

dhanvantari 2020

55th Edition





2020

श्रेयान स्वधर्मो विगुणः परधर्मात् स्वनुष्ठितात्।
स्वधर्मे निधनं श्रेयः परधर्मो भयावहः॥

It is far better to live your own destiny, duties and nature imperfectly than to live an imitation of someone else's with perfection. Even death in your own nature is better; imitation of others is fraught with danger.



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लेफ्टिनेन्ट जनरल अनूप बनर्जी, एस एम, पी एच एस
महानिदेशक सशस्त्र सेना चिकित्सा सेवा
एवं वरिष्ठ कर्नल कमान्डेन्ट

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Directorate General of
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Ministry of Defence
'M' Block, New Delhi-110001



MESSAGE

1. It gives me great pleasure to pen down my message for the 55th edition of the college magazine 'Dhanvantari'.
2. This annual publication has always served as a showcase of the artistic, literary and creative prowess of the cadets of AFMC, offering a glimpse into their lives on the campus.
3. Over the years, AFMC has cemented its position as one of the premier medical colleges in the Country, dispensing high quality medical education. The credit for this goes to the tireless efforts of the faculty, the robust administration, and of course, the multi-faceted cadets, whose hard work and commitment to excellence is clearly reflected in their works.
4. I commend all the authors for their contributions and congratulate the Editorial Team for their efforts in bringing out a worthy edition this year.
5. I extend my best wishes to the AFMC family and wish them good health, success and glory in all their endeavours.

'Jai Hind'

Station : New Delhi

Date : 12 March 2020

(Anup Banerji)

Lt Gen

DGAFMS



लेफ्टिनेंट जनरल नरदीप नैथानी
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सशस्त्र सेना चिकित्सा महाविद्यालय
पुणे- ४११०४०
भारत

Armed Forces Medical College
Pune - 411 040
India



MESSAGE

1. As an alumnus of this cherished institution, I believe that age old legacies are what connect AFMCites across the batches. One such legacy is the invaluable collection of ideas, thoughts and creativity which takes form in the College magazine — 'Dhanvantari'.
2. Although academics take center-stage in a Medical College, fine arts help develop a well rounded personality. AFMC is unique in providing multifaceted training to its students with a plethora of extra-curricular activities and ample opportunities for holistic development.
3. It is important that we groom our cadets well and provide a platform for honing their personality attributes. This helps to inculcate a sense of empathy, bonding, team spirit and pride for the Service and contributes to building a robust esprit de corps. Successive issues of the magazine have always served as this medium.
4. A wave of nostalgia rushes through me when I read about the experiences shared by cadets on this campus, where every nook and cranny is layered with fond memories. I am sure you too will enjoy reading the collection of stories, poems and random musings skilfully crafted by them.
5. I would like to congratulate all those involved in the making of this annual gazette and look forward to an interesting read.

Place : Pune

Date : 05 Mar 2020

(Nardeep Naithani)

Lt Gen

Director & Commandant



Maj Gen R M Gupta, VSM

MBBS, MD (Micro), DNB (Path), Ph.D (Virology),
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MESSAGE

1. With the close of another year, the talented medical cadets of AFMC have put forth their curated literary creations in a concise compact and colourful annual offering. It gives me immense pleasure to present the 55th edition of the Dhanvantari Magazine.
2. Since its inception, 'Dhanvantari' has served as a medium that connects faculty, students and alumni alike. Life in AFMC, is celebrated enthusiastically on each page.
3. The flavor of the season in College is apparent, giving an insight into the issues and happenings that have impacted the lives of the cadets in our cherished Institution. Interspersed reminiscences by faculty and alumni take us back to the years gone by.
4. I eagerly look forward to reading this year's magazine and compliment the Literary Society for having produced a quality edition keeping with the standards of excellence of this Institution.

(R M Gupta)

Maj Gen

Dean & Dy & Comdt

AFMC Pune-40

Place : Pune-40

Date : 05 Mar 2020

staff editor's musings



Col A. T. Atal

“Some people move on but not me”

Re-appointed Editor, a decision motivated perhaps by the prevailing pro-incumbency wave, I chose supreme inertia as a status update for the better part of 2019. The announcement of the POP dates signalled the end of any further procrastinatory designs. “I am inevitable!”, my nemesis seemed to say, inspired no doubt by a certain Titan with a fetish for shiny stones. “Release of Dhanvantari on 19th March”, a freshly printed sheet of administrative instructions barked out. “How dare you!”, Greta seemed to be remarking at my slothful display.

I snapped my fingers with confidence but nothing seemed to change. Inter-batch and Silhouettes were picking up my best warriors with alacrity. “The gloves are off!”, I eventually decided. “Board... Assemble!”, the cry rang out, as an enthusiastic editorial team made an appearance at Headquarters in 5 Ground D/S.

“This is the fight of our lives and we are going to win... whatever it takes”, I exhorted. Suitably inspired (I would like to think so), Prashant and the ‘Guardians of the Gazette’, picked up a Furious pace. Slowly but surely, the magazine was taking shape. Articles and poems were trickling in as the deadline grew closer. I, on the sidelines was clearly identifying with Stan Lee’s genetically modified racoon and his feelings for a sentient alien tree as he grows from a twig to a spoilt child and then an obnoxious albeit affectionate pre-teen.

“The editing work will take time” remarked our optimistic printer. “Shaayad time pe nahi ho paayega”... the lunar surface berating Vikram... hard and brutal words.

“Time for more inspiring Gyaan”, I perceived. “A measure of a person, of a hero, is how well they succeed at being who they are. Strive to be the best version of yourself. No task is unsurmountable!”

Iron-clad intent in clearly apparent borrowed lines seemed to work once more. No ‘Covid’ or ‘Kyarr’ was going to deter us! Extended in-time for the team members from the GH was being optimally utilised and the task that seemed distant was now close to fruition. But wait... the procrastinator had still not written his editorial!

OK, one last borrowed incantation... “All-fathers, let the magic flow through me one last time!”

Part of the journey is the end and as I write these lines, we seem to be travelling well. We’re in the End-game now, the moves have been orchestrated and we await the denouement. I bask in the intellect and creative talent of my Editorial Team and offer to you a Dhanvantari, resurrected for your reading pleasure, our ‘travail d’amour’.

I love you 3000... Sorry... 55!!

EDITORS' DESK

प्रशांत झा
हिंदी संपादक



सर्, स्टार्ट कैसे करें?
आर्टिकल कलेक्शन कैसे करें?
किन-किन चीजों की जरूरत पड़ेगी सर्?

कभी रोशन सर् तो कभी शुभंकर सर् से पूछे मेरे इन्ही सवालों से शुरु हुआ 'धन्वंतरी' के 55वें संस्करण के बनने का सिलसिला।

आज यह सम्पादकीय लिखते हुए मैं बहुत गौरवान्वित महसूस कर रहा हूँ क्योंकि जब कॉलेज में आया था तब अपने आस-पास इतने प्रतिभाशाली लोगों और उस समय के साहित्य में पारंगत संपादकों को देखकर कभी इस बात की कल्पना नहीं की थी कि हिंदी साहित्य से जुड़े होने के बावजूद भी धन्वंतरी पत्रिका का मुख्य संपादक बनने का सौभाग्य प्राप्त होगा जो अपने आप में एक ऐतिहासिक बात है।

हमने सभी रचनाओं को समान सम्मान के साथ प्रस्तुत

करने का पूर्ण प्रयास किया है एवं विशेष ध्यान रखा है कि किसी की भी भावनाएं आहत ना हों।

धन्वंतरी के लिए काम करते हुए बहुत कुछ सीखने को मिला। एक सीख ये मिली कि कोई भी बड़ा काम 'मैं' से नहीं हो सकता और 'हम' की ताकत जटिल से जटिल कार्य को भी आसान बना देती है। संपादकीय समिति के मेरे सभी मित्रों ने अपने अथक परिश्रम से इस वर्ष की पत्रिका को सजाया-संवारा है।

अंत में कर्नल अटल, सभी सीनियर्स एवं सम्पादकीय समिति के मेरे सभी मित्रों को मैं दिल से धन्यवाद करता हूँ जिनके सहयोग के बिना धन्वंतरी-2020 की कल्पना नहीं की जा सकती थी। साथ ही पूरी उम्मीद है कि पाठकों को यह संस्करण बहुत पसंद आएगा और त्रुटियों के लिए मैं क्षमा मांगता हूँ।

TEJASWINI PISIPATI
ENGLISH EDITOR

I'm writing this one night before our issue goes to print, and I'm beaming with pride already. Five weeks of rigorous brainstorming sessions later, I wasn't expecting to feel the gratitude I'm swathed in now. Gratitude for the willingness and hard work of the editorial team. We've got a lot of plates spinning, and I'm glad we managed to keep just one more suspended: this edition of Dhanvantari. So here's presenting, Dhanvantari 2020 of the Kilroys, by the Editors, for the Pot-terheads



ADITHYA MOHAN
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



It is indeed wonderful to see how everyone's ideas, thoughts and concepts have taken a physical shape in the form of this magazine. Amidst all tantrums and ego clashes, ideas poured in, content was modified and remodified and work progressed. Though tiring, I consider it a remarkable experience to have edited this edition of Dhanvantari magazine. I express my heartfelt gratitude to Col A T Atal and others for their help and support.

Acknowledgements

It is our radiant sentiment to place on record our best regards and deepest sense of gratitude to the Commandant, Lt Gen Nardeep Naithani and the Dean, Maj Gen RM Gupta, VSM for their precious and invaluable guidance. The support and compliance of the administration towards all our efforts was a major driving force for the successful making of the magazine.

Brig K Sabarigirish and Col AK Shakya extended all the help and administrative support to us and we are extremely grateful to them for their cooperation.

We are overwhelmed in all humbleness and gratefulness to acknowledge the guidance provided by Col AT Atal, Officer In Charge of Dhanvantari magazine. In spite of being extraordinarily busy with his duties, he took out time to hear, guide and keep us on the correct path and allowed us to carry out our unconventional ideas and execute them successfully. Dhanvantari 55th edition would not have been possible without him.

We extend our heartfelt gratitude to Gp Capt Prateek Kinra, Warden, Boy's Hostel for his invaluable inputs, support and permission to use the hostel infrastructure for the making of Dhanvantari 2020. We also extend a hearty thanks to Mr. Godse.

This edition of Dhanvantari would not have been possible without Med Cdt Akash Pratap Singh, Med Cdt Pranav Verma, Med Cdt Shivam Singh, Med Cdt Chandra Mohan Chaudhary, Med Cdt Veeranjana Chamoli, Med Cdt Kaustubh Bave, Med Cdt Sushanth Durgaraju, Med Cdt Durga Charan Jha, Med Cdt Shashwat Shukla, Med Cdt Naman Gusain, Med Cdt Pranav Prakash, Med Cdt Udyanshu Saha, Med Cdt Aman Kumar Singh, Med Cdt Ayush Jaiswal, Med Cdt Aakash Prajapati, Med Cdt Saurabh Salunkhe, Med Cdt Ashutosh Kumar, Med Cdt Edwin John, Med Cdt Akshat Dubey and Med Cdt Rahul Ghosh. Their timely involvement and technical support helped bring Dhanvantari to life.

Writing is the art of communicating thoughts to the mind, through the eyes and we extend a hearty thanks to all the writers for their precious contribution.

We would also like to extend our gratitude to Dr. Neel Madhav Mishra, Lt. Nishant Raman, Lt. Shubhankar Sharma, Med Cdt Roshan Rollands, Med Cdt Ranvir Kumar and Med Cdt Kumar Anish for all the guidance and valuable inputs.

Finally, we would like to thank our readers for taking out time and reading the magazine.

Bon Voyage.

The saga of editors...

| Year | Vol | Student Editors | Staff Editor |
|------|-----|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1965 | 1 | P S Murali | Lt Col KN Sharma |
| 1966 | 2 | D Nadarajan | Lt Col SO Waller |
| 1967 | 3 | S K Kocchar | Lt Col VVS Pratapa Rao |
| 1968 | 4 | A Mohan | Lt Col VVS Pratapa Rao |
| 1969 | 5 | S S Tripathi | Lt Col VVS Pratapa Rao |
| 1971 | 6 | A K Chaturvedi | Lt Col VVS Pratapa Rao |
| 1972 | 7 | E V Raman | Brig LK Ananthanarayanan |
| 1973 | 8 | H C Nagpal | Lt Col SK Dhawan |
| 1974 | 9 | D Batura | Lt Col SK Dhawan |
| 1975 | 10 | T Sinha | Lt Col SK Dhawan |
| 1976 | 11 | A Chakrabarty | Lt Col HC Joshi |
| 1977 | 12 | G Chablani | Lt Col HC Joshi |
| 1978 | 13 | Jagtar Singh, P K Gupta | Lt Col HC Joshi |
| 1979 | 14 | P Chakravarty, R Shukla | Col HC Joshi |
| 1980 | 15 | R Acharya | Col GP Mohanty |
| 1981 | 16 | P R Chaudhary, S Hasnain | Lt Col KJS Ahluwalia |
| 1982 | 17 | V Raghavan | Col JM Bakshi |
| 1983 | 18 | R A George | Col JM Bakshi |
| 1984 | 19 | J Sethi | Col JM Bakshi |
| 1985 | 20 | A Sanyal, N Kinjalk | Col JM Bakshi |
| 1986 | 21 | A S S Paul, S C Mishra | Col DP Achar |
| 1987 | 22 | K Bose, A K Mishra | Col DP Achar |
| 1988 | 23 | A Rudra | Col DP Achar |
| 1989 | 24 | K Vaidya, K Goswami | Col DP Achar |
| 1990 | 25 | V Kumar, R Verma | Col BP Singh |
| 1991 | 26 | C V Babu, P Banga | Col BP Singh |
| 1992 | 27 | B John, G Kumar | Col BN Aiyanna |
| 1993 | 28 | G Rajgopal, Rig Wardhan | Col AG Gokarn |
| 1994 | 29 | K Ganesh, S S Gupta | Gp Capt S K Dham |
| 1995 | 30 | G M R Rao, A K Singh | Gp Capt S K Dham |
| 1996 | 31 | K K Shastri, P Kumar | Col S P Kalra |
| 1997 | 32 | A S Rathore, R Pandey | Brig S P Kalra |
| 1998 | 33 | S Das, A Dande | Brig S P Kalra |
| 1999 | 34 | A Shrikumar, M Bajpai | Col A S Kasthuri |

| Year | Vol | Student Editors | Staff Editor |
|------|-----|---|-----------------------------|
| 2000 | 35 | D Tripathi, A Kumar, A Singh | Lt Col R Varadarajulu (VSM) |
| 2001 | 36 | S Ashraf, A Mohimen, K P Mishra | Lt Col R Varadarajulu (VSM) |
| 2002 | 37 | A Ramaswamy, A Shrivastava, A Kumar | Lt Col R Varadarajulu (VSM) |
| 2003 | 38 | S Banerjee, S D Sanyal | Lt Col R Varadarajulu (VSM) |
| 2004 | 39 | A Ratnam, R Sikarwar | Lt Col M S Bishnoi |
| 2005 | 40 | S Surendran, F A Faisal | Col M S Bishnoi |
| 2006 | 41 | Mohammad Khan, Rajvinder Singh | Col M S Bishnoi |
| 2007 | 42 | Philip Mathew, Love K Tomar | Col M S Bishnoi |
| 2008 | 43 | Arvind S Chari, Pratyush C Madhur | Lt Col Abhijit Rudra |
| 2009 | 44 | Kishore Kumar, A S Vasani | Lt Col Abhijit Rudra |
| 2010 | 45 | Paurush Ambesh, K G Vivek | Lt Col Abhijit Rudra |
| 2011 | 46 | Jibran Khan, Arpit Srivastava | Col Abhijit Rudra |
| 2012 | 47 | Prasad Jayaram, Biswajit Das | Surg Cdr V Manu |
| 2013 | 48 | Aryan Srinet, Jyotsna | Lt Col Raghu Sriram |
| 2014 | 49 | Prateek Varshney, Ankur Pratap Singh | Surg Cdr V Manu |
| 2015 | 50 | Meghna Khedekar, K Rajesh Kumar | Lt Col D K Raman |
| 2016 | 51 | Divya Sharma, Mehul Jain, Gaurav Mishra | Col D K Raman |
| 2017 | 52 | Vinayak Deodhar, Tejaswa Gupta, Abhay Solanki | Col D K Raman |
| 2018 | 53 | Neel Madhav, Nishant Raman, Shubhankar Sharma | Col D K Raman |
| 2019 | 54 | Roshan Rollands, Ranvir Kumar, Kumar Anish | Col A T Atal |

First Do No Harm!!



SURG CMDE VIVEK HANDE, VSM, W BATCH

The practice of medicine revolves around the central ethos of “Primum Non Nocere” or First, do no harm. A physician’s efforts are directed towards beneficence in respect of the patient. The practice of medicine, in many ways is not science, but truly an art. It throws up many challenges and at times, rather, strange and unexpected results.

One directs therapy with a particular goal in mind and the outcomes may be gratifying – for different reasons. I recently had a crusty old octogenarian, who was suffering from chronic constipation along with other myriad ailments. After some persuasion, he consented to undergo a colonoscopy. He was certainly not enjoying the procedure and he let me know in no uncertain terms what he thought of me and the entire procedure. He bellowed, “Doc, you have the damn tube up my backside and you are telling me everything is fine and asking me to be normal and to take it easy. You must be joking or you must be out of your mind!” Well, we got through the procedure and he got out of the endoscopy room generally muttering and cursing and conveying his displeasure most vocally. I knew we were not going to be friends ever. I was not looking forward to his OPD follow up visit a fortnight later. I was amazed when the gent walked into my chamber with a huge grin and beaming from ear to ear. He actually gave me a bear hug and told me in his booming voice, “Doctor, I remain constipated but the colonoscopy has completely cured my chronic sinusitis. Ever since you shoved that damn tube, I have not sneezed. I don’t have a headache and I have not taken any anti-histaminics. I have tried everything for my sinusitis but nothing has ever worked. I need a colonoscopy every month for my sinuses!” Well, that is certainly a new one and I am trying to get see if one can add this unexpected benefit to the list of indications for a colonoscopy!

Then I had this chirpy middle aged lady who was under treatment for dyspepsia for several years. Her dyspepsia did not seem to be getting well but she would nevertheless, faithfully report every month for her quota of antacids. She would also insist on a prescription of multi-vitamins and Calcium and Zinc for her “weakness”. After some months, she reported to me for her monthly renewal and said she was doing fine and needed only her vitamin supplements and nothing for her dyspepsia. I went along with it, happy that her dyspepsia was finally coming under control. The next month around she said, “No antacids but I need a double dose of vitamins and other supplements for weakness!” I did not think she had significantly “weakened” and I asked her why she needed so many vitamin pills. Her answer stumped me, “My kitchen garden and my flowers are coming around excellently thanks to your multi-vitamin pills. I have been using them on my plants; the last few months are they are doing great. I work long with my plants and my digestion has improved and I don’t need those silly antacids.



Doctor, you have to keep my dyspepsia under control by helping my plants grow!" Convoluted logic, but unexpected benefits of treatment, so to say!!

I had yet another patient, an ex- serviceman, who had many gastrointestinal complaints. He was on a regular follow up and some months later told me that he had changed jobs and that was causing his eating habits and bio-rhythm to go a trifle haywire. He started developing many symptoms after the change of job and every month he had a fresh complaint. He complained of chronic headache; blurring of vision; recurrent coughs and colds; chest pain; lack of sleep and anxiety related symptoms and itching of skin and an ongoing list of ailments. After unsuccessfully attempting to sort out his problems, I started referring him to concerned specialist OPDs -ENT; Eye; Neurology; Chest ; Psychiatry and so on. Six months down the line he came to my OPD and offered some sweets to my staff and me. I thought it was in gratitude for sorting out his GI problems. He elaborated, "Sir, six months ago I changed my job and became an Insurance agent. It was very difficult to enlist new customers but thanks to you I have met so many doctors and their staff members. I have sold so many Insurance policies in the last six months. Thanks to your clinical judgment, I have met the correct specialists and I got a huge bonus today. Sir, I have this new problem - my joints are paining at night and I think I need to see an Orthopedic surgeon. Could you please refer me?" I choked on my Barfi and pushed him out as gently as I could. Unexpected side -effects, I daresay?

Each day in practice teaches you something new and the results are at times baffling, unexpected and quite out of the ordinary. I continue to learn...



So what would your tombstone read?

MEGHA AJITHKUMAR, D3 BATCH
(BEST INTER-BATCH STORY)



Here I stand in front of my mirror, 49 years plus something old, displeasingly ugly, a face filled with ghastly stretch marks, fading vision, winter on my head and spring in my heart.

But how much ever hard I've tried to divert my attention from searching for the missing something in the empty spaces alongside my trunk, I hopelessly go back to reminiscing the presence of my arms.

There comes a time when you look into the mirror and you realise that what you see is all that you'll ever be. Then you accept it, or you kill yourself. Or you stop looking into mirrors.

19th March 1971: One of the fondest of my memories. Smartly draped in army green, crew cut hair, polished leather boots, I marched onto the podium for my Commissioning ceremony with utmost pride. I was Lt. Sukhwinder Singh from then on. Followed by internship in Dehradun and various field postings, life was nothing less than a roller coaster ride. All this feels like yesterday.

But as they say, even roses have thorns. Our mass recruitment as per the emergency protocol pertaining to The Kargil Massacre of 1999 was cathartic. Had I known that the war would cost me my upper limbs, I would've stumbled a little at the thought of it.

But you never know how strong you are until being strong is the only choice you have.

Your mind in itself is the battlefield.

'Maybe you could start looking outside the window, you know!', exclaimed my wife with a gentle embrace.

As I stand here, looking out the window pane thinking of everything I have, I forget about everything I've lost.

Even today, the voice of my Parade Commander echoes in my head. "Parade... Tham! Khaali ek do!" sends chills down my spine and makes me feel as if maybe my arms are not as hollow as their shadows portray them to be. Maybe there is still some life in their emptiness.

Some people live an entire lifetime and wonder if they have ever made a difference in the world. A veteran doesn't have that problem. One day you will narrate the story of how you overcame what you went through and it will be someone else's survival guide.

If you're having trouble getting started, look out of your window.

The whole world is a story, every moment is a miracle!



Show me a safe place to land

**ANANA MOHAMED, C3 BATCH
(BEST INTER-BATCH POEM)**

Pave my way out
With your good intentions,
Pockmarked with your hatred
And your secular pretensions.
Imaginary and insignificant, a separation
Solidified by prejudice, a physical barrier
Fear sparked a conflagration
To propel your wings, the fire under mine.
Uprooted from our land,
Unmoored and unguided.
Chased out in droves
From the homes you ignited.
No field of roses on which to lie,
No freedom in either direction,
The promised land an elaborate lie
Like any religions violent predilections.

A higher power we both sought,
Neither inherently cruel nor brutal.
Perhaps human violence can be bought
And any protest is futile.
Manmade construct of sturdy design,
Built upon years of pent up resentments
To the door out we are resigned
Though opened reluctantly in increments.
Show me the escape from this cosmic joke
I am eager to leave, open the door.
Does my very existence abhorrence provoke?
Wings burnt and charred, I am ready to soar.



One Fine Sunday Morn...



ASHVIN, E3 BATCH (BEST INTER-BATCH POEM)

Walking through the woods was I
In blissful solitude
One fine Sunday morn

The dew was glistening on the leaves
Squirrels scurrying up the trees
A little sparrow, singing for me
A sweet, soulful melody
One fine Sunday morn

A pretty parrot pruning its wings
A hawk, alert, ready to dive
A young pair of mischievous monkeys
Squabbling, screeching under a beehive
One fine Sunday morn

The hum of bees, unmindful of me
As I humbly sauntered by,
I heard a tremendous sound above
And looked up at the sky:

The sky was splendid, golden-hued
My heart filled with wonder
I heard a voice, resplendent, grand
Resounding like rolling thunder

What I saw you may not believe:
A flight of stairs – seven,
A door at the end of it there stood –
Was this a doorway to heaven?

The stairs beckoned, my feet followed
But my heart refused to climb:
Fallen in love with the woods it had

It hated to leave them behind
My mind, too, was filled with thoughts
Must I the handle turn;
Must I indeed leave the woods
To cross a doorway of no return?

The wild woods whispered words
Of wisdom, as I chose to wait
“go ahead”, said they, your future lies
Beyond that golden gate !

And turn I did the handle
And step beyond that door
Not once did I regret the choice
To step out and soar
On a fine Sunday morn.

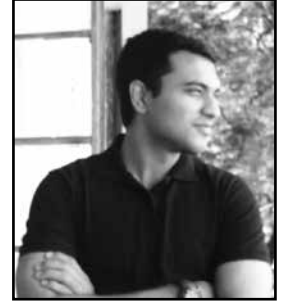
Dear reader, hear, oh hear!
Many a doorway shall you face
Soar above thy homely woods
And enter the boundless space
Beyond the golden gate
On a fine Sunday morn.



अंत का आरंभ

कुमार अनीश, C3 सत्र

(हिंदी कविता पाठ इंटरबैच प्रतियोगिता में पहला स्थान)



एक अविरल वेग से चल रहा यह ब्रह्मांड है,
नाम जिसका है समय, जिसकी महिमा को कहते हम सब कांड हैं।
हर कांड है आरंभ या किसी का अंत है,
इसी सत्य, इसी नियम पर सम्पूर्ण सृष्टि चलंत है।
अंत काली रात का, आरंभ है प्रभात का,
आज सर्ववर्चस्वी है जो कल भोग होगा काल का।
इस सत्य की, इस नियम की करते हैं हम अवहेलना,
प्रकृति को बांधने की चेष्टा में अपने अस्तित्व से खेलना।
है हमारी नियति, हमारे सवर्णिम कल का प्रारंभ है,
जाग जाओ और देख लो हमारे अंत का आरंभ है।
सैकड़ों वर्षों में विकसित हुई हमारी सभ्यता,
माँ प्रकृति की गोद में खेले पर अब भूले कृतज्ञता।
शुरुआत हमारी हुई थी तब जब एक कपी को मिली थी चेतना,
एक अदने से पशु ने शुरू कर दिया था सोचना।
आज उसकी पहुँच चाँद, मंगल तक व्याप्त है,
पर क्षुधा को मिटाने को, यह सम्पूर्ण सृष्टि भी नहीं पर्याप्त है।
आज वर्चस्व को दे दिया धन का नाम है,
ले कर तो नहीं आए थे हम, फिर इसका स्रोत कौन सा धाम है,
प्राकृतिक संसाधनों का हनन और गरीबों का काम है।
जेब हमारी है भरी फिर क्यों खुशी हमसे कतराती है,
शायद किसी के बिलखने की आवाज़ हमारी आत्मा को तड़पाती है।
शोध, अनुसंधान, व्यापार, धन सबका ही तो स्तम्भ है,
तभी तो कहते हैं नए आविष्कारों और प्रगति के युग का प्रारंभ है।
अरे जाग जाओ और देख लो, हमारे अंत का आरंभ है।
चेतनाधारी उस पशु ने लिया था ईश को पहचान,
पर अपने ही अंदर बसे उसके अंश से रहा वह अनजान।
वर्चस्व की चाह में इंसान इतना अंधा हो गया,
कि मानवता के साथ ही वह अंश भी लुप्त हो गया।
अब इस कपी के हाथ थी मस्तिस्क रूपी तेज तलवार,
क्रोध और लोभ, मद किया जिसने अपनो का ही संहार।
पर लहू की जो प्यास है, क्या कभी बुझ पाएगी?
या हमारी सभ्यता स्वार्थ की भेंट चढ़ जाएगी।
अंत हमारा, आरम्भ होगा, उस प्राणी के वर्चस्व का,
जिसे सम्पूर्ण ज्ञान होगा उस अनादि तेजस्व का।
कहानी रह जाएगी उस शक्तिशाली पशु की, जिसका नाम था इंसान,
पर आपको क्या? आप रहो अपने अंत के आरंभ से अनजान।

Club penguin

VEERANJAN CHAMOLI, F3 BATCH



Club Penguin was a massively popular multiplayer online virtual world. It was an obsession among many kids like me in the 2010s. Sadly it was discontinued after, like all things, it was bought by Disney.

Luckily I had the privilege of joining the club again around a decade later. To register for this version one did not require a parent's email id but crack an exam against cut throat competition & go through a rigorous screening. Yes, all that for a penguin dressed in black and white, with no colour like the ones online. The to-be-penguin was taken to his igloo at 5 mid double seater on the night of 14th July. In the next couple of days he got the binary cut or more popularly called the faccha cut, that got him the new club penguin's membership.

Unlike the online ver. this wasn't a game, you couldn't sign out from it until next time. One had to go through 2 months of early morning physical training, waddle around the big campus (with many out of bound areas) with a sahab, get accustomed to using fork & spoon for every meal, have your penguin identity questioned as you took the shape & form of the murga & yet work tirelessly to put up a good show (the much anticipated faccha show) the day following which you permanently log out from this phase and recall those carefree days & maybe write this cliché article.

Owing to the new competency based medical education curriculum, academics for the first month was non existent. "Chill scene" just the way a penguin would like it. That was the one thing we liked to brag about wherever we got the chance only to realise NEXT is us.

For the first time in the history of AFMC, penguins got to take classes on ethics & communication, (are we good) English, Marathi & IT classes by Mrs. Batra.

While the foundation course taught us to inculcate qualities like professionalism, leadership & listening skills to make good IMG clinicians out of us, the nights were spent jointly sensitising with our seniors. (PIs forgive me)

Were my clothes YouTube videos, the third button would have the most views!

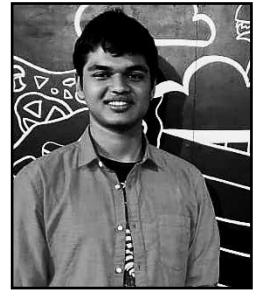
The 2010s Club Penguin was all about creating a digital space where kids could play and socialize. AFMC wasn't very different. As penguins we were made to play mandatory sports in the evening & socialise in LH24. The only difference was swearing on the website was banned.

(Here comes the cliched finisher) Although we spent days in blacks & whites, the lasting memories this club penguin left are colourful & will be cherished forever.



Phoenix

ARNAB PATRA, E3 BATCH



I will rise and I will fight
For I am a phoenix
Who is graceful in its flight
I will rise from my ashes
And frighten the evil in flashes
I strike with vengeance
At the very root of consequence
Time and again I am defeated by circumstances
Only for the err of taking stances
But I will rise and I will shine
And my passion ages like old wine
My indomitable spirit can never be buried
The undying anger within me can never be scurried
I am the hope of millions of freebies
In such dark times of untruthful lullabies
Fight for justice and fight not for glory
How their repression ended is a long story
Breaking all cognizable shackles
I won't let the state crumble under thy knuckles
O listen thou vile Mumbleji
In my realm one day all will be free
Won't let thou divide my motherland with glee
As you roam the world from tree to tree
I am not the heat of individual anger
But the burning flames of collective hunger
Hunger to see thy eminent downfall
See thy empire crumble under skyfall
The fires of hatred you ignited
Will be doused with love and unity
All will be free-spirited
And you will realise you were a mere punity
They hope and they believe in me
For they know I am a phoenix
And this is my flight to be free.



सर्वदा

अमृत मिश्रा, D3 सत्र



मैं मात्र एक बंधन हूँ और रहूँगी,
मैं मात्र एक रास्ता हूँ और रहूँगी,
मैं मात्र एक वाहिनी हूँ और रहूँगी,
परंतु मैं ना सर्वदा हूँ और न रहूँगी।

मैं वर्तमान और भूत का पाप हूँ,
मैं मायावी चक्षुओं की अश्रु हूँ,
मैं तो नारायण से भी पीड़ित हूँ,
परंतु मैं ना सर्वदा हूँ और न रहूँगी

मैं जीवन का प्रारंभ और अंत हूँ,
मैं जीवन का पोषण और विष हूँ,
मैं जीवन की कठिनाई और समाधान हूँ,
परंतु मैं ना सर्वदा हूँ और न रहूँगी

स्वर्गीय रणजीत कुंवर सिंह का लहू मैं हूँ,
गांधी से इंदिरा तक सबका अंत मैं हूँ,
बुद्ध से कबीर तक एक परंपरा मैं हूँ,
परंतु मैं ना सर्वदा हूँ और न रहूँगी

माधव के बलराम के हल की प्यास मैं हूँ,
हर एक यात्री की मुस्कान मैं हूँ,
उनका दुख गम और विरह और आभा मैं हूँ,
परंतु मैं ना सर्वदा हूँ और न रहूँगी

चरमराते भारतवर्ष की राजनीति की साक्ष्य हूँ,
रक्त में बहते भावनाओं का ताजमहल हूँ,
रईस के भोजन से गरीब की भूख हूँ,
परंतु मैं ना सर्वदा हूँ और न रहूँगी

मैं प्रतिवर्ष चलते मॉनसून का वेग हूँ,
मैं पशु और पशुपति की जीवन रेखा हूँ,
मैं संरक्षण देकर आज संरक्षित हूँ,
परंतु मैं ना सर्वदा हूँ और न रहूँगी

मैंने भारत के इतिहास को देखा है,
मैंने मूरा के मोर्य को देखा है,
मैंने चाणक्य की सोच को देखा है,
परंतु मैं ना सर्वदा हूँ और न रहूँगी

मैंने पाटलिपुत्र और वैशाली को निर्माणा है,
मैंने गजनवी और गोरी को भाँपा है,
मैंने अकबर और औरंगज़ेब को देखा है,
परंतु मैं ना सर्वदा हूँ और न रहूँगी

मैं तो माँ हूँ जिसके पुत्र राक्षस है,
मैं तो माँ हूँ जिसका अस्तित्व नहीं है,
मैं तो माँ हूँ जिसकी कृतज्ञता नहीं है,
परंतु मैं ना सर्वदा हूँ और न रहूँगी

क्योंकि मैं गंगा हूँ, हाँ मैं गंगा हूँ,
क्योंकि मैं वासुदेव के कहने पर आई थी,
क्योंकि मैं अपने समर्पण से अंत पर हूँ,
परंतु मैं ना सर्वदा हूँ और न रहूँगी

मैं सर्वदा नहीं हूँ, नहीं हो सकती,
क्योंकि सर्वदा को अनंत तक अंत नहीं आती,
क्योंकि मैं जीवन देकर अब जीवन माँगती हूँ!
परंतु मैं ना सर्वदा हूँ और न रहूँगी

मैं तो गंगा हूँ, जीवनदायिनी.....!



Streetlight in a cold night



A V SURYAVARDHAN, D3 BATCH

What is right, what is wrong?
Isn't a question we left for too long.

We want you to have your way,
But don't know how, we lost ours.

I don't know if it was under your sway.
Really have to wonder, is anyone truly fine?

Is it not one's thoughts that sleep?
In the night filled with stars and trust.

But why do one's thoughts leap,
And make this machine full of rust.

Let us have our way, let me have our way.
Not tomorrow, not yesterday, but today.

Does time forget itself,
Does space forgive a soul?
If not true, why is it not false?
If not right, why is it not wrong?
Why do we still feel like a magnet close to
the pole?

We thought it is yesterday,
But the calendar says it has been too
long!

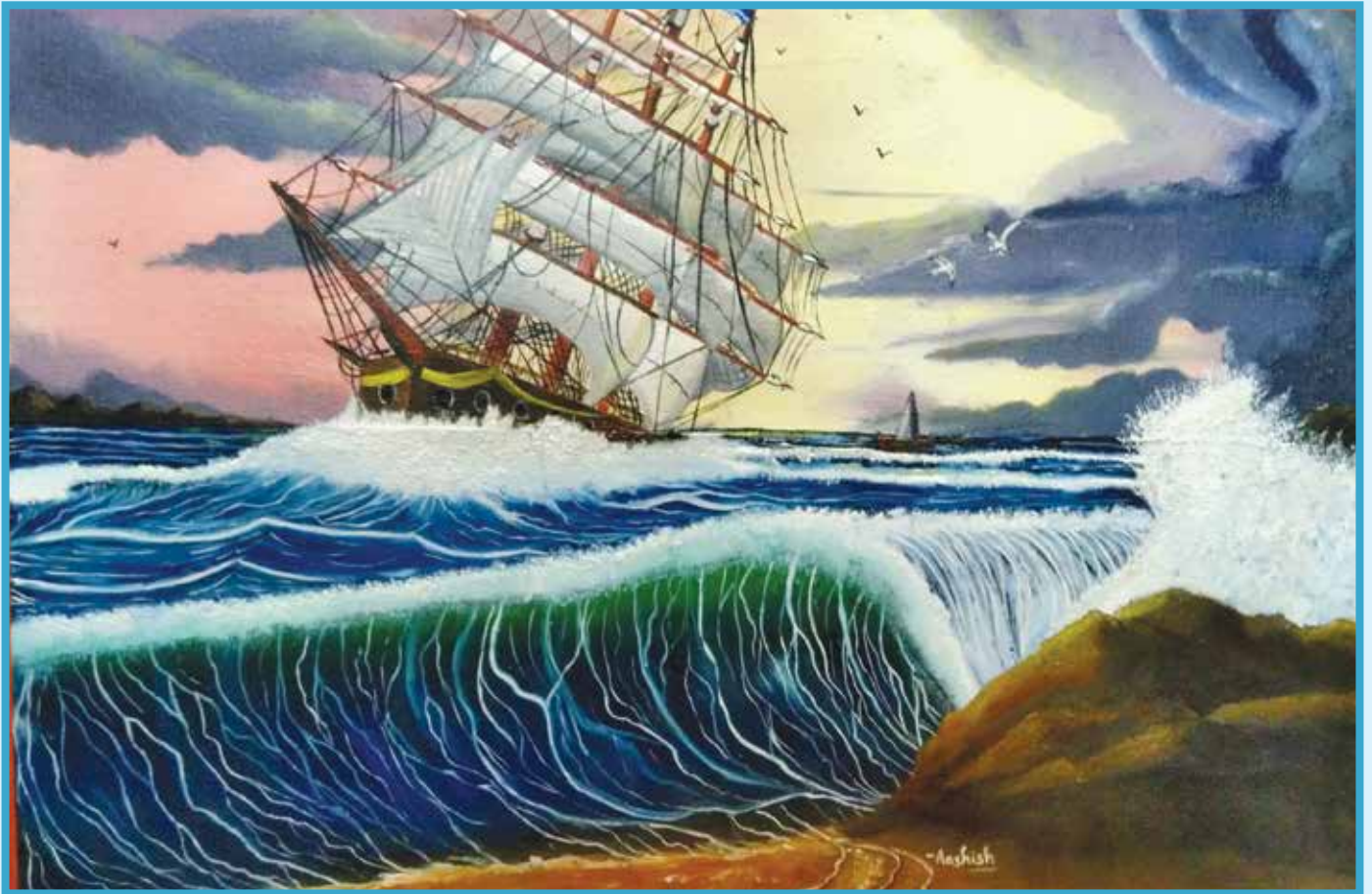
Wonder, if anything is truly not a blunder.
You are never too young,
You are never too old.
It struck like the lightning,
Had no option but to surrender.
Do things ever happen the way you have
been told?

