

ROHIDA

THE COMMUNIQUÉ

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All India Institute of Medical Sciences
Basni, Phase II, Jodhpur
Rajasthan - 342005



ALL INDIA INSTITUTE OF MEDICAL SCIENCES
JODHPUR



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Back Cover	:	Mr. Shiva Pareek

Message



I extend my heartiest greetings to all on the publication of the present issue of “ROHIDA”. I am sure the present issue will also serve its purpose to revisit our institute's evolution over the last year as well as make some interesting read.

In my firm opinion, an institute of national importance like AIIMS, Jodhpur should strive for excellence in four primary areas, Academics, Research, Patient care and outreach to the community. These are the pillars of any medical Institute which strives for overall excellence. I take pride in sharing my utmost satisfaction in the efforts taken by one and all to attain these goals.

I take pride in mentioning that our Institute has grown in leaps and bounds in all the above mentioned areas. We are happy to see our first batch of MBBS students (2012 batch) about to finish their Internship and fully charged up to charter the ship of their future endeavors in various specializations. I congratulate them for the grand success in their efforts to reach this milestone and sincerely wish for their success in future endeavors. I congratulate the office of the Dean, Academics and Examination Cell in carrying out their duties with utmost dedication and sincerity. We have started MD/MS courses in various departments and they are running smoothly under the able guidance of our sincere faculty.

Research is a major area which we had kept in our mind, as it reflects the commitment of any educational Institute to highlight and project the work being done in basic as well as applied subjects. I am gratified to share this information with you all that there are, at present, 12 extramural projects running in the Institute and 50 more have been submitted for approval. 79 intramural projects are going on along with around 100 non funded research projects which are running currently. 35 STS projects have already been approved by ICMR. These figures reflect the tenacity and vigor of our students and faculty in the field of Research.

Patient care is of profound importance in any medical institute. We are growing at a steady pace in broadening our patient services with efficiency and hard work. During a span of one year we have started various superspeciality departments apart from the previously existing superspecialities (Pediatric Surgery). Now, Neurosurgery, Neurology, Cardiology, Cardiothoracic and Vascular Surgery (CTVS), Nephrology, Urology, Endocrinology, Plastic Surgery, Surgical Gastroenterology are also functional and they are efficiently carrying out their duties towards patient care and management. The faculty strength has also grown. New instruments and associated infrastructural support is in place to facilitate the best in patient care. Expansion of the hospital services is not an easy task. I congratulate the office of the Medical Superintendent for their sincere efforts in this regard.

My heartiest congratulations to the Editorial Board of ROHIDA for taking out time from their busy schedule to make this issue of ROHIDA a success and also, all the faculty members and students who have actively contributed to the magazine.

Dr. Sanjeev Misra
Director & CEO

Message



Whew!! How time flies!! The never ending trail of work in a developing Institute just keeps a person occupied. It has been inordinately long since the last *Rohida* was published (2 years to be precise)!! We have often debated the necessity of an Institutional magazine when the progress of the Institute is being regularly chronicled in the Annual Reports being published. However, every so often we realize that there is a requirement for a more informal documentation of the Institute's progress. Informal documentation could document the names, anecdotes and the lighter side related to the progress which cannot be documented in an official document. *Rohida* allows such an informal documentation of the Institute's milestones. *Rohida* also allows the members of the Institute to express their creativity via poems, essays, articles, photographs and paintings. Thus, I believe that an Institutional Magazine like *Rohida* does definitely have a place in the landscape of a developing Institution like AIIMS in spite of other methods of a more formal documentation.

AIIMS has made tremendous progress over the last two years. The last *Rohida* was documenting the tentative beginning of our clinical services. The clinical services, though nowhere near a finished product, is now firmly established with the inpatient beds, operation theatres and OPD services showing a tremendous increase. We are almost touching 500 beds, 12 operation theatres and a full fledged OPD service which is catering to more than 2000 patients per day. On the academic front, our first batch of MBBS is already doing their internship and are on their way to become full fledged doctors. The Institution has also successfully started many post graduate and post doctoral courses over the last year. With the dynamic leadership of our Director, Prof. Sanjeev Misra, the Institution is surely making its way to the top in all three spheres viz. patient care, academics and research. The institution is steadily making a name for itself in Academic Circles with it becoming the default choice of students and faculty alike.

