Best person I met in college, beauty with brains, caring, fighter, mother of our group. Thank you for being my sweetest friend. Don’t cry, you’re one of the best parts of MBBS.



@Rahat Rohel

151 followers

You taught us the real meaning of power naps… though yours somehow lasted the whole day! The way you stroll in that car, blasting music and vibing like a rock star, makes it hard to believe you're even an MBBS student. Walk into life like the movie character you are.

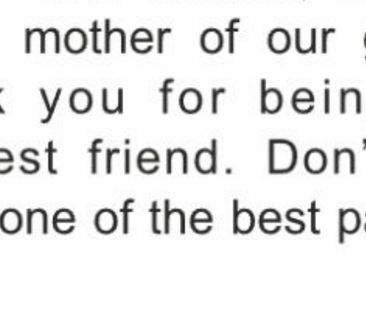


@Raiza Gupta

151 followers

Geet from JWM, Miss Sunshine herself. Raiza’s confetti in human form—colorful, unforgettable and so fun. Her flex isn’t just her smile or the social butterfly charm, but how she makes everyone feel loved. “College without you? Impossible,” says her best friend.

Call her Miss Sunshine, she is the human version of confetti - colorful, impossible to ignore and guaranteed to make everything more fun. Her biggest flex isn’t that million-watt smile or her social butterfly charm – it’s the way she makes people feel.



@Ribhav Thakur

151 followers

Notorious for his aversion to actual human communication, Ribhav somehow insists on being the self-proclaimed Gossip Girl of GMCH (xoxo, obviously). He is, after all, the unholy offspring of Lothario and a drunk Dionysus—yet, paradoxically, not the worst guy you’ll meet.

@Ridham Jindal

151 followers

Cricket is well know for its passion for Ridham. There's isn't a single cricket match bro hasn't played or watched. Future radiologist is almost radioactive, from the energy he's brimming with. Behind the helmet, pads and gloves, is a humble, fun loving and carefree guy, always finding a reason to cheer everyone up.

@Rishabh Jindal

151 followers

Rishabh, the (unofficially retired) CR of our batch, is the perfect blend of stoic and gentle. His witty sense of humor and chill demeanor makes it really easy to be comfortable around him. Though annoyingly logical and cocky at times, he's one of the most considerate people you'll ever meet.

@Rishita Tanwar

151 followers

A kind hearted and a pure soul. She tries to keep life simple and less complicated. Focused and balanced. Overall has been a great companion to share these 4 exhausting years of MBBS with.

@Rohit Garg

151 followers

Marrow geek / CC babu / Editor sir. You might spot him burning throw marrow in RR, or might never because he's hibernating in the hostel. Loyal kid from Haryana who laughs the loudest but also always ready to throw fists. Doc you call up regardless of the issue, medical, surgical or bhai pange pad gaye

@Rritvik Mahajan

151 followers

You have that rare ability to be simultaneously intimidating and hilarious. Your confidence, boldness, and just the right amount of mischief make every conversation memorable. Honestly, your personality is a whole experience — and anyone who meets you is in for a show.

@Rudransh Kaler

151 followers

You survived anatomy, pathology, and physiology... and somehow survived our hostel parties too. Your ability to mix work, fun, and chaos is unmatched. Wishing you the same thrill in your next adventure!

@Sachin Kumar

151 followers

Your calm vibe in hectic labs and wards was a game-changer. From study grinds to clinical skills, you've been a star. Step into medicine with that same confidence. Wishing you a career packed with successful diagnoses, happy patients, and moments of joy. Go rock the doc life!

@Saijal

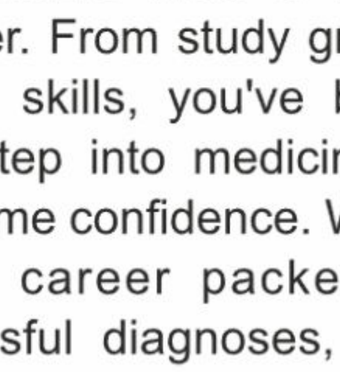
151 followers

Saijal—the partner-in-crime I never officially signed up for but wouldn't trade for the world. Has the ability to turn even the most mundane moment into a memory is a rare gift.