Let us have our way,
Let us have our way.
Not tomorrow, not yesterday, but today.

We are told it is something to earn,
You can't buy it no matter how much you
spend,
Why did it take so long to learn?
Oh God, why didn't we realize the end?

Too many questions, not a single answer,
What makes you, what makes us alive?
I have all the space but no time to bicker.
Let us live this life, please let us thrive.





Aashish Kumar, C3 Batch



Abhijna Hegde, D3 Batch

AFMC CAMPUS ***FROM HIGH ABOVE THE SKY***





Akash Pratap Singh, D3 Batch



R Niranjan, E3 Batch

An Interview with Lt Gen Nardeep Naithani

Director & Commandant, AFMC

“Failure
is a misnomer,
Life
is a marathon”



1. Sir, tell us a bit about yourself.

I come from an Army family. We moved to Washington DC soon after my birth and stayed in the United States for four years, as my father was posted in the Embassy. Upon our return I joined St. Paul's Lucknow, followed by St. Gabriel's Academy Roorkee and then Delhi. I joined AFMC on the 19th of July, 1978 and subsequently did my MD Medicine.

2. What all activities did you partake in your student years?

Like any typical Army brat, I was into multiple outdoor activities. I was in the College squash team, long distance running and cross country team amongst many others. I was also a member of the Students' Scientific Society.

3. How were your interactions with the Commandant of AFMC during your college days?

I would say that we were in awe of him. Although our interactions were limited to a few classes, we felt that he was a very fatherly figure.

4. What is a normal day in the life of a Commandant?

It is usually very busy. My day in the office starts at 0830hrs and starts with administrative and security reports followed by various meetings and events which fill my schedule till 1800hrs. Being the final authority of the College, my work includes decision making, problem solving and guiding the College in a favourable direction; qualities that I've acquired from all these years of service. Although I try to avoid getting too involved in the activities of students, there are times which call for stern action, that I have to dish out, much to your displeasure.

5. Did you always want to study Medicine? What made you take the decision to pursue it?

I think it is the scope of work that Medicine offers which attracted me most. It gives you a much larger canvas to work on and the training changes your thinking process into a more objective one. Further, the impact you have on people's lives, when you come to a diagnosis and institute treatment, is greatly rewarding.

6. How has undergraduate teaching changed from your time?

The training has become competency based which equips the cadet to handle situations and treat patients confidently. Earlier, undergraduate training targeted only the cognitive domain of the students' brain, but now, it addresses all domains, which has improved the teaching-learning process.

7. What is your opinion on the undergraduates getting a better platform for research nowadays?

As the undergraduates are introduced to research early, they will be able to identify opportunities better in the future. It makes their thinking rational and objective.

8. How did your failures affect you and how did you overcome them?

In my opinion, failure is a misnomer. Life is a marathon; it takes people varying amounts of time to reach their goals, but they will reach it nonetheless. There is nothing that can stop you if you work hard.

9. What is your fondest memory from your college days?

There are many fond memories, but the one that leaves a lasting impact is the positive reinforcement that you get from your teachers when you make an effort; like when Dr. Mysorekar approved my

answer to a small question in class.

10. What ideas do you have in mind for taking the College forward, from the undergraduate perspective?

I intend to have a competency based medical education system which gives an enabling environment to every Cadet, so that they can realize their potential.

11. What is your final message for us Medical Cadets?

I'd summarise it like this- Hard work always pays. As I said earlier, life is a marathon. The individual who makes it to the finish line, is the one who wins, and, this takes hard work. Choosing wisely is very important. You become what you are because of the choices you make.

The last aspect is one's ethics. It is not necessary that every person around you is ethical in their actions. Always make sure that you aren't influenced by them and follow your conscience. Never compromise on your ethics. This will help you in the long run.

Rapid Fire Questions

Your fresher room5 Mid 3 Double Seater

Your nickname in collegeNats

Favourite College hangout.....MG Road

Favourite drink.....Cold coffee

Favourite music artist.....Arijit Singh

Preferred cuisineIndian

Toughest subject to clear in MBBS.....Biochemistry

Once in a crowded market



ADITYA BIKRAM SINGH, E3 BATCH

I hustled through the crowded marketplace at four O' clock. It escaped my mind that the day was Wednesday when shopkeepers offered huge discounts on everyday commodities. Grey clouds shrouded the earth from the rays of the setting sun, making the atmosphere a bit gloomy and moist.

My mother was ill then. She had asked me to buy her some fresh oranges and cookies from the market before I came home. Finishing my work, I had left the office early that afternoon.

Squeezing my way through the crowd, I finally reached my usual shop. Phew! I was almost crushed in the process. I don't think everyone knows that such discounts are given only on the stale products for the sole purpose of clearing the old stock. No matter, people will always rush to the place where anything is offered cheaply. An old habitude, I felt for my wallet in my pockets which, to my utter dismay, turned out to be empty.

I looked helplessly at the enormous moving crowd. How will I ever find my purse in there? If it is still there, that is.


Resigning myself to the fact that the search was meaningless, I wandered along with the crowd until I found a rusty bench in a less crowded place of the market. Moss had begun to grow and covered one side of the bench. I sat at the cleaner end and began to contemplate why such bad things happened to me all the time when I had done nothing wrong.

My eyes inadvertently became affixed to an old sweeper who kept sweeping the marketplace wherever he found a vacant spot, picking up occasionally with trembling hands, the scraps of garbage that people threw away carelessly. He wore a small dull brown cap that covered his eyes and had put on a dirty jacket.

His old age was evident from his slowness of bending down and picking up a wrapper, but he didn't show a single sign of exasperation. On the contrary, he kept on sweeping and picking up scrap as if oblivious to the gross negligence of the crowd.

Some part of me wanted to get up and help the old man while the other restrained me, arguing that it was no business of mine to go around and help people with mundane jobs. This dilemma went on for some time until I finally got up and walked towards the old man.





As I crouched down to help him, I noticed from the corner of my eye that he was smiling at me.

“Thank you,” he whispered.

Flustered, I avoided making eye contact with him. Looking down, I asked, “Why don’t you take a little rest? These people will keep on throwing wrappers anyway.”

After a short pause, he replied, “Yes, they will. But fortunately, their negligence is far insignificant to my own dedication towards my duty.”

I was a little shocked after hearing such words from a sweeper. Perhaps all the workers that I had encountered till now were of the complaining sort. They would skip work at the first hint of complacency they would find. I didn’t show my shock and kept picking up the scraps. Neither of us spoke for a few minutes.

When I had finished helping him, I quickly went away and sat down on the nearest bench. The old man came soon, sweeping his way through the crowd.

“Having a bad day?” He asked casually.

Perhaps my face conveyed the irritation inside my mind. I usually do not like to have a conversation with strangers, but oddly, I felt like confiding with him my problem. I told him how I lost my wallet.

“Why such things happen to people who have done nothing wrong?” I cried out.

“There is nothing good or bad in this world. There are only incidents. It is just the people’s perception that makes them feel they are targets of ill-luck and their lack of patience to wait.”

“Rubbish! What good will this knowledge do to me? The person who would have found it must have already disappeared from this place. There’s no goodness left in this world, man. Everybody wants to get rich the fastest way possible, some even resorting to evil. Don’t you read the news? Theft, murder, kidnap and what not! Everyday! The morning begins by reading such headlines on the front page!”

The old man nodded slowly, conveying his acceptance of the fact but also suggesting that he has an argument ready. In his frail voice, he spoke, “What you said is true, but good people still live, Sir. Great people who work day and night without caring for any appreciation or outcomes of their work. They do their work and help others without any desire for rewards. Such people may not be in the top ranks, may not rank amongst the wealthiest, may not have good health even! But it is only because of those few fellows, that the world has not torn itself apart from chaos.”

“Such people are only myths.” I retorted.

“Such people dwell the same earth like you and me.”

Just as he had spoken those words, a young man came up to me. He wore simple clothes, had spectacles on his eyes and had a casual smile lit upon his face when he looked towards me as if he had known me for some time.

“Excuse me, Sir.” He said as if he recognises me. “Does this happen to be yours?” He held up a wallet with both his hands as if a prized treasure.

I couldn't believe my eyes. I took the wallet from him and checked its contents. It was indeed my wallet!

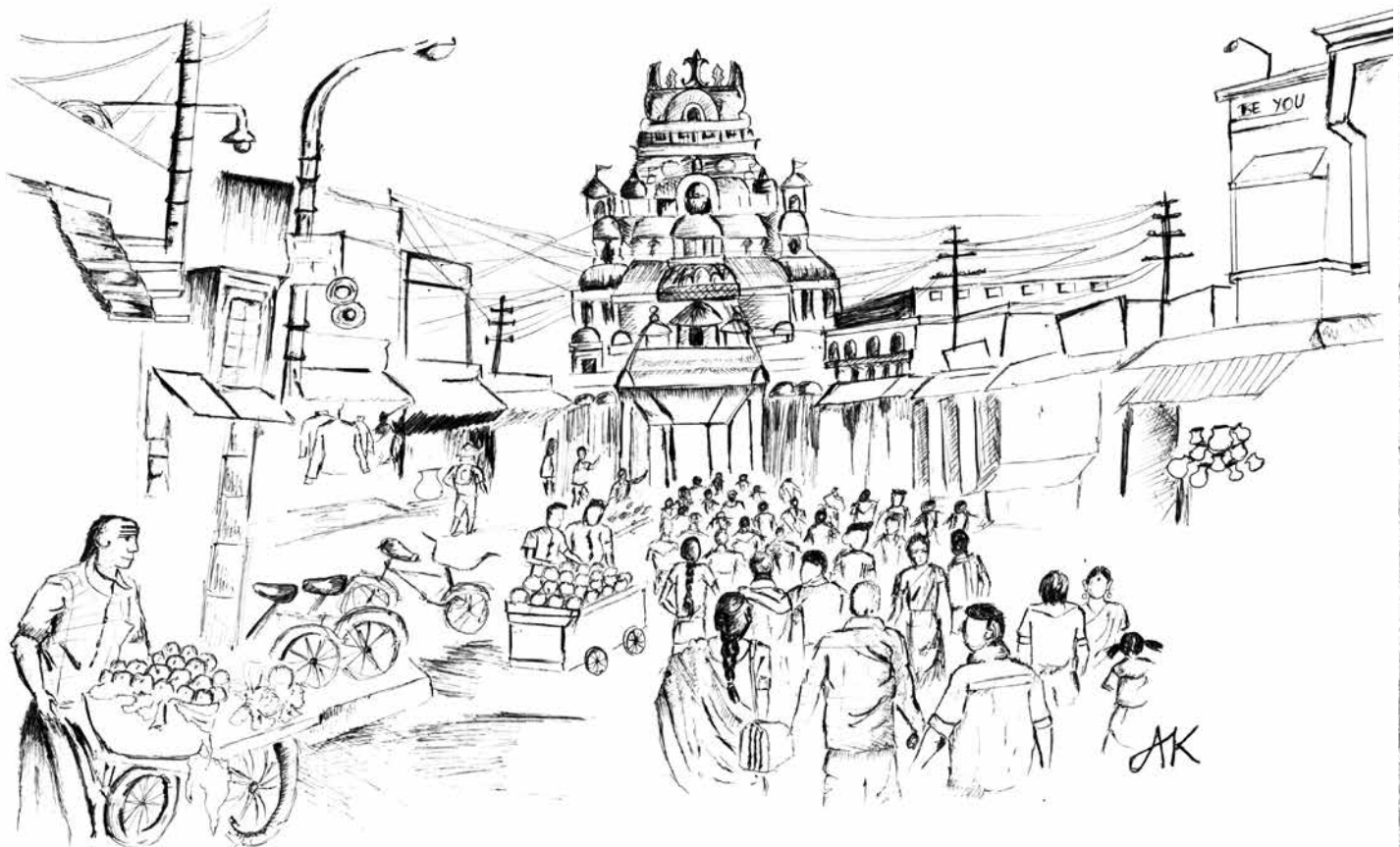
“Thank you so much, kind sir. I had given up all hope to find this again. No words can express my gratitude! Wait, take this.” I held out a few bills to him.

He raised his hands, not wanting to take my money. He just smiled and said, “Be careful next time,” before he left. I stared at him as he disappeared in the crowd with awe.

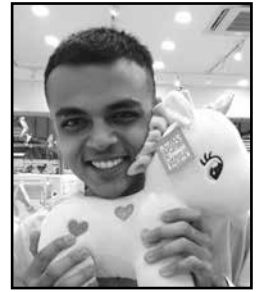
“Hey man, you were ri-” I spoke, turning to the direction of the sweeper, but I found no one standing there.

I tried to look for him, but he was nowhere to be found. I looked at the crowd in dismay as I scratched my head. The sun had begun to set, and the birds flew in flocks returning to their homes. I remembered that I had to purchase oranges and cookies for my mother and ran off to the shop, hoping that it hadn't closed yet.

Now when I look back, I remember that day fondly as the day when I met two good men.



The Goodbye Letter



VEDANT SHEKHAR JHA, F3 BATCH

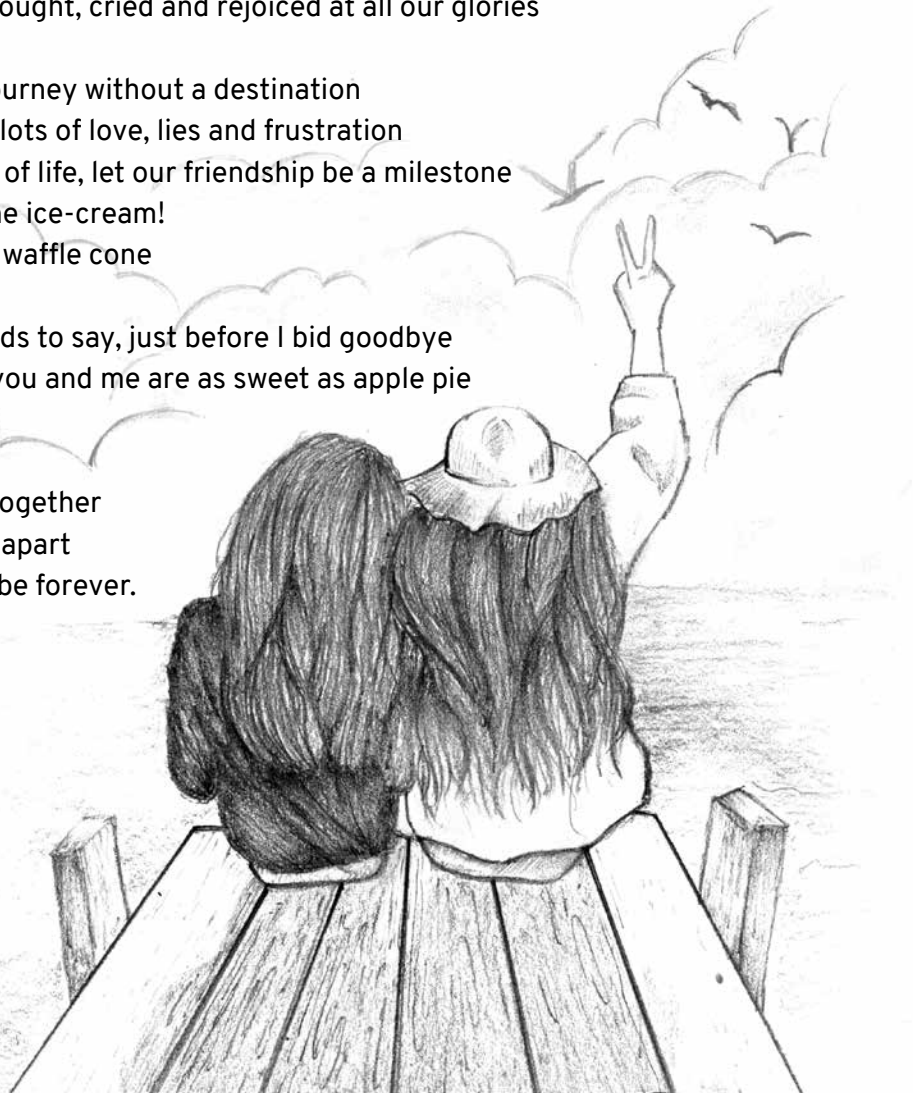
Those memories of you and me
Will stay with me forever
Even if time pulls us apart
Promise we still will be together
When I was down, you put your hands out to lift me
Oh! Dear friend, you're the best thing that God did ever gift me

Those times in the classroom or down beside the lake
These memories! There's so much that I could take;
Take to another world announcing 'bout our stories
The times when we fought, cried and rejoiced at all our glories

Our friendship is a journey without a destination
A journey filled with lots of love, lies and frustration
In this grand voyage of life, let our friendship be a milestone
You and me, we're the ice-cream!
Let the world be our waffle cone

I've got no more words to say, just before I bid goodbye
Those memories of you and me are as sweet as apple pie

And I wish, I wish
Our memories stay together
Even if time pulls us apart
Promise we still will be forever.



काफी वक्त लगा दिया

कर्नल ज्योति प्रकाश

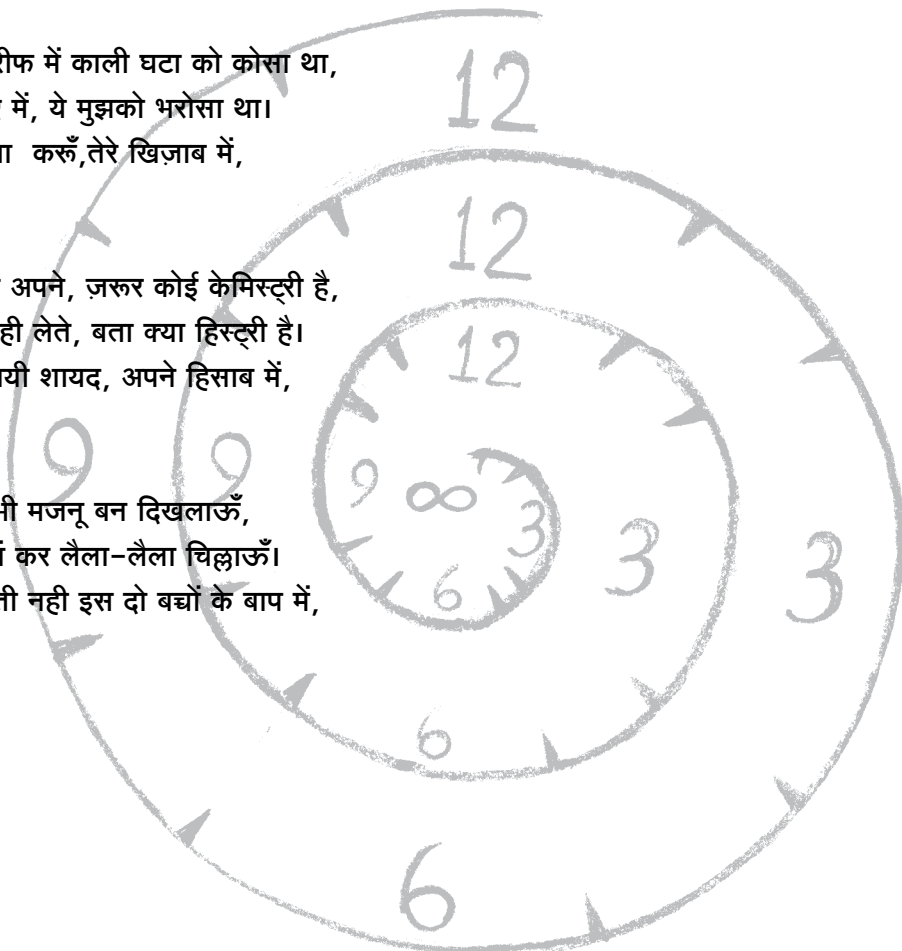
काफी वक्त लगा दिया, तूने अपने जवाब में ।
सोचा था मैं भी कभी आशिकी करूंगा,
रूमानी हो प्यार की चंद पंक्तियाँ लिखूंगा।
सुख पत्रे वो बिक गए रद्दी के भाव में,
काफी वक्त...

माना छिड़कते थे तुमपे कई अपनी जान निसार,
महफ़िल में हमने भी लगाई है आग कई बार।
लौ ज्यादा बची नहीं, अब इस आफ़ताब में,
काफी वक्त....

तेरे केसुओं की तारीफ में काली घटा को कोसा था,
सिर होगा उस छाए में, ये मुझको भरोसा था।
गंज कहाँ अब काला करूँ, तेरे खिज़ाब में,
काफी वक्त...

कई दफा लगा बीच अपने, ज़रूर कोई केमिस्ट्री है,
यार दोस्त भी पूछ ही लेते, बता क्या हिस्ट्री है।
कुछ कमी पर रह गयी शायद, अपने हिसाब में,
काफी वक्त...

सोचा था मैं भी कभी मजनू बन दिखलाऊँ,
आशिकी की इंतिहां कर लैला-लैला चिल्लाऊँ।
हिम्मत पर अब होती नहीं इस दो बच्चों के बाप में,
काफी वक्त...



मूक मानव

अमन आर्य, E3 सत्र

आखिर कब तक बने रहोगे मूक,
कब तक करते रहोगे यूँ ही चूक।

जीव मारकर, वन काटकर अपना घर तो बना लगे,
पर प्रकृति की अमूल्य संजीवनी को नष्ट कर ही डालोगे।
कहीं जंगलों की आग की विभीषिका,
तो कहीं इंसानों की तुच्छ तितीशिका।

मान लिया तुम मानव हो, प्रचंड, बलवान, अभिमानी,
पर हो तो करोड़ों जीवों में से एक की कहानी।
वो चिड़िया (उसके चूजे) भी तो उसी डाल पर रहती है,
जिसे जलाकर तुम्हारी बेटी, वाह पापा, कितनी गर्मी है! कहती है

नकारा, अनसुना, मूक रह गए तुम यदि,
होगी शायद ये पृथ्वी की आखिरी सदी।
अपरिवर्तन की सीमा, मनुष्य, अब पार,
सुनलो तो प्रकृति की चीख - पुकार

पता है, एक खिलौना (मोबाइल) है तुम्हारे पास में,
क्या कहें व्यस्त जो हो उसके मोहपाश में।
चित्र निराली लेकर करते अपनी सुन्दरता का व्याख्यान,
कभी सोचा भी, हुआ जो धरती का अपमान

सोचा होगा तुमने ये भी, ढीठ जो ठहरे,
अपना क्या, चले जाऊंगा, विलासिता में जीके।
मत सोचो तुम जीवों की, धरती की, प्रकृति की
सोचो तो अपने संतानों की, बच्चों की

कहीं धुएं में मानवता ना ओझल हो जाए,
हरियाली ना खो जाए,
हम सब मूक मानव ना बन जाएँ।
मूक बन गए फिर भी तो, अपने आपको; मानव; ना बोलना,
अपनी आकृति को दानवों में भी ना खोजना



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Search carefully and you will find:

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INTRO

HIND MAHASAGAR

DARJEELING

QUTUB MINAR

BLACK HOLE

CABO

OMR

MAGIC MOMENTS

LIMERICK

BAD SONG

CHILL SCENE

MEDICAL NAME

Third term

ANOUSHKA GUPTA, E3 BATCH



You don't go through third term unless you hear stuff like this.

“Yaar Tera toh third term hai, chill kaat”

“Third term hai, koi nahi padhta, bahane mat de”

“Abhi mazze nahi karoge toh kab karoge?”

As I fumbled with my phone to switch off the alarm, I looked at the time with heavy, sleepy eyes. 9:08am.

“Aaj ke clinics toh gaye” (Yes, the 3rd termers have clinics in the morning). I thought to myself, feeling a little guilty.

However, the voices from the corridor made me realise that my batchmates hadn't gone for their clinics either. I wasn't feeling guilty anymore. [batch C missed all 4 weeks of surgery clinics]

We went through the rest of the day with 50% of the faculty wondering how we cleared first year and the other 50% showing us that they had no expectations from us third termers.

Comments you are BOUND to hear as third termers-

1. Haan honeymoon term haina, padhai thodi karni hai
2. Aagaye third termers? Kuch aata bhi hai?
3. Third term mei clinics kyu aa rahe ho? Kato yaha se.

Third term has been a bunch of “firsts” for a lot of us, first clinics, first time seniors, first this and first that (make of it what you want to).

Third term also taught us the immense importance of the anti ragging committee, which we thought was only hypothetical (for further details, contact E3)

Time flies in third term and with Illuminati, JIPMER, Pulse and NCC Camp, very few of us remember going to class.

Most messages on a third termers' phone are 'Aaj proxy lagade yaar'.

Most of third term was bliss, but we still had the NCC Camp. The cadets of E3 batch were facing the atrocities of the NCC Camp when our beloved Brigadier Administration came to our rescue. Sir made sure that we came back every evening to sleep in our beds. But, in keeping with the AFMC trend, despite the comforts given to us, we decided to run away from camp even during the day.

Within no time, we were up against the mighty third term exams. A lot of promises were made during exam time, about studying everyday and maintaining a decent attendance in the future. Let's see how that goes. *fingers crossed*



Lost

SAURABH SINGH BISHT, E3 BATCH

Learnt poker, so I could play my cards right.
Changing appearances couldn't change me.
Was it from a film scene or the novel I read,
Sweet disposition or a magic nowhere to be seen,
Or just promises unkempt.

When I ask, what we seek, was it love,
Or the thought of being in love.
Was it the feel or the thought of being wanted.
Hoping we could hit town before falling,
For the infinite loop of endless thought .

What if you die, or what if I die,
What will hurt worse, it's the death of we,
Because my own death won't kill me.
As this dying sun sets, red and dead skies,
Grey clouds take over the blue skies,
As it pours rain and a dearth of light sets in.

Fancy a malady, of being irremediably forlorn,
Sure to get hurt while filming deception and mistrust.
Don't we love this drama more than we love being us,
It's a lost game, long lost before it even began.
A spiral that demands desire, only to lead you down and low,
A mirage twined for the blinded souls,
That worship the false God.

So love me or I lose me
Nothing might last, these scars might not heal,
But it's better to die alone than die in cowardice.
For all we have are these hellos and goodbyes,
Memories of love and fights,
On roads that met and then unmet.

Thankfulness

SURG LT CDR HITESH MAHATO, U2 BATCH



Even as I gasped and struggled in the waters, memories of me asking mother as to why someone who didn't know swimming would go near a water body flashed through my mind. My tone had been condescending and dismissive of their 'foolishness'. Mom of course was more worldly wise and besides explaining that thing called 'fate' she cautioned me against speaking ill of the dead.

I sat mum for three hours straight even as my friends played the cricket match we had set out to. I had been rescued from drowning by a classmate and how I felt for the rest of the day cannot be put in words. That evening, even as my mom said a small prayer choking with tears and hugged me, remorse and thankfulness weren't mere adjectives anymore. I had felt death up close and personal.

One night, 11 years later, I was driving a bike all agog with excitement that being my first time on a highway.

Surrounded by fumes from trucks and the dust floating around, I decided to get the visor of my helmet down. It was all smooth till the traffic remained sluggish. An open road ensured higher speeds and cruising at speeds well above 60 kmph, I was dazzled by the glare of headlights from a row of trucks coming from the opposite direction. A high beam from an incoming vehicle reflected by the glass of the visor was something I hadn't experienced before and blinded for a good five seconds, even as I applied the brakes instinctively, I could hear my pillion ask if everything was fine, blissfully unaware of what had happened. As I started the bike again and the headlight flashed ahead, I stared at a huge mound of freshly excavated soil. Another 10 secs at the same speed and we could've been history. Shaken, I covered the rest of the journey with my visor up and the speed below 40.

God obviously wanted to hammer a few lessons into me it seems because something similar transpired in Jan 2016.

Travelling on a Naval chopper with a VVIP, I was all snug and comfy catching up on lost sleep when I first smelt smoke. I looked around. Nobody else seemed to have smelt it and they were all napping.

"You're travelling with someone so important. Everything must've been cross-checked at least thrice. Stop being silly." I was trying to convince myself back to sleep when the helicopter made a strange growling sound and sparks flew from the left part of the roof. By then others had also noticed it because the smoke had grown too strong to ignore. Miles away from land, surrounded by water all around, I feared the inevitable. I remembered my parents and siblings and said a small prayer for them lest that be my last prayer ever. A few anxious moments later, the crew announced we were going back to base.

I survived the ordeal and that incident made me recollect the previous two incidents where perhaps God was sending me a signal which I just couldn't catch.

Some 8 months into this realisation, there was to be a reinforcement, in a way I couldn't have imagined in my wildest dreams. The ship I called home went into refit and I kept getting sent on



temporary duties on sister ships according to needs of the fleet. And in what had become a routine occurrence by then, I was sent on another ship in Dec 16 for a month long sailing.

A couple of days later, sitting in the wardroom of INS Mumbai somewhere in the Arabian sea, I was told I had been staring at the TV screen, horror writ large on my face. A famous political leader down south had passed away and the news had dominated headlines. However, the source of my anguish lay elsewhere.

In an unprecedented accident, my ship had collapsed in the docks while being undocked. And the repercussions of a 3800 tonne behemoth collapsing with 250 odd personnel onboard were terrible. Two lost lives, a dozen paralyzing and life threatening injuries and countless mental scars, all from a crew which I considered family, was difficult to take.

And even as I requested the ship's Commanding Officer to send me back to my people, I was reminded of how lucky I was to not have been onboard that day. With a non-existent role during undocking, I knew I'd either have been in my cabin or the wardroom, both a couple of decks below the top deck, had I not been sent on temporary duty. And with water having entered half the ship and tools and heavy metal flying around, the chances of me coming out unscathed would've been scarce.

And the first picture that came to my mind when I returned a month later and saw the destruction first hand was of family. Family of the ones who were gone, the relief on the faces of those families whose loved ones survived and the prayer that my mom recited on the phone itself when I had called her to tell I was okay.

When faced with imminent death all I could wish for was the happiness of my parents and siblings. Perhaps a sign that family comes first. Always.

Being a little thankful for what we've been blessed with is something we often miss out on. While asking for more is fine, remembering to be grateful for what's already ours is perhaps more important.

As Lemony Snicket puts it beautifully "It is a miracle if you have true friends, and it is a miracle if you have enough food to eat, and it is a miracle if you get to spend your days and evenings doing whatever you like to do and the holiday season-like all the other seasons-is a good time not only to tell stories of miracles, but to think of the miracles in your own life and be grateful for them."

I seem to have encountered quite a few miracles in my life and I'm thankful, immensely thankful.



Beauty and the beast

ZOYA MIRZA, F3 BATCH

A prince, cursed to be a beast,
Was still surviving on the least.
A realistic life was what he couldn't earn,
Emptiness and truth were the things
which were burnt.

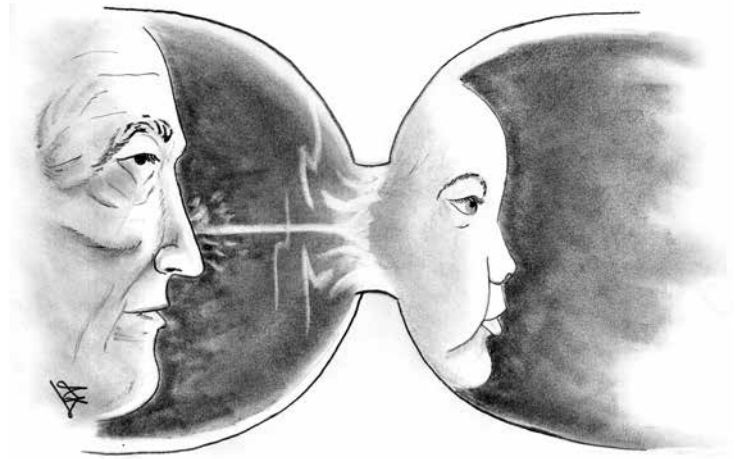
Yet deep inside there was hope,
But the magical rose was one which
wouldn't cope.
The days so dark, the nights so scared,
He had no one who loved, no one who
cared.

A feeling of regret continued to kill,
Like a venomous scorpion, in a clear rill.
Months passed, days went by;
Nearer came the day that he was to die.

Cruelty and brutality were the things he
showed,
Everyone was scared, everyone moped.
Roaring, growling, denying the truth was
his take,
Yet he realised the reality, his sins, his
mistake.

Like soothing sunshine she came,
With a heart and soul that nobody could
tame.

She had fear filled up till the brim,
Was captured and captivated in the
palace by him.



To save her father, she decided to
sacrifice;
The beast took her, she paid the price.
Days passed, and they grew closer,
She realised now that he wasn't a loser.

Her love and charm changed his heart,
But he knew, he would soon depart.
He wanted to survive, for this beauty,
Who he kept happy, like a 24/7 duty.

The petals of the rose kept falling,
He too was breaking and shattering.
She now knew about the mystery in him,
Mystery of the dark shadowed castle, so
grim.

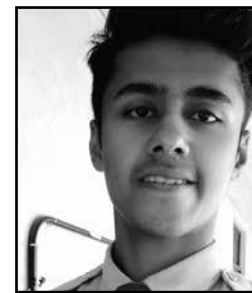
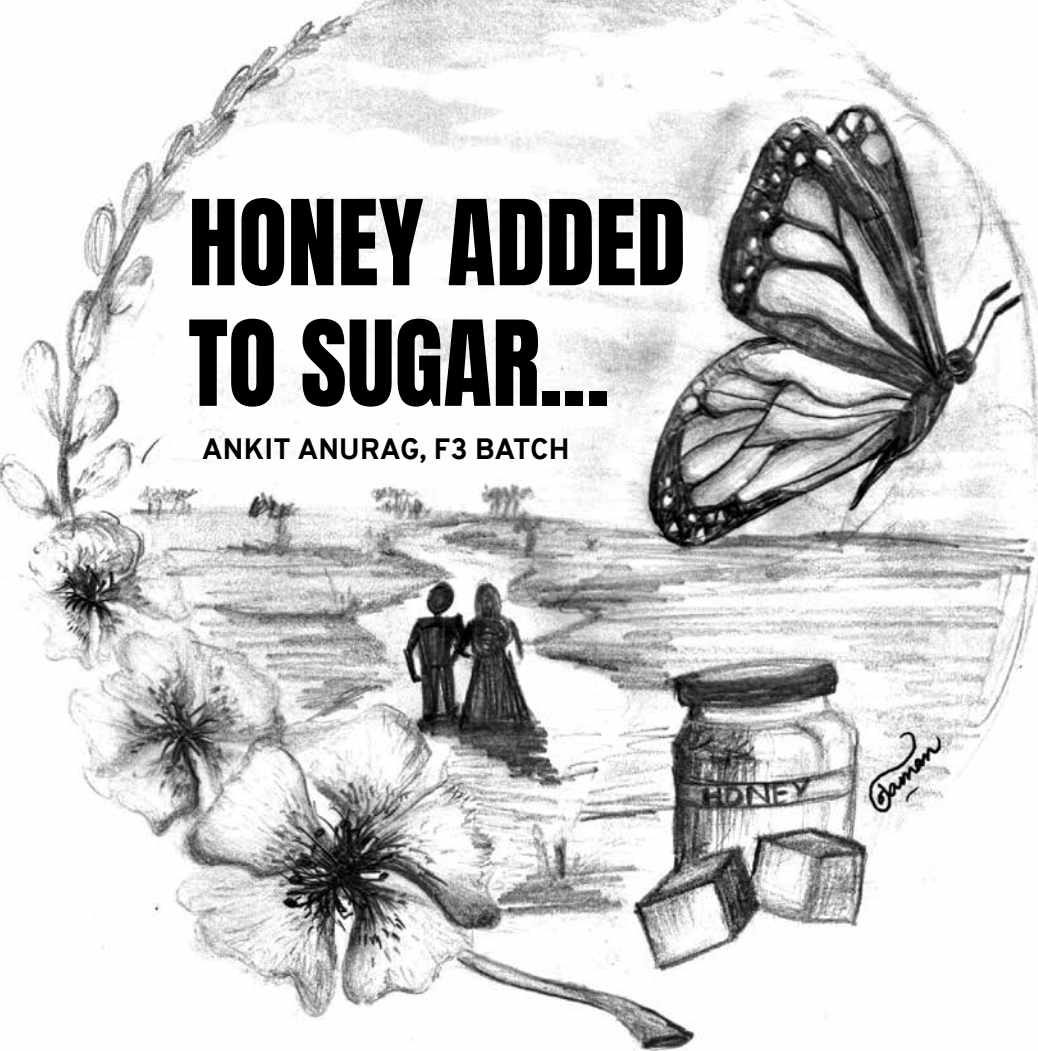
The sun had set.
One last petal left.
She came like a charm,
Kissed the beast, who lay in her arms.

Like a magical spell,
It was the beast changed into a handsome
prince, defining the end of chaos.
Everything turned to what it was before,
everything was now as beautiful as a
princely lore.



HONEY ADDED TO SUGAR...

ANKIT ANURAG, F3 BATCH



I wonder when I look back,
The smile that peeps,
And the eyes; the melody it keeps,
All its aroma, that flutters through the
wind is not new,
The glimpses I envisage, things in a row,
I just stand still, recapitulating in a stack,
How long I waited; for this light amidst the
dark
I know the clock, how it tick-tocks,
It was not for me that time,
The flower that blossomed was not mine,
All summer she passed before me,
Neither could I greet nor see,
I blinked, I bowed down, as if I was helpless,
It was better to be far away from the
princess
The snow began to spread soon,
The colours had turned pale,
For the winter was desolate,
My boat with its wrecked face,

Oh I wish! It could be embraced,
In no time, the clouds withered away,
The butterfly crossed my way,
Things went round and round,
In between that someone I found,
I again wonder when I walk aside,
The smile that peeps,
And the eyes; the melody it keeps,
But the aroma soothes me now,
The deeper I breathe, the deeper I dive,
Into the ocean, yes it's fine,
The magical arms by my side,
Shaping a new world, warm and wide,
Finally the raindrops are falling down,
Sky is showering all for me,
It seems like a dream, may be,
But I know its real, so is the honey,
Sweet and sweet, cherry and cherry,
And when we are together,
It's like honey added to sugar.



AFMC का कैडेट

डॉ. एस के दुबे



AFMC का कैडेट हूँ मैं।
हाँ हाँ AFMC का कैडेट हूँ मैं॥

चुना जाता हूँ लाखों की भीड़ में।
पता नहीं कितने सूरमाओं को धूल चटाता हूँ मैं।
Col. Trg., डीन, कमांडेंट की उम्मीदों का बोझ इन नाज़ुक, मासूम कंधों पर उठाता हूँ मैं।
हाँ हाँ AFMC का कैडेट हूँ मैं॥

सोचा था बहुत हुआ, AFMC में select होकर, साइकिल को कभी हाथ भी ना लगाऊंगा मैं।
Admission होते ही ये तय है, bike का registration कराऊंगा मैं।
पर क्या करूँ medical field के क्षितिज को छूकर भी आज साइकिल चलाता हूँ मैं।
हाँ हाँ AFMC का कैडेट हूँ मैं॥

TV में देखा, अखबारों में पढ़ा, लोगों से सुना।
कि आजकल लड़का-लड़की, नर-नारी, आदमी-औरत में है कोई भेद नहीं।
पहले दिन anatomy की class में opposite gender की संख्या देख रहा कोई मतभेद नहीं।
दुनिया चाँद पर जाने को है और किताबों से इश्क लड़ाता हूँ मैं,
हाँ हाँ AFMC का कैडेट हूँ मैं॥

बड़ी हसरत थी हमारी की single seater room मिले,
जहाँ मैं और मेरी तन्हाई अक्सर ये बातें करें।
कि काश मेरी ये जिंदगी तुम्हारी पलकों की छाँव तले बीत भी सकती थी।
तभी "col. trg. पधार रहे हैं" ये उद्धोष सुनते ही dextrose powder भी छुपाता हूँ मैं।
हाँ हाँ AFMC का कैडेट हूँ मैं॥

दुनिया कहती थी एक बार पढ़के AFMC में घुस जाओ।
फिर जितना जी करे उतनी नींद ले लेना।
सारे seniors कहते थे एक बार final pass करलो फिर जी भर कर तुम होस्टल में सो लेना।
और पढ़ पढ़ के final MBBS करके POP की rehearsal के लिए सुबह चार बजे का alarm लगाता हूँ मैं,
हाँ हाँ AFMC का कैडेट हूँ मैं॥



Seduce Me in Four Words



Bablu Singh @vikaskapahiyabablubhaiya

Chalo sote hai yaar
#seducemeinfourwords



Prashant Jha @prashantjhat

No NSFW in dhanno
#seducemeinfourwords



Poonam Chaudhary @dangalhoga

D3 wins Commandant's Trophy
#seducemeinfourwords



Neel Jain @accidentalTD

Silhouettes goes in profit
#seducemeinfourwords



G Abhinav @coolestboiever666

Disti Disti Disti Disti
#seducemeinfourwords



Col AT Atal @thelitoic

Cover photo is finalised
#seducemeinfourwords



Jaanhvi Rana @iampigrana

Not sharmaji ka beta
#seducemeinfourwords



Anoushka Gupta @dushka

Jogi tere pyaar mein
#seducemeinfourwords



Kaustubh Jyoti @ledzepfanboi

Panache has been cancelled
#seducemeinfourwords



Sfurti Mathur @thecomplangurl

5-top double seater, ma'am
#seducemeinfourwords



PSM Dept AFMC @surinderonfire

BH cleared of bedbugs
#seducemeinfourwords



The Kilroy Times

ARMED FORCES MEDICAL COLLEGE TO HAVE ITS 54TH BATCH COMMISSIONED ON 19TH MARCH

FINGER BIOMETRIC "CASTED OUT" FACIAL RECOGNITION TAKES OVER



WHAT'S HOT

- F3 batch cadet sets a new record by shelling out 11k as Late Fine
- Overnight renovation of Midway Cafe strengthens cadets' belief in Lord Sabari
- Girls Hostel gives a democratic welcome to their new OIC Lt Col Sarala
- Briareus reaches epitome of batch unity, signs off with 100% pass percentage.

Wi-Fi



No "Net" November

Paramount Pictures sues AFMC

Two innocent cadets and Arusha Desai were caught in the act by Brig Anu Malik and have been imprisoned. The highest law authority of AFMC, the TO has found them guilty and has imposed yet another fine. Our prime reporter Palla Bhai has assured us that only by Lord Sabari's blessing can they be saved. Meanwhile day to day lives of Kilroys have been affected, but nobody bats an eye. How will Anjali get her daily dose of D - level questions? How will Sarthak Sharma supply PONDY to lonely cadets? "I've been going to the CCM for the past 2 days, I fear I have pizza withdrawal symptoms," Vivek Menon adds. Meanwhile Sibajee has threatened to call in more help from Lakhisarai if Wi-Fi services are not restored with immediate effect.

The Chinese Sniffle

"Put them (AFMCites) in a situation and they will surprise you with their ingenuity", he wrote. This viral post by Maj Gen (ret'd) Bikash Mohanti created a flurry of emotions in every Dovahkiin who contributed to the novel art praised by him.

It all started with the interbatch salad making competition, an annual culinary event conducted by the student body to find the garde manger of each batch. Cadets had to present a salad for tasting and carve another for display within 2 hours, using the limited pantry.

2 hours thence we had a colourful spread of carefully curated salads; amongst them lay 'The Chinese Sniffle', a cadets' depiction of the corona outbreak.



Imagine our surprise when the news of this humble morsel of food went from unit to unit and spread across the nation. Quality approval: done.

Bongs rejoice as new "aquarium" opens in 2 ground



Bongs are romantic by nature. Their love for delicate fish easily seeps into the fine arts, literature, songs and even on celluloid screen. Imagine the joy of our bongial plexus when the authorities, deeply concerned about campus beautification, constructed a pond in 2 ground and what more introduced a variety of fish to provide aesthetic pleasure. (They forgot hilsa after which bongs have named the drizzling monsoon rains as "ilshe guri"). People were sceptical about leaving the fish unsecured with bongs roaming around.

The mysterious disappearance of fishes within three months of their arrival, in proximity with the bong farewell led many kilroys to come up with conspiracy theories.

But in absence of definitive proof, the bongial plexus stands stronger than ever.

BNPL Kicks off with a nail-biting thriller

Ayjaz Challengers 4Ground team's captain Ayjaz Hussain had no qualms in admitting that they were outplayed by Bablu Blasters in the opening match of Bhairabha Nala Premier League @ Lion's Den. Batting 1st, Bablu Blasters were able to reach a total of 98 in 10 overs owing to a good innings by Jango. Though the opposition was off to a decent start by Dilwal and Musclemann, the latter succumbed, trying to impress Ms. Dazzling Smile. In the marvellous attempt to take the catch, Kulli fractured his right middle finger: "Ab toh bayein haath se balla hilana padega," Kulli said. Dilwal went on batting, giving the opposition a tough time. In these adverse conditions, Bablu Singh realised that he had to take up the responsibility of carrying the team forward and ended up getting 5 wickets including that of Dilwal. Even the head cheerleader of Ayjaz Challengers 4G, Noni Chaudhary appreciated Bablu for the magnificent performance.

CATCH TODAY'S MATCH LIVE AT 4.20 PM

KUMAR SAH SIIXERS vs

CHAKRABORTY CRICKET CLUB (CCC)

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Mr. Kilroy Bridge, born on 31st August 2018, father to parties, grandfather to escapades, provider of connectivity and bearer of weight. His untimely demise due to suspected murder by Mr. Administration et al shocked all those who knew him. Before his life was so cruelly cut short, Mr. Bridge was a source of 0600-1630 entertainment to all Kilroys who were particularly fond of roping in taxis and rickshaws for cheap.

May his soul be restless in its abode and may he resurrect soon.

Mysterious bandit locks cadets in room without consent

The 7th of July, 2019 held in its bosom a shocker for all cadets of the D3 batch. But as luck would have it, the batch owl - Dinesh Gehlot, came to their rescue. The silent night was stirred into commotion by a junior with a peculiar fetish, one which made him bolt the doors of his seniors, 48 of them. The exact motive remains unknown till date. An FIR was filed in the Bhairabanala police chowki by GCPK and the investigations are ongoing. Even though the D3 boys did their best to interrogate the suspects, this remains one of those unsolved mysteries which torment the Boys Hostel.



KYA KARU BABA?

Solutions to common life problems by Cool Baba Gotti

1. I am a 21 yo proud Kilroy. I play BB and I can woo chicks by hitting G-string on guitar. My homies keep saying I am sexy af. But bandhi nhi pati baba!

A. Hello Kilroy, bandhi nahi pati to kya. Tumhare homies to haina tumhare "G-string" ko hit karne ke liye, like I have Adi and Jagz.

Don't forget that you can always get the "best of both worlds" when you are a kilroy.

2. I have never missed a single class and sat on the first bench. I possess Robbins, Boyds, Harsh Mohan, Geetika Khanna and Ramadas Nayak. I have GCPK private notes and 10.30 tea discussions with Brig Malik. Phir bhi disti nhi mili baba!

A. Beta ye hai history repeat karne ka tareeka

a.) "Practical Knowledge" ke liye "Grihshobha" padho aur raat me dusron ko sikhao.

b.) Brig Malik ke saath tea nahi Churan khao

c.) First bench pe nhi teacher ki godh mein baith jao.

3. Kaha kaha nahi ghusaya, DnQ ke liye table uthaya Magnus mera role model, Shriyal mera BFF FIDE rating tho 420 mera Subah Vaibhav se race lagaya Shaam ko racquets pe shuttle uthaya But phir bhi kahi ka secy nahi bana baba!

A. Beta, a wise man once said,

"Humara tho teen hi dost hai

Anvess, Sarvess aur Mangesss."

Have similar depressing life problems? Contact Cool Baba Gotti at 1800-DDD-666 or email your entries at howtobeabadasskilroy@hotmail.com.

CLASSIFIED

1. Professional writer

- Writing speed 100 words/minute
- Should be able to complete two journals in one night
- Handwriting - Neat and tidy
- Presentation - 'Answer sheet me fail, but journal me disti' level

2. Faceless Man

- Professionally trained under Jaqen H'gar
- Should be up for Stealth missions
- Well equipped to tackle facial biometric machine
- Preferably single and stays indoors on weekends

A dialogue with

Maj Gen R M Gupta vsm

Dean & Dy Commandant, AFMC



Q. Sir you had an interesting course of tenure so far, and the cadets are curious to know more about you. So would you like to tell us a bit about yourself?

A. I was born to doctor parents and did my schooling at St. John's School Varanasi. I was fortunate to come to AFMC as an undergraduate, then as a post graduate, faculty member and ultimately the Dean of this Great Institution. On a personal note, I would say that I'm a sincere, hardworking and dedicated person by nature. In every situation I weigh the pros and cons to deal with it. I'm quite passionate about what I do, at the same time I have compassion and empathy as far as I understand myself. Fundamentally, I'm a person who wouldn't harm anyone by design. I believe that whatever you do, you should achieve perfection in that. Besides my profession, I like listening to music and play sports- golf as of now. I love to remain updated about events across the globe.

Q. Thank you sir, that is inspiring. Sir what has been your fondest memory from UG and PG days?

A. I don't think I can say I had a specific fondest memory in that sense, but each moment that I have spent at AFMC as an undergraduate, postgraduate, faculty and now as Dean, has been really precious.

Q. Sir how was college life different in your undergraduate days to the present times as a cadet?

A. During our times, AFMC was like any other medical college in the country. We were not cadets. We were not provided with the kind of facilities we have today, I am happy that has changed for the good. We were not as regimented, unlike you. I must confess that medical students and cadets of today are more talented, versatile, maybe a shade more intelligent, but we had our own lot of brilliant and exceptional people around. The fundamental difference I find is in the evaluation system which used to be more stringent back then. I personally feel that the present system is better because it creates less stress on the student. During our times we had an irregular batch of 25-30 on a very regular basis. That said, the philosophy, passion, values and ethos associated with AFMC have remained the same and we are very proud of it.

Q. Have you ever been caught doing something 'un-officer like' during your cadet life?

A. I can recall one incident. We used to have this NCC camp after the first MBBS and we had gone to Panchgani. I was an appointment holder and we decided to bunk night duty to watch "The Great Gambler", running in the Panchgani tents those days. We ran away from the campus without permission. Lo and behold, midway through the movie, we saw our OIC camp Major Johari standing in front of the screen and that was the end of our movie. We got hauled up and for the next 15 days of the camp. Nothing else in particular.

Q. Sir how do you feel about undergraduate research and how will it make a difference in the Armed Forces?

A. In our time, UG research was not given as much thrust. As Dean and faculty I feel it's a very big and positive change that has happened in the last few years. You as Undergraduates are promoted to undertake short projects for ICMR, MUHS, Tata Trust fellowships and of course, Research projects sponsored by the Alumni. It is a big step forward. Having gone through some of the projects submitted recently, I must say that I compliment the thought process of the undergraduates. Ultimately, whatever we do in science or in healthcare as a broad concept, progress depends on research. So, if you put the seeds of research, innovation, ingenuity and support them at an undergraduate level, I think it goes a long way in helping treat patients and develop the field of Medicine for future. I'm all for it and I'm very happy that we at AFMC have given a significant thrust to UG research.

Q. Sir you were an active member of cricket and hockey clubs during your UG days. What are your current hobbies and do you get time for them?

A. My current hobby, as I told you, is golf as of now. Once in a while, I enjoy playing cricket with some of you as and when I can. Primarily I spend time listening to music. I also love watching movies.

Q. Any particular song or movie that you would like to mention?

A. I like all kinds of music- Classical, Sufi, old Hindi songs from movies. I like all genres of English music- retro definitely, classic rock and even the present genre of hard rock. I enjoy them in all forms.

Q. Any particular movie you would like to mention?

A. 'Chhichhore'.

Q. Sir cadets these days are expected to maintain a strict training program and well as participate in various co-curricular competitions and organise college events. So, we are seeing that cadets are struggling to juggle between classes and competitions. As the administrative head what would be your advice to them?

A. We have tried to balance the number of events we are having for the cadets because I firmly believe that both academics and extra-curriculars are equally important. At the same time, our primary role is to make you competent and good doctors and give you an opportunity to express “what lies within” in terms of your talent. We presently feel that we have done some editing in number and type of events, but it’s primarily done to make sure we do only those events which are worthwhile and try and cut off those events which really don’t bring out the best from all of you. If you are regular in what you want to do, I see no reason why you can’t balance it out.

Q. Sir do you wish to see change in any tradition in AFMC?

A. All those traditions, if there, which bring disrepute to the Institution. All those traditions, if any, which cause collective or individual harm, should be dispensed with.

Q. Sir as a Dean a lot of administrative work is supposed to be done along with being a doctor. How important is being a good doctor to be a good administrator in the medical field?

A. Professional and administrative requirements are not mutually exclusive of each other. Administrative acumen is a part and parcel of every individual. When you think from an administrative perspective, you look at a situation with a vision, the possibilities to achieve the same, you conceptualise and take forward that vision. I believe that a good doctor is a natural administrator. A few tenets of a good administrator to my mind are: Two-way or 360 degree communication, being transparent and non- partisan. You have to treat everybody with respect.

Q. Sir any parting advice for the passing out batch?

A. Have a big dream, work with dedication and passion, because I think that’s the only way you can achieve what you wish to. Work hard and enjoy hard. Never leave your professional competence and prowess behind because that is one thing which can never replace anything you do, whether be curricular, co- curricular or extra-curricular.

RAPID FIRE ROUND

FRESHER ROOM- 5 Top 7 Triple Seater.

ALTERNATE PROFESSION- Fighter Pilot.

GOOD COP OR BAD COP- As a Dean you have to balance between being a good cop and a bad cop and obviously you can assign the bad cop duties to probably the Brig Adm (UG) or Colonel Training (GW). But, if it really comes to it, you have to don the cloak of a bad cop which is a part and parcel of the job.

FAVOURITE MICROBE- (On a lighter side) *Saccharomyces cerevisiae*- The brewery microbe.

ALUMNI OR CADET- (After a long pause) A present day cadet.

FAVOURITE HANGOUT PLACE DURING COLLEGE DAYS- *Marz-o-Rin* for cold coffee and sandwiches and *Oasis restaurant* for butter chicken and naan. Amani’s “*Redi*” in the wee hours of the night.

FAVOURITE DRINK- Beer, an all-time favourite.

PATHOLOGY vs MICROBIOLOGY- I have done my Post Graduation in both, pathology and microbiology. If you ask me to choose, I would like to go back to the old curriculum where both the subjects were taught together, especially in the context of Armed Forces.

'The Innocuous Poison'



DR MASROOR SOHAIL AHMED, Y2 BATCH

This one is about a pandemic that's been a menace for as long as time itself, it's about the unattained potential of an individual.

Have you ever felt
Regret stemming right through your
existence
Like a tree from the ground beneath
That only grows stronger every day,
The stinging remorse
That gushes through your veins
And warms the cockles of your heart,
Like an innocuous poison.
It's Arsenic for the soul
That kills you slowly.
To want to achieve,
But fail to begin
Despite the immaculate faculty.
To be looking
For a source of external motivation
When what we need
Is all internal.
To be despondent,
Despite the entitlement.
To be desolate,
Despite the privilege.

And still they say
"This isn't real pain,
This isn't true suffering."
This isn't bone throbbing,
Gut wrenching,
or spine chilling pain.
It's more like the pain
Of a stubbed toe,

Relatable and easy,
Because this pain goes down
Smoother than real hurt ought to.
It doesn't make us wince
Unlike the hurt
Of a young terminally ill child
Wise beyond his years
Bidding farewell
To all the time he'll ever know,
At an age
Where death was still only an abstract
For most of us.
A thing which happened
Only in a far off mystical land.

Maybe they're right,
Maybe they know
What they're talking about
Or maybe the ease
And relatability of my pain
Is what makes it so grim.
It's perhaps the greatest suffering
Of our generation.
This collective
Untapped individual potential
Killing us slowly in our prime
The innocuous poison of our time.



भीष्म प्रतिज्ञा

रजनीश कश्यप, E3 सत्र



एक शाम शांतनु भ्रमण को निकले यमुना किनारे ।
देख एक सुन्दर कन्या, महाराज लगे निहारें
वो थी रति की मूर्ति स्वरूप ।
हो रूप से उसके वशिभूत
महाराज पे हुआ प्रणय का प्रभाव ।
दासराज के सामने रखा विवाह का प्रस्ताव
दासराज ने अपने मन का राज,
अपनी कुटिलता दिखाते हुए बोला,

महाराज! यदि सत्यवती पुत्र ही करें राज।
तभी सम्पूर्ण होगा यह शुभ काज
महाराज मायूस हो लौटे सुन दासराज वचन को।
देते कैसे राज जो दे दिया अपने नंदन को
कहते हैं, सब रोगो मे कठिन प्रणय है।
लगता है यह जिसे उसे फिर नींद का नहीं समय है
मन खोया-खोया आँखे भारी-भारी रहती है।
भीगी आँखों मे कोई तस्वीर खड़ी रहती है
पिता को ऐसे मायूस ना देख सका वो पितृभक्त।
वीर, पराक्रमी, और चतुर, नाम था उसका देवव्रत
पिता के शोक का पता उसने लगाया।
सत्यवती को लेने दासराज से मिलने आया
दास ने अपने वचनों को फिर दोहराया।
देवव्रत ने आनंद से सब वचनों को अपनाया
इस पे भी ना माना दासराज का मन।
बोला क्या पता आपके वंशज बदल ले मन
देवव्रत ने दासराज के वचनों को टटोला।
सोचा बात सही है, फिर ऊँचे स्वर मे बोला साक्षी
रहे संसार, रवि, शशि, अम्बर, मही।
आजन्म रहूँगा ब्रह्मचारी, प्रतिज्ञा लेता हूँ अभी
न करूँगा विवाह, न होगी कोई संतान।
पितृभक्ति मे अपने राज का देता हूँ दान

शांतनु को हुआ जब इस कठोर प्रतिज्ञा का ज्ञान।
देवव्रत को दिया इच्छामृत्यु का वरदान

ये कठोर प्रतिज्ञा; भीष्म प्रतिज्ञा; कहलायेगा।
देवव्रत अब तुझे भीष्म के नाम से जाना जायेगा
पितृभक्ति मे भीष्म ने हस्तिनापुर का दाव लगाया।
वर्तमान को एक अनजाने भविष्य के हाथ चढ़ाया
उस दिन ही पड़ गयी नींव महाभारत के रण की।
जिस दिन कर्म ने जन्म के हाथों हार ग्रहण की।



Baha

Don't Worry Be Happy!!!



GP CAPT PRATEEK KINRA (C2), RESIDENT WARDEN

Intentionally detouring the annual ritual of writing a Warden's Diary/Anecdotes of college life/RMO life stories. It's all said and done on that front. When I look around in the BH (GH too) I erudite one big thing from 'Kilroys'- STAY HAPPY and yes it is very important for all of us to be so. Theoretically, it is cool to say 'Chill kar yaar'; it is difficult to implement on the ground. I am not a professional psychologist/ counselor to pen this (no formal degree per-se), however the last 3 ½ years have got me going on it with some sort of experience. Medical Cadets of AFMC are happy by enlarge (Minions). Here are some unpretentious tips to keep you upbeat:-

(I) **Look for positive in every situation.** Even the food we eat (be it CCM/Swiggy/Sartaj) all have got a correct blend of flavours. If asked to consume only sweets as food (TDS) you shall throw up for sure. Every day challenges are thrown up to you come with an opportunity. It is not mandatory for you to catch all of them but DO catch some. Remember the sine waves of simple harmonic motion/ECG waves what goes up has to come down and the vice versa. Every event instills something in us. Look for positivity and you will find solace. Look around in the world and you shall thank almighty 100 times a day for providing education in the nation's unsurpassed college. (How many colleges can boast of 'gender neutral hostels').

(II) **Do what you like.** Do not get carried away by your batch-mates. In case your floories are into BB/Musimatics - it's not a must that you do run after it. (Dark secrets of Musimatics @ Aparmeya post midnight - 'Naman Naman'). You know best what gives you a KICK and do that. Live your life and don't let others control your likes/dislikes. BUTttttttt..... That doesn't mean you roll greens/hook on to PUBG the entire day. It doesn't mean that one fine night you jump Prerna and make way to Marine Drive. It doesn't mean that you hold a Paramount affection for the Elixir of life - eat what you can digest (200MBs in a day- phew:- 3 'A's ArsAruAsh). There is a fine line between liking and obsession.

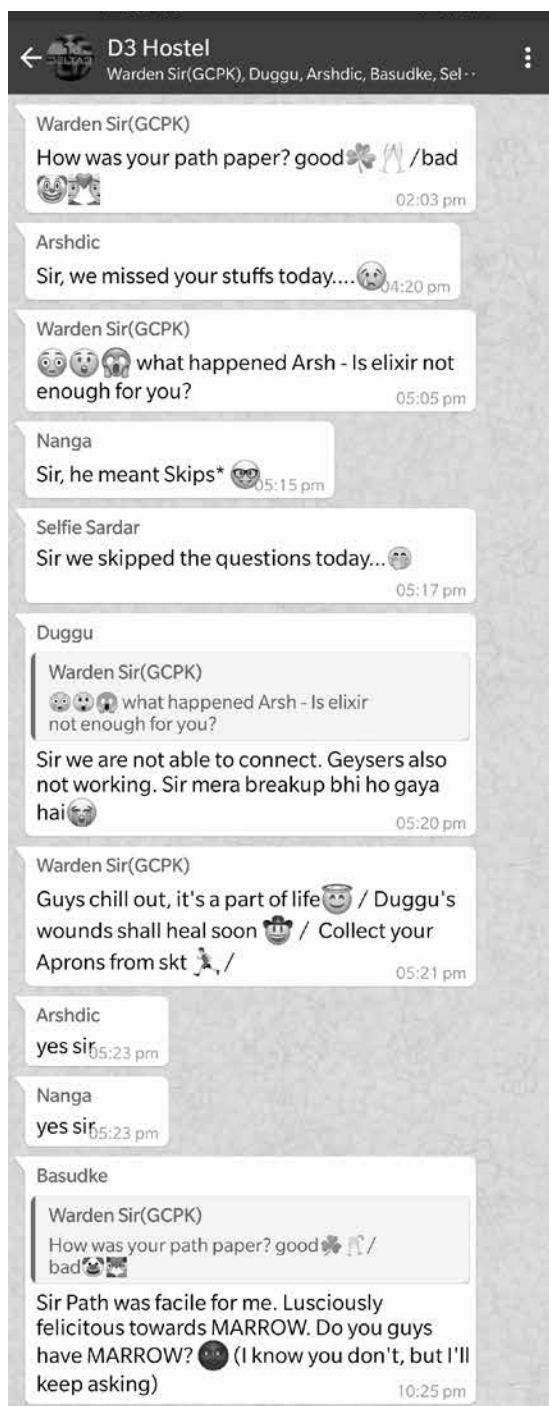
(III) **Adopt at least one Extra-curricular activity.** Extra-curricular literally means that you conscientiously devote a set amount of time to an activity. A hockey game played for 6-10 mins while strolling close to Insti in a fortnight is not extra-curricular. Playing hockey every day/alternate day for an hour in a regular game pattern is an ECA. It is important to find 30 mins in a day to pursue this positive convention. Even 'Ganglanders' find their 30 mins. And why is this so important? In Armed Forces there are three main attributes you need to imbibe and implement - Time management, Teamwork and Leadership like qualities. Extra-curricular activities exactly get you to these three important attributes. It also makes you think out



of the box. The Endorphin theory is a proven fact. Look around you- you shall never find a comrade of yours feeling perpetually low if he has espoused an ECA. (Look around - I am sure you won't be able to prove me wrong). The most important term in the phrase is 'extra'. Mind you never let 'extra' override 'curricular'. Remember it as the amount of pickle you serve yourself in a complete meal.

(IV) **Be Good.** Help the needy. Need not always be 'Prayas Club' (the club is great). You do not need a certificate to be good. Help a batch-mate who is feeling glum, help an old person cross the road, take your batch-mate to MI room/CH when in need, feed a stray (that's a debate topic in itself), laud the losers too and the list goes on. Old saying- 'the joy of giving is better than that of receiving' (Now for God sake do not interpret it in Devnagari script). Remember life is a great balancer - the MORE you give the MORE you get back (Boomerang theory). And yes this shall apply to the G3 batch (F3 awaiting so eagerly). Luckily AFMC is no ragging zone (hic... hic....). Be good to them. And remember we got 16 new CCTVs in the BH. This time the CCTV is based on a Mobile App, which can be monitored by all, yes all. Be EXTREMELY careful. Avoid banging the 4 top DS gate in an inebriated state in front of the cam ('Jagkav' duo shall vouch for it). Thanks to the two angels from Rohtak that we got 6 of our Kilroys out of the jaws of... Be there to help Fachas (maybe not a penguin from 2020) with their issues, change their lives for good - guide them - remember they are out of the warm closets of homes. We shall strive hard to keep the penguin cult GO ON.

(V) **Let it go.** This is the most important mantra. We all have dips (not salsa) in life. Let the negative thoughts come in and then let them go. Tomorrow shall get much more elation and luster. A raid and haul of some dry flora in sheets of Dhanvantari or be it night cold showers with 400 sit-ups. Both the guys mean good to you. They are here to get you all back on track. Nobody is happy visiting the Maharashtra House at 0100h and scale from room balconies to the common room. It is not a mean feat; that is a sheer dedication to work (not middle age crisis). Yes 'RUSTI' is big, but that is not end of life. Learn from the issue, avoid the same gaffe again,



gather your life back, sieve the goodness out (King Lewis the suzerain of sieving - do I have a yes?).

(VI) **Stay away from addictions.** The ephemeral kick of substance abuse can have devastating results. Look around you; don't you think guys who are hooked onto it have visited the Wards and OPDs to get out of it with loads of issues/tribulations. Why get into it - it's not worth it. The silver strands of hair on my sideburns have witnessed lots of bright souls (yes AFMCites) go down the lane (wither like the wings of an old moth). Try better addictions - read/write/exercise/fall in love. Cheer up it's not that difficult to say NO. Even if you are in the down lane, it's never late to take that U turn (TAKE THAT - now). Is social media overuse an addiction - 'Yes it is'. Me preaching you on this front is an oxymoronic concept. However try your best to reduce screen time < 2hrs. It's good to be 'real' than 'virtual'.

(VII) **Sleep well (6-8hrs).** Place and timing of your choice - NLH/LH-24/Virchow/Jenner - the choice is yours. Our CPU has a limit. If kept on endlessly, it might lead to hanging up of hard disk. It's important to 'shut-down' or 'restart'. Cumulative loss of sleep wrecks our brain - you have a long way to go - don't miss out on the wonderful thing GOD has made - SLEEP. Most of the AFMCites do adopt this attribute devotedly. Pathology teacher told Kilroys in a class- "Follow your dreams"- half the class went back to sleep (That's the spirit - Guru Sakshat (my bestie) Para Brahma - Guru Namah !!! - Follow the GURU under any circumstance).

(VIII) **Laugh more.** Don't suppress your feelings/ emotions. Live your life. These days won't come back again - 25 years from now you too shall write a boring article like this in a mag titled 'Woh Mera Bachpan'. There is a lot to learn from the inhabitants of the smokie planets called 10/2, 9/4, 3GSS. They live their lives - and now they have promised the college that they shall introduce Roohafza, and Spinach to their menu. They shall resurrect the 10th Block LED insignia and reconnect the Hatcher channel speaker in 8th Block.

(IX) **Don't compare yourself to your peers.** Every finger length is different for a purpose (now don't look at the middle one). Remember GOD made you the best. Look at your strengths and strengthen them further. Don't look onto your floorie with a swanky GF (GF - Girl Friend/ Gold Flake/Glen Fiddich) and loads of cash in his wallet. He might be fighting a grander inner mêlée than yours. Remember 'YOU' are the best. You are unique and precious. Academics is not everything. It's a known fact in medical schools the toppers do not make the BEST doctors (there are exceptions). Toppers don't get disheartened take that statement with a pinch of... Or rather Packet of s...

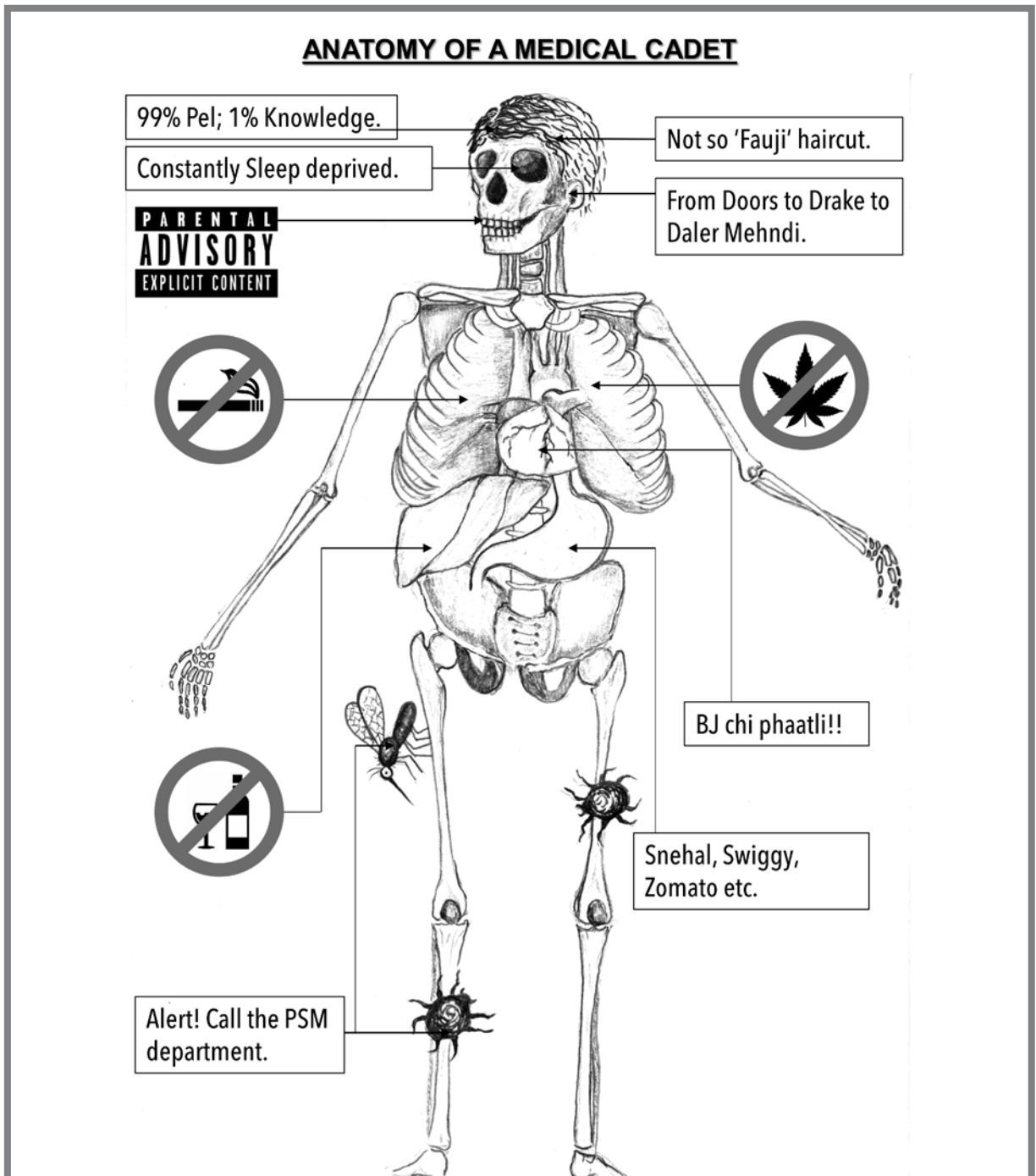
(X) **Learn to pardon.** We all make mistakes. There are instances wherein you would have seen a friend of yours make an undue complaint to seniors, which had administrative repercussions. Even if he/she was wrong on that day - pardon him/her. Get him back to your batch warm cocoon. Add him/her back to all the WhatsApp groups. Give him/her a second chance it is worth it. Remember nobody is perfect, you too maybe in his/her shoes someday.

(XI) **Make good friends.** You can't always control who walks into your life (aka Fresher roommate); but you CAN control which window you send them out. Friends are a must (TV series) and the real ones. He/She/Others can bail you out of multiple issues. Invest heavily in



friendship - it's worth doing so. Cut all odds and stay with your friends. Spend more time with friends who give you an optimistic vibe. Open up to friends - deliberate all matters with him/her. It eases you off. Seek help from big-wigs, when you have busted the option of friends. A monkey survey on F3 batch clearly proved that 83% freshers in distress contacted their friends and subsequently moved higher up the ladder. In due course everyone finds a compatible companion (Silhouettes 2020 saw heights of companionship).

Baba ji ka pravachan samapt hua. KHUSH RAHO, Phulo Phalo- (ooops you have some time for that)



AFMC to AFMC

MED CDT PALLAKSHI PRASAD,
MED CDT SUYASH SINGH, C3 BATCH



It was a whirlwind, right from the time the trip was conceived, up till the conclusion of the trip. Blissfully unaware of what awaited us, one afternoon we were called to the Brig Adm (UG) office, and handed over a noting sheet, informing us that we will be a part of delegation that will visit Armed Forces Medical College, Dhaka.

Our Delegation team was as follows

- 1) Major General Rajiv Mohan Gupta,VSM
- 2) Col Karuna Datta
- 3) Lt Col Animesh Chaturvedi
- 4) 2 clueless cadets

After so many ifs and buts for this trip; changing dates,a lengthy process of documentation, need for scores of permissions, files moving at a snail's pace at Ministries in Delhi, the very idea that Medical Cadets would be provided the coveted White Passports, obtaining GSL and Tickets from Air India; we were really skeptical till the last moment that this trip would ever see the light of the day. But thanks to the relentless efforts of Lt Col Animesh and the generous support from all authorities, all these hurdles were crossed, and we finally began our journey on 26th Jan 2020, 1600hrs from Pune International Airport.

Our night stay was at Hotel Royal Plaza, New Delhi. And our fondest memory would be when 5 of us left for Dinner, squeezed somehow in a single autorickshaw. The memories of the dinner at The China Garden and the thrilling Fire paan, Ice paan and Ghundi paan at ODEON, Connaught Place still leave us reminiscing. The next morning we left Delhi, had a quick halt at Kolkata and finally reached Hazrat Shah Jalal Airport, Dhaka, at 2200hrs. We were delighted to see the same officers and Cadets receiving us at the airport, whom we had hosted a month back in Pune. We checked into our beautiful and comfortable rooms at The Westin, Dhaka. Exhausted but still bubbling with excitement, we crashed into our beds.

Day 1: After immaculately preparing our uniforms and having a lavish breakfast in our hotel, we headed to AFMC Dhaka in our cavalcade. We were accorded a warm welcome there, by the Commandant, Maj Gen Mustafiz-ur Rahman and other officers of the college. After a brief interaction in the Commandant's office, we joined the rest of the officers and our cadet counterparts(College Prefect, Sports Prefect, Academic Prefect etc.) in the conference hall, where we were offered an in depth insight into the College, its history and organisational structure, the affiliating University and the associated hospitals, various departments and the everyday life of a cadet there. This was followed by a visit to the departments of Anatomy, Forensic Medicine, Community Medicine, College



Library, where we were all pleased to see how the available resources were being adeptly used to offer the best possible training to the cadets. The visit to the college concluded with a working lunch with the faculty and cadets, the memory of which sets our mouths watering even today. Later in the day, our Dean and the other officers called on the Hon'ble High Commissioner of India to Bangladesh, Mrs Riva Das Ganguly. It was a rare opportunity for us to gain an insight into the functioning of the foreign services of India. From there we headed again, wading and creeping through the world (in) famous traffic jams of Dhaka city, to reach the Bangabandhu Memorial Museum, which was the personal residence (and also the place of martyrdom) of the founding father and The President of Republic of Bangladesh, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman. Every inch of this place exuded the spirit of patriotism and true love for motherland, which was indeed an inspiration for all of us. Later in the evening we were touched by the warm hospitality offered to us by Brig and Mrs J S Cheema, Military Advisor to the High Commissioner of Bangladesh, who invited us to their residence for a dinner. After returning to our hotel rooms we quickly retired into our beds.