@Saksham

151 followers

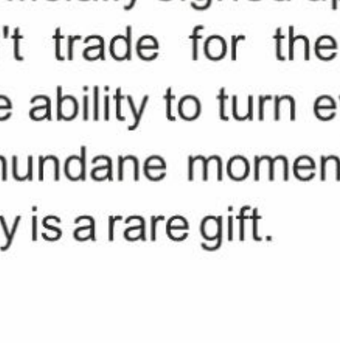
He is Mr. Perfectionist..He has a kind soul and pure heart. All i can say is.... “Neat mind, sharp style, heart so true. Even perfection can learn from you!”



@Saksham M.

151 followers

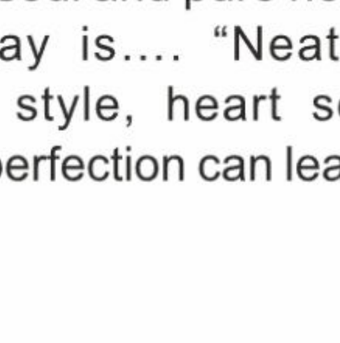
MBBS chapter's closing, but the memories stay. Your energy in group studies and OPDs was infectious, turning tough days into fun ones. Those late-night revisions and ward victories built lifelong bonds. As you become a doctor, keep that spark alive. Wishing you a path overflowing with life-saving treatments.



@Sakshi

151 followers

She is a very playful person. Everytime ready to go out and hv fun. She has big dreams .Few words for her.. “A storm in sneakers, a heart made of gold, Cute, chaotic, fearless and bold.”



@Sakshi

151 followers

The one with the brightest smile, Sakshi lights up the every room that she enters. Once you become her friend, she'll look after you all the time. She is the prettiest and turns heads whenever we go out. She is a very graceful dancer and a total sweetheart in general. All the best and I Love you <3.

@Salman

151 followers

Teri chill vibe aur ward ka swag tha top-notch. From lab debates to patient care, you kept it real. Now go save lives like a pro. Wishing you a career full of big wins, happy recoveries, and a bit of masti. Keep rocking the medical world, bhai!

@Sampada Narayani

151 followers

Sampada, farewell's here, and it's bittersweet. Your warmth made exam stress and ward chaos bearable. From sharing notes to shining in patient care, you've been awesome. Thank you for existing.

@Samridhi

151 followers

Always with a “ek wow se baat sunau?” Presenting you a wow person “Ludhiana's ... Beyoncé. And we? We were just lucky to have front row seats. Iconic. Legendary. Dramatic.

@Sanjana Singh

151 followers

She's strong, she's fearless!! Knows how to fight (even for you). A wonderful friend to have! Always keep smiling! You got this!!!!

@Sarthak Bhardwaj

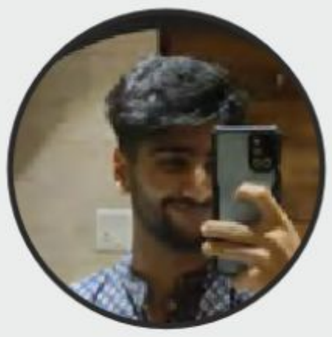
151 followers

Sarthak, MBBS done—time to shine! Your focus through tough exams and hectic rounds was unreal. Those group study nights and clinical wins bonded us. As a doctor, keep that drive alive. Wishing you a career packed with successful treatments, happy patients, and personal triumphs.

@Shaurya Bhatia

151 followers

My dearest Shaurya, You've been more than a friend — my sister, my guide, my everything. you'll always hold a special place in my heart. With love, Your forever friend.



@Shaurya Malhotra

151 followers

Tu toh bilkul apni hi Bollywood film ke hero hai – har baat mein drama, har din ek naya scene, aur har expression ekdum blockbuster! Tere acting talent aur creativity ne college ko ek alag hi rang de diya. Kabhi apne dialogues se, kabhi apne nautanki se.