Day 2: Our next day began with us visiting the Director General Medical Services of Bangladesh, Maj Gen Fashiur Rahman. It was a really enlightening experience for us, trying to grasp how the prime military leadership of both the nations manage their respective Army Medical Corps. After a sweet memento exchange, we headed to Kurmitola General Hospital, a 500 bedded Civil general hospital which serves as one of the teaching hospitals for AFMC Dhaka. We were awed by the meticulously maintained facilities of the hospital despite the humongous patient load it caters to everyday. Our next destination was Armed Forces Medical Institute, Dhaka which is a unique institution tasked with the conduct of various Post-graduate, Undergraduate and Paramedical Courses for the members of the Bangladesh Army Medical Corps. The detailed presentation on AFMI offered there, was a never to forget experience(LOL!). Next visit lined up for us was to Armed Forces Institute of Pathology, which serves as a tertiary referral centre for Service and civil hospitals of Dhaka in the specialities of Pathology, Microbiology, Biochemistry and Immuno-haematology. The state of the art facilities maintained there was indeed commendable. After a sumptuous working lunch there, and a memento exchange we set out on a long road journey to the city of Savar. What awaited us there was indeed an architectural marvel, the National Martyr's Memorial. The monument is composed of seven pairs of triangular shaped walls or prisms. The triangles represent the significant chapters in the history of Bangladesh, with the memorial eulogising the 3 lakh unknown and unsung martyrs of Bangladesh's struggle for liberation. On returning back to our hotels, after struggling through the jammed streets of Dhaka, we quickly changed into our lovely Muftis, for we were invited to join the cadets and officers



in a special dinner hosted in our welcome, at the cadet's dining halls. Munching over the delicious Bengali delicacies offered to us, we had a great conversation with our friends from AFMC Dhaka. We soon realised that their level of sincerity and discipline (gauged from the fact that 8-10 students bag the award for 100% attendance every year) is a somewhat unachievable feat for most of us Kilroys.

Day 3: This morning we again headed to AFMC Dhaka, where a discussion on the curriculum of the two colleges took place. We realised that, AFMC Dhaka lays a lot of emphasis on extensive field visits and gaining experience at outreach medical facilities, in order to prepare cadets who are competent enough to render effective medical care to the community. Some of the aspects of their training, for example Spelling Quiz, Block Rotations (brief exclusive 8 hour ward rotations just before exams to revise the clinical skills) etc are worth emulating. After this brainstorming session we proceeded to Combined Military Hospital, Dhaka, the apex hospital of the Bangladesh Armed Forces. What a delightful experience it was, to see little kids being rehabilitated to normal schools after being treated at their cochlear implant centre. Some of the ultramodern facilities there, for example their advanced ICU, Cancer centre etc were really enviable. It was heartening to know that a great number of professionals doing such great work in that hospital were trained in India. After this great learning experience, we returned back to our hotel, switched into our civvies and drove to Jamuna Future Park, the largest shopping Mall of Bangladesh. We shopped extravagantly there, returning with both our hands full of multiple shopping bags. Back again we put on formal lounge suits, as we were about to attend a dinner thrown open for us at the Officer's mess. Sweet conversations with our cadet counterparts, and the simultaneous binging on the delicious cuisine were an experience we still cherish. It was mesmerising to witness the Bangladesh Military Band playing the tunes of "Saare Jahan se Accha, Hindostaan hamaara" so adeptly. With this our visit ended officially.

Day 4: After being on our toes for three days, we decided to spare the last day of our stay in Dhaka for some leisure. The day started off late. Thereafter we met the Dean and Col Karuna ma'am in the hotel lobby. As we tasted the yummy cake brought to us by Dean Sir, we got so deeply engrossed in our conversation that we never realised how time flew by so swiftly and when morning gave way to late noon. We feel ourselves to be extremely fortunate, having received comprehensive lessons on leadership skills by none other than our own Dean. Later in the day we ventured out to in the nearby streets for shopping. We couldn't stop ourselves from buying the famous Jamdani Sarees and the world renowned "Made in Bangladesh" readymade cotton wear. The rest of the day was consumed in struggling to pack the massive loads of mementos and the shopping we had to bring back from Dhaka (23 kgs over the limit xD). At around 9 in the evening we finally bid Good Bye to the majestic



city of Dhaka as we reached Hazrat Shah Jalal International Airport to commence our return journey to our home.

People ask us what we learnt there, and honestly we still don't know what to say that'll possibly do justice to this exhilarating experience.

It was about finding similarities in places that couldn't be more different than here. It was about finding differences and appreciating what we have. It was about connecting with people having a shared history, huge hearts and the same morals and principles.

Team "PrimaCare" from AFMC, recently became the first ever medical students to win the prestigious Hult Prize Regionals 2019 and were given an opportunity to participate in a 6 week business accelerator course in London.



Varsha Renjit, B3 Batch
P Aditya Kumar, C3 Batch,
Sherwyn Vaz, C3 Batch



ALTERNATE CAREER OPTIONS

MUSICIANS PACKERS & MOVERS



The most wanted club of AFMC, is known more for its facade workforce than its on-stage performances. We like to move it... move it

HOBBIES INTERIOR DECORATORS



We recruit artists because that's what "hobbies" are limited to.

DRAMA PROFESSIONAL FACE PAINTERS



Known for their perfect facial expressions, the dramatists could surely work to enhance the facial beauty.

DEBATING JOURNALISTS



Their verbal diarrhoea can be of paramount importance to exaggerate and report kilroys' daily hassles.

APPOINTMENT HOLDERS POLITICIANS



Their abilities to impress rather than express, are enough to fill their vote banks.

SAI SO SCAMMERS

Widely known for their overhyped UG research, these scientists can make Vijay Mallya look like a baby.



ALTERNATE CAREER OPTIONS

DANCE PROFESSIONAL BARAATIS



With their groovy moves, they can rock every Baraat.

HISTORY SOCIETY BORING PROFESSORS



Their monotonous history walks during admissions, supports the idea that they'll make the most boring professors.

PRAYAS MEDICOSOCIAL WORKERS



Most think of them as the idle attention seekers, but their will to help can make them the perfect social workers.

MESS COMMITTEE WAITERS



These jobless cadets' have known nothing but daily mess menus. Their viva answers being sambar-wada, idli-wada and medu-wada.

DHANNO ED BOARD PAPER SUPPLIER



Had it not been for these teenyboppers, every chimney of AFMC would have no filter.

GYMMERS BOUNCERS



The hard working body builders, their bulging biceps and testosterone filled brains make them best fit for the job

M G
Save the Date

Chandni | *Malla*

It all began as a pregnancy scare...

Malla weds Chandni

Love Truly . Drink Deeply . Dance Wildly

01.04.2020

@ 2 Ground Single Seaters

RSVP - Ghanno

Mele bhaiya ki shaadi mein jalool jalool ana - Jango

एक प्रतिशत।

कैप्टन अभय सोलंकी, A3 सत्र



नई हवाओं ने, नई घटाओं ने,
पुराने समंदर की परिपक्व नावों ने
निकाला है ज्वारभाटों से हमें,
कई सम्राट और परीक्षित बाहों ने

खिला देते हैं जो अरविंद
हो जब मुश्किलों में हिन्द
महज कदमों से चलना ही
होता तो सब चल लेते,
हमें आसमाँ में भी चलना
सिखाया है हवाओं ने

में मंज़िल के काबिल नहीं
उम्मीदों का मैं अख्तर हूँ
इस वर्ष की है अंतृदृष्टि,
कि मैं पहले से बेहतर हूँ

पुनीत लम्हों को सहेजना पसंद है,
लेकिन बेजुबान रहना पसंद नहीं।

भावनाओं को मनोज करना पसंद है,
भावनाओं को लिखना पसंद नहीं
बेइमानी धोखाधड़ी पर हमें धिक्कार है,
पीर बाबा पे सुनो लेकिन हमें ऐतबार है
सीखने का मौका है, सूत्री पे प्रतिबंध है,
अभ्यास इतना है कि निद्रा का प्रबंध नहीं

में मंज़िल के काबिल नहीं
उम्मीदों का मैं अख्तर हूँ
इस वर्ष की है अंतृदृष्टि,
कि मैं पहले से बेहतर हूँ

रोज़ क्षितिज के किसी ओर से,
इक सूरज तो जरूर निकलता है

सारे जग को करता है जगमग,
स्वयं प्रतिदिन जलता है
जैसे कथा हमारी किसी
ऋषि मुनी ने लिखी हो
इक सूरज है जो रोज़ हमें सिखाने
संग हमारे चलता है

में मंज़िल के काबिल नहीं
उम्मीदों का मैं अख्तर हूँ
इस वर्ष की है अंतृदृष्टि,
कि मैं पहले से बेहतर हूँ

सब जन्नत ही जन्नत देते हैं,
करीमी से मन्नत देते हैं
यहाँ नर्क नहीं देते मुझे
अनुराग से सिखाते हैं हर पल
खिलाया विकास ने है कमल
कोई फर्क नहीं देते मुझे
अजय कर दिया मुझको सुगंधित वर्चस्व बनाया है
इच्छाओं के ईश्वर ने मुझे देवराज इंद्र बनाया है
हर चौधरी सवाल के ठाकुर जवाब हैं उनके पास
पर गलत कभी तर्क नहीं देते मुझे

में मंज़िल के काबिल नहीं
उम्मीदों का मैं अख्तर हूँ
इस वर्ष की है अंतृदृष्टि, कि मैं पहले से बेहतर हूँ

जो खड़ा है स्वर्ग के द्वार

पे जन्नत की तलाश में
वापस उसको धरती पर लाना
उसका इलाज सवेरे कर जाना, जरूरी है क्या

खुद से पहले मरीज का सोचना

हर एक संभावना को नोचना
सर्वश्रेष्ठ पूर्वानुमान के लिए
हर संभव कोशिशों को यूँ खरोंचना, जरूरी है क्या

प्रशिक्षण खातिर इकट्ठा हुए
नए नवेले लाफतान साहब के लिए
साहबजादे को लेने जाने में
अधिकतर विलंब से पहुंचना, जरूरी है क्या

उदहारण हैं शिक्षण हैं
सबक सीख प्रशिक्षण हैं
नचाते हैं जैसे मदारी हैं
इलाज में इनके जादुगरी है
इनको लेकर काफी उत्साहित ना होना भी , जरूरी
है क्या

में मंज़िल के काबिल नहीं
उम्मीदों का मैं अख्तर हूँ
इस वर्ष की है अंतृदृष्टि,

कि मैं पहले से बेहतर हूँ

गए ज़माने कर्ण परशु के
जो पीड़ा में रक्त बहने लगे
फिर गुरु-विश्राम की खातिर
जो चरम दर्द सहने लगे
गुरु दक्षिणा में हम शायद
एकलव्य तो नहीं बन सकते
गुरु दक्षिणा होगी यही कि लोग हमें
आपका एक प्रतिशत कहने लगे

में मंज़िल के काबिल नहीं
उम्मीदों का मैं अख्तर हूँ
इस वर्ष की है अंतृदृष्टि,
कि मैं पहले से बेहतर हूँ

नफ़रत

दुर्गेश त्रिपाठी, D3 सत्र

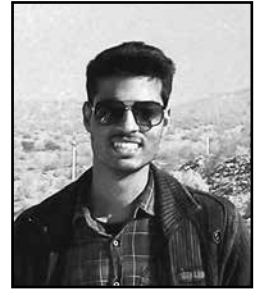
मेरे शहर को यह हुआ क्या ?
कहीं राख है, तो कहीं धुआँ धुआँ।
सुना ही होगा तुमने,
कुछ काफ़िर हैं इस शहर में,
जला रहे हैं, धुआँ उड़ा रहे हैं।

इंसानियत में क्यों नहीं है बरकत ?
शायद इसीलिए, बढ़ रही है ये आफत।
एकता के ऊपर सवाल है,
हर गली में बवाल है।
कुछ मंदिरों का हाल बेहाल है,



कुछ मस्जिदों का हाल बेहाल है
अभी यह शहर जल रहा है,
नफ़रत की आग में पल रहा है।
आफत है यह आग, यह राख

इसी आग को रोकना है,
प्यार की आहूति झोंकना है।
वरना यही आग बनेगी दावानल,
और हज़ारों मासूमों के तुम होंगे कातिल



Alice in wonderland



ROSHAN ROLLANDS, C3 BATCH

They follow me with their eyes, do they think I'm blind?
"It's okay", they say. "It's all in your mind".
I live my days guarded and on the run,
"Boys will be boys. It's in them to have some fun".
The very same people who said that it'll all be fine,
Their voices now muffled, drone the sullen line.
"You aren't Alice, my dear. And this isn't your wonderland."
These blue walls that I've come to know as home,
Blue, the colour of sadness; I've made it my own.
Growing up, my mind was a prison, now my recluse,
I turn to its recesses, my body turned sour by abuse.
Those who took away my right to speech,
In their calm voices, they continue to preach.
"You aren't Alice, my dear. And this isn't your wonderland."
In attempts to escape this hell, I'll meet you down the rabbit hole,
You, your hatred and all of me that you stole.
Your hand on my neck as you choked my cries and screams,
All I ever wanted in life was an opportunity to live out my dreams.
You monster! You stole away the very essence of my youth,
And this, unfortunately brings us back to the sad truth,
That I'm not Alice. And this isn't my wonderland.
I live in a society where freedom is nothing but a scar,
And the leaders we elect only seem to want to link our Aadhar.
A society where rubbing colours all over us without consent is fine,
This mindset, this outlook is in itself a crime,
I've been broken and left at war with my body for days,
You drained me of my identity and injected doubt into my veins.
"Maybe I'm not Alice. Maybe this dream was never real"
I still remember them say, "She's a slut. Don't go near her"
Little do they realise that the axe forgets, but the tree will remember.
There isn't much that can be done for me anymore,
But for my sister and the kids she may have, this issue I can't ignore.
I've had to live with all your actions that were apparently on a whim,
Trying hard every night to scrub your bruises off my skin.
"There is no Alice. And this world is no wonderland"
In attempts to survive, I will make mine all that is bracken.
But my body's been broken, my mind shaken to its core,
And I do not know who I am anymore.



मेरा पहला प्यार

दुर्गा चरण झा, F3 सत्र



मैं तुम पर शायरियां, कविताएं लिखने की कोशिश मुसलसल तमाम कर चुका हूँ।
अल्फाजों की कमी का शिकार बन हर कोशिश नाकाम कर चुका हूँ
कभी तुम्हारे जिस्म को लफ़्ज़ों में बांधना चाहा, तो कभी तुम्हारी रूह को कोरे पन्नों पर उतारना चाहा,
मगर वो कोशिशें फिर से एक बार नाकाम करना चाहता हूँ।
जानता हूँ मुमकिन नहीं,
लेकिन तुम्हें अपने लफ़्ज़ों में बयाँ
करना चाहता हूँ

तो सुनो
कि,
तुम हुस्न का वो पैमाना, आगाज़ जिसका अंतहीन है,
जिस्म तुम्हारा अप्सरा सा मीठा सा नमकीन है।
शिद्धत से तराशी संगमरमर की मूरत तुम,
जन्नत से उतरी उस अप्सरा की सूरत तुम।
आंखों में है मदहोशी, लबों पे है मयखाना,
चाहता हूँ जुल्फों में तेरी में बँध जाना।
जुल्फों की रात पे चेहरा मेहताब सा,
नूर इस कदर जैसे खुदा का हो ख्वाब सा।
ग़ालिब के शेर, हरिवंश की कविता सी लगती हो,
कुदरत के पहने उस गहने सी लगती हो।

रूह को तुम्हारी मैं पाना चाहता हूँ,
शबनम सी पाक उसे छूना चाहता हूँ।
मैं जानता हूँ, मानता हूँ,
कि तुम्हें बयान लफ़्ज़ मेरे करते ना सटीक हों,
पर फिर मैं भी क्या करूँ,
क्योंकि तुम ही तो उन लाखों अप्सराओं में वो एक हो।
क्योंकि तुम ही तो उन लाखों अप्सराओं में वो एक हो



Inversely proportionate!



SWAPNIL TRIPATHI, B3 BATCH

Tick tock
On the clock,
Tells me I gotta rush home
For every second I stop
And stare at the road.
My slut quotient increases
By a notch.
The second hand tells me
I've reached the 'available' status.
In the next fifteen minutes,
It will rise to the level of a hooker.
The next fifteen minutes,
A free piece of meat to be thrown around.
An official disgrace for everyone that has
ever known you.

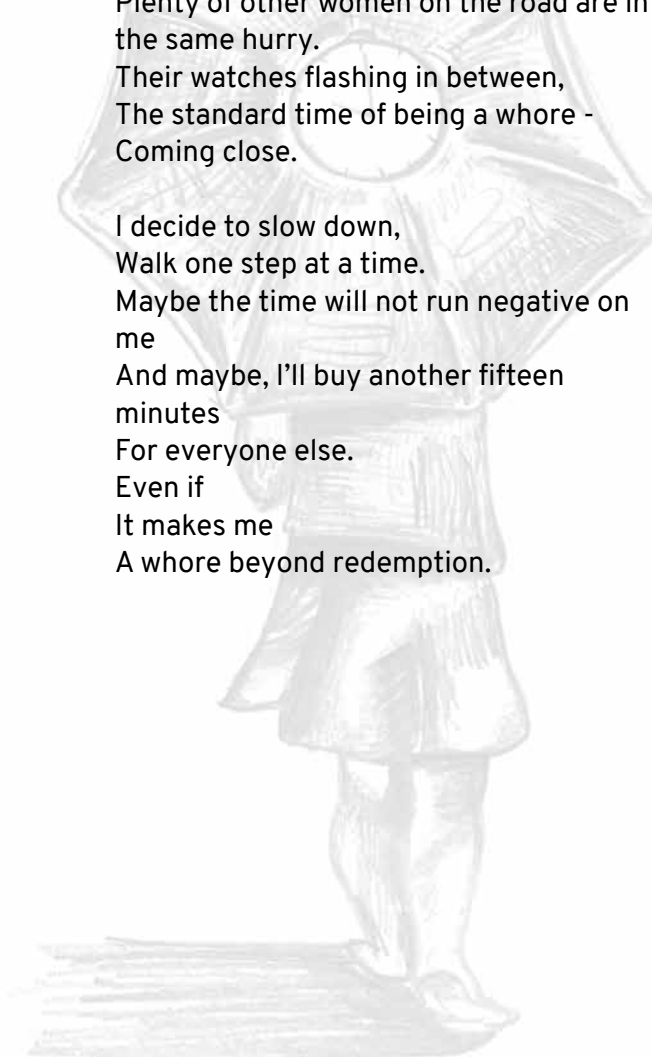
Tell me have you ever wondered that
When you smile,
There's a certain curvature
That decides,
After this,
You are an open invitation calling out for
people to shove down things down your
throat?
I didn't know there existed a
mathematical formula.

Once you input the certain values of
The length of your skirt,
The highest degree you studied for,
The shade of your lipstick,
The inches of your heels,
The place you work at,
The number of boyfriends you've had,
The exact time and date of the year.

You will get the exact status of

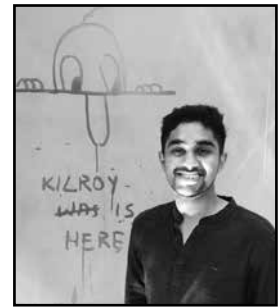
How much you were asking for it
On a scale of one to nine.
Because if you were a perfect ten,
You'd be at home.
That's what good girls do.
Statutory warning: Alcohol will certainly
mess up your equations.
So as I rush towards home,
My watch tells me I am about to reach
The status of a woman scorned.
Plenty of other women on the road are in
the same hurry.
Their watches flashing in between,
The standard time of being a whore -
Coming close.

I decide to slow down,
Walk one step at a time.
Maybe the time will not run negative on
me
And maybe, I'll buy another fifteen
minutes
For everyone else.
Even if
It makes me
A whore beyond redemption.



March 6th, 2020

SIDDHARTH RAMESH, B3 BATCH



March 6th, Friday

Woke up late. Hangover. Tired... Sat up, I reflected upon yesterday's binge... worth it. I had no time to waste. It was my Last Day in college. I set aside my sentiments, for I still had a lot of work to do- give sweets, meet some special people in Pune, settle accounts, and last but not the least (actually the greatest) Pack!!!

Before all of this, I had to wake myself up. So, the three of us went out- for a cup of tea. Bought sweets, all set for the formality. The hangover was, maybe a boon. I was delirious, and maybe funny. Kept blabbering on- from lame jokes on human excrement, to how Finland can be invaded, to deep philosophy and the practice of meditation. Met a few officers, Interacted with them as I never had before... I'm an Alumni. The last day gave me the courage to ask them things which I never would have dared to do - as a cadet. But everything went well. They too were happy, to talk so openly, to bathe themselves in those carefree times...

We then heard, the photographs for Dhanno were about to be taken. We rushed. We literally ran. Posed in all the photographs- the batch and the clubs. All were busy, including me. I was mentally overwhelmed- work was still pending. Still, I thought someone or the other, the *Facchas* maybe, would come to us and wish us good. But nobody knew, or cared that we would leave tomorrow.

The packing had begun. I had sent a few boxes earlier. Thought I was smart. But Siddhartha, you were stupid. I had no idea that the shelves were so spacious and that I had accumulated so much wealth over the past four and half years. Oh, great Marx, I had become a bourgeoisie, forgive me (XD). I was flabbergasted- but I didn't quit. Thought a lot and made a plan. Action proceeded. Nevertheless, when the *Saab* came to lock my room, it was in chaos. I asked him for another ten minutes, he replied fifteen. After fifteen minutes, I had given up, asked for tomorrow. Some of the hostel boys were smirking. I guess they had won the bet. Were the others so naïve to place the bet?

I readied up. Called up my roomie. We were to go back to 4mid3 D/S, where it all had started. Called up everyone on short notice. The *Facchas* were excited and nervous -The spirit lives on (XD). Talked to them, for about half an hour. Nostalgic, it was...

All were ready, the gang. The dinner was outside, poor in taste and sluggish. They were deciding on what to do, go back or push on. I was solid. I knew what to do next, but didn't care enough to take everybody. The place I was going to, was a place of silence. The smaller the crowd, the better, and the people mattered.

I couldn't leave without saying goodbye to this hill. LBT- the place I relentlessly cycled up, with



my club. I have been there many a time, maybe fifty. Never ever did it get any boring. I had gone there in the morning, at night, alone and with company. This was the place I chose to be my seat of catharsis. Momentous decisions had been made there. Intense emotions had crept up there. So the place had its fragrance, that fragrance of me...

Yet, today it was noisy. Too crowded. The serenity was broken by the vociferous loud music. Maybe, today wasn't the day. Today was, maybe, a day to keep company, to talk to people whom you may not meet for a very long time. A few hours later, everyone was back. I stayed on, wanting a few more moments of solitude. I had to take in this air, alone, one last time, to pay respects to this beauty.

Packing was still left. About an hour later, it was almost complete. Almost, complete. Leave it, the last moments are not to be spent on such trivial things.

I sat in my friend's room, tired. Everyone was here, sleepy; it was four in the morning. I sat down, feeling downcast. While all were up, he was sleeping and when they had all dozed off, he was awake. This eccentric friend of mine gave a proposition that we readily accepted.

Suddenly the three of us were sporting the Zoomcar we had borrowed for the day (or night XD) and wined it round the college, rushing past the old grandiose barracks and the young smart multi-story buildings that made this college. Taking awkward turns, speeding up and slowing down, we were in a thrill. We climbed up the main building, in shorts and *chappals* (breach of Defence Protocol, I guess XD). Then to Anatomy, the library, NLH, the MT office (those who know me know why XD). The dogs were shouting, confused. Well, who wouldn't be? Finally we were in Fatima Nagar, sipping tea, cracking lame and nerdy jokes, laughing, enjoying the vibe. Even the Diamond Bakery shopkeeper sent us his regards. Came back to the Parade Ground, the college's holy place, where our batch mates are being ruthlessly toughened up, for now. Posed in awkward positions, capturing it in our phones, our personal assistants. Took pictures of the tank and it's details (history and especially war history was always my forte XD).

We were late. We ran. Primed ourselves for our leaving. We were hard-pressed for time, those waiting outside found it difficult to catch hold of us. Maybe the packing helped, didn't give us the time to think, distracted us.

We were about to board the car, which was to take us to the railway station. There was a crowd. Some were crying. The air was blue. It was not just about us leaving. My comrade had to leave because he had to, dejected by the college he fought for, which was denying him the power to choose. The crowd felt more melancholic, reflecting on this. They were sad. And so was he.

But I felt happy. Content. Those last moments, had only propped up the good in here, and it was in abundance here. I was blissful, content, like a man about to die, who had lived his life to the fullest. I was happy. I was smiling, laughing. Inevitably tears of love and fond memories couldn't be helped off, and it almost broke. I departed.

I had one thing left to do. To speak to someone whom I had long longed to, to say what I had kept in my chest hidden, for far too long. But I couldn't. This is not the time. This is when I'm leaving, leaving my home...

कोशिश करते रहेंगे

सिद्धार्थ नायक, B3 सत्र



करके निकले थे यह प्रतिज्ञा,
की कोई आस ना छोड़ेंगे।
चाहे दम कितना भी लगे,
यह आस कभी ना रोकेंगे।

यह साल साढे. चार नहीं,
एक सफर है जिसपे हम चले।
क्योंकि जिम्मेदारी थी बड़ी,
पर हौसले हमारे बुलंद थे।

सुना था कि ये काम नेक,
भरोसे वाला है बड़ा।
पर सीख लिया था हमने ये,
की डट कर रहना है खड़ा।

अब बाज़ी भी थी मौत से,
अनहोनी को जो था टालना।
भगवान का दर्जा दिया हमे,
पर फिर भी है तो इंसान ही खड़ा।

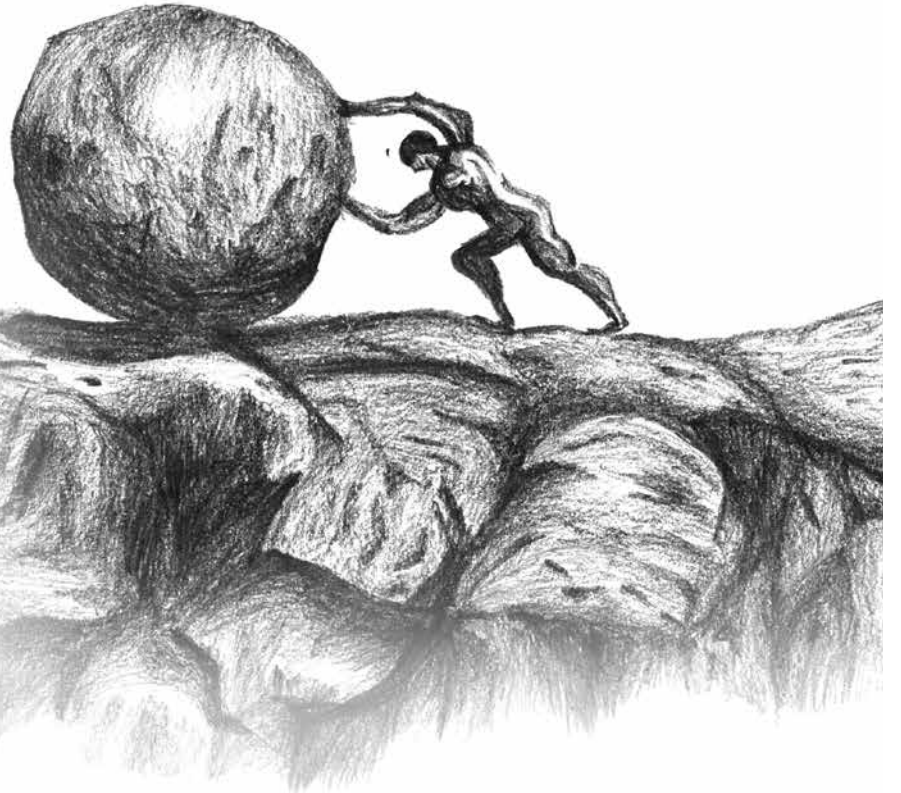
ना तोड़ा था उसने भरोसा,
ना अपने फ़र्ज से वो था हटा।
भगवान छोड़ो...उस इंसान को,
मौत के घाट तुमने उतार दिया।

क्या गुस्ताखी की थी हमने?
पूरी जान तो लगाई थी।
अनहोनी को ना टाल पाए,
इस ग़म को हमने भी जिया।

पर शायद हमारे फ़र्ज का
अब दाम है,
यह कोई भला नहीं.. पर एक काम है
गलत सोचते हैं लोग
की हमारे लिए यह जिंदगी है
न व्यापार है।

अब मन में एक ही आरजू,
वो वादा ना टूटे जो हमने किया।
चाहे तुम हो ना हो उसके लायक,
पर हमने अपना पूरा है दिया!

डट के खड़े रहेंगे हम सब,
एक जुट हमारी ताकत है।
क्योंकि भूल जाते हो नादान तुम,
मौत से लड़ना हमारी आदत है।



B3

YEAR BOOK



6909

ABHAY GARG

*It takes someone stronger
to do something stronger.*



6910

ABHAY LAMBA

*If you never gave a
damn, raise your hand*



6911

ABHIJAY LUTHRA

Obliviate



6912

ABHISHEK BHATNAGAR

*Always laughing in the
awkward moment!*



6913

ADARSH PATEL

It's the end of the beginning



6914

ADIL HAMEED

*Kyunki chalti ka
naam hai zindagi*



6915

ADITYA KUMAR

*Life is not a Fairytale.
If you lose your shoe at
midnight, You're Drunk.*



6916

ADITYA RANA

*Trust the vibe and
Go for the thrill!*



6917

ADITYA SAXENA

*Mai ma*har-ch*d hu
jo is mai aaya.*



6918

AGASTYA MISHRA

*Time you enjoy wasting,
was not wasted*



6919

AGASTYA GUPTA

*Motivation gets you going, but
discipline keeps you growing.*



6920

AHALYA ARAVIND

*We are a little of all
the people we love.*



6921

AIRAWAT SINGH

*Keep up the KILROY spirit
and cheers to AFMC!!*



6922

AJUL BABU V N M

*Nobody is smarter than you are.
And what if they are? What good is
their understanding doing you?*



6923

AKHIL MATHEW

*Don't destroy a city just to
be a king of the ashes*



6924

AKSHAY P

Do what you think is right



6925

AKSHITA SRIVASTAVA

*Adopt the pace of nature.
Her secret is patience*



6926

AMBER GARG

अनगिनत सपने



6927

AMRUTA KANUKOLANU

*The way I see it, if you want
the rainbow, you gotta put up
with the rain- Dolly Parton*



6928

ANANTHAKRISHNA VARMA

*It's a long way to the top if
you wanna rock and roll!*



6929

ANIRUDH ANILKUMAR

Memento Mori.



6930

ANIRUDH DHAR

*Run to the beat of your
own drummer.*



6931

ANKUR SHARMA

*Still waiting for that
funny quote..*



6932

ANSHUMAN GHILDIYAL

*Fate is fluid, Captain Wegener.
Destiny is in the hands of men.*



6933

ANSHUMAN SINGH

You only live once, but if you do it right, once is enough



6934

ANUBHUTI SHRIVASTAVA

Yes, I'm tall and I don't play basketball!



6935

ANUKRITI KHARE

Yes, I am wearing heels in the picture.



6936

ANUSKA ADHIKARI

Yes, it's Anuska without an H



6937

APOORVA ANAND MISHRA

The day you're hoping for is never going to come. This moment is the time in your life to be free.



6938

ARITRA RAY

Nobody stands taller than the person who stoops to pick a fallen child.



6939

ARNABH SENGUPTA

Does it help to get lost in Yesterday?



6940

ARPIT SHARMA

Take me back to the start



6941

ASHISH TIWARI

Be the change that you wish to see in the world



6942

ASHLEY MARIA THOMAS

I wish there was a way to know you're in the good ol'days before you've actually left them. - Andy Bernard



6943

ASHOK GOYAT

Never Forget Your Roots



6944

ASHUTOSH TRIPATHY

Be the reason someone believes in the goodness of people



6945

ATHUL PADMANABHAN

Painting my way through life



6946

AURINDAM BHATTACHARYA

Nobody's right if everybody's wrong.



6947

BHAVYA AGARWAL

It is better to fail in originality than to succeed in imitation -Herman Melville



6948

DEVESH KUMAR SHARMA

Be brave. Take risks. Nothing can substitute experience.



6949

DHARAMBIR SINGH

"I'll be happy if running and I can grow old together."



6950

DIKSHA SAMSUKHA

Not all who wander are lost.



6951

DINESH GHOTIYA

No, no glory, no legend, no story



6952

DRISHTI RAJPAL

And when we see those diamonds we shouldn't realise that we used to shine brighter.



6953

ESHAN TANEJA

Living life, Barside.



6954

GALALY PHUNTSHO

Play the game



6955

GAURAV KUMAR

Activate EMS and get me an AED



6956

GAYTRI DUHAN

Attitude is a small thing that makes a big difference



6957

HARDIK SAHI

Baby ko bass pasand hai



6958

HARSHIT BAJAJ

Nôskè tè ipsúm



6959

HRITVIK JHA

Damn, finally college's over. But, why do I hear boss music?



6960

JONES ANTONY

Find your joy, and share it with others



6961

JYOTI PALIWAL

Carpe diem



6962

KAMENDAR SHARMA

Wish you were here



6963

KANAV SHARMA

Don't cry because it's over, smile because it happened –Dr. Seuss



6964

KRISHNA S NAIR

"You've just gotta figure at some point it's all gonna come together."



6965

KUNAL KUKREJA

*Become a man of value,
not of success*



6966

LOKESH PRATAP SINGH

*The best things in
life aren't things.*



6967

M SRI SARAN

*Be the change you wish
to see in the world.*



6968

MAHIMA PANDEY

*Sometimes your joy is the source
of your smile, but sometimes your
smile can be the source of your joy*



6969

MANISHA SHARMA

*Be like bacteria ..find your
favourable environment
and grow .*



6970

MAYA VISWANATH

*Trust your heart if the seas
catch fire, Live by love though
the stars walk backward*



6971

MIRAJ K C

Dramatic_eye_roll.gif



6972

MOHIT SINGH

*Life is small, live it
to the fullest*



6973

MOHIT KUMAR PHOGAT

*Your Laughing Nature, can bring
smiles on Thousands of face!!*



6974

MRINALINI SINGH

Be the best version of you.



6975

MUKESH KUMAR

*Success is walking from
failure to failure with no loss of
enthusiasm –Winston Churchill*



6976

MURLI SINGH TEWATIA

Sleeping lion



6977

NAVEEN K DEVADAS

*See kids, I told you I was
hot in my college days*



6978

NEEL MADHAV MISHRA

*Let the past die, Kill it if you have to.
That's the only way to become what
you were meant to be. –Kylo Ren*



6979

NEERAV SINGH

*हार नहीं मानूंगा, रार नई ठानूंगा,
काल के कपाल पे लिखता मिटाता
हूं, गीत नया गाता हूं।*



6980

NIHARIKA TYAGI

*The job of feet is walking,
but their hobby is dancing*



6981

NILANSH KATARIA

Guess who has got the best moves in town ??



6982

NISHANT RAMAN

Live long and prosper



6983

NISHAT SINGROHA

Friends and memories, two gems of college life



6984

PARUL SHARMA

Creativity is the greatest rebellion in existence –Osho



6985

NIHAR DUDDU

Plata O Plomo



6986

PIYUSH KUMAR

Nosce te ipsum - Know Thyself



6987

PRABHAT ARORA

If someone ever asks you to do something, do it really bad so they never ask you to do things again! #ChillScene



6988

PRAKHAR NATU

Opinions are like mixtapes: I don't want to hear yours



6989

PRANAV TAKKAR

Keep calm, everything shall pass



6990

PRANEET KAUR

You always achieve what you believe.



6991

PRANSHU AGRAWAL

Something is better than nothing



6992

PRASHANT GUPTA

Every man's an island, every man's Watchman is his conscience.



6993

PRASHANT JADAM

And it's not what you've lost but it's what you find



6994

PRATEEK TRIPATHI

You are not willing to risk the usual, you will have to settle for the ordinary –Jim Rohn



6995

RAHUL RANJAN MANDAL

Do one thing everyday thatscares you



6996

RAJVI AMLANI

The situation now after 4.5 years of college is, If I asked for a cup of coffee, people would search for the double meaning!



6997

RAVI CHAUDHARY

Never give up



6998

RISHABH

Always look on the brighter side of life !



6999

RISHABH SINGH

Life is a marathon



7000

RISHABH SHUKLA

आईना देखोगे तो मेरी याद आएगी, साथ गुजरी वो मुलाकात याद आएगी, पल भर के लिए वक्त ठहर जाएगा, जब आपको मेरी कोई बात याद आएगी.



7001

ROHAN KUMAR SHARMA

Don't follow your dream, follow my insta



7002

ROHIT KUMAR

Honesty is the best policy



7003

RUMINDER PREET KAUR

Don't tell me the sky's the limit when there's footprints on the moon



7004

SAGAR HANSRAJ

Why do we fall? So we can learn to pick ourselves up.



7005

HARSHA SREEPADA

Kuch bhi likh de bhai



7006

SANCHO JOHN SAMUEL

I am the hero this place needs but doesn't deserve



7007

SANDEEP BHATT

Life is like riding a bicycle. To keep your balance, you must keep moving –Albert Einstein



7008

SANKALP SINGH DEV

*Do what you love, f**k the rest*



7009

SASWAT SATAPATHY

Zindagi Gulzar Hai



7010

SAURAV ROY

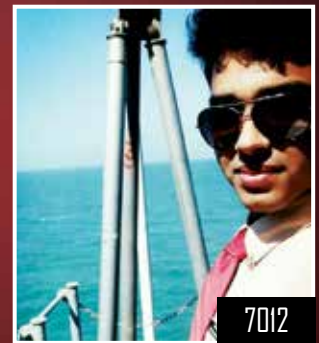
Starting from Zero... got nothing to lose



7011

SHANTANU

Be smart..... start



7012

SHANTANU KHANNA

The world always falls in love with a stubborn heart



7013

SHUBHAM BRHAMBHATT
कहीं तो होगा शब-ए-सुस्त मौजू का साहिल।



7014

SHUBHAM SHUKLA
I am your father



7015

SHUBHANKAR SHARMA
Nothing could be better.



7016

SIDDHARTH NAYAK
It's about hitting the right note to get the right feel



7017

SIDDHARTH RAMESH
Dum Spiro Spero



7018

SIDDHARTH GOGATE
Never look down on a fellow AFMCite unless you're helping them up



7019

SIDDHARTH MISRA
To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist, that's all.



7020

SILPAK JOSEPH PETER
You shall not pass



7021

SIMRAN CHANDRA
The way to get started is to quit talking and begin doing -Walt Disney



7022

STEPHEN SEBASTIAN
I am so clever that sometimes I don't understand a single word of what I am saying



7023

SUMAN KUMAR
Aaj khush toh bohot hoge tum



7024

SUMAN KUMARI
Haar ke jeetne wale ko baazigar kehte hai



7025

SURYANSH ATREYA
No expectations, no sorrows



7026

SURYANSH SARAF
Kaun kambakht bardaasht karne ko peeta hai?



7027

SUSHOVAN CHAKRABORTY
Great men are not born great, they grow great.



7028

SWAPNIL TRIPATHI
Hakuna Matata - Just take it easy everything works out eventually.



7029

T THAYUMANAVAN

Some people dream of success while others wake up and work



7030

THINLEY WANGMO

Don't worry, be happy



7031

TUSHAR JAIN

Madness is a lot like gravity, all it takes is a little push..



7032

VINOD VIVEK

You exist in time but you belong to eternity.



7033

VAISHALI SINGHAL

Life is a box of chocolates



7034

VARSHA RENJIT

Before leaving this college, you should know your favourite drink



7035

VARUN SANKHYAN

Work for your success never dream for it



7036

MOUNIVIHANTH REDDY

King



7037

VASU BANSAL

Not some abstract brilliance, its reality what we cherish the most



7038

VASUNDHARA MISHRA

If life were predictable it would cease to be life and be without flavor.



7039

VIBHOR TAGGAR

Well, I woke up this morning, And I got myself a beer.



7040

VIPUL AGGARWAL

It is not our abilities that show what we truly are... it is our choices



7041

VISHNU P R

The only taste of success some people get is to take a bite of you



7042

V PRITHVE RAJ

Quotes are for bhakths, Kings of the world use satire.



7043

DANIEL MAGLOIRE

Dont take criticism from people you will never go to for advice. Its a lesser burden on your mental health.





ORGANISING TEAM

Row 1 (L-R): Manisha Jha, Ritwik Jain, Jagruti Moghe, Lt Col SPS Shergill, Neel Jain, Animesh Gupta, Lahari Boddu
Row 2 (L-R): Gayatri NVS Kandukuri, Kanan Shukla, Shashwat Joshi, Priya Rani, Shreshtha Yadav, Yash Gupta, Poornima, Arnab Patra
Row 3 (L-R): Daanish, Aadesh Raj, Avinash Sahu, Sagnik Talukdar, Saurabh Singh Bisht

Brig Adm speaks...

Brig Sabarigirish K

Brig Adm (UG), AFMC



Q: Sir, how has your journey been, from a student, to an officer in the Army, and now the Brig Adm of AFMC?

The year was 1987. I'd just finished my internship. 3 decades back, there was hardly any scope for doing a clean profession. So, I started looking for alternatives and narrowed it down to Armed Forces. After a written exam, I was called for an interview. The question I was asked was, if offered a short commission, would you take it? I said "No, I'm here for a career in the Armed Forces". I guess that got me my PC.

Q: Sir, if given a chance would you have joined AFMC over Trivandrum Medical College?

(Laughs) Never. The kind of unregimented clinical exposure you get as a student there remarkably improves your world view of things. However, being in AFMC for more than half of my career, I can say that AFMC is one of the finest colleges in the country, essentially because of its dedicated faculty, good students and a great infrastructure.

Q: Sir, what were your hobbies in college?

I was an avid swimmer. I used to swim for my school and then for college. That apart, the primary

interest was in chess. I also picked up a curious interest in flying. I couldn't become a pilot due to the vision standards. However, I found an interesting alternative in the Microsoft flight simulator

Q: Sir, do you think investing time in extra curriculums matters in college?

Where there is a yin, there's a yang. You must focus on academics because you need to develop the fundamentals as a medical practitioner. But as a doctor, you also work in a team. Group dynamics are very important. Army of course, teaches you to be a dominant leader, but with extra curriculums, one learns to work in a team. The success of everything you do as a doctor depends upon your team. Therefore, extra curriculums do matter. It's not a matter of devoting all your time to sports if you're good at it. When you sway to one side, it'll be at the expense of the other. It is important that one maintains a balance between the two.

Q: Any interesting events from your time in the army you'd like to share?

Every bit of your life in the army is interesting. Internship is probably a rite of passage for everybody. When you intern as a Lieutenant, everything that you've assimilated from the books takes a completely different shape and form. Imagine a situation where you've read the procedure of delivering a child. But when you're really in the labour room, the mother is pushing and panting, you're waiting for the child to take the first breath, the adrenaline rush, the feeling that comes with delivering a baby is extraordinary. Watching an anaesthetist anaesthetise patients by injecting something and watching him bring the patient back to life after in the OT never fails to awe me. Lastly, the expression on a child's face 21 days after a cochlear implant surgery, when he hears the first sound is truly a magical experience.

I can never forget the time when I was posted as an RMO in Operation Pawan in Sri Lanka. I was in a place called Trincomalee with many Infantry regiments. Out of the blue there's a blast or an ambush. The counter insurgency warfare has definitely changed. You'll definitely have a different experience in your field postings. Regardless, it will be miraculous, if not an out of the world experience in uniform.

Q: Sir, what's your most memorable moment in AFMC?

The most fascinating moment has always been walking up to Charaka or Atreya lecture hall and watching cadets looking so desolate and disinterested. But somewhere down the line in the next five minutes of your lecture the students start looking into your eyes, your slides and when the lecture ends there is a smile on their faces. It's a miracle every teacher wishes for and it's truly a phenomenal experience.

Q: Sir, what's your take on "orientation"?

I think it's very crucial. A school pass out, after entering the college mostly feels like he owns the world. However, the world comes crashing down when he stands in front of the cadaver or gets the result of his first term exams. Tremendous amount of orientation is required to make you adjust to a drastically different environment.

But if I have to talk about the seniors "orienting" juniors, some people are comfortable with it, while some do not like their privacy being invaded. There's a very fine line between orientation and ragging. Who defines it? It's not you, not him, but the society at large. Since, we've got an anti-ragging committee which has got journalists, lawyers and police personnel, orientation in any form must be restrained.

Q: What in your opinion makes an ideal medical cadet?

Ideal? I don't think you should use that term to define any human being. Like a peacock everyone has got a hue of colour in them. Its criminal to say that due to a particular parameter someone is ideal and others are not. To me there are no ideal students. If they lag somewhere it's the institutions duty to help them out. Nobody's perfect. There are no prototypes, for ideal.

Q: Out of all the administrative posts, is the post of Brig Adm probably the least stressful?

So far, it has not given me any stress. I try to solve as many issues raised by you all. But sometimes, you can't solve a problem and so, you owe the person concerned an explanation. I try my best to do it.

Q: Is there anything specific you want to achieve as your tenure as Brig Adm?

Definitely make AFMC at par with other institutes in terms of technology and also work on inclusivity in campus.

Q: Do you think there is a scope for the sex ratio in AFMC to improve?

Why not? The world is changing. There are equal opportunities being given to women. Things are changing and I think this can change as well.

Q: Any specific reason you chose to specialise in ENT?

Not really. It was never my favourite subject in college. I remember bunking ENT lectures to attend surgery classes. But having come into it, I am here to stay.

Q: What do you think is the major difference between MBBS during the 80s vs now?

I think now, it's far more organised and focused. We never had the concept of competency. We learnt everything by default. Telling the purpose of a particular topic makes it easy and interesting for the student

RAPID FIRE

Alternate profession? Pilot

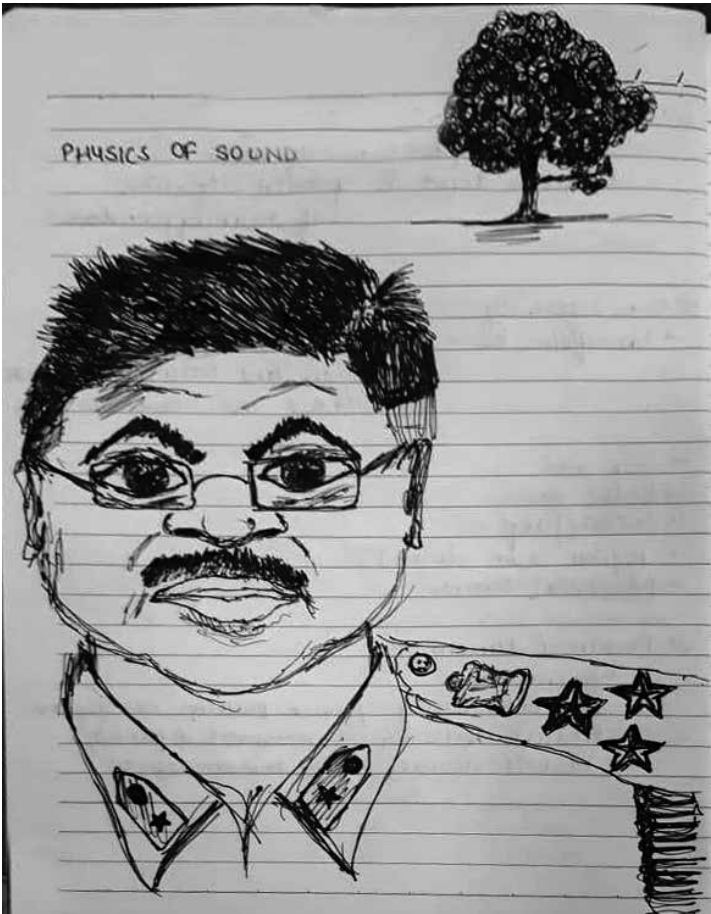
Vidya Balan or Aishwarya Rai?
Vidya Balan

North Indian or South Indian food?
South Indian

MBBS in the 80s or 2020? 2020

Favourite drink? Gin & Tonic

Favourite honeymoon destination?
An island preferably Santorini, Greece
(But I spent my honeymoon watching elephants in Thekkady, Kerala)



TRUE LIES: The puzzle of our personalities!

ARUSHA DESAI, D3 BATCH

“

“To be yourself in a world that is constantly trying to make you something else is the greatest accomplishment.”

-Ralph Waldo Emerson

”

TRUE LIES: Life is just too short to feel out of sync with your true self!

Do you really know who you are? And, have you ever wished you had a guidebook to the people in your life that could help you understand them? Do you sometimes wonder what makes your colleagues / friends tick, what someone you interact with is really feeling, or even why you are the way you are? If so, you're in luck! A guide of this sort does exist. I discovered a tool recently and it's called the Enneagram (pronounced ANY-ah-gram). "Self-awareness"; is the first component, the bedrock of emotional intelligence. Thousands of years ago, the Delphic Oracle gave the advice to "know thyself". People with knowledge and awareness about themselves are honest- with themselves and with others. Being aware of oneself enables you to see your talents, shortcomings and potential. Self-awareness will spark more productive and; rewarding relationships.



Think of the masks that we are conditioned to wear. We are conditioned to wear a societal mask by the education system, another by religion, another by our families, another for our friends, yet another by (perhaps multiple) social groups (sport, science camp etc.) and eventually one we wear for quite a long time in the working world.

When we wear multiple masks it is exhausting, changing the mask to suit the scenario, adapting who we are to fit the situation we find ourselves in. Are we happy to be wearing a mask all the time? Would it not be invigorating, fascinating to remain true to our authentic selves? To be more self-aware and honest?

“Everyone wants insight into others, few people are as willing to look so intently at themselves.”
– Don Richard Riso

Discovering our Personality Types: Using the Enneagram for Self-Discovery

Enneagram is ancient wisdom and modern psychology combined. Its roots date back to 4000 years and has Greek, Christian and Sufi roots. Enneagram is a “Drawing of nine” and comes



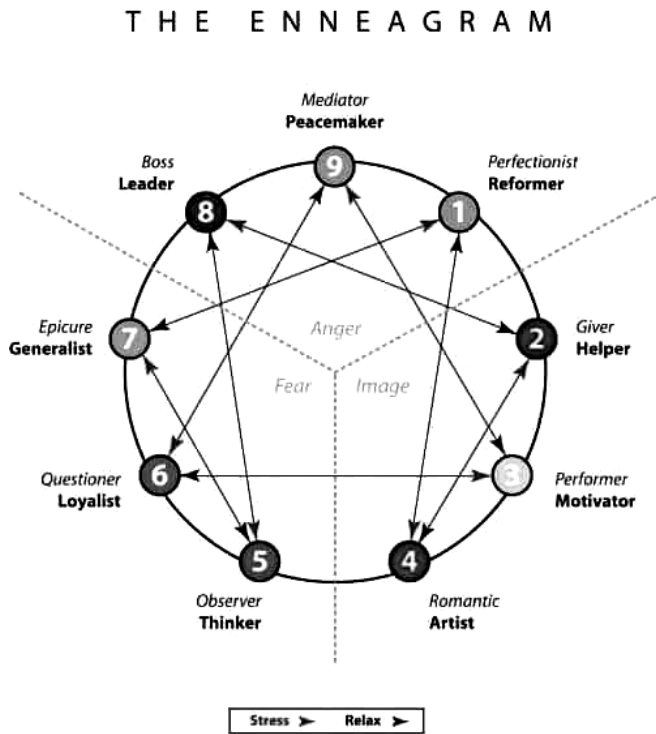
from two Greek words: ennea meaning “nine” and gram meaning “drawing” or “figure”. It conveys a system of knowledge about nine distinct but interrelated personality types, or nine ways of seeing and experiencing the world.

The first reason to study the Enneagram is to develop a working relation with yourself and others: To be in more control over your thoughts, emotions and actions. The second reason is to be able to understand people as they see themselves, and not how you see them.

Enneagram of Personality

The 9 types explained:

1. **The Reformer.** The rational, idealistic type: principled, purposeful, self-controlled, and perfectionistic.
2. **The Helper.** The caring, interpersonal type: demonstrative, generous, people-pleasing, and possessive.
3. **The Achiever.** The success-oriented, pragmatic type: adaptive, excelling, driven, and image-conscious.
4. **The Individualist.** The sensitive, withdrawn type: expressive, dramatic, self-absorbed, and temperamental.
5. **The Investigator.** The intense, cerebral type: perceptive, innovative, secretive, and isolated.
6. **The Loyalist.** The committed, security-oriented type: engaging, responsible, anxious, and suspicious.
7. **The Enthusiast.** The busy, fun-loving type: spontaneous, versatile, distractible, and scattered.
8. **The Challenger.** The powerful, dominating type: self-confident, decisive, wilful, and confrontational.
9. **The Peacemaker.** The easy-going, self-effacing type: receptive, reassuring, agreeable, and complacent.



Although we all have the nine types within us, one is most dominant, and with it comes its own set of unique gifts and challenges. As you become more aware of your type, you can move up the levels of growth and ultimately lead from your best self. You understand your reactions, preferences, and how you show up for your team.

But to fit into this world, most people will put on masks, perhaps they do it to survive, to fit in, to avoid ostracization. When you are a yellow canary in such a coal mine, you don't fit in, so you should fly away!

Here are few real-life stories that helped change entire lives for the better for these individuals.

A lady in her 50's went through 2 decades of her life 'putting on a mask' of being docile, care-giver as her husband was dominating and abusive. She put on the mask to protect her marriage and children and for abiding by the societies and family expectations. However once she realised that the trauma had almost entirely altered her personality and it was definitely affecting her and her children, she re-discovered her personality, shed away the 'masks' which were harming her and regained control of her life and became a much stronger and confident woman.

*A mask of every colour, every single shade and hue,
Built for just one purpose, built for hiding what is true,
A mask that hides the sorrow, a mask that hides the pain,
A mask that stops the questions, that keep nagging at the brains.
It's finally time to remove the mask, and see for yourself
The beauty within and all round that was held back by me, myself!*



Certificate of Alcoholic

To,
The Training Officer,

Reference: **Your letter no. 420; Dated: 4th August, 2019**

I am forwarding herewith the result of my examination of-

Name: **Dilwal** Age: **24yrs** Sex: **M** Weight: **70kg**

Address: **The Hidden Place, 4 ground SS.**

Consent: **I, Dilwal, resident of Baghpat do so reluctantly give my partial consent for my complete physical examination.**

Signature: **Dilwal**

Identification marks: **1) Looks deceptively older than he really is.
2) Found roaming around with a certain BMW.**

Brought by **Chanimesh Chaaturvedi No. 6969, Graduate Wing**

Date and time of examination : **5th August, 2019, inconveniently timed during an NTD.**

General Behaviour : **Abusive and Disoriented**

Memory : **Hazy**

Pulse : **69/min**

Smell of alcohol : **Human personification of 10th Block**

Mental Alertness : **Non Existent**

Eyes : **Only for Z2**

Gait : **Pseudo-alpha male gait**

Handwriting : **Not as "good" as a doctor**

Reflexes : **As good as a bad volleyball player**

SYSTEMIC EXAMINATION

Respiratory System : **"Mennu Saans nahi aa rahi"**

Cardiovascular System : **S1, S2 heard, apex beat localized, no murmurs heard**

Gastro Intestinal System : **Generalised tenderness along with hepatomegaly**

Laboratory Investigations : **Blood- BAC: Shot up the roof
Urine- Will pee in your mouth/ear**

Expired Air : **100gm/dL alcohol**

Diagnosis : **Devdas in a long distance relationship**

Opinion : **I am of the opinion that-**

The person has consumed alcohol but is 'not only' under its influence.

Place : **AFMC, MI Room**
Date : **5th August, 2019**
Time : **1300hrs**

A Rudra

Signature
(Dr. Rudra, MBBS, MD)

Breathing, but barely alive?

VISHAKHA MAHESHWARI, D3 BATCH



They say, only dead see the end of a war. But what happens to the men who survive a war? Can they really live despite being alive? Have you ever thought about it? We only talk about the people who've been shot dead. We grieve for them for days. And forget about the men who are physically alive but mentally lifeless. People who are taken hostages and are forced to kill one of their own men in lieu of their life.

Even if they are rescued, they do come back and start living with their families, but they're not the same people anymore. Their families think they're lucky enough to have their soldier kin back with injuries which are curable, but they fail to realise that the mental suffering and trauma that he experienced while he was gone require a stronger antidote and a lot of time to heal.

A mere rehabilitation is not enough to erase the harsh memories of those starry nights. I recently watched a movie which inspired me to write about this. It was an extremely moving and realistic interpretation of the perils of being a soldier, for a soldier as well as for the family. Irreparable damage that a soldier would never talk about.

Scars that his family doesn't understand or just can't see until it's too late to do anything about it. Or maybe they can see the listlessness, the uninterested gaze, the silence, the sadness in his eyes, but just don't quite know how to help him to be the person he used to be. The psychological effects of such hard times at a long stretch can be disastrous and devastating.

No amount of rehab can relieve that person of the flashbacks and nightmares of the pain he went through. The hope, that someone would come and save them, the hope that they'll make it alive to their homes, and not getting any of that hope fulfilled makes him cynical and deserted.

He stops believing in everything that he had faith in. He forgets how to smile, or feel joy in his heart. He can't seem to bring himself to life when all others around him are still the same as they were before. Some things have fundamentally changed in him. He can no longer go back to how it was. He's trapped in this new version of himself, the version which feels no pain, the version which feels no joy, the version which only breathes but is barely alive. He can only look back at the life he had, now.



Not anymore

SHRESHTHA YADAV, E3 BATCH



The world
Outside these walls,
Is cruel; they say.

Monsters, predators
Roam around,
Will turn you to ashes; they say.

They'll have no mercy,
They'll break you
Into a thousand pieces; they say.

We love you
We'll protect you
You are our princess; they say.

Don't go out
Be in the box
You'll be safe; they say.

But, not anymore

I don't want to be in the box
Behind these walls,
I want to go beyond the horizon
Touch the limits of the sky
Spread my wings
And fly.

I don't want to be afraid
Of those monsters, predators
If they burn me,
I'll rise
Rise from the ashes
Like a Phoenix, that I am.

I know, I am fragile
Breakable
But every time they break me
I'll put my pieces back
Stand, looking into their eyes
And say, try again.

I am not some princess
Locked up in the castle,
I don't need you
To keep me safe.
I am a Yoddha.
I'll fight .

You have taken away
My wings,
Made me bleed,
To keep me safe

I don't want to be safe, anymore
I don't want to be afraid, anymore
I don't want to be caged, anymore

You want me safe?
Make this world safer,
I am freeing myself.

लौटना है ज़रूरी

अमरिंदर सिंह, F3 सत्र



जो देश के हैं उजला सूरज, जिनपर वतन करता है शान।
उनके डगमगाते कदम, संभालें कैसे? वो भेद दें वतन को लेकर बाण

क्रोध, कपट, हवस, स्वार्थ जकड़े मन को, फेंके अपना जाल।
जहाँ मधुर बाँसुरी सुनती थी, वहाँ चीखों की गूंजती है अब ताल

रोम-रोम में खून के बदले, अब विषैले नशे की बहती धारा।
पथ से मुड़ना मुश्किल नहीं, यह खेल है उस शैतानी मन का सारा

जिस घर में खिलते थे प्यार, मोहब्बत और एकता के फूल।
वहाँ डोर टूट गई रिश्तों की, किलकारियां हो गई मिट्टी और धूल

शीतल मन पर गाड़ दिए, जो तीखे बाण लेकर कलम।

बलात्कार जैसे धिनौने अपराध, वहीं कोमल मन में ले अपना जन्म

हँसना, खेलना जिसके साथ, भूल कैसे गए जिसे माँ थे पुकारते।
लाड लडाया, सीने से लगाया, देख कैसे सकते हो उसके संस्कारों को हारते?

जिस माटी के लिए मर मिटे, आज वजूद उसका लड़खड़ाए।
ऊँची उड़ान लेता था जो, वो शांति का चिन्ह भी आज फड़फड़ाए

छिप ना जाए कहीं ये उजला सूरज, आ ना जाए कहीं सैलाब।
आँख मूँद कर मत बैठो, ढूँढो वो इंसानियत का तालाब

मंज़िल है दूर, रास्ता है मुश्किल, कहीं आखिरी किरण हो ना जाए फीकी।
लौट आओ उस मिट्टी के लिए, कुरेदो मत ज़ख्म, लेकर धार तीखी



The remains of the dusk

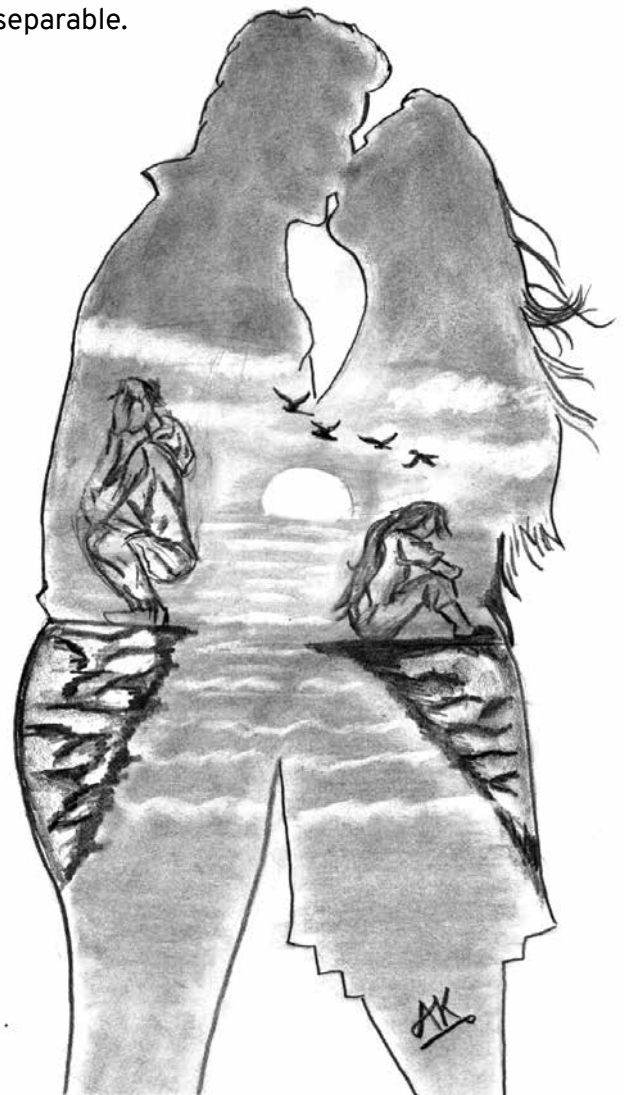
AGNIBHA SARKAR, D3 BATCH

Announcing its arrival once again
Like the inevitable dusk
The time comes around when you should return
To the last few moments of the Autumn's discern
Another long year will adhere
And will be a burden too heavy to bear.
You know that well
But you never let me hear.
Still I feel, I understand
When you thrust yourself against my chest
And try to listen to my heartbeat.
You stand on your toes,
And while you bury your face to hide your pain,
The chain around my neck abrades your cheek
And I secretly hope
The scar lasts till we meet again
To remind you of me, my touch.
The subtleties of your sighs
Are close to my ears
They drown my soul
In an ocean of tears.
A year seems like a hundred years
As the few hours we spend together pass away swiftly.
Time disappoints us, everytime.

You slowly take my face in your palm
And bid me goodbye with such a calm
We both forget all promises of not to cry
That I had made to thy.



The tears are necessary though
To replace all feelings that go unexpressed.
They are necessary at the moment
When we begin our penance
For another never-ending period.
So we stand there
Secure in each others' arms
Against the setting sun
And everyone from over the horizon sees
Not two but one soul
United
Inseparable.



On Anatomy and Life



YASH GUPTA, E3 BATCH

“Nothing in biology makes sense; except in light of evolution”. Theodosius Dobzhansky said this statement ,and it has always strongly resonated with me, usually the first part more than the rest (it is never a good idea to make up for late-night - morning-PT - missed-sleep during lecture hours)

Joining AFMC had been my dream ever since I realised being a pirate wasn't feasible (not in this economy).

NEET preparations were nightmarish for everyone of course, we learned so much, worked so hard, under amazing amounts of pressure, willed ourselves to survive those two years of life ripe with strife. All so that we could get the ultimate reward: paid.

When I first joined AFMC, I never understood how our seniors could, so confidently, say that the batch E3 would go on to become a defining feature of who I am. But now, this batch which always stands right behind me when I'm going through a tough phase, and a little further behind me when a senior assigns work, has worked it's way into how I introduce myself.

Our first orientation sessions were taken by C3, and they ranged from learning army ranks to khopchas, amongst other things. On behalf of my batchmates, the knowledge you passed us has been put to good use. Thanks to the people who decided orientation should be scrapped, facchas today don't know who ranks above the President of India, tsk tsk!

Being a college student is so primal. Like a wolf roaming the tundra, my only thought is of my next meal. Unlike a wolf roaming the tundra, I have a microbiology journal to complete.

I remember going home for my first vacation from college, where everyone now calls me 'doctor sahab', and being asked by an uncle what he should do about his persistent cough. The answer "cover your mouth " didn't seem to satisfy him.

Still I can tell, in whatever small way, I am getting more mature. I am no longer as offended by the Armed Forces Medical College, my dream college, not being a landmark to delivery boys, when bhairabanala, a literal Nala, is.

For a course that's as long as MBBS, thank God we get to spend it in AFMC. After all, how many colleges can boast of a culture that's a little more than a lifestyle and a little less than a religion?





A different kind of ‘birdwatching’

MAJ AVADHESH MALIK,
S2 BATCH

If you were a young Medical Cadet in the early 2000s, Pune could be a challenging place—mobile internet was rudimentary, motorcycles within the campus had already started becoming things of mythical folklore, the auto-wallah union had perhaps issued an advisory against stopping at Bhairoba Nala, and all the ‘scenes’ had already been set-up... (not that there were many options going by the atrocious sex ratio that AFMC is notorious for)... in short, our condition was aptly (and sarcastically) brought out by a PSM trainee during one of the training visits to Wanowrie Bazaar— “...this housefly can, at the most, fly upto Fatima Nagar... no further.”

AFMC, however, had no dearth of the other kind of birds, at least. And thus, were passed many mornings and afternoons, looking for Great Grey Tits behind Gazebo (the British were truly colourful people, when it came to naming things) or Green Bee-eaters at 1 Top. Having been introduced to birding since school days, I picked up bird photography as well, thanks to enthusiastic encouragement of the then faculty; and I am glad I did— because it gave a different perspective to challenging places to which I was sent thereafter.



Coppersmith Barbet



Long-tailed Minivet



Greater Coucal



Steppe Eagle



Greater Flamingos



Red-breasted Flycatcher



Purple-rumped Sunbird



Shikra Juvenile



White-throated Kingfisher



A green bee-eater

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- सुनने की सभी प्रकार की जाँच (ऑडियोग्रेटी)
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INTERNATIONAL
QUALITY PRODUCTS
(High Concentrate / Sugar Free / Hypoallergenic Protein, Vegan Protein, Amino, Daily Muscle Recovery and Energy and Protein Drink / Bar)

TASTIER
DELICIOUS
EXQUISITE FLAVOURS
(Mojito Chocolate, Chocolate Hazelnut, Coconut, Green Apple, Cucumber, Lemon, Mandarin, Pinaapple, Raspberry, Pink Guava, Bubble Gum and many more...)

DN'D PROTEIN SHAKES

AMRIT CHAKRA LIBRARY

Will remain open from 0400 - 0000 hrs for specific students of high intellect only.

Entry Criteria: Min 2 Distis, Everyday Surya Namaskar, Doston ki Mohmaaya ka tyaag.

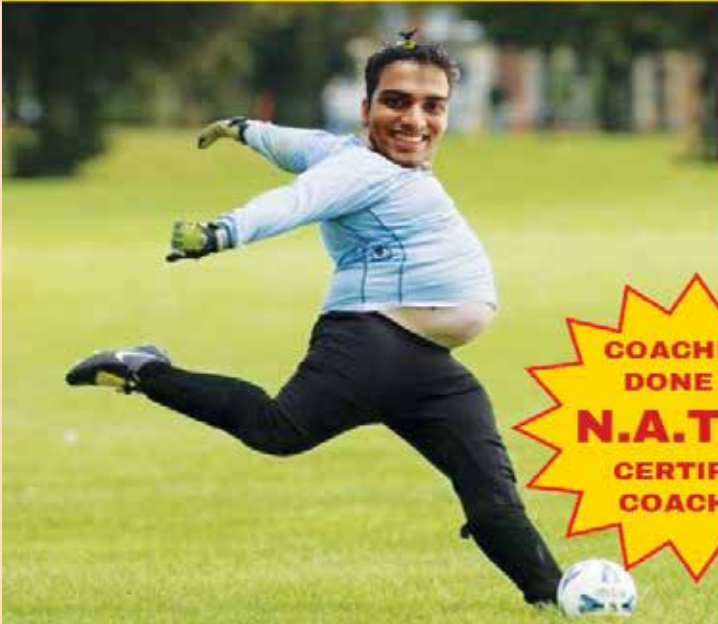
Hey bookworm, you're my only friend!

AVAILABLE - HARRISON, GRAY'S, AMLINA'S CLINICAL MEDICINE

PS: Cadets having backpack weight less than 15kg will not be permitted.

PRINCE FOOTBALL COACHING CLASSES

(Football Coaching & **Fatness** Training)



**On weekends
and weekdays**

For both boys and girls
at mango orchard
10:01 pm onwards

COACHING
DONE BY
N.A.T.U.
CERTIFIED
COACHES

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DANTE SWIMSUITS

PERFECT SWIMWEAR
FOR
PERFECT GENTLEMEN

RAHEEM EMPIRE



A LONG LONG TIME AGO, IN A GALAXY FAR FAR AWAY.....

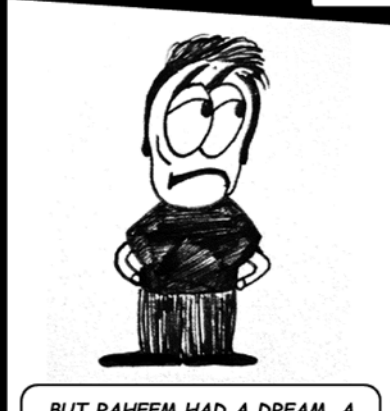


BARTAN ACCHHE SE DHO BE, MERA CHEHRA DIKHANA CHAHIYE

RAHEEM WORKED UNDER A TYRANNICAL OVERLADY.



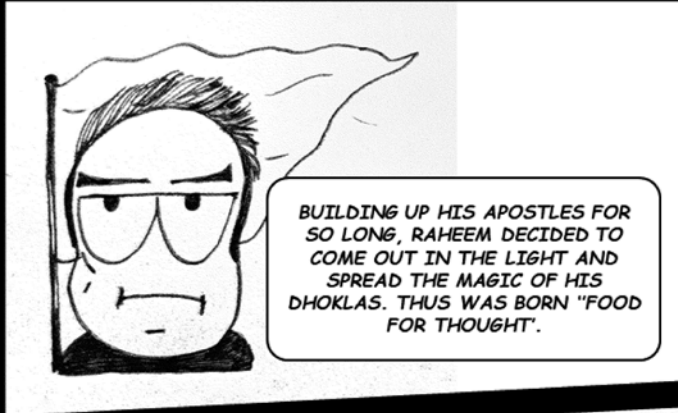
SHE USED TO BELITTLE HIM AND TORMENT HIM FOR EVERY IMPERFECT ALOOO PARATHA HE MADE.



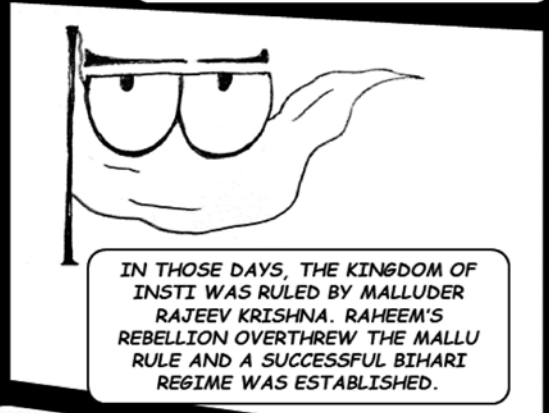
BUT RAHEEM HAD A DREAM, A VISION TO SURPASS THIS OBSTINATE LADY AND OWN THE MANTLE OF THE MOST POPULAR CADET'S CANTEEN.



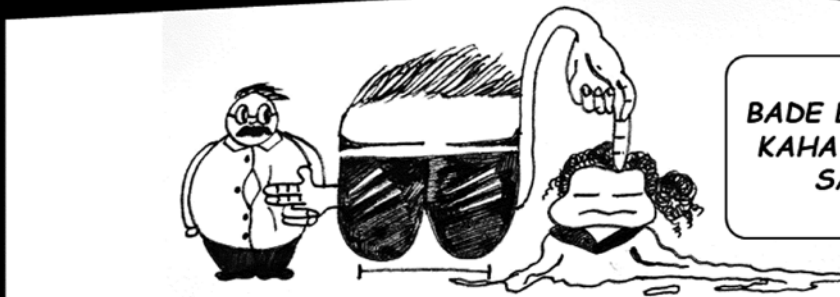
THE RAHEEM BROTHERS CONQUERED THE CAVES UNDER THE ASHOKA MOUNTAIN, GETTING PEOPLE ADDICTED TO THEIR REVOLUTIONARY SAMOSA SAMBHAR.



BUILDING UP HIS APOSTLES FOR SO LONG, RAHEEM DECIDED TO COME OUT IN THE LIGHT AND SPREAD THE MAGIC OF HIS DHOKLAS. THUS WAS BORN "FOOD FOR THOUGHT".



IN THOSE DAYS, THE KINGDOM OF INSTI WAS RULED BY MALLUDER RAJEEV KRISHNA. RAHEEM'S REBELLION OVERTHREW THE MALLU RULE AND A SUCCESSFUL BIHARI REGIME WAS ESTABLISHED.



BADE BUDHON NE THIK KAHA HAI "EK BIHARI SAB PE BHARI"

SOCIAL HISTORY

Name : *Not Your Usual AFMCite*
Age : *20, but has appearance of a 50 year old.*
Religion : *Scientology*
Sex : *Abhi tak kiya nahi hai.*
Mother tongue : *Infant babbling breathlessly*
Address : *Vancouver streets (he wishes)*

1. MEDICAL HISTORY

Chief complaints : *"Menu Saans ni aari" associated with Anterior tibial compartment syndrome*
History of presenting illness : *Apparently asymptomatic until about 20 years ago when he was born.*

2. SOCIAL HISTORY

Family composition : *SANTA, BANTA DOT COM*
Place of stay : *Native place Patiala but heart lies in kanedda*
Duration of stay at present address : *Traumatizing 1 ½ years.*
Availability of health services : *Has his own mini MI room*
Transportation facilities : *With utmost agony had to resort to walking after his cycle was vandalized.*

3. PERSONAL HISTORY

Childhood : *History of battered faccha syndrome*
Parent child relationship : *Pampered baccha syndrome*
Job history : *Primary sponsor of Zomato, Editor of esteemed UG Medical Journal*
Relationship with employer : *Symbiotic*
Family relation and bonding : *Parasitic*

4. SUPERSTITION RELATED TO ILLNESS : *His condition exacerbates with workload*

5. NUTRITIONAL HISTORY : *High gluten diet*

Breakfast - skipped

Lunch - skipped

Dinner - Whatever could be ordered using Zomato50

6. HOUSING

Type : *Undersized cubicle*

Size : *doesn't matter as it's never enough anyways.*

Flooring : *Not visible*

lighting : *His bulbs are "smarter" than him*

Cleanliness : *Next to godliness*

Infestations : *Dogs, neighboring snakes and Agnibong*

DAILY CALORIE REQUIREMENT vs CONSUMPTION

Requirements : *Zero, has enough to last him a lifetime*

Consumption : *enough to last him another lifetime*

7. STANDARD OF LIVING

Per capita income : *bigger than your phone number*

Kuppuswamy scale : *Way above Kuppuswamy scale*

KNOWLEDGE : *has adequate knowledge about his diseases*

ATTITUDE : *Sutri*

PRACTICE : *Gossip mongering*

STRENGTHS : *PAISA*

WEAKNESS : *again paisa*

OPPORTUNITY : *more paisa*

THREATS : *The Man in White and No. 37*

SOCIAL DIAGNOSIS- My patient "Not Your Usual AFMCite" 20 yr old male resident of 'MI room, AFMC' whose chief complains are "Menu Saans Nahi Aari" - a known case of battered faccha and pampered baccha syndrome is currently on retail therapy and has good compliance. *'Lekin banda dil ka accha hai' :)*

(The here mentioned details are either products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner, any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead is purely coincidental! ;-)

Noice

ANIRUDH ANILKUMAR, B3 BATCH



Nice noise.