@Shefali

151 followers

My "Walking Talking schedule" in MBBS. I so love meeting you and talking to you. My loveliest, cutest star, your presence is enough to brighten up my day. Love you bestie, always and forever.

@Shivam

151 followers

Bhai you're the most witty, humorous, spontaneous, carefree as well as careless person I've ever met, stay the same. Bas thoda game khelna kam kar de. Love you bhai.

@Shivani Saini

151 followers

The person whose vibe resonates with me the most. She stood with me through thick and thin. A soul so rare, a heart so true, I'm beyond lucky to have you.

@Shiwangi Sharma

151 followers

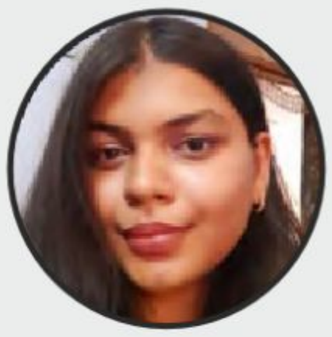
A lover or the arts, whether it be literature, music or her best known craft dance. In the journey that we all share, she's the best friend one could've had by their side.

Don't be fooled by her high energy dance moves - Shiwangi is just as ready to sit and whine about life as she is to light up the stage. She might be tiny but the warmth (and angst) she radiates overpowers her timid self. With a love for the arts, all things sweet, and Jungkook, she's endlessly endearing - though none of it lessens her mindboggling fear of natural disasters.

@Shobhita

151 followers

The best encyclopedia you will ever meet from history to painting to murdery mystery and scifics... She know everything and anything.... My dearest shobhu.



@Shruti Goel

151 followers

Your positivity through exam stress and ward chaos was a game-changer. Those shared laughs and study grinds built bonds for life. Thanks for keeping me sane through this journey, idk what I would've done without u.

@Shubham Narayan

151 followers

From NEET UG prep to the end of MBBS, Shubham has been more than just a friend—he's been family. From bike rides to car rides, from late-night study sessions to the countless get-togethers we did together, every moment became a memory because he was there. Through the highs and lows, stress, and laughter, his presence made this journey easier and unforgettable. Grateful for a friendship built on trust, shared dreams, and years of growing up together.

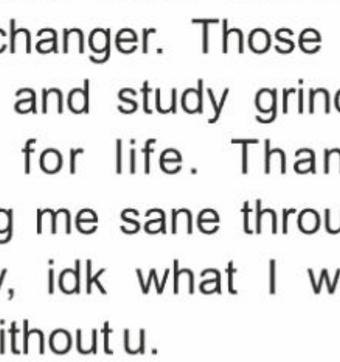
@Sidh Goyal

151 followers

From topping all profs to setting the stage ablaze, making corrections in Guyton to writing articles for Autocar, if this coolcat has 9 lives, he's surely living them all at once. Godspeed brother

Known for his sharp advice, a mystery wrapped in brilliance we'll never forget!

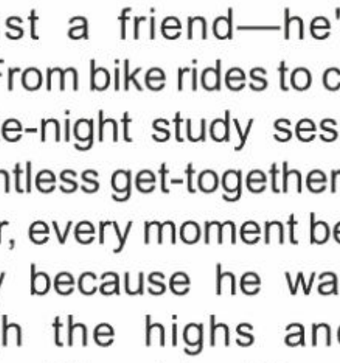
Our Charles Leclerc—acing exams like races, stationery lined with OCPD precision, watch in sync with shoes and those reading room nap Every girl's crush and yet forever distant... and kids, that's how he became the topper...



@Simran

151 followers

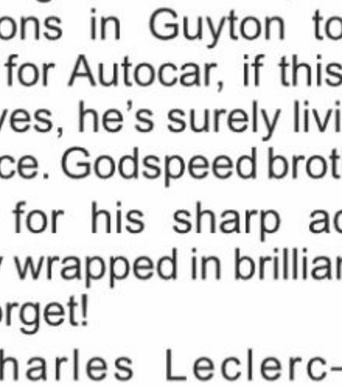
The sweetest and chillest friend you'll ever meet. With her pretty smile and effortless charm ... best kind of friend always there for her close ones and full of happy, positive vibes.



@Sneha Singhal

151 followers

Keep up your smile and always stay the same wonderful person.



@Snehil Garcha

151 followers

You've got a really outgoing personality with a fun-loving and adventurous nature. Always up for a plan, makes a gathering open up and enjoy to the fullest. You've a great personality bro, bas thoda dekh ke party kiya kar, dobara kamar na tudwa liyo.

@Sonali Dadwal

151 followers

Proxy queen, khatro k Khiladi, from saying hi from the day of admission to finally made to last day of proffs, never imagined a bond that grew over years with you would be so story to tell to my kids..had great time with you sonaa.

@Sree Divya

151 followers

You made MBBS so much better. You are the absolute best, I hope you never change, keep in touch. Love you truck loads!!! You are one of the best people I know, the moments and memories we created together will last a lifetime.

@Swatantra Maurya

151 followers

From bunking classes to last-minute assignments, you were always my partner-in-crime. Tera “chill, ho jaayega” attitude honestly saved my sanity. You've got this effortless vibe jo sabko comfort feel karati hai. Cheers to more laughter-filled reunions ahead.

@Tanisha Gupta

151 followers

Tanisha is someone whose optimism brings joy to 95% of the room — and deep, existential annoyance to the depraved cynics of society. Add to that her quarterly re-runs of The Office (she can quote Michael Scott better than her own syllabus) and her dangerous knack for discovering addictive-yet-peculiar board games, and you’ve got yourself a kindred speakeasy on wheels.

@Tanvi Goel

151 followers

Your confidence and witty one-liners always made even the most boring lectures bearable. Tumhari sense of humor aur spontaneity unmatched hai. College corridors won't sound the same without your unstoppable laughter. Stay the same magnetic person!

@Tushar Bhatia

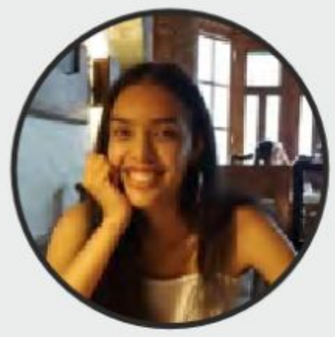
151 followers

Bro, I'll never forget your “let's wing it” attitude and how surprisingly it always worked out! From chai breaks to late-night rants, you made it all memorable. I hope life ka har phase tu isi swag ke saath conquer kare.

@Umang Partap

151 followers

You were always the calm in our chaos. Jab sab hyper hote the, tumhari ek line sabko ground pe la deti thi. Tera composed nature aur sense of balance inspiring hai. Future tumhare liye bada hai! Din teri awaaz aur energy ke bina thode adhure lagenge. Stay the same...



@Upneet Kaur

151 followers

You're the one who brought positivity to every room. Tumhari smile aur random pep talks genuinely pulled people out of tough days. Your ability to listen and still keep things light made you the perfect friend. Thank you for being the sunshine of our batch.

@Vardan Kohli

151 followers

We've had our ups and downs, but you've always been the real one—loyal, solid. Want you to succeed and have the best in life. You deserve that, truly.
Vardan is best known for his afternoon naps. He instructs, plans but somehow forgets to bring his stethoscope to exams. You will not see him in college but you can find him at any MUN/ PDC in the city (they await his retirement).

@Vasu Kharbanda

151 followers

Yaar, tu class ki jaan tha! Teri har baat se laughter guaranteed hota tha. Without your silly jokes and random gyaan sessions, college wouldn't have been half as fun. Wishing you endless success, but please don't lose that mad energy jo sabko khush kar deti hai.

@Vidhi

151 followers

Vidhi, farewell's here, and it's bittersweet. Your positivity through exam stress and ward chaos was a game-changer. Those shared laughs and study nights bonded us. As you become a doctor, keep inspiring. Wishing you a career overflowing with life-saving cures, patient smiles, and moments of joy.