Let them play with their toys.
Words are but words,
Said nobody ever.

Wordsworth knew words' worth.
Yet wrote a poem on Daffodils.
Trivial as it might seem,
It's not so bad you see.

For the written word offers you choice.
Whilst the spoken word is always noise.

Nice noise, an oxymoron.
Dirty noise, the only kind.
Doped up noise, that sounds real nice.
And crisp chauvinistic noise?
The only kind that's heard.

And still people bumble,
Claim to be humble.
Yet once in front of the mic,
Each wants their own Reich.
Literate we are,
Reiterate I do,
The written word offers choice.





Inspection kiya?

Palpation kiya?

Auscultation kiya?



**Cadets
running to
mess at 8.15**



**The TO
standing at
the gate**

Me: After a
perfect smilewipe

Seniors-



do it again

Lady cadets

Male cadets

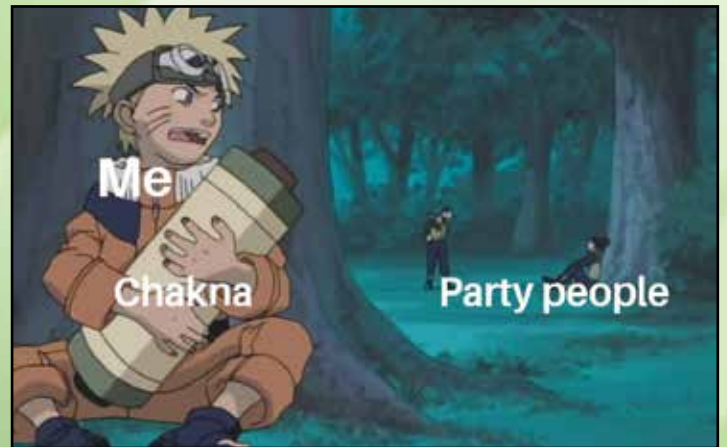


*residents

Oh dear, oh dear. Gorgeous.



you f**king donkey



Me

Chakna

Party people

**PLAYS 5 MIN LONG KEYBOARD
SOLO, BACH AND CHOPIN**



Bruh!!
Ab beatboxing
kar

**AUDIENCE SHOUT FOR
GAJENDRA VERMA**

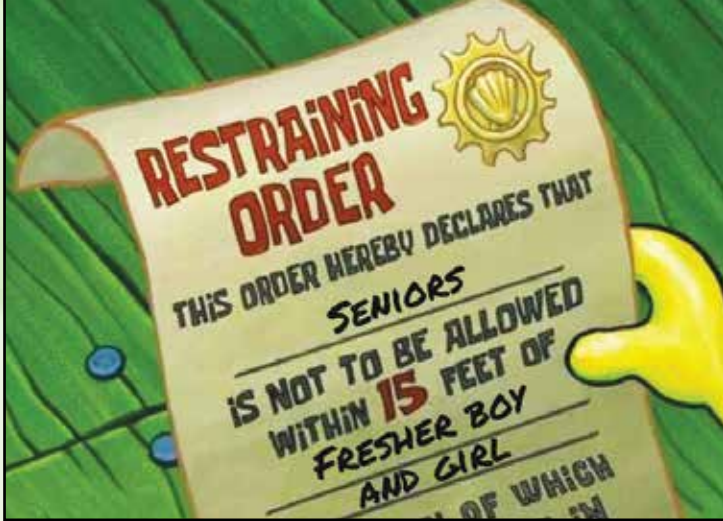
**Dhanno editorial
board this year**



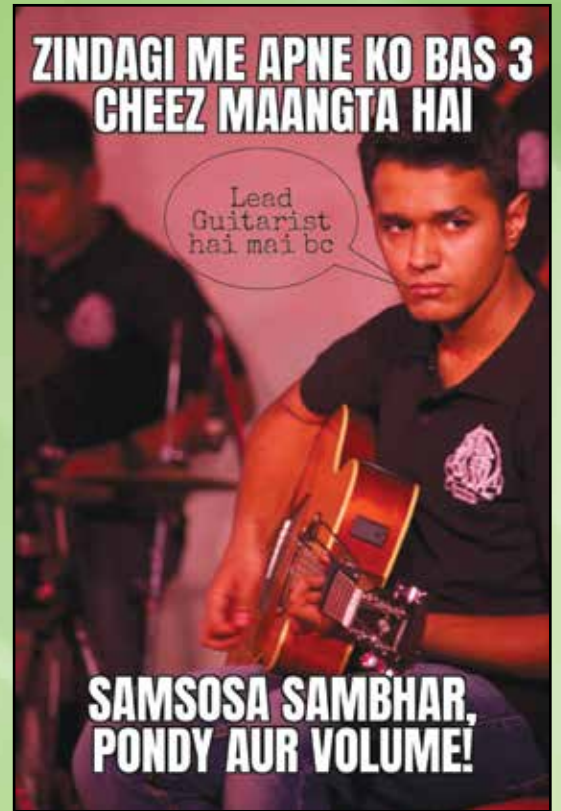
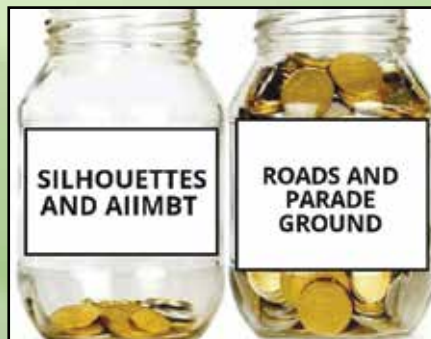
Pisipati

Maccha

Jhajjar



When the Orthopedicians, all want to take a "break" at the same time.



Reposting Reddit memes as Whatsapp statuses

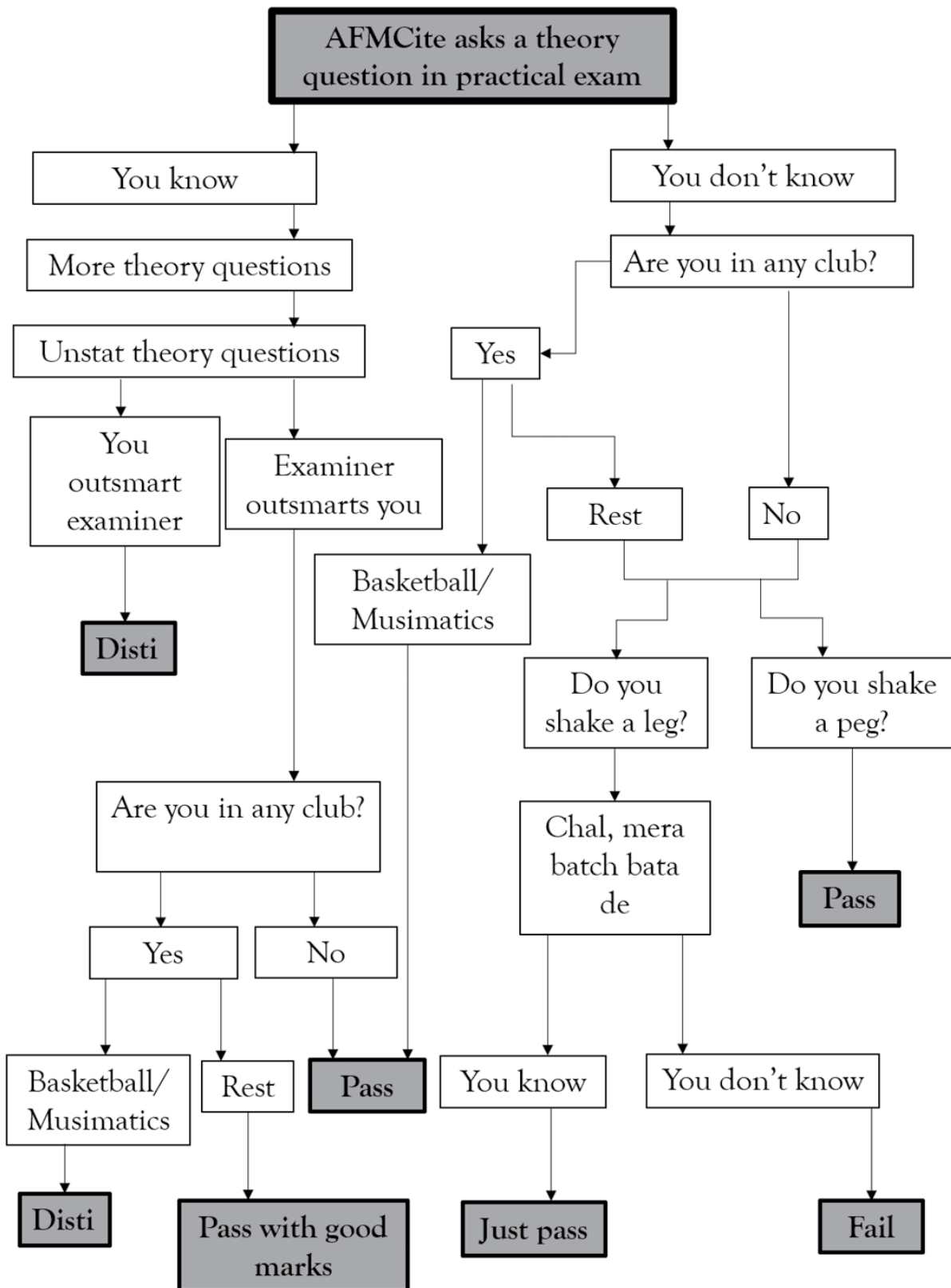


How well do you know your college?

Figure out where these images have been clicked from and earn the badge of a true kilroy.



EVERY VIVA EVER



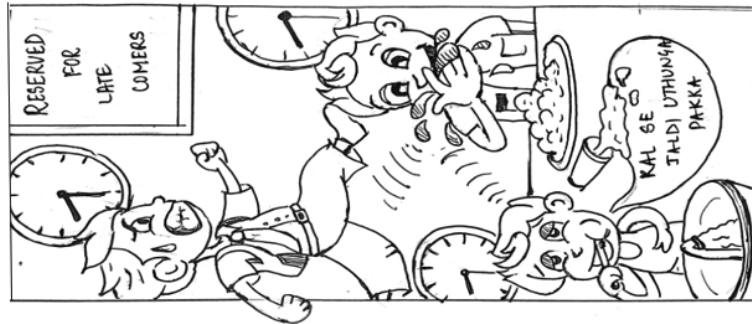
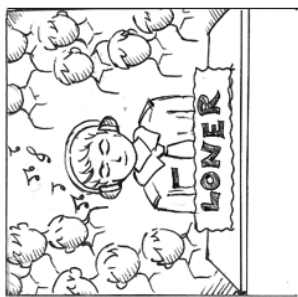
माँ का आँचल

शुभम कुमार, F3 सत्र

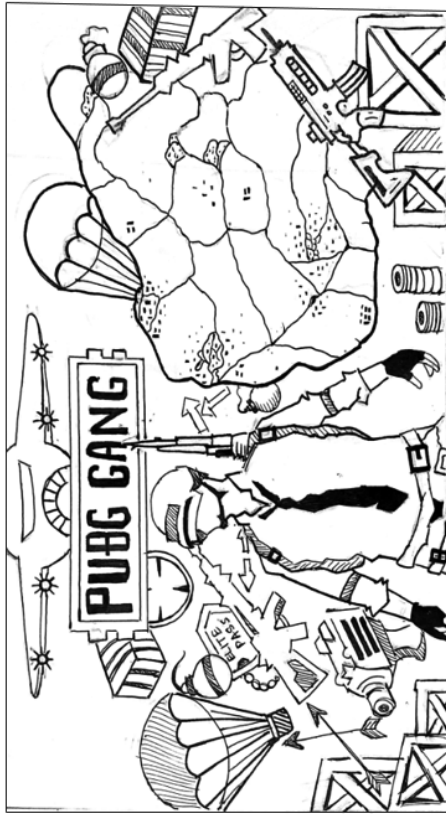


ओस सा शीतल, सोम सा निर्मल ।
जग में प्यारा माँ का आँचल।।
साथ निभाता, न कभी जताता ।
भूली भटकी राहों पर यार हमारा माँ का आँचल।।
एहसान ना माँगे, साथ ना ढूँढे, दर्द निवारे माँ का आँचल।
साथ हमारे, साथ तुम्हारे कभी ना हारा माँ का आँचल ।
लाख किशतियों का हमारा एक किनारा माँ का आँचल ।
कभी पुचकारता, कभी डाँटता, गलतियाँ सुधारता माँ का आँचल।
नादानियों को सभी हमारे हँस के टालता माँ का आँचल।
इस कश्मकश भरी दुनिया में हमारा एकमात्र सहारा माँ का आँचल ।
माँ की हर दुआ कुबूल है,
वो तो ममता का एक फूल है।
शायद तभी भगवान से भी ऊपर आती है माँ,
एक सच्चा दोस्त कहलाती है माँ।
तुझे भले ही ना हो फुरसत उसके लिए,
मगर उसका हर अक्स, हर लम्हा है तेरे लिए।
सूर्य सा तेज है जिसका, चंदा सी जो प्यारी है ,
बच्चों को जान से चाहने वाली, माँ अनमोल हमारी है।
त्याग उनका अमूल्य है, हर दुआ उनका वरदान,
ना भूलेंगे हम कभी, माँ के अनेक बलिदान ।
रातों में खुद जाग जागकर जिसने हमें सुलाया है,
ईश्वर खुद का रूप बनाकर उन्हें धरा पर लाया है।।

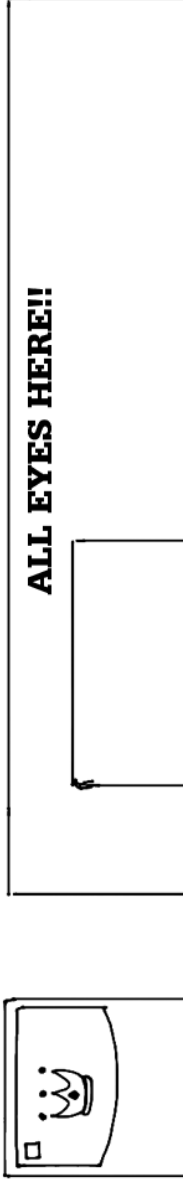
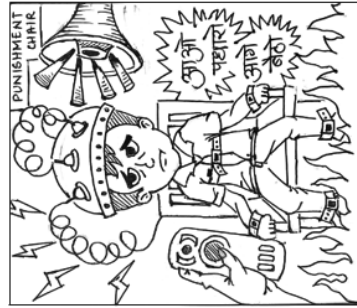
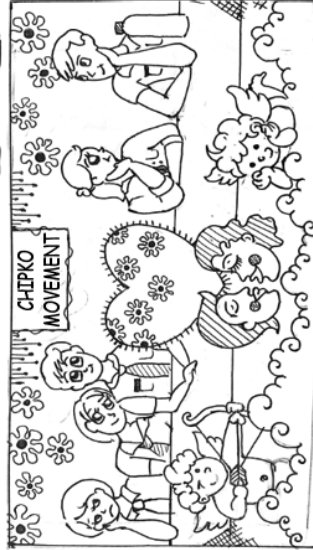
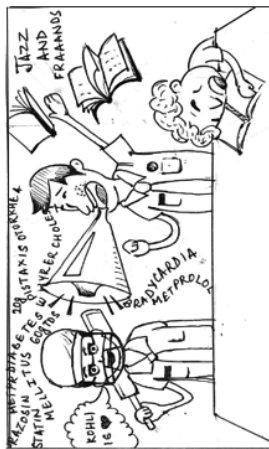




ENTER AT UR OWN RISK!



NLH



ALL EYES HERE!!

ATTENDANCE HOGY! NIKAL JRO!

The Courtyard

ONKAR HOTHI, D3 BATCH



Long back in the days of her youth,
Her courtyard was the only place she could soothe.
Knitting and weaving there she used to do,
Filled it was with scent and hue.

From chopping vegetables to spinning cotton,
All other of her memories are rotten.

He used to drink and get sullen,
She cried with pain and had fallen.

No hope there was for her improvement,
Without his permission she was denied any movement.

The green door in her courtyard was her only hope,
But tied she was to him with a tight rope.

Path to the door was a bit rough,
Only she lacked was courage enough.

Light was there on the other side of the door,
Whole world out there that she could explore.

One day she broke the chain,
Over were the days of sadness and pain.

World outside is much alluring,
Filled with people and things worth adoring.

Happy she was now selling clothes,
Grateful to fate for the path she chose.



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Bhairoba Nala



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...more

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chulitis.senior abbey, uniform ke saath jeans kon pehenta hai bey?



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#10YEARCHALLENGE

AADARSH CHOUDHARY

BARBARIAN

Not your average Bihari from Darbhanga, he's a man with a strong core, a gentle heart and savage mind. With decrease in 'physical activity' after faccha term, he has shifted from M to XL.



PRINCE SHARMA

SUPPLIER

The gluestick of the Cool Gang is a footballer who prefers not hitting the ball. His constant arguments with the "chief" editor made the environment in Dhanno room conducive for work.

ABHIJNA HEGDE

PERVERTED CARTOONIST

The Dhanno cartoonist, trying her level best to make a mark in the realm of captains and adjudants. Her realistic artistic skills made Dhanno come to life.



SUDHANSHU S SONIT

CRUDANSHU

This furtively effeminate editor was seen more often in Agnibha's room than Dhanno room. More often than not, he did someone else's share of work.



VISHAKHA MAHESHWARI

EENSY-WEENSY

This friendly editor, believes in strumming people with her charm for a prolonged time till they agree with her/ date her. Her enthusiasm was her biggest contribution to Dhanvantari.

MEGHA AJITHKUMAR

MEDUSA

The Cuckoo of D3, the Layla of B3, a woman with huge creative ideas but equally huge apathy for executing them. She's the member who we 'can't live with, can't live without'.



AGNIBHA SARKAR

AGNIBONG

The Mama's Boy, has lived up to the reputation of a maucchli lover with his witty articles. He came out of his mother's closet and leaped into Bose's.



GHANSHAM SHARMA

GHANNO IN DHANNO

Ghanno buoy harbouring the classic Punjabi image, after many failed attempts, he hit his luck in Illrd term. Never tired of working, he made sure he was there when we always needed help.

TEJASVINI MOYAL

IRON LADY

With a broken leg but unbroken grit, Miss Ishu gave us loads of insights into our creative endeavors. With a voice as formidable as hers, she made sure Dhanno didn't end up being an empty hearse.



NEEL JAIN

MANMOHAN TO MISS MODI

Chief illustrator, more of a Princess than Chickaa. The accidental Tournament Director, despite his prior commitments, made sure that Dhanno was not devoid of his creative illustrations.



ADITHYA MOHAN

MANI MACHA

Many have seen Macha Bro sweating over the piles of responsibility that is put on him, but few have seen him sweat it out on the dance floor. Dhanno is the material projection of the sleepless hours invested by him.

SHIKHA MENON

PERFECTIONIST

The Shashi Tharoor of the Ed Board, she penned the most articulate pieces for Dhanno. Her perfect athletic skills and duckwalk has put the entire boys hostel to shame.



PRASHANT JHA

INVISIBLE MAN

Had it not been for our "beloved" Chief Hindi Editor, and his limited contribution to Dhanno, this year's magazine would not have been successful. He's a man who has evolved from a 'Gaon' to be the best hindi poet in the college.

TEJASWINI PISIPATI

DRAGON QUEEN

The Chief English editor, and the one who actually put her heart and soul into the magazine. Known uncommonly as Tejaswini, she got a bird's nest on her head and a goatee on her chin.



DESVIN DOSY

ASSISTANT ^(TO THE) TECHNICAL EDITOR

Desvin Dosy, the guy who always dozed off while making things; but talk about picturing things, he'd flash up in a mundu to capture our puny endeavours.



SNEHAL BATHE

UNFLAWED MERMAID

What she lacks in height, she covers up in dimensions. Her ability to juggle between her responsibilities made her pull through without much effort.



SAI PRASAD

WHY PRASAD

For this Dhanno SPY prasad got oh! So High and Sly Prasad. He was cry prasad when it was Dry Prasad. Although sequestered by SaiSo for most part, when present was a valuable addition to the team. Bie prasad.

ONKAR HOTHI

THE CERTIFICATE SEEKER

The evermore breathless kid, owner of a TV, believer in Sutri. Interaction with him made the Ed Board understand the vitality of consent - because he won't give any.





BIGG BOSS



Honest AFMC Interview

Q: Introduce yourself.

A: (arey ee kaa! Ingliss!!) My selph Ram Prasad from Darbhanga,Bihar

Q: What does your father do?

A: (umm....4 bhaisiya hai, 10 bakriya hai,25 beegha jameen ki kheti hai) My father iz a farmer sir jii.

Q: How would you describe your neet preparation phase?

A: (arey ekdum dhan uda diye. Aakaas, darbhanga ke taapar the sir)

It waz bhery good sir. I performed consistently well through out the year.

Q: What are your hobbies?

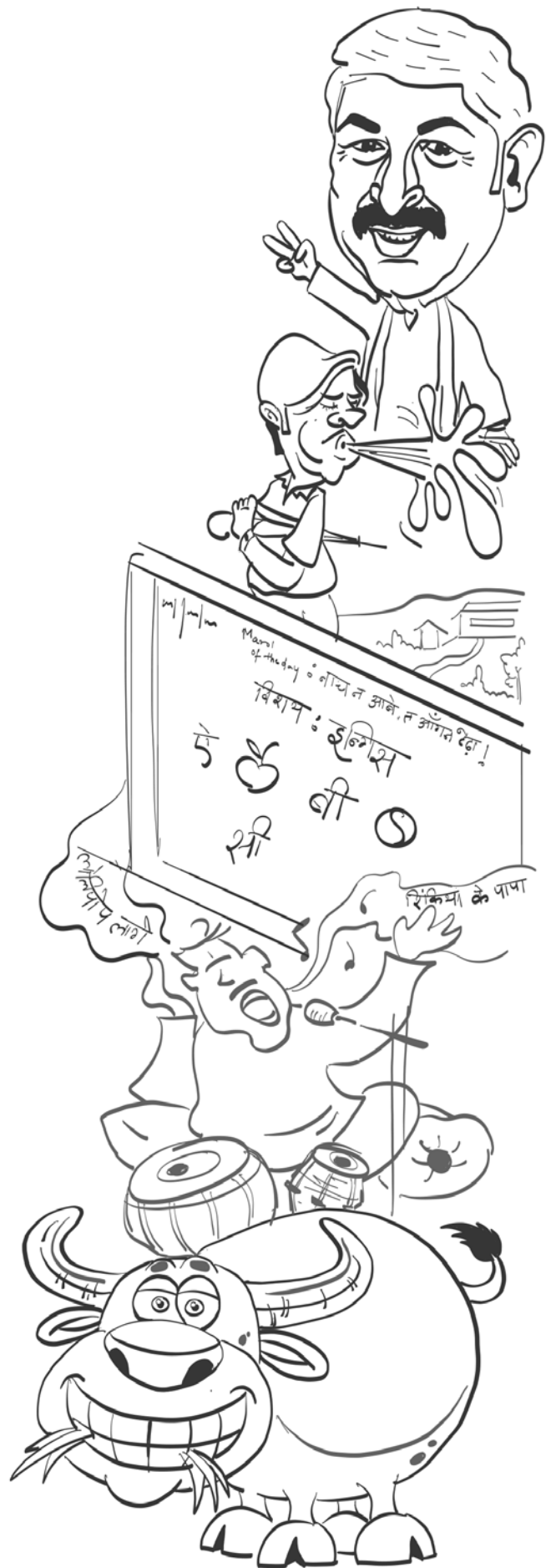
A: (kirket.....umm....bhains pe baith ke gaa bhi lete hain aur iskool me bench par dholak bhi to baja lete hain!) I play kirket. I sing and I can play tabla also sir.

Q: Why do you think we should select you?

A: (paper pass kiye hain yarr! Vahi bol dete hain jo centre vale bhैया sikhaye the) Sir, I am good at estudies and show great interest in extracurricular actibhities also sir.

Q: Can you sing a song for us?

A: (suddenly stands and sings loudly*) Tu lagaa belu jab lipistik, hilelaa aara distik....



SILHOUETTES PHOTO STORY COMPETITION – WINNING ENTRY

‘THE MARIONETTES’ BY DESVIN D V, D3 BATCH

Sometimes all they want is for someone to understand, to talk, to share. For someone to sit there in the dark silence when they let sadness speak for them. Within no time they realise, they have been completely tangled with no way out, their faith shaken and their dreams shattered....





Featuring:

Tejasvini Moyal, Ajay Joseph,
Amal Krishnan, Niharika,
Leen Jose

From less green to more

GAUTAM ARORA, F3 BATCH



In a less green medium I sleep,
With some good things and some reasons to weep.
I yearn to reach there,
There where there is more green than this,
In the city of joy and the streets of bliss.
The good green gate gives me the zest,
The signal to stride, and do my best.
This rouses me up to realise my dream,
As soon as I make that innate scream,
I see,
The way is rugged
The way is rugged and I have no slippers,
I am all alone and I get those jitters.
But finally,
I gather all hope and conspire to jump,
The feeling was like a crack in a windshield
Which grows with every bump.
I reached the good green door,
And pushed it fiercely,
“This is what I aspired for”
The land was lush green
And the brightness was blinding
O ye fellow beings!
You get the more green when the way is rugged,
And you believe to walk on it instead of getting tugged,
By the factors which will drag you down,
Don’t frown,
Just find that good green gate,
Which will lead you to more green way.

हमें तनहा ही रहने दो

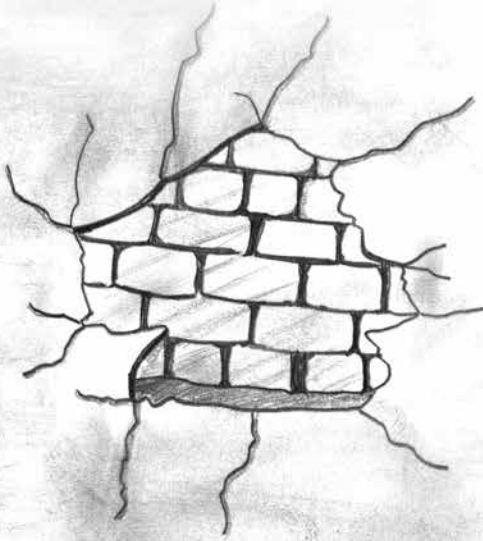
चिराग हुड्डा, F3 सत्र



आँसुओं को बहुत समझाया तनहाई में आया करो
महफिल में आकर मेरा मज़ाक ना बनाया करो
आँसू बोले
इतने लोगों के बीच भी आपको तनहा पाता हूँ,
बस इसी लिए साथ निभाने चला आता हूँ
तेरी शर्तों पर ही अगर करना है कबूल तुझे,
तो यह सहूलियत तो हमें सारा जहाँ देता है,
अगरे तूने ना तोड़ा होता हमें,
तो शायद हम कभी तुझे यूँ छोड़ के ना जा पाते ..
अगर तू सुनता तो हम भी कहते,
तुझे भी अपने दर्द से रूबरू करते,
पर तूने तो हमसे मुँह ही मोड़ लिया,
हमारा एतबार ही तोड़ दिया.
मुझे टूटने से खौफ आता है,
इसलिए एतबार गवारा नहीं,
अहसासों की कद्र नहीं है इस ज़माने को,
जो भी आता है, चोट देकर जाता है।

ना करो गुफ्तगू हमसे
हमे तनहा रहने दो।
ना पूछो हालात हमसे
हमे यूँ ही तड़पने दो।
ना पूछो कोई वजह हमसे,
यूँ ही आखों से बारिश आज़ाद करने दो।

ना आओ पास हमारे
हमें अँधेरी गलियों में रहने दो
ना देना कोई सहारा आज
हमें तनहा ही रहने दो।



नवंबर छब्बीस

हृदयिक राय, E3 सत्र

एक तारीख बदलना चाहता हूँ,
नवंबर को छिपाना चाहता हूँ,
हर साल उस बात को भुलाना चाहता हूँ,
अदालत जाना चाहता हूँ,
इन बातों का हिसाब लगाना चाहता हूँ।

जिस शहर को फिल्मों में देखा था,
उसे खबरों में, अखबारों में जलते देखा।
तो ये सवाल आया, एक अजीब खयाल आया,
कि समंदर किनारे,
सबकी एक अलग कहानी मिली होगी।
किसी को नौकरी, किसी को लम्हे बेजुबानी मिली
होगी।
उनके, हमारे घरों में कूकर की सीटियाँ,
दाल का तड़का, रोटी रुमाली फूल रही होगी,
के तभी,
सितम भी देखो...
उनके जैसों ने चूल्हे की आग को बस्ती में फैला
दिया,
खफा थे शायद तो उन सब को जला भी दिया।
किसको बचाना है, कैसे बचाना है?
ये सवाल बेबुनियाद हैं,
मकसद, इरादे, इशारे,
सब कितने बर्बाद हैं।
उम्र मौत की मायने नहीं है रखती,

वो मुम्बई मेरी जान... दोस्त सी नहीं लगती।

आज याद करें भी, तो करें किसे
आज सब भूलें, तो भूलें कैसे?
उनके शिकार मैं था, तुम थे
खान था, राम था,
सब्जी वाला था, बड़ी गाड़ी वाला था।
गोलियों ने याद दिलाया बेबसी क्या होती है,



जिस जंक्शन पे चढ़ते उतरते थे
जब उसपर लार्शें दिखती हैं।

दिल्ली दूर है मुंबई से,
बात वही पर होनी है।
चर्चा होगी, खेद उगेगा, कर्ज चढ़ेगा,
अखबारों को काम मिलेगा।
हम सबको आराम मिलेगा

साल बीत गए अब उस दिन के,
दुख उस दिन का कहाँ मिटेगा।
नहीं है काबिल कलम ये मेरी
उन सबका क्या नाम लिखूंगा

अब जाता हूँ मुंबई तो
दूर नज़र फैलाता हूँ,

क्या ऐसे ही दिखते होंगे वो?
जो मकसद लेकर आये थे।
जो सीना चौड़ा लाये थे,
जो भीड़ को मौत दिखाए थे

क्या याद करेंगे
क्या सुधरेंगे...

हम क्या कर लेंगे?
नहीं पता
दोहराना नहीं है बस
उस खामोश रहने की आदत को,
उस सुरक्षित छिपने की आदत को,
उस गाली देने की आदत को।



Completed teaching



PRASHANT JHA, D3 BATCH

'Express' they said, whatever is within you, word by word,
'Love all' they taught, that's what you owe to this beautiful world.

'Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam' was ingrained into his mind,
He was taught repeatedly to remain sweet and kind.

Etiquettes, discipline, respect; set cleverly in the rhymes,
He grew up through those beautiful lines.

With an innocent mind and incomplete teaching,
He stepped into the real world with a lot
of preaching.

He had magnificent image of the world, but knew just upto the cloud,
The truth hid behind, to see what; he had never been allowed.

Not everyone liked the way he behaved,
He was lit, but in people's mind, darkness was engraved.

His always smiling face fetched him the title of being a weird person,
His sweet, welcoming nature was taken to be perversion.

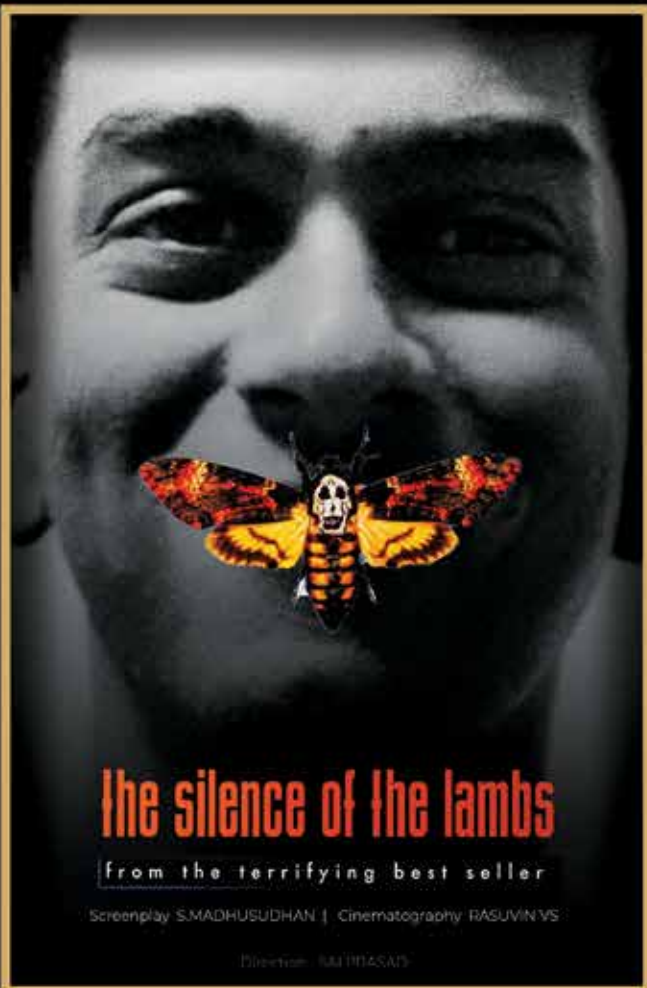
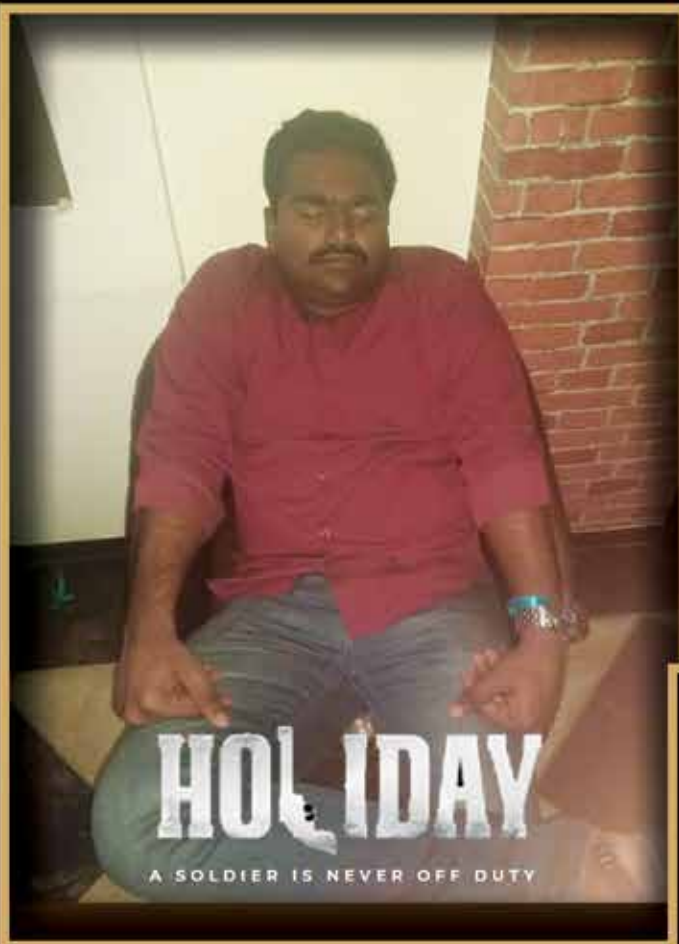
He had unconditional love for all that this world could never soak,
He got disappointed by how people interpreted whatever he spoke.

But, from his illusive childhood to the real world now,
He has learnt very well, whom to talk and how.

Now he knows that not everyone deserves his sweetness as they stated,
Through actual encounter to his fanciful world, his teaching got completed!

The year gone by...







DHANNO

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21:15

Being FAUJI : how to fake it like a pro



14:47

Things i wish I had



57:02

My Crush is in love with my Best Friend



9:59

Joker Roleplay in Under 10 minutes

Special mention to a few AFMCites who have a Youtube Account

(Go Subscribe them if you haven't yet)



Capt. Ashish S Pillai
(A3)



Med. Cdt. Shourya Shreshtha
(C3)
[CLEARCEPT]



Med. Cdt. Ashwin Naik
(C3)



Med. Cdt. Raunak Mall
(C3)



Bhajan Prakash, C3 Batch



Neel Jain, D3 Batch



Naman Gusain, F3 Batch



Akash Pratap Singh, D3 Batch



R Niranjana, E3 Batch



R Niranjana, E3 Batch



Desvin D V, D3 Batch



Desvin D V, D3 Batch



Vineet Nair, D3 Batch



Shreshtha Yadav, E3 Batch



Sayak Nandi, C3 Batch

KILROY POKEDEX

The native Kilroy Pokédex features 6 Pokémon, all of who are old, some more than the others. It groups evolutions from different generations together, citing their characteristic strengths, weakness, and quirks for a cursory read.

INFO AREA FORMS BACK

001 Nidoking
Dean Pokémon

POISON ELECTR

Voice- Unusually deep
Hair on scalp- Nil

A Nidoking is a big and majestic pokémon. They have a fit body and rare scalp, known to have frighteningly deep voice.

INFO AREA FORMS BACK

393 PIPLUP
Penguin Pokémon

WATER

Hair thickness Nil
NEET rank Who cares?

Commonly referred to as faccha, this pokémon is usually found downing the black and white outfit, staring at their 3-d buttons, wishing well to the other pokemons all round the clock.

INFO AREA FORMS BACK

007 Seviper
Snake Pokémon

POISON

IQ 130
Lying quotient - High

Seviper is one of the most common pokémon seen in AFMC, often heard saying "abe nene abhi tak kuch nhi padha" during exam season but ends up getting complementary books from the Dean Pokémon due to academic excellence.

INFO AREA FORMS BACK

110 WEEZING
Poison Gas Pokémon

POISON

Mess Bill 42.9k
Attendance 21%

Weezing is usually seen in groups indulging in consumption of nicotine via inhalational route. These pokemons are on verge of extinction due to the efforts of PSM department.

INFO AREA FORMS BACK

062 POLIWRATH
The TO Pokémon

WATER FIGHT

Ht - 4'03"
Sneak level over 9000

Poliwrath is a small pokémon displaced out of its habitat to Training Office (UG); often seen frequenting the rooms of cadets in search of alcohol and other recreational subs.

INFO AREA FORMS BACK

038 NINETALES
The Elegant Pokémon

FIRE

IQ - 36
Hindi - Better than a Gulti

One of the mythical pokemons from the far-away land known to hypnotise other pokemons with her elegance. She is known to have quite the following online.

Midnight

ARKA BASU, D3 BATCH

Its midnight, all the light's been put out
In the woven shackles of my tomb
From wherein my breath escapes
Slithering out, shrieking like lightning

To the surrounding dead
Thunderously echoing through naked spirit
A cry, a call; to awaken all
To the atrocities man (doth) commit

The avarice consumes me now
Molds my voice, tells me tales
To yearn for the blood of another
To feel the sinking of the flesh on the blade

Taciturn and solemn, all draped
In meretricious red
Eyes abyssant
Their pale faces adorned with lifeless hues
Tell me I have won
Cackling and roaring away with delightful mischief

Till the merry red turns to black and the
lust chokes me to depravity
Yearning for the red, that which escapes
life and
Herein takes flight my conscience
Leaving hallowed footprints
On the soil of my soul.



Broken

SUSHMITA DAS, F3 BATCH

Shattered into a million pieces
Akin to shards of glass
Perfectly asymmetrical-
Broken forever.
Parts of one whole
Incomplete without the other
Never to be pieced back.
Gone is the pristine-
Clear reflection;
Leaving a distorted image-
Only parts of who I used to be
Glued together.
The same person
With rougher edges,
No longer susceptible
And perfect-
But a warrior with scars.



ज़िंदगी

गीतांजली, F3 सत्र



माना जिंदगी हुई है मुश्किल,
तो क्या, फिर भी हंसकर उससे मिल।
आखिर है तो वो तेरी वाली।
दुनिया समाज की परवाह छोड़,
चोला बेपरवाही का ओढ़।

तू नाच, तू गा, तू बन जा सवाली।
और खत्म तो खैर एक दिन हर कहानी होती है।
तू अपना किरदार शिद्दत से निभा और देख,
कैसे तेरी कहानी याद सबको मुह जुबानी होती है

आज, कल, इतनी, जितनी, कितनी भी हो,
ज़िन्दगी है जनाब, तुम्हारी अपनी है, जाओ जिए।
और सीख ज़रा शराबी से कि घूंट ज़हर का है वो शराब,
फिर भी कितनी हिम्मत से वो पिए

और काट तो बहुत ली, अब जीने की बारी है,
ऐ जिंदगी अब तो तू सारी की सारी हमारी है।
जियेंगे ऐसे यारों की मिसाल बन जाए,
यह सब हुआ कैसे, मुश्किल, तेरे लिए सवाल बन जाए

कह दो दुनिया से कि अभी तो इन साँसों में दम बाकी है।
क्योंकि अभी तो हमारे पास हम बाकी है



आरम्भ

प्रशांत झा, D3 सत्र



कब तक भटकोगे रातों में, अंधेरों में, सन्नाटों में,
जो चीर गई सीने को ऐसी बातों में जज्बातों में
अब उठकर उम्मीदों की सुबह की ओर सफर प्रारम्भ करो,
नवकिरणों से अब नवयुग का आरम्भ करो, आरम्भ करो

कब से बैठे हो कोने में, एक अरसा गया है रोने में,
इस बंद कोठरी में अब लगे हो स्वयं को ही तुम खोने में।
इससे पहले कि खुद खो जाओ हार के तुम यूँ ही सो जाओ,
एकत्रित बल करके भोर की ओर सफर प्रारम्भ करो,
नवकिरणों से अब नवयुग का आरम्भ करो, आरम्भ करो ॥

माना कि आज अकेले हो, अब सब के लिए कसैले हो,
जो कल तक चूमा करता था, कह गया कि तुम मटमैले हो ।
कमजोर हो पर है समय यही अपना चरित्र दर्शाने का,
हुए सौ भेड़ों से अलग तो क्या, एक सिंह का अब तुम दम्भ भरो,
नवकिरणों से अब नवयुग का आरम्भ करो, आरम्भ करो ॥

यह दुख है कि कुछ चला गया, किस्मत के हाथों छला गया,
जो था सब डूबा देख के अब है रोम-रोम तिलमिला गया।
पर मत भूलो वह तुम ही थे, जिसकी मेहनत का फल था वो,
तुम सूत्रधार हो, एक कहानी का हिस्सा केवल था वो
तो नए पटल पर, नई कलम से, अलंकरण प्रारम्भ करो,
नवकिरणों से अब नवयुग का आरम्भ करो, आरम्भ करो ॥

मायूस हो कि पथ बन्द हुए, जिनपे आशाओं से बढ़ा कभी,
बस जीत की ख्वाहिश रखी, हार का किस्सा तक न पढ़ा कभी।
माना शिकस्त कड़वी होती है,
पर एक चींटी क्या कहती है ?
अब हार गए एक दफा तो क्या, एक कोशिश और प्रारम्भ करो।
नवकिरणों से अब नव युग का आरम्भ करो आरम्भ करो



बदलाव

अनुरीत सिंह, E3 सत्र



जो मिला मुसाफिर वो, रास्ते बदल डाले।
दो कदम पे थी मंज़िल, फ़ासले बदल डाले

आसमाँ को छूने की, कूवर्ते जो रखता था,
आज है वो बिखरा सा हौंसले बदल डाले।

शान से मैं चलता था कोई शाह की तरह,
आ गया हूँ दर-दर पे, काफ़िले बदल डाले।

फूल बनके वो हमको दे गया चुभन इतनी,
काँटों से है दोस्ती, अब आसरे बदल डाले।

इश्क ही खुदा है, सुन के थी आरजू आई।
ख़ूब तुम खुदा निकले, वाकिये बदल डाले



Buran Pass

ANNUAL TREK 2019

ASHWIN NAIK, C3 BATCH

In the northern part of this myriad of landscapes we call India, far away from the hustle and bustle of everyday life, nestled in all its snow clad glory, lies The Himalayas. I was briefly acquainted to this mysterious place during my childhood through my mother's bedtime stories wrapped in the enigma of Indian mythology. Since then, I somehow was drawn, or rather fascinated by these oh so majestic mountain ranges.

In the last couple of years, I have been fortunate enough to make it to the summit of not only one, but two summits in the Himalayas. So, it makes one wonder, what is this strange force that draws us upwards? Is it the crescendos of deafening silence welcoming one at the summit? Or, is it the call of dreams and desires, buried somewhere deep within the chilly deep trenches and steep mountain slopes?

Our journey from Pune to Shimla, through the cities of Delhi, Chandigarh and the challenging forest clad roads of Himachal took us to the village of Janglik. After an inviting and warm meal, 26 sleeping bags awaited us in a little cottage nestled away from the 21st century luxuries of electricity and cellular network.

The next morning was welcomed in with the chirping of birds and the eager barks of fluffy little dogs. After a quick breakfast of corn flakes, bread butter, jam and chocolates, and a landscape which was just a mere teaser of what was to come, 24 medical cadets & the 2 OiC's, rucksacks on their backs, trekking poles in their hands and dreams of mountains in their heads, started on their journey to the Buran Ghati – Barua Pass.

Our first camp site was Dayara thatch- the valley of flowers. Situated at 11,075 ft, the trail was one of changing facades of terrains and unpredictable weather. We walked through Janglik village, passing by children peeping out of quaint little wooden cottages, their eyes carefree yet curious. Then came an ascent through towering trunks of oak and pine that almost seemed to whisper that they had hundreds of years of stories to share. Adding melody to the 26 pairs of trekking boots were the streams that cut seamlessly and flowed so untethered through the woods. But, just as we were getting accustomed to the forest and its stories, the trail popped out into a beautiful valley. The sudden change of terrain was startling. It soon started to drizzle and we got our raincoats on. We had our lunch packed in tiffins but our excitement kept us from eating. Almost an hour and another stretch of pine and oak later, we reached our destination, Dayara thatch. Dayara was a meadow dressed in sun-kissed yellow flowers and a breath-taking view of the snow capped mountains, which I swear, could easily be mistaken for a painting. After several rounds of mafia, frisbee, antakshari and an appetizing meal of kadhi-chawal later, somehow day had become night again and it was time to crawl into our sleeping bags.

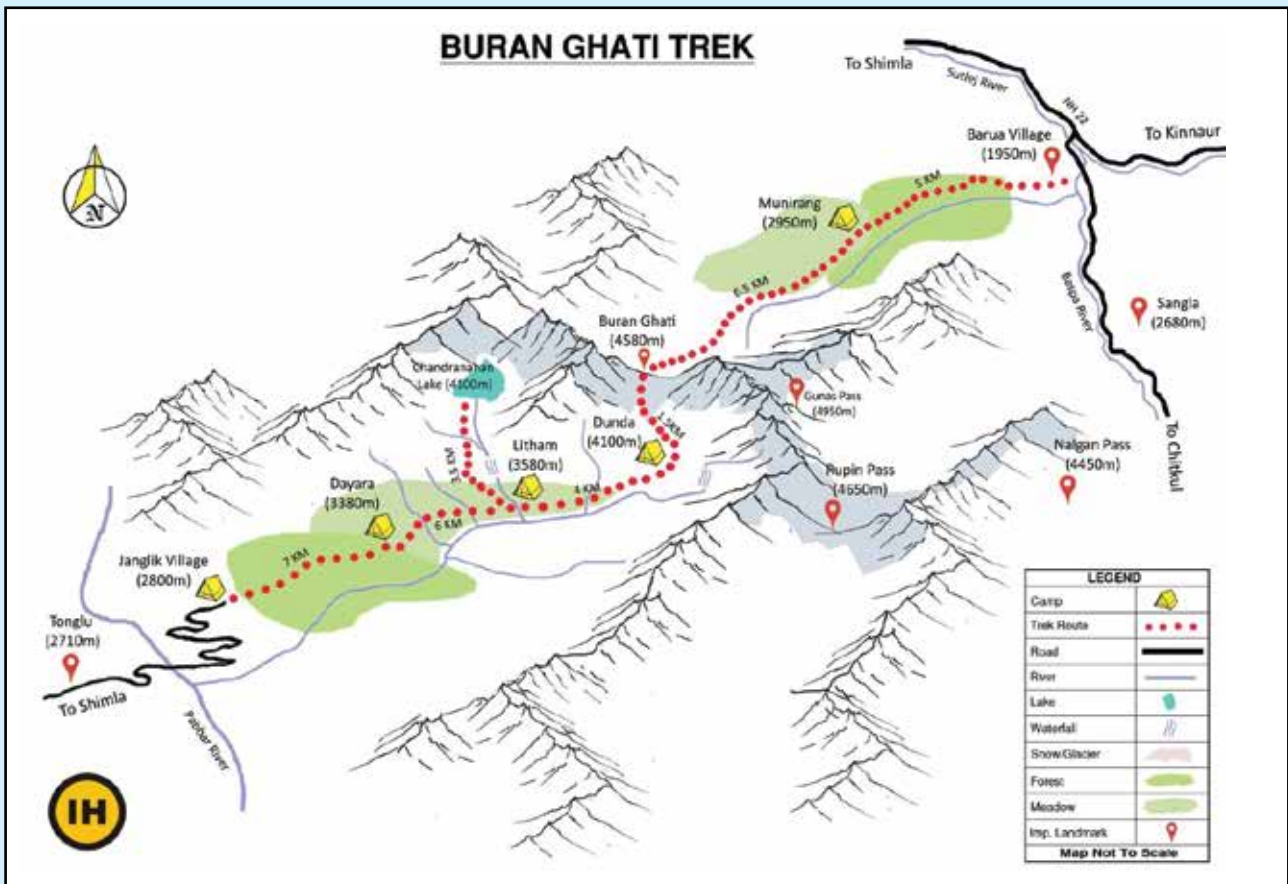


A satiating breakfast amongst these beautiful mountains, soaking up the golden glow of the morning sun gave us a wonderful start to our second day, our trek to Litham. While we made our way through another stretch of dense forest, we came across a Shepard leading his flock. After a quick photo session with these furry haired creatures, we finally reached our campsite Litham crossing a small stream jeweled with rocks which were our stepping stones for the day. At 11,737 ft we set up camp and pitched our tents for the night.

Tired from the day's trek, we feasted on a delicious lunch prepared for us by the team. There was a different kind of peace at Litham. I can never forget the calming sound of the wind while I sat there, watching the sun slowly but steadily set behind those snow capped mountains.

The next day was scheduled to be an acclimatization day, which included a local trek or "acclimatization walk" to Chandranahan lake at 13,900 ft and back. However, Rohan from our team had fallen ill and unfortunately, had to return to the base camp along with one of our OiC's, Col Sandeep Dhingra. The trek to Chandranahan lake was a very steep one with a fair amount of stream crossings and slippery rocks. However, the view at the top made us forget about all of that. The lake was in patches disappearing into the snow and jumping back out to form beautiful bowls of crystal clear water. However, it was starting to become a little difficult to breathe and I could feel my heart beating faster with every step I took.

We danced, rolled over in snow, made snow angels, clicked a ton of pictures before heading back to our camp in Litham. By the time we made it back to our campsite, there was a sudden change in weather and the clouds started ganging up on the sun. What started as a drizzle, turned into a hail storm, casting serious doubt over whether we could continue our trek towards the summit, but the



following morning, the weather cleared up. The same routine was followed; one tent and 24 cadets yelling at each other over a game of Mafia.

The trek to Dhunda was rather a tiring one with increasing amounts of snow after each stretch. We had left all the trees behind with only shrubs all around and little flowers emerging out of the rocks refusing to give up. Although the ascent to 13,300 ft was gradual, it was getting harder to breathe as we progressed closer to our goal. Our campsite at Dhunda was extraordinary. Life became monochrome as a vast expanse of snow stretched miles around for the eyes to see. We pitched our tents and started working on our piece of art – The Snowman. Interestingly enough, the eyes of our snowman were made using the caps of two Old Monk bottles that just happened to be lying around. We scurried back into our tents in the freezing cold after an early dinner, scheduled to start our trek at 3am the next day. The wet ice beneath our tents and the apprehension of what was to come the following morning kept us up all night.

2 AM in the morning saw steaming hot cups of porridge waiting for people refusing to get out of their sleeping bags. Shoes on, jackets zipped and check lists checked, we started with one of the steepest climbs ever, in the dark, with our headlamps guiding our next step. After what seemed to be a never ending climb, we reached the base of the pass covered in snow. Crampons on, we trekked towards the top, the pass seemed really close until I saw someone from another group up there appearing ant sized. It was getting harder and harder to breathe. 5 steps up the mountain here seemed like a 100 m sprint at sea level. Out of the blue, we started singing songs together, gasping for breathe in between lyrics, the AFMC spirit burning within us.

As we reached the summit, at 15,059 ft, an overwhelming emotion of happiness hit each and everyone one of us really hard. I honestly cannot put it into words. Tears of joy streaming down our faces, an immense sense of accomplishment and chanting “A F M C” at the top of our voices! We had done it – together, as a team. In our hearts, we knew that it was the craving for this feeling that was drawing us upwards.

The descent was, without doubt, the best part in the Buran Ghati pass trek. The first part was an abrupt 100-150m rappelling off a cliff covered entirely with snow. Our team of guides were hurrying us down the cliff as they wanted us off the pass before the sun started melting the snow. The cliff was followed by 3 successive descents which we covered sliding down on the snow. Sliding down on the snow with hands and feet up in the air was more exhilarating than any amusement park ride ever. The rush of adrenaline and the overwhelming feeling in my stomach as we were sliding down the snow-capped mountains is inexplicable.

Sitting around our last campsite bonfire on Barua village was a time of bitter realisation; our trek was coming to an end. It was probably at this moment that I realised that all those books and documentaries about how a Himalayan trek is a life-changing experience is true. You come back a different person. You bring along a piece of the mountain you climb. Every pass, every tough breath you take, every bit of snow that you hear crunch softly under your boot, and every face you meet in the whole journey. It lives with you, for the rest of your lifetime.

As I was saying, even without the stories of Indian mythology, the enigma and beauty seep deep into the Himalayas. That is what draws us upwards, to seek those dreams and desires, buried somewhere deep within those chilly deep trenches and steep mountain slopes.

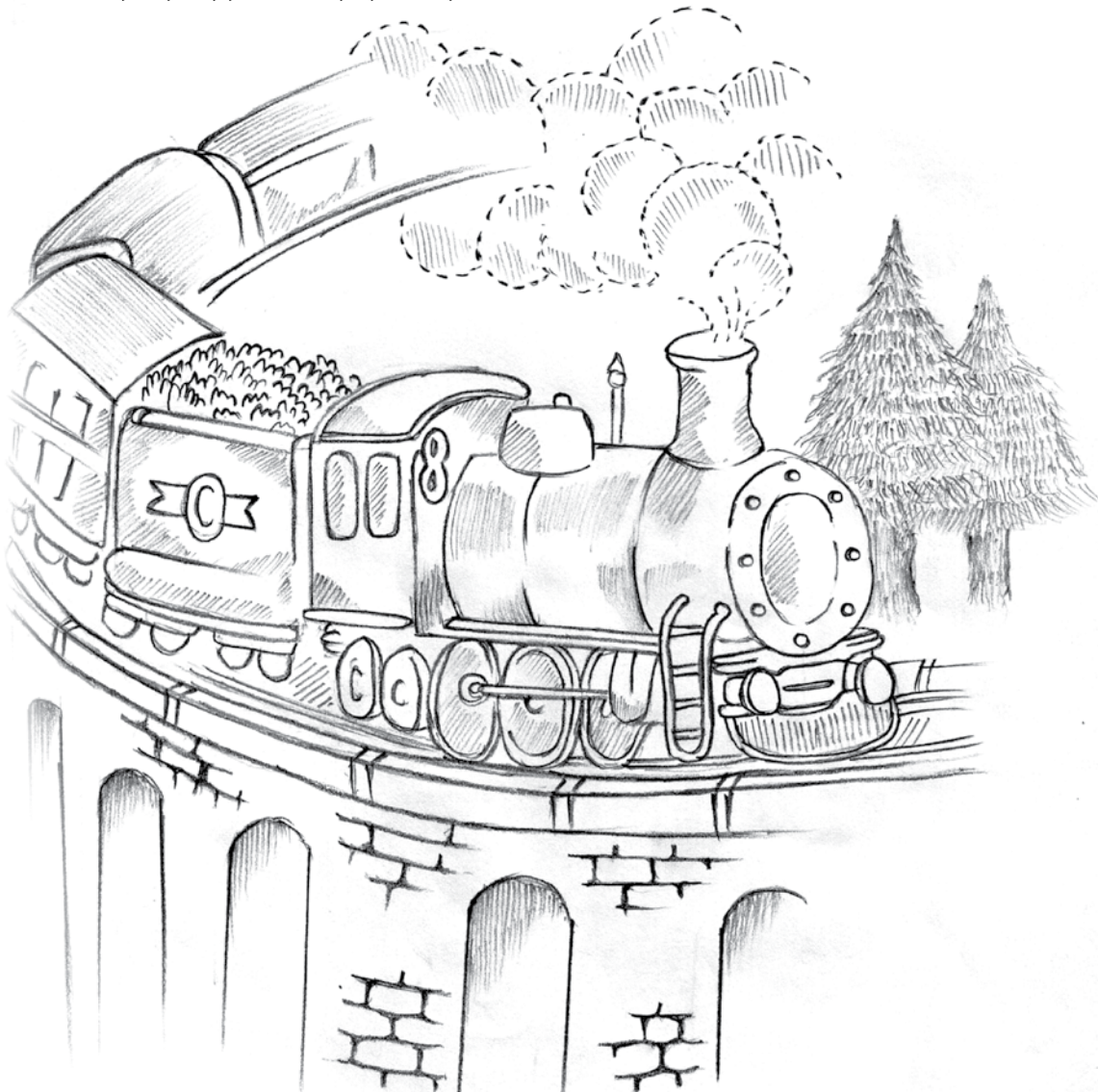


The Train

ASHVIN V, E3 BATCH

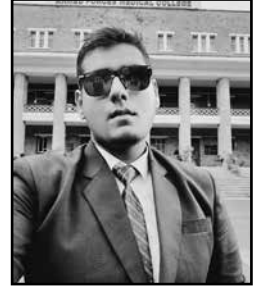


Gazing out the window of the side berth,
Watching fresh fields ambling by
An occasional flower-a sight to behold
Meadows of green, brooks of blue
A mound of brown, a house or two,
A little town, rustic huts
Cowsheds, cows and smiling faces
Seeming at arms length, and yet so far
The friendly chirps of early risers
In muted voices laden with sleep
The call of the chaiwalla, an alarm clock for some, a respite for many
Nostalgia seeping, like flavours of a teabag
Dip dip dipped, in a paper cup.



दुआ

स्वप्निल त्रिपाठी, B3 सत्र



माँ तुम वो तारा हो क्या ?
गहरे काले घुप्प अंधेरे में
बादलों की ऊबड़ खाबड़
गली के उस पार
एक अकेला सफ़ेद
चमकीला बिंदु
बिल्कुल तुम्हारी बिन्दी सा
लगाती थी तुम
जब पहनती थी
वो ज़री वाली साड़ी
ये दूधिया चाँदनी
आँचल है क्या तुम्हारा ?
चाँद के आइने में
अपना चेहरा देखो माँ
बिल्कुल चाँद सा चेहरा
ये काली रात पे सलेटी 'पैटर्न्स'
जैसे जुल्फें हैं तुम्हारी
गुंथी हुई सैटन रिबन में

न! तुम वो तारा नहीं
मुमकिन है
लोग मर के तारे बनते हों
पर तुम मरी ही कहां ?

तुम तो ये कायनात हो
तुम केंद्र हो आकाशगंगा का

ये रात इतनी खूबसूरत है
इतनी खूबसूरत है
कि ये और कोई
हो ही नहीं सकती
यकीनन ये तुम ही हो

पर ये बारिश
क्यों रात भर बरसी ?
माँ तुम रोई हो क्या ?

कल सूरज से तुम्हारे लिए आज भिजवाती हूँ
अपनी आहें फूंक देना सारी
और खिलखिलाना
मेरी 'बालकनी' के गुलाबों में
धूप की पीली साड़ी पहन के
पीला रंग तुम पे बहुत फबता है

पंछियों की उड़ान
पकड़ लेना कल
कंठ में भर देना
आरती अपनी
और पंखों में बाँध देना
सारी मासूम दुआएं
जो रह गई अनकही

मैं खिड़की पे दाने डालूंगा
जब चुगेंगी दर्द के दाने वो
मैं बटोरूंगा रात भर की दुआएं
ज़िन्दगी तुम्हारी दुआ ही तो है!!

ARMED FORCES MEDICAL COLLEGE (GRADUATE WING) ANNUAL REPORT FOR THE YEAR 2019-20

BY
MAJ GEN RM GUPTA, VSM
DEAN & DEPUTY COMMANDANT

GENERAL

1. It is my proud privilege to present before you the Dean's Annual Report for the year 2019 -2020 of this prestigious medical college and my Alma Mater. As is the custom, I would like to start with the history of Graduate Wing.

HISTORY OF GRADUATE WING

2. The "Graduate Wing" of AFMC was established on 04 August 1962 to provide a sustainable and steady intake of Medical Officers for the Indian Armed Forces. The institute is presently affiliated to the Maharashtra University of Health Sciences and is recognized by the MCI for conducting undergraduate and various post graduate medical courses.
3. With the passing out of B3 Batch, 6806 students have graduated from this institution. Many alumni are presently serving in the Armed Forces Medical Services. Other graduates, who had opted out of service liability or have been released/retired from Armed Forces, are working in various Govt/civil medical institutions in India and abroad. Wherever they are, they have brought laurels to this great institution.

ACADEMIC PERFORMANCE

4. The Graduate Wing of this College has consistently achieved better pass percentage as compared to the University average in all University examinations. Our achievements in academic environment could be achieved because of two-way learning-oriented communication, integrated teaching, participation in medical education training programmes and focus on quality teaching alongwith mandatory participation of all Med Cdts in sports & extra co-curricular activities.
5. The overall results in the two university examinations of the year 2019 are as follows:

| Exam | I MBBS | | II MBBS | | III MBBS Part-I | | III MBBS Part-II | |
|--------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-----------------|-------------|------------------|-------------|
| | Summer 2019 | Winter 2019 | Summer 2019 | Winter 2019 | Summer 2019 | Winter 2019 | Summer 2019 | Winter 2019 |
| Appeared | 150 | - | 03 | 130 | 1 | 135 | 02 | 135 |
| Passed | 150 | - | 02 | 129 | 1 | 130 | 01 | 134 |
| Percentage | 100% | - | 67% | 99.23% | 100% | 96.29% | 50% | 99.25% |
| Distinctions | 91 | - | - | 136 | - | 98 | - | 63 |

NATIONAL RANKINGS AND ACCREDITATIONS

6. AFMC has been ranked 2nd best Medical College in the country for the year 2019 by Outlook magazine. We are proud to be a National Assessment and Accreditation Council (NAAC) accredited Medical college with the high CGPA score of 3.66 out of 4. I wish to place on record our appreciation to the faculty and the Cadets for making us proud and bringing glory to the institution.

RESEARCH ACTIVITIES/UPDATES/CONFERENCES

7. Our students are sensitized to research at the undergraduate level. This year 09 research proposals for ICMR and 06 MUHS Short Term Scholarships been initiated by the college. Cadets have participated in a number of Academic Conferences, Updates, Continued Medical Education Programs and Medical Essay Competitions.

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENTS

8. All the departments have put in their heart and soul in educating and grooming our cadets. The salient contributions of the departments are as follows:-

- (a) **Dept of Anatomy:** I MBBS 100% result with 24 UG students achieved distinctions. The dept has procured and set up two 50" LED screen for synchronized Audio Visual System to demonstrate slides during practical's. Lt Col VDS Jamwal has been awarded Dr Inderjit Dewan Memorial and Gold Medal for best poster in Clinical Anatomy Section for the poster titled "Percutaneous epididymal sperm aspiration in combination with intracytoplasmic sperm injection (ICSI) for the treatment of Obstructive azoospermia" presented during 67th National Conference of Anatomical Society of India held at Vardhman Mahavir Medical College and Safdarjung Hospital, New Delhi from 18 Nov 2019 to 20 Nov 2019. Col Sushil Kumar selected as Senior Editor in the Editorial Board of International Journal of Human Anatomical Sciences.
- (b) **Dept of Physiology:** 34 UG students achieved distinctions in the University exams. Lt Col Raksha Jaipurkar awarded with Guest Speaker at NATCON Physiology, Nagpur on 08-10 Feb 2019.
- (c) **Dept of Biochemistry:** 33 UG students achieved distinctions in Biochemistry during summer 2019. Col Pratibha Misra, Head of Dept, on behalf of MUHS, envisaged and executed authoring of UG practical journal as per new revised MCI curriculum. Med Cdt Sudhanshu Kumar and Sagnik Talukdar won 2nd prize at 6th Maharashtra State intercollegiate biochemistry quiz for I MBBS at Lokmanya Tilak Medical College, Mumbai.
- (d) **Dept of Microbiology:** The UG students made the department proud with 44 distinctions.
- (e) **Dept of Pathology:** 33 UG students achieved distinctions in the University exams. 02 new AFMRC projects were sanctioned to the departments in the year 2019.
- (f) **Dept of Ophthalmology:** The UG students proved their mettle with a total of 24 distinctions in MUHS Winter 2019 Examinations. Med Cdt M Srisaran awarded with Gold Medal for 1st in Merit in University. AFMC Intercollegiate UG Quiz team on 06 Sep 2019 on occasion of Eye Donation Fortnight secured 2nd position.
- (g) **Dept of Community Medicine:** 23 UG students received distinctions in MUHS III MBBS (Part I) Examinations. Surg Cdr Arun Gupta awarded with "Commendation" of Naval Staff (CONS) on 04 Dec 2019.
- (h) **Dept of Internal Medicine:** 08 UG students received distinctions in MUHS Final MBBS Examinations. Med Cadets participated in various academic conferences and CME. C3, D3 and E3 Batch won 1st prize at Bombay Medical Congress held on 23 Mar to 24 Mar 2019. Med Cdt Ananya Menon achieved 1st prize as Best Speaker in BMC 2019. Med Cdt Aditya Rana awarded 1st prize in paper presentation at Medinspire 2019. Med Cdt Nishant Raman awarded 2nd prize in paper presentation at BJ Medical College- Respirare 2019. Med Cdt Saswat Satapathy, Varsha Renjit, Aditya Kumar and Sherwyn Vaz, having won the Mumbai Regionals were selected for a funded five-week Accelerator Program at London, United Kingdom from 28 Jul to 31 Aug 2019. At this event the teams were coached on their business models and were finally cut down to the top six teams. These top six teams get the chance to present their model at the final competition at the United Nations HQ, New York, USA to win USD One Million.

- (i) **Dept of Paediatrics:** The UG students received 31 distinctions in MUHS Final MBBS Examinations. Med Cdt Anirudh Dhar & Med Cdt Kunal Kukreja of IX term (B3 Batch) have won the Divisional Round of 32nd IAP Pediatric quiz for UGs held on 20 Aug 2019 at Bharti Vidyapeeth Medical College, Pune. Med Cdt Maya Vishwanath presented paper in 57th Annual Conference of the Indian Academy of Pediatrics (PEDICON-2020) on 11 Jan 2020 at Indore.
- (k) **Dept of Obst & Gynae:** The UG students received 17 distinctions in MUHS Final MBBS Examinations.
- (l) **Dept of ENT:** The UG students received a whopping 51 distinctions in the MUHS Final MBBS Examinations. Med Cdt M Sri Saran stood first in ENT in University and won University Gold Medal. Med Cdts Agasthya Mishra and Vibhor Taggar won 1st prize in the Intercollegiate Quiz Competition (UG) organised by Dept of ENT, Bharati Vidyapeeth Deemed University Medical College.
- (m) **Dept of Pharmacology:** UG students received 43 distinctions in the winter 2019 MUHS Examinations of II MBBS. Dept scored 2nd position in Pune Zonal Inter Collegiate in Pharmacology Quiz.
- (n) **Dept of Psychiatry:** As a part of World Mental Health day celebration a talk “Mental Health Promotion and Suicide Prevention” conducted by the Dept on 12 Oct 2019 at Dhanvantari Auditorium.
- (o) **Dept of Forensic Medicine & Toxicology:** The UG Students got 16 distinctions in the winter 2019 MUHS Examinations of II MBBS.
- (p) **Dept of General Surgery:** The UG students received 07 distinctions at MUHS examinations.
- (q) **Dept of Dental Surgery & Oral Health Sciences:** The department has established a Skills laboratory for training PG and Para-Med students in acquiring indispensable clinical skills. Col T Prasanth, Assoc Prof of Dept won 1st prize in Scientific paper presentation and Sqn Lt Cdr Oliver Jacob, Resident of Dept won 2nd prize in poster presentation competition in Clinical Research Category in 44th National Conference of Indian Society of Periodontology held at Bengaluru from 08 Nov to 10 Nov 2019.
- (r) **Dept of Medical Education and Technology.** This department been actively involved in the orientation of F3 Batch (1st Year students) in communication skills. The department has been instrumental in implementation of CBME revised curriculum & Foundation course for F3 Batch and organizing workshops for training faculty members to keep them abreast of the latest teaching learning techniques.

AFFILIATED HOSPITALS

9. Our affiliated hospitals viz CH (SC), MH (CTC) & MH Kirkee are the centres of excellence for clinical skill acquisition by medical cadets. Faculty members take keen interest in teaching and training nuances of patient care to our students.

INTERCOLLEGIATE SCIENTIFIC SYMPOSIA

10. Illuminati, established in 2010, is an undergraduate medical research conference organized by the Department of Internal Medicine and the Students Scientific Society with the aim of promoting research among students across the country. It is amongst the first few of its kind in the country. Events include guest lectures by eminent personalities, workshops, paper/poster/case presentations, Quizzes, Debates, Medical Symposia and Model World Health Assembly. Illuminati was conducted from 22 – 24 Aug 2019.

CO-CURRICULAR & EXTRA CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

11. While raising the academic bar to an all-time high, the college has also been able to excel in co-curricular and extra-curricular activities.

SPORTS

12. The Cadets have excelled at both local and outstation competitions such as at JIPMER, Pondicherry and have come out with flying colours. They have also performed well in the various events of MUHS and many of them been selected for their respective University teams.
13. The College Basketball, Football, Hockey, Volleyball, Cricket, Swimming, Athletics and Racquets teams performed well throughout the year in the inter collegiate & University events. The College Basketball Team has consistently won Pace 2019 (AIT), Silhouettes 2019 (AFMC), Pune, Syncytium 2019 (SKNMC), Pune, Invictus 2019 (KMC Manipal), Vedant 2019 (BJGMC).

FOOTBALL CLUB

14. The team participated in “Syncytium 2019” and won the tournament by beating the home team in finals. Team was 1st runner up at SPANDAN Puducherry and Silhouettes 2019.

HOCKEY CLUB

15. AFMC team grabbed the winner’s trophy in two major tournaments played in Pune as well as out station which included festivals by College of Engineering Pune (ZEST), JIMPER (SPANDAN) and stood 2nd runners up in Silhouettes.

ATHLETICS CLUB

16. Med Cdt Akshit Kumar and Sanju Verma stood 1st and 2nd respectively in SPANDAN JIPMER, Pondicherry 200m Event.

AQUATICS CLUB

17. The Aquatics Club participated in Inter Collegiate events in Pune, Delhi and by AFMC and won Laurels in both the group and individual events. Med Cdt Snehal Bathe and Parth Verma represented MUHS University at Inter University level swimming competition. AFMC Aquatic won a total 9 medals at Pulse 2019.

GYMNASIUM CLUB

18. The Gymnasium club successfully organized and conducted the inter-batch competition. Med Cdt Rameez Nasserudin C3 B3 batch was declared Mr AFMC 2019 and Med Cdt Alok Vijay of C3 batch the 1st runner up held on 22 Oct 2019. Weightlifting and Power lifting interbatch competition were held from 12th Feb to 18th Feb and won by Aman Prakash D3 and Shourya Shreshtha C3 batch respectively.

HOBBIES

19. This year started with Sympulse 2019 (Symbiosis School of Management) in Jan in which college team secured first position. Hobbies club of AFMC also organized and participated in Silhouettes 2019 (JIPMER) and won many laurels in the fest. Our students excelled in Sketching, Face Painting, Painting, Collage, Rangoli and Mehendi in Pondicherry. At Silhouettes 2019, our students stood first in Collage making, Sketching and Pot painting, Collage and Doodling.

MED-CINE

20. Ashort film 'Viaklp' won the special appreciation award at reflections 2019. A short film making competition organized by Pune Obst & Gynae Society on the theme of women centric films. The club also took part in Sapandan at JIPMER and Syncytium at SKNMC in the Movie making competition. Three films of the Club Blue Whale, Dhuan and Clean India Healthy India were nominated for the 9th National Science Film Festival of India-2019, organized by Vigyan Prasar, Dept of Science & Technology, Govt of India at Mohali.

MUSIMATICS, DANCE & DRAMATICS

21. The Musimatics club won Best Band in JIPMER, in both eastern and western category. The Dramatics club stood first in overall dramatics events in Spandan JIPMER 2019 and second in Dramatics events in AIT, Symbiosis Institute of management and NICMAR.

ADVENTURE CLUB

22. 23 Med Cdt including 04 girls accompanied by 02 faculty members took part in the 10 days trek to Buran Ghati pass of the Himalayan region also covered an altitude of 1300 ft. The trekking route covered Pine forests, meadows stream and river crossing.
23. Cadets underwent for a special adventure course at the prestigious Nehru Institute of Mountaineering, Uttarkashi during winter 2019-20.

PRAYAS CLUB

24. The members of Prayas Club are regularly visiting, interacting and supporting various institutes involved in community services to the under privileged people. This year the members visited Apang Kalyankari Kendra, Wanowaire which houses physically and mentally challenged children and imparted coaching in Maths, Science and other subject. Club members also visited Artificial Limb Centre on 15 Aug 2019.

MARATHONERS CLUB

26. Marathoner's Club organized the 3rd edition of "AFMC Pune Marathon" on 11 Aug 2019 which was a great success. Efforts from the Marathoner's Club resulted in the inclusion of this marathon in the national circuit. After Guinness world record of PLANKATHON 2018 marathon club organized "PINKATHON 2020" India biggest women race on 10 Nov 2019. The attempt was a success and 3200 women participated. Marathoner's Club has promoted and encouraged officers and cadets to take up running for a healthy lifestyle.

LITERARY SOCIETY

27. The Literary Society of AFMC is responsible for most of the literary publications and most importantly the publishing of Dhanvantari, the college magazine which is published every year and released during the Annual Academic Awards Presentation Ceremony. Med Cdt Prashant Jha stood first in the Poetry Slam competition at Christ College.

DEBATE AND QUIZZING SOCIETY

28. The Debating and Quizzing society worked enthusiastically the year around and bagged several accolades for the college in various events both within and outside Pune. The Inter-Academy Debate and Quiz competition 'Sameeksha & Jigyasa' had teams from five service academics and was well appreciated by the respective Academy Commandants. We organized more than 25 in-house quizzing sessions to stimulate and shape the young undergraduate quizzing minds.