@Vinay Rohilla

151 followers

Vinay sir. Sir for his batchmates as well, his legendary markings are a phenomenon to be reckoned with. Always looked up to (bros height). Still water may run deep, but behind that calm composed persona is a man with an exquisite taste and knowledge of music, movies and jugaad You could have endless hours of talk on anything and everything with the phenomenon called Vinay.

@Yajat Singla

151 followers

Yajat is the resident chocolate boy. The poster child for the “nice guy, boy-next-door”. The best person for a laugh, a late-night chai, or just some chaotic energy to survive the day.

@Yash Mehta

151 followers

Ye banda hamesha apni hi duniya mein rehta hai, thoda sa mast, thoda sa careless. Kabhi-kabhi lagta hai ki zindagi iske liye ek full-time party hai. Vibes uski hamesha high rehti hain, Tension lene ka naam hi nahi hai. A dog lover at heart.

@Yugandhara

151 followers

If there was a medal for being late, she’d win it, hands down!for she’s someone who doesn’t mind coming into classes late, in front of profressors, with biscuits & banana shakes as her constant companions, besides rocking chappals in the harshest of winters, yet she’s an amazing human being, so much fun to be around & her interest in spirituality takes her to another level!

@Yuvraj Goyal

151 followers

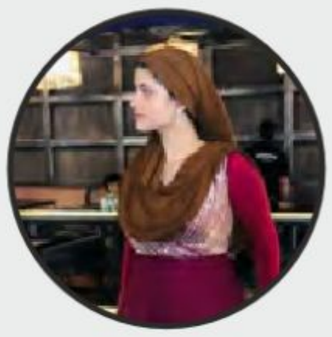
Nothing less than panauti would suffice from being thrown out of lectures to examination halls ... In his own kind he has still won hearts of people being a true friend.

@Saurabh Khari

151 followers

Random ideas tumhare hi se shuru hote the aur best memories wahi hoti thi. Honestly, our lives would've been thoda boring without your impulsive adventures. College ka best part was tumhari “let's just do it” attitude. Never lose that impulsive fun spirit, it's your magic! He’s the most helpful person you will ever meet.

Saurabh is caring and full of love, always ready to solve everyone’s problems. Moody with countless phases a day, sometimes annoying or careless, but if you get to know him he has golden heart and funny nature, he fills every moment with happiness.”



@Tanzeel Naiz Malik

151 followers

Introvert ho, but truly unforgettable. You never needed to shout to be noticed. Your simplicity and soft nature made you stand out in your own way. Conversations with you were rare, but hamesha meaningful, and your subtle humor was pure gold. College will surely miss that.

@Bhawna Garg

151 followers

A social butterfly. A sweet joyous girl with most beautiful smile who battles ups and downs. I hope we have more in future. I wish you the best for future endeavors.

@Gunjan

151 followers

A perfect example of "Beauty with brain". Her company will never disappoint you. Loves to hang out, take aesthetic pictures and the glow up she had in the past few years is just amazing. Surviving college was easier because of you.

@Yahyaa Mansoor

151 followers

The multitasker – tum ek hi time pe 10 cheezein kar sakte the aur sabme ace karte the. College would have collapsed without your efficiency, whether it was events, notes, ya group plans. Tumhe dekh ke hi lagta tha ki “kaise manage kar lete ho sab?” You're going places.

@Kanishk Goel

151 followers

For the past six years, you've been more than just a friend. You've been my companion, my best neighbour, and one of the kindest souls I've ever known.

@Taseen Niaz Malik

151 followers

You may not have been the loudest in the room, but your presence always spoke volumes. That quiet strength and subtle charm made college feel calmer and more balanced. Tere bina shayad hume pata bhi na chalta ki silence bhi itna comforting ho sakta hai.

Earnest Gratitude

Prof. G.P. Thami
Director Principal

Prof. N.K. Goel
Professor In-charge Academics

Prof. Dasari Harish
Medical Superintendent

Mr. Pradhuman Singh
Joint Director (Administration)

Art By: Anmol Gupta

Art By: Prachi