AFMC HISTORY SOCIETY & HERITAGE CLUB

29. Medical cadets of the society took an active interest and participated in the various events and activities organized in the college in the year 2019. The society organized certain events like “Curiosity Talk”, heritage walks and a field trip. Heritage walks were conducted for parents during the admission of F3 batch during Jul 2019.

ADMISSIONS TO MBBS COURSE AT AFMC

30. During NEET (UG) for the year 2019, **1583** were called for Interview. Out of which 362 Boys and 131 Girls were reported for the interview. Based on merit, **145** Indians and 05 Friendly Foreign countries students were admitted to the MBBS course in **F3** batch (2019).

WEBSITE AND WEB PORTAL

31. AFMC website (<http://afmc.nic.in>) launched in 2006, contains updated information of the college, the teaching departments, facilities and the admission process for the MBBS course at AFMC.
32. AFMC web portal commissioned in 2011 by DGAFMS is an administrative portal created in-house at no cost for efficient administrative, training and interdepartmental activities. It also contains the e- Learning portal with access to all subscribed online medical literature and presentations of theory classes uploaded by the UG departments for ease of access by medical cadets.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

33. I am grateful to **Lt Gen Anup Banerji, SM, PHS, DGAFMS & Sr Col Comdt Army Medical Corps** for taking a very keen interest in all activities of this College. I am sanguine that AFMC will scale still greater heights under his able stewardship.
34. I am thankful to **Dr Deelip Mhaisekar, Vice Chancellor, Maharashtra University of Health Sciences, Nashik** and his staff for extending excellent co-operation to the college.
35. I acknowledge the guidance and support of **Lt Gen Nardeep Naithani, Director & Commandant, AFMC** without which I would not have been able to discharge my duties well.
36. My special thanks to the staff of O/o **DGAFMS/DG-1D** for their constant support & cooperation.
37. My sincere thanks to the faculty of **AFMC and affiliated hospitals** for their painstaking efforts in training the cadets in the art of medicine.
38. I also wish to place on record my sincere gratitude to all my **Staff Offrs** who have been toiling tirelessly to implement my KRAs and maintaining the highest standards in their respective AORs like Academic training, General Administration, hostels and mess-upkeep, provision of manpower and logistics etc.
39. I also owe my sincere thanks to **all my office staff both Civilians and Army personnel** for their hard work and dedication throughout the year.
40. In the end, I thank my **cadets** for continuing the good work and excelling in all fields both curricular and extracurricular to give all of us the zeal to strive further in achieving our mission of ensuring that AFMC continues to remain the best Medical College in the country while scaling newer heights of success.

- JAI HIND -

CLUBS & SOCIETIES

COLOURS AND BLUES



- Row 1 (L-R):** Gp Capt Prateek Kinra, Brig Sabarigirish K, Lt Gen Nardeep Naithani, Maj Gen R M Gupta VSM, Col A K Shakya
Row 2 (L-R): Parth Verma, Naveen K Devdas, Aritra Ray, Nishat Singroha, Aditya Kumar, Niharika Tyagi, Priya Bandopadhyay, Parul Sharma, Sandeep Bhatt, Gayatri Duhan, Vaishali Singhal, Varsha Renjit, Amruta Kanukolanu, Sai Alekhya Naidu
Row 3 (L-R): Omkar Aggarwal, Akshay P, Stephen Sebastien, Prakhar Prashant Natu, Prabhat Arora, Ananya Menon, Mohit Kumar Phogat, Mukesh Kumar, Neerav Singh Tanwar, Arpit Sharma, Athul P, Arnab Sengupta, Anurag Mittal
Row 4 (L-R): S Panja, Saurav Roy, Ananthkrishna Varma, Vinod Vivek, Harshit Bajaj, Hritvik Jha, Adarsh Patel, Ashutosh Tripathy, Nishant Raman, Anshul Prabhakar, Nihar Duddu
Row 5 (L-R): Bhajan Prakash, Uddhav Naresh, Naveen Yadav, Suryakant Kumar, Roshan Rolland, Prateek Tripathi, Siddharth Gogate, Amber Garg
Row 6 (L-R): Akshit Dompaka, Raunak Kumar Mall, Dipendra Singh Rathore, Aditya Kumar Perumallapalli, Nitin Saxena, Aashish Kumar, Arjun Chaudhary, Aditya Puniyani, Ashvin Naik, Varad Patil, Siddharth Gopan

WHAC



- Row 1 (L-R):** Gp Capt Prateek Kinra, Brig Sabarigirish K, Lt Gen Nardeep Naithani, Maj Gen R M Gupta VSM, Col Ashvani Shakya, Suyash Singh
Row 2 (L-R): Sushmita Das, Gayatri NVS kandukuri, Archisha Sinhal, Ambi Katyayani, Vineeta Sharma, Amlina Priyadarshini, Pallakshi Prasad, Abhijna Hegde, Lahari Boddu, Aditi Vikram, U. Ushashree Lakshmi, Soumya Singh
Row 3 (L-R): Pragun Varshney, Omkar Agarwal, Aditya Kumar Perumallapalli, Veeranjan Chamoli, Namith Tengse, Suraj Dubey, Ayush Jaiswal, Abhishek Sharma, Devam Trivedi, Ananya Sharma
Row 4 (L-R): Bani Kaur, Arshiya Duhan, Sooraj Sudhir, Aakash Prajapati, Gudiseva Yashwanth Sai, Batchu Avyakth, Sohit Dilwal, Kritin Mehrotra, Rishabh Arora

APPOINTMENT HOLDERS



Row 1 (L-R): Gp Capt Prateek Kinra, Brig Sabarigirish K, Lt Gen Nardeep Naithani, Maj Gen R M Gupta VSM, Col A K Shakya, Rishab Arora

Row 2 (L-R): Archisha Sinhal, Abhijna Hegde, Sai Alekhya Naidu, Pallakshi Prasad, Gayatri M, Amlina Priyadarshini

Row 3 (L-R): Namith Tengse, Kritin Mehrotra, Suraj Dubey, Suyash Singh, Akshit Dompaka, Saurabh Salunkhe

MESS COMMITTEE



Row 1 (L-R): Gp Capt Prateek Kinra, Brig Sabarigirish K, Lt.Gen Nardeep Naithani, Maj Gen R M Gupta VSM, Col Sanjay Jaiswal, Col A K Shakya, Sfurti Mathur

Row 2 (L-R): Abhigna Manam, Armish Asija, Priya Rani, Basudha Poddar, Shreshtha Yadav

Row 3 (L-R): Suyash Singh, Malla Raja Rohit, Sagnik Sarkar, Prarabdh Kothari, Arnab Patra, Ankit Anurag

EDITORIAL BOARD



Row 1 (L-R): Prashant Jha, Brig Sabarigirish K, Lt. Gen. Nardeep Naithani, Maj Gen R M Gupta VSM, Col A T Atal, Tejaswini Pispapati

Row 2 (L-R): Ghansham Sharma, Snehal Bathe, Vishakha Maheshwari, Megha Ajitkumar, Abhijna Hegde, Shikha Menon, Prince Sharma

Row 3 (L-R): Sai Prasad, Adithya Mohan, Desvin D V, Aadarsh Chaudhary, Sudhanshu Shekhar Sonit, Agnibha Sarkar, Neel Jain

ADVENTURE



Row 1 (L-R): Ashutosh Tripathy, Sandeep Bhatt, Gp Cpt Deepti Mutreja, Col R Venkatnarayan, Siddharth Gogate, Nihar Duddu
Row 2 (L-R): Arka Basu, Varsha Renjit, Yashaswi Sinha, Tejaswini Pisipati, Sfurti Matur, Snigdha Surbhi, Vishakha Maheshwari, Arusha Desai, Jaanhvi Rana
Row 3 (L-R): Abhiram C R, Sarthak Sharma, Saurab Singh Bisht, Rithesh Malik, Aditya Kumar Perumallapalli, Aashish Kumar, Nitin Saxena, Vaibhav Sharma
Row 4 (L-R): Namit Nengse, Harshit Bajaj, Ankur Sharma, G Srijith Nair, Sriganesh Kadam, Ayush Baldani, Suraj Dubey, Suyash Singh

AQUATICS



Row 1 (L-R): Sfurti Mathur, Himanshu Yadav, Arnabh Sengupta, Col R N Khan, Nihar Duddu, Ghansham Sharma, Snehal Bathe
Row 2 (L-R): Arka Basu, Anu Bajwa, Aditi Vikram, Pragun Varshney, Bushra Ibrahimzada, Arusha Desai, Jaanhvi Rana
Row 3 (L-R): Aditya Perumalappalli, Priyanshu Kumar, Kaushal Joshi, Abhinav Tiwari, Tushar Sharma, Tharun Patnaik, Parth Verma, Deepanshu Gupta, Susanth Durgaraju, Udyangshu Saha, Aditya Katewa, Ishan Shetty
Row 4 (L-R): Nehul Reddy, Joel Basil, Jaiprakash Gurav, Praveen Kumar Anil, Deepak Vats, Bellana Surya Deepak, Batchu Avyakth
Row 5 (L-R): Arun Teja Marakani, Patnam Rohith, Abhiram C R

ATHLETICS



Row 1 (L-R): Silpak Joseph Peter, Akshay P, Stephan Sebastian, Lt Col Shalendra Singh, Pawan Hari Nihar Duddu, Ananthakrishna Varma, Pranshu Agrawal
Row 2 (L-R): Chandra Mohan Choudhary, Pranav Verma, Shahbaz Anwar, Pragun Varshney, Bushra Ibrahimzada, Princi Mishra, Aditi Vikram, Satyabrata Singha, Ajay Joseph, Shikha Menon
Row 3 (L-R): Vedant Jha, Abhishek Kumar, Deepak Vats, Udyangshu Saha, Sarath, Niranjan Vijay, Sohit Kumar, Saurabh Salunkhe, Mukul Dhiman
Row 4 (L-R): Prabhat Tiwari, Rishab Kaushik, Abhimanyu Pandit, Sushil Kumar, Ankit Anurag, Arpan Kumar, Akshit Dompaka, Prakash Choudhary

BASKETBALL



Row 1 (L-R): Zoya Mirza, Bushra Ibrahimzada, Somya Chawla, Richa Bhatt, Vanshika Upadhyay, Col Visesh Verma, Himanshu Adhikari, Golap Chatterjee, Arjun Chowdhury, Roshan Rolands, Dilip Beniwal, Naveen Yadav
Row 2 (L-R): Basudha Podder, Armish Asija, Akshitha Thatikonda, Sowparnika R Nair, Sidda Reddy Maansi Reddy, Lakshita Yadav, Anmol, Shivam Aggarwal, Kritin Mehrotra, Sumit Bhatt, Pranav Gauniyal
Row 3 (L-R): Gayatri Kandukuri, Shruti Chauhan, Vaidehi Sharma, Anoushka Gupta, Yashaswi, Aditi Vikram, Shivam Singh, Ankush, Eshwar, Astitva, Anurag Bharti

COMPUTER CLUB



Row 1 (L-R): Aditya Bikram Singh, Joel Mathews, Anurag Mittal, Lt Col Kapil Bhatia, Aditya Punyani, Nitin Saxena, Rahul Ghosh
Row 2 (L-R): Arka Basu, Sarthak Sharma, Ankit Kumar, S Madhusudhan, Shahbaz Ali, N Sivaraman, Shahbaz Anwar, Ishan Shetty, RV Rama Kishore, Neel Jain, Lahari Boddu
Row 3 (L-R): Prarabdh Kothari, Anurag Goyal, Kushal Thapa, Rajan Singh Bhadhauriya, Himanshu Yadav, Ankit Mittal, Shivam Singh, Aditya Katewa, Deepanshu Gupta, Edwin John V

CRICKET



Row 1 (L-R): Paras Kulhari, Harsh Gupta, Bablu Rajendra Singh, Subham Saini, Mohit Kumar Phogat, Sqn Ldr. Sourya Sourabh Mohakuda, Kulli Prabhakar, Om Shukla, Bhumanu Arun, Abhishek Kumar Sah, Soubhik Chakraborty
Row 2 (L-R): Pranjal Jain, Harsh Kharkia, Arunvas A R, Nitten Kumar, Ashish Sharma, Raj Prakash Sinha, Sameer Kumar, Krishan Kanahaiya, Aadesh Raj, Aryan Parmar, Pratyaksh Chaturvedi, Sahil Tanwar

CYCLING



- Row 1 (L-R):** Harsh Agarwal, Ashutosh Tripathy, Gp Capt TVSVGK Tilak, Col G Shridhar, Sandeep Bhatt, Priya Bandhopadhyay, Shreyas Aher
Row 2 (L-R): Pragun Varshney, Yashshwi, Pranav Verma, Prateek Kumar Singh, Harmandeep Singh Sindhu, Arihant Jain, Nitin Saxena, Durgesh Tripathy, Abhishek Kalaskar, Aman Arya, Abhishek Raj Nawada
Row 3 (L-R): Manish Soni, Deepak Joshi, Giridhar Gopal, Deepak Kumar, Sudhanshu Kumar, Ghansham Sharma, Ritesh Malik, Potluri Pawan, Abhishek Sharma
Row 4 (L-R): Rishabh Shukla, Aryan Parmar, Sreerag Chakkulathil, Abhimanyu Pandit, Yogesh Gangwar, Pratick Bhattacharya, Abhimanyu Kumar, Rohan Mahajan, Abhimanyu Sharma
Row 5 (L-R): Siddharth Ramesh, Ankur Sharma, Harshit Bajaj

DANCE



- Row 1 (L-R):** Snehil Dhaka, Omkar Agarwal, Niharika Tyagi, Lt Col Preema Sinha, Prabhat Arora, Raunak Kumar Mall, Devesh Kumar Sharma
Row 2 (L-R): Amruta Kanukolanu, Praneet Kaur, Mekhana Johnny, Riti Srivastava, Anu Bajwa, Sowparnika Nair, Bani Kaur, Pragun Varshney, Akshita Thatikonda, Pratyusha Davaluri, Krishna Subhedar
Row 3 (L-R): Akash Kallathil Ajith, Princi Mishra, Shailja Parihar, Ambi Katyayani, Tejaswini Pisipati, Megha Ajithkumar, Vineeta Sharma, Mansi, Aditi Vikram, Lahari Boddu, Sridhar Swaminathan
Row 4 (L-R): Kaushal Shreshtha, Aakash Prajapati, Ishan Shetty, Sneha Singh, Anirudh Joshi, Prasayan Sircar, Akshat Khare, AVJ Tharun Patnaik, Ritik Dhingra, Vatturu Venkatesh, Aadesh Raj
Row 5 (L-R): Madhav Rajesh, Manthan Bhanawat, Anish Trivedi, Shikha Menon, Dilpreet Singh, Rick Bose, Ghansham Sharma, Ritwik Jain, Om Solanki, Karthik AP
Row 6 (L-R): Siddharth Kumar, Dipendra Singh Rathore

DEBATING AND QUIZZING



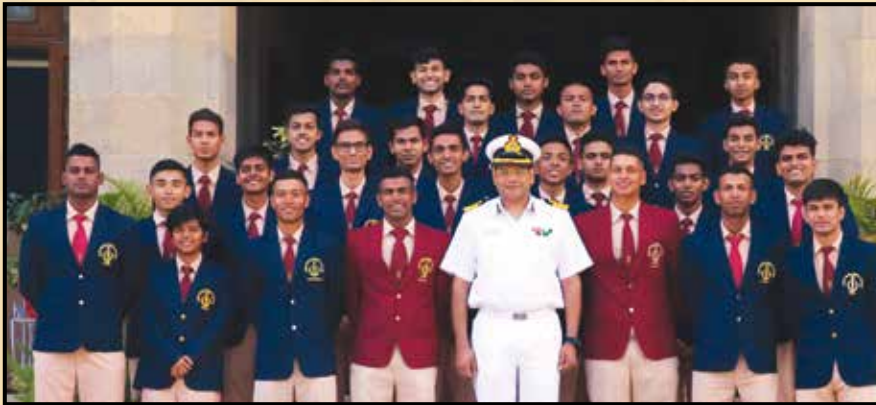
- Row 1 (L-R):** Ananya Menon, Hrithik Jha, Arnabh Sen Gupta, Col. Prafull Mohan, Siddharth Ramesh, Roshan Rollands, AV Surya Vardhan
Row 2 (L-R): Varsha Renjith, Gayatri K, Rhea Singh, Yash Gupta, Arshiya Duhan, Sowparnika R Nair, Sushmita Das, Aishwarya Aiyer, U Ushashree, Saumya Singh,
Row 3 (L-R): Pranav Verma, Saurabh Bisht, Vedant Shekhar Jha, Abhinav Mani Tiwari, Shahbaz Anwar, Ishan Shetty, Durga Charan Jha, Aditya Nair, Girdhar Gopal, Prabhat Tiwari
Row 4 (L-R): Arnab Patra, Prakash Chaudhary, Tushar Sharma, Naman Gusain, Sridhar Swaminathan, Durgaraju Sushanth, Veeranjan Chamoli, Sagnik Sarkar, Abhimanyu Pandit
Row 5 (L-R): Jaiprakash Gurav, Yashaswi Mishra, Shobhit Chamoli, Shivam Singh, Shivam Agarwal, Kaustubh Dave, Ashwin Vardharajan, Astitva Shrivastav, Sherwyn Vaz, Arka Jyoti Majumdar, Sai Prasad, Nikhil Anand, Ankit Anurag, Balmik Shyamal, Ashutosh Dixit

DRAMATICS



- Row 1 (L-R):** Uddhav Naresh, Aritra Ray, Mukesh Kumar, Grp Capt Deepti Mutreja, Amber Garg., Bharat Khurana, Bhajan Prakash
Row 2 (L-R): Pallakshi Prasad, Pranati Vupulla, Shivani, Snigdha Surbhi, Abhinav Tiwari, Tushar Sharma, Akshat Dubey, Himakshi Modi, Aparna Jha, Shruti Chauhan, Neha Joshi, Soumya Singh, Ushashree
Row 3 (L-R): Sachin Goyat, Arijit Ghosh, Shailja Khandwal, Arshiya Duhan, Namith Tengse, Jangala Sai Vihar, Vaibhav Sharma, Shahbaz Anwar, Geetanjali, Vanshika Upadhyay
Row 4 (L-R): Akshai Haridas, Gautam Arora, Pranav Prakash, Shivam Singh, Durgesh Tripathi, Ashutosh Dixit, Jaskaran Singh, Giridhar Gopal
Row 5 (L-R): Shivam, Udayveer Singh, Karanbir Singh, Ankit Mittal, Bablu Singh, Ayushya Kumar Singh, Prabhat Tiwari, Abhimanyu Sharma, Abhishek Sharma, Rajnish Kashyap, Prateek Singh, Bharath Nambiar, Arihant Jain, Ayush Baldania

FOOTBALL



- Row 1 (L-R):** Rishabh Singh, Pragun Varshney, Neerav Singh, Stephen Sebastian, Surg Capt Anuj Singhal, Prakhar P Natu, Silpak Joseph Peter, Mukul Dhiman
Row 2 (L-R): KH Satyabrata Sinnga, Himanshu Sharma, Aditya Mohindra, Manthan Bhanawat, Udyanshu Saha, Chetan Khot, Prince Sharma
Row 3 (L-R): Ritwik Jain, Deependu PraveenKumar, Ankit Mittal, Sivaraman Narayana, Anish Trivedi
Row 4 (L-R): Aakash Bharadwaj, Rajan Singh Bhaduria, Nikhil Jose
Row 5 (L-R): Nihal Valsraj, Hritik Sahu, Augustine Tom, Saurabh Salunkhe, Sagnik Talukdar

GYMNASIUM



- Row 1 (L-R):** Ananthkrishna Varma, Arnabh Sen Gupta, Nandu Venugopal, Lt. Col Manish Prasad, Snigdha Surbhi, Rameez Nasserudin, Akshay P
Row 2 (L-R): Jaiprakash Gurav, Bushra Ibrahimzada, Shikha Menon, Amlina Priyadarshini, Himakshi Modi, Lahari Boddu, Anirudh Joshi, PSP Pawan, Abhishek Sharma
Row 3 (L-R): Kaustabh Dave, Sagnik Sarkar, Deepak Kumar, Abhishek Kumar, Kartik Verma, Amit Kumar, Harmandeep Singh
Row 4 (L-R): Aditya Kiran, Sebastian Basil, Rishabh Kaushik, Gaurav Sharma, Yogesh Gangwar, Suraj Dubey, Vatturu Venkatesh, Abhimanyu Pandit
Row 5 (L-R): Edwin John, Aditya Katewa, Roshan Rollands, Anshul Prabhakar, Desvin Dosy, Pratik Singh, Rishabh Singh, Mayank Singh, Harshit Bajaj

HISTORY SOCIETY



Row 1 (L-R): AV Surya Vardhan, Siddhart Ramesh, Hrithik Jha, Lt.Col Shashikant Sharma, Arnabh Sen Gupta, Suryakant Kumar, Suraj Dubey
Row 2 (L-R): Abhinav Mani Tiwari, Sneha Gondukupi, Arshiya Duhan, Aishwarya Aiyer, Suyash Singh, Durga Charan Jha, Yash Gupta, Saurabh Singh Bisht
Row 3 (L-R): Kaustubh Dave, Shahbaz Ali, Tushar Sharma, Nikhil Anand, Girdhar Gopal, Balmik Shyamal, Arka Jyoti Majumdar, Potluri Pawan, Ankit Anurag, Abhishek Sharma
Row 4 (L-R): Chirag Sanan, Jaiprakash Gurav, Sagnik Sarkar, Sherwyn Vaz, Aditya Nair, Ashwin Vardharajan, Prabhat Tiwari,

HOBBIES



Row 1 (L-R): Sayak Nandi, Varsha, Parul Sharma, Col Jaya Kaushik, Athul Padmanabhan, Neel Jain, Ashish Kumar
Row 2 (L-R): Shailja Parihar, Anu Bajwa, Gayatri K, Smriti O'Neill, Priya, Shreshtha Yadav, Bushra Ibrahimzada, Snigdha Surbhi, Aishwarya Aiyer, Ananya Sharma, Ushasree L, Pragun Varshney, Lahari Boddu
Row 3 (L-R): Bhajan Prakash, Mansi, Akshat Dubey, Ayush Jaiswal, Naman Gusain, Aakash Prajapati, Udyangshu Saha, Gautam Arora, Aman Kumar Singh, Suyash Singh, Saurabh Singh Bisht
Row 4 (L-R): Chandramohan Chaudhary, Ashutosh Kumar, Edwin John, Saurabh Salunkhe, Pranav Prakash, Shivam Singular, Sushil Kumar, Arnab Patra, Jaiprakash Gurav, Deepanshu Gupta, Prarabdh Kothari, Desvin D V, Sudhanshu Shekhar, Mayank Singh

HOCKEY



Row 1 (L-R): Harsh Agarwal, Varad Patil, Lt Col Rony Chakravarty, Govind Krishnan, Alekhya Naidu
Row 2 (L-R): Jayaram J R, Yashwanth Sai, Sabin Payyan, Chandramohan, Vamsi Krishna, Chirag Sanan, Aditi Gite, Harsh Nangalia, Soumya Singh, Deepak Joshi, Sushmita Das, Pratick, Arshiya Duhan, Sanjiv, Aishwarya Iyer, Abhinand, Rubal, Subham, Neha, Soumya, Sudhanshu Shekhar, Devam Trivedi, Sakshi Vasudev

INDOORS CLUB



Row 1 (L-R): Abhishek Menon, Amlina Priyadarshini, Siddharth Ramesh, Surg Cdr Vijay Bhaskar, Sreehari Rajesh, Sherwyn Vaz, Omkar Aggarwal
Row 2 (L-R): Ananya Sharma, Shailja Kandwal, Priya Rani, Shruti Chauhan, Snehal Bathe, Prathyusha Davuluri, Bani Kaur, Lahari Boddu, Yashwanth Sai Gudiseva
Row 3 (L-R): Shahbaz Ali, Sangeeth Ps, Swaraj Kundu, Jangala Sai Vihar, Giridhar Gopal, Hari Hara Karthik R
Row 4 (L-R): Vaibhav Chhablani, Subham Kumar, Shobhit Chamoli, B Vinay Kumar, Ashutosh Kumar

LITERARY SOCIETY



Row 1 (L-R): Suyash Singh, Ananya Sharma, Sherwyn Vas, Col A T Atal, Roshan Jethro Rollands, Prashant Jha, Adithya Mohan
Row 2 (L-R): Aditya Bikram Singh, Zoya Mirza, Shreshtha Yadav, Pragun Varshney, Shailja Kandwal, Geetanjali, Sushmita Das, Ankit Anurag, Rajnish Kashyap, Naman Gusain
Row 3 (L-R): Saurabh Singh Bisht, Sai Prasad, Amrinder Singh, Durga Charan Jha, Shahbaz Anwar, Jaskaranpreet Singh, Shubham Kumar, Ghansham Sharma
Row 4 (L-R): Gautam Arora, Arnab Patra, Vedant Shekhar Jha, Ashvin Varadharajan, Kaustubh Dave

MARATHONERS CLUB



Row 1 (L-R): Pranshu Agrawal, Aritra Ray, Lt Col Shailendra Singh, Nihar Duddu, Vaibhav Sharma
Row 2 (L-R): Chandramohan, Kaushal Joshi, Aishwarya Iyer, Pragun Varshney, Vishakha Maheshwari, Himakshi Modi, Bushra Ibrahimzada, Giridhar Gopal, Satyabrata Singha
Row 3 (L-R): Armish Asija, Dilpreet Singh, Harmandeep Singh, Vedant Jha, Deepak Vats, Abhishek Kumar, Rishabh Kaushik, Abhimanyu Pandit, Himanshu Sharma
Row 4 (L-R): Kaustubh Dave, Anmol, Ankush, Dipendra Singh Rathore, Aman Arya, Prakash Choudhary, Udyangshu Saha, Saurabh Salunkhe
Row 5 (L-R): Arshiya Duhani, Shivam Agarwal Veeranjan Chamoli, Ritesh Malik, Ayush Baldaniya, Sushil Singh
Row 6 (L-R): Saurabh Bisht, Hrithik Rai, Suraj Dubey, Arpan Kumar

MED CINE CLUB



Row 1 (L-R): Ananya Menon, Aditya Kumar P, Aravind Chennath, Col Kiran S, Prasayan Sircar, Pallakshi Prasad, Roshan Jethro Rollands
Row 2 (L-R): Srijith Nair, Zoya Mirza, Basudha Poddar, Shailja Parihar, Aanchal Nayak, Sneha Singh, Shailja Khandwal, Kautubh Dave, Naman Gusain
Row 3 (L-R): Desvin Dossy, Ayush Jaiswal, Joel Basil, Shabaz Anwar, Arunvas A R, Abhinav Mani Tiwari, Arnab Patra, Bharath S Nambiar, Anirudh Joshi, Edwin John V, Ashvin Varadharajan, Sushanth Durgaraju, Shivam Agarwal
Row 4 (L-R): Niranjanan R, Aditya Bikram Singh, A.V.J. Tharun Patnaik

MUSIMATICS



Row 1 (L-R): Kaustubh Jyoti, Maya Vishwanath, Ananthakrishna Varma, Gp Capt Deepti Mutreja, Vinod Vivek, Arka Basu, Siddharth Nayak
Row 2 (L-R): Yash Gupta, Bidisha Roy, Aanchal Nayak, Vishakha Maheshwari, Megha Ajithkumar, Anshul Prabhakar, Ananya Sharma, Krishna Subedar
Row 3 (L-R): Sushmita Das, Anjali Bhardwaj, Snehal Bathe, Smriti O'Neill, Sarthak Sharma, Anurag Goyal, Sriram Narayan, Srijith Nair
Row 4 (L-R): Arushi Singh, Joel Mathews, Ashwin Naik, Arkajyoti Majumdar, Aditya Puniyani, Shashwat Joshi, Abhishek Menon, Ashutosh Kumar, Sooraj Sudhir, Shashwat Saraswati
Row 5 (L-R): Chandra Prakash Sharma, Parth Deshmukh, Aadarsh Choudhary, Tummuru Avinash Reddy, Yogesh Gangwar, Devam Trivedi, Pranshu Bharadwaj, Siddharth K, DPH Nihar

PRAYAS



Row 1 (L-R): Pratyusha Davuluri, Racherla Sai Eshwar, Vineeta Sharma, Lt Col Rajesh Sahu, Aditi Gite, Aanchal Nayak, Harsh Kharkia
Row 2 (L-R): Bellana Surya Deepak, Voona Vamsi Krishna, Deepanshu Gupta, Gudiseva Yashwant Sai, Sreehari Rajesh
Row 3 (L-R): Yalagala Lalitha Krishna, Prakash Choudhary, Chirag K, Ashvin Varadharajan

RACQUETS



Row 1 (L-R): Abhishek Menon, Aditya Puniyani, Prabhat Arora, Lt Col Davinder Bharadvaj, Amruta Kanukolanu, Praneet Kaur, Nitin Saxena
Row 2 (L-R): Prathyusha Davuluri, Bani Kaur, Gayatri M, Aditi Vikram, Vineeta Sharma, Vishakha Maheshwari, Himakshi Modi, Mekhna Johny, Neha Joshi, Sridhar Swaminathan
Row 3 (L-R): Veeranjana Chamoli, Amrinder Singh, Tejas Batra, Akshat Dubey, Ishan Shetty, Abhishek Raj, Somvir Dalal, Srijiith Nair, Aadesh Raj
Row 4 (L-R): Aditya Katewa, Jaiprakash Gurav, Rahul Ghosh, Shashwat Joshi, Parth Deshmukh, Harsh Gupta, Desvin Dost, Ankit Anurag
Row 5 (L-R): Shivam Agarwal, Ashvin Varadarajan, Sagnik Sarkar, Shashank Raj, Sushil Kumar Singh

STUDENTS' SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY



Row 1 (L-R): Ananya Menon, Sherwyn Vaz, Varsha Renjit, Gp Capt TVSVGK Tilak, Aditya Kumar Perumallapalli, Sai Prasad R, Kaushal Shrestha, Arijit Ghosh
Row 2 (L-R): Veeranjana Chamoli, Uggirala Ushashree, Gayatri Kandukuri, Rhea Singh, Snehal Bathe, Arshiya Duhan, Aishwarya Aiyer, Amlina Priyadarshini, Vineeta Sharma, Yashaswi, Lahari Boddu
Row 3 (L-R): Arvind Chennath, Jangala Sai Vihar, Adithya Mohan, Arnab Patra, Udyangshu Saha, Shivam Singh, Ashutosh Kumar, Vedant Shekhar Jha, Chirag Hooda, Tushar Sharma, Ashvin Vardarajan, Jaiprakash Gurav

VOLLEYBALL

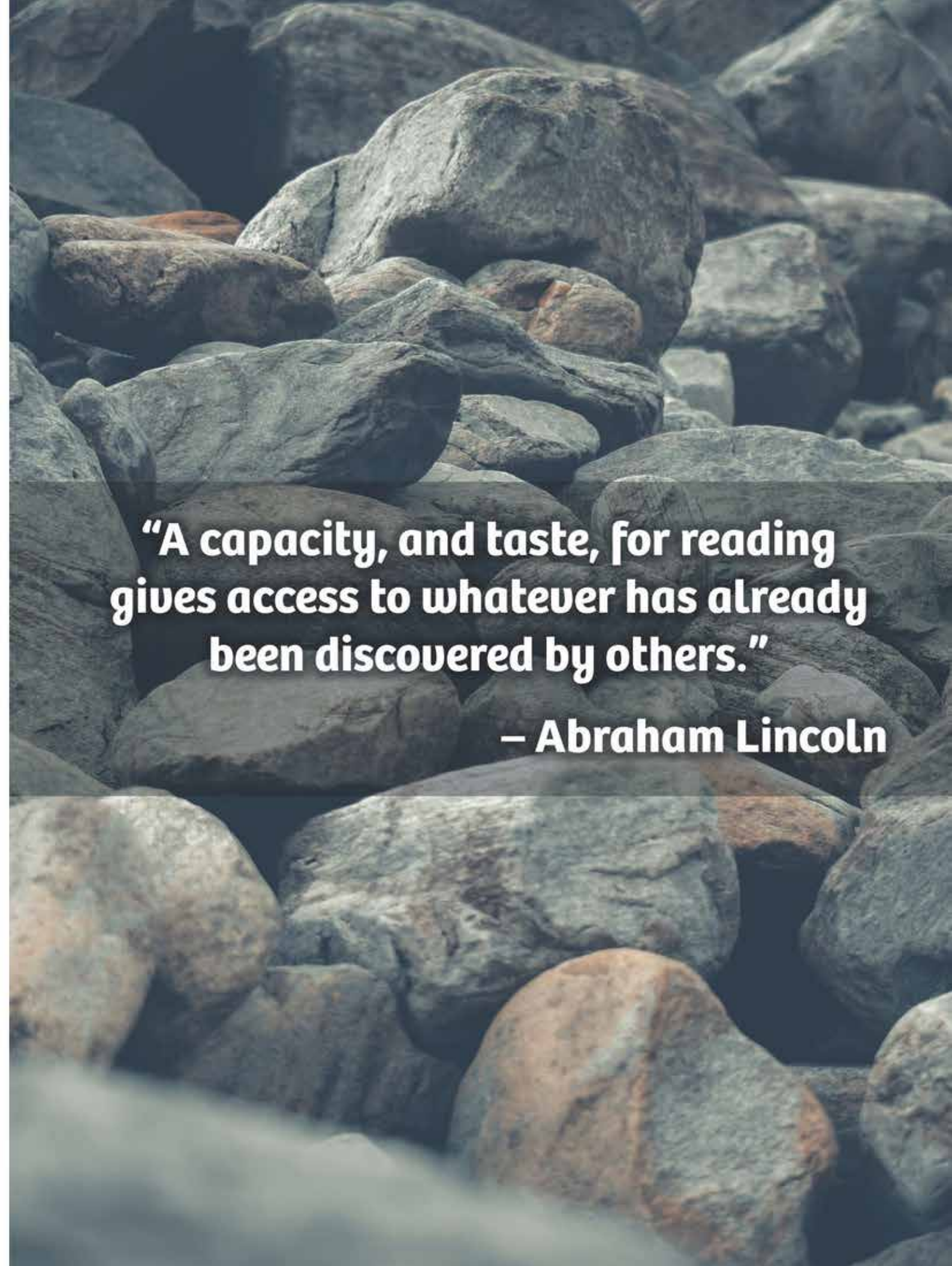


Row 1 (L-R): Shriganesh Kadam, Nived V, Athul U P, Siddharth Gopan, Lt Col Pareshe Singhal, Rasuvin V S, Abhigna Manam, Swarag P, Kanan Shukla
Row 2 (L-R): Balmik Shamal, Animesh Gupta, Princi Mishra, Vineeta Sharma, Sneha Singh, Anmol Rathore, Geetanjali, Shikha Menon, Ananya Sharma, Bani Kaur, Shailja Parihar, Adithya Chand
Row 3 (L-R): Sachin Goyat, Manish Soni, Ravi Prakash, Rishav Shrivastav, Aditya Kiran, Swaraj Kundu, Amal Johnson, Nikhil Anand, Durgesh Tripathi, Arpan Kumar, Sreevijay Nair, Yashaswi Mishra, Sohith Kumar, Shahbaz Ali, Sridhar Swaminathan, Madhav Rajesh



B3 PASSING OUT BATCH

- Row 1 (L-R):** Praneet Kaur, Stephen Sebastien, Gp Capt Prateek Kinra, Brig Sabarigirish K, Lt Gen Nardeep Naithani, Maj Gen R M Gupta VSM, Col Sanjay Jaiswal, Col A K Shakya, Rishabh Arora
- Row 2 (L-R):** Aritra Ray, Naveen K Devadas, Anubhuti Shrivastava, Akshita Srivastava, Krishna S Nair, Ahalya Aravindan, Anukriti Khare, Maya Viswanath, Manisha Sharma, Suman Kumari, Jyoti Paliwal, Niharika Tyagi, Parul Sharma, Mrinalini Singh, Gaytri, Drishti Rajpal, Mahima Pandey, Ruminder Preet Kaur, Varsha Renjitt, Vasundhara Mishra, Amruta Kanukolanu, Athul P
- Row 3 (L-R):** Neerav Singh, Devesh Kumar Sharma, V Prithve Raj, Abhishek Bhatnagar, Abhay Garg, Suryansh Saraf, Vibhore Taggar, Aurindam Bhattacharya, Nishat Singroha, Aditya Kumar, Agastya Mishra, Vinod Vivek, Mukesh Kumar, Sandeep Bhatt, Ankur Sharma, Pranav Takkar, Nishant Raman, Aditya Rana, Adil Hameed, Arpit Sharma
- Row 4 (L-R):** Prakhar Prashant Natu, Prabhat Arora, Silpak Joseph Peter, Sancho Jones Samuel, Ashish Tiwari, Shubham Shukla, Dharambir Singh, Pranshu Agrawal, Mufri Singh Tewatia, Ashok Goyat, Adarsh Patel, Mohit Kumar Phogat, Ashutosh Tripathy, Rohit Kumar, Apoorva Anand, Siddharth Nayak, Vipul Aggrawal, Ajul Babu, Akshay P, Amber Garg
- Row 5 (L-R):** Siddharth R, Agastya Gupta, Ravi Chaudhary, Sankalp Singh Dev, Shubhankar Sharma, Hritvik Jha, Prashant Jadam, Abhay Lamba, Prateek Tripathi, Suryansh Atreya, Anshuman Singh, Tushar Jain, Rohan Kumar Sharma, Kamender, Kanav Sharma, Arnabh Sengupta, Siddharth Parikshit Gogate
- Row 6 (L-R):** Ananthkrishna Varma, Saurav Roy, Rishabh Shukla, Rahul Mandal, Varun Sankhyan, Prashant Gupta, Harshit Bajaj, Rishabh Singh, Suman Kumar, Piyush Kumar, Shantanu Khanna, Shantanu Rao, Mohit Singh, Akhil Mathew, Atarawat Singh, Dinesh Ghotiya, Jones Antony, Nihar Duddu



**“A capacity, and taste, for reading
gives access to whatever has already
been discovered by others.”**

– Abraham Lincoln



ARMED FORCES MEDICAL COLLEGE, PUNE