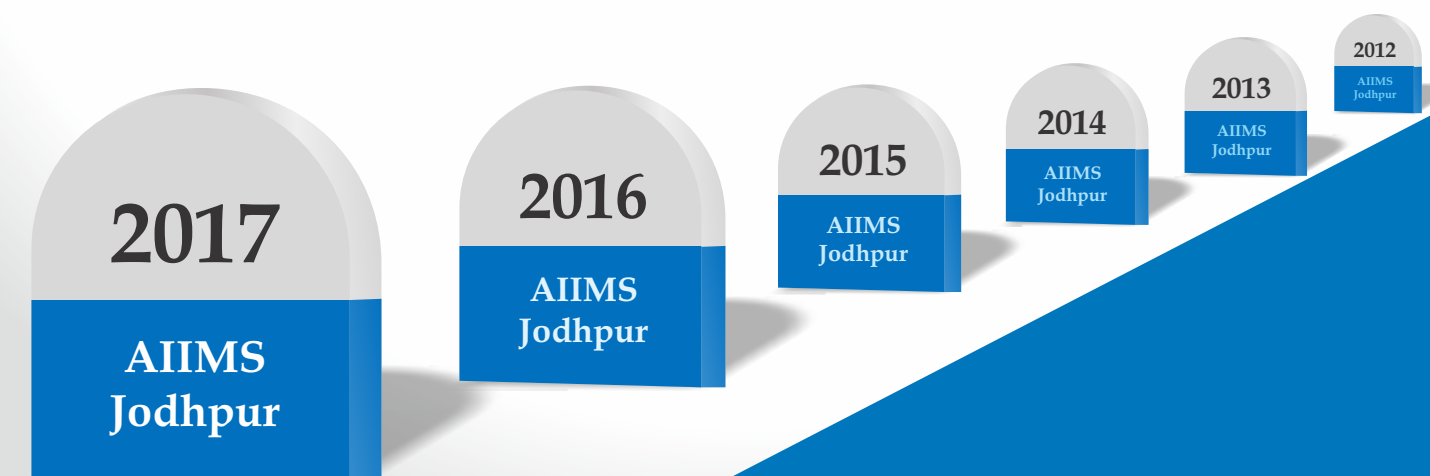
I am thankful to the editorial team who have taken out time for compiling this magazine inspite of their busy schedule. I also apologize to them for not being able to contribute in the way that is expected of me.

I do wish the readers a very happy festive season and hope that they have a very good time reading the magazine.

Dr. Arvind Sinha
Chief Editor

Milestones

22nd Sept 2015	- Conjoined Twin Separation
26th-27th October, 2015	- 1st International conference on Lead, Environment and Health, AIIMS Jodhpur
25th-28th November, 2015	- APPICON 2015
6th Dec 2015	- Computerized Tomography Machine Installed
10th Dec 2015	- Labor Room and Day Care Ward Started
11th-13th December, 2015	- 2nd Annual Conference of Society for Indian Academy of Medical Genetics(IAMGCON2015)
23rd January, 2016	- Graftless Solutions for Full Mouth Rehabilitation,
8th Mar 2016	- Autopsy Service started
12th Mar 2016	- Telemedicine Facility
19th -20th March, 2016	- AIIMS Ultrasound Guided Regional Anaesthesia Workshop
21st March, 2016	- Symposium on Tuberculosis: Unite To End TB
2nd & 3rd April, 2016	- 11th National conference of Indian Society of Colposcopy and Cervical Pathology, AIIMS Jodhpur
7th - 9th April, 2016	- IEA and IPHA Rajasthan state chapter CME on World Health Day
26th April 2016	- Intervention Radiology Service
July 2016	- Post Graduate Courses started
7th and 8th July, 2016	- National Seminar on Occupational Health, jointly organized by Departments of CM&FM, IAOH and MLPC.
2nd - 5th August, 2016	- NABL 112 & ISO 15189: 2012 Internal Auditor and Quality Management Systems 4 days Certificate and 2 days Transformation Course, AIIMS Jodhpur
5th -7th August, 2016	- Hands-on Cadaver Dissection and Live Surgical Workshop on Anterior & Lateral Skull Base Surgery
2nd -3rd September, 2016	- 1st Rajasthan Chapter of Indian Academy of Tropical Parasitology
8th Nov 2016	- IPD Block Started
28th Nov- 1st December, 2016	- 64th National Conference of Anatomical Society of India, (64th NATCON)



Basic Life Support Course

Department of Anaesthesiology has conducted Fundamentals of Critical Care Support Course (FCCS) on 6th & 7th December 2014, in which 50 delegates participated from all over India. Department has also developed AIIMS Jodhpur Certified Basic Life Support Course, which is a half day workshop, held once a month to teach skills of Cardio Pulmonary Resuscitation and Airway management in cases of sudden cardiac arrest or collapse within Hospital settings.



64th NATCON 2016

Annual Conference of Anatomical Society of India

The 64th NATCON of Anatomical Society of India was organized by AIIMS, Jodhpur from 28th Nov, to 1st Dec, 2016. The conference was started with two pre conference CMEs cum Workshop on "Molecular Cytogenetics: the Emergence of a new field" and "Flow Cytometry - Applications and Limitations" on 28th Nov. 2016 at AIIMS Jodhpur, which was declared open by the Director & Patron Dr. Sanjeev Misra. The conference was inaugurated by Prof. CVR Murty Director, Indian Institute of Technology, Jodhpur on 29th November 2016 in Auditorium of AIIMS, Jodhpur. The academic session saw the presence of around 800 delegates that included eminent faculty as well as postgraduate students from all over India and abroad. The conference boasted of 257 oral presentations and 171 posters.



Graftless Solutions for Full Mouth Rehabilitation

A live surgical workshop on “Graftless Solutions for full mouth rehabilitation” was organised on 23rd Jan 2016 at AIIMS Jodhpur in which 167 delegates participated. Dr. Sankalp Mittal (Associate Professor, Government Dental College, Jaipur) and Dr. Vipin Dabas (Principal, Vyas Dental College and Hospital, Jodhpur) were invited as Guest faculty. Surgical placement of two zygomatic implants with four straight implants for Edentulous Maxilla was shown live to delegates. Prosthetic phase was also demonstrated to them. After lunch, the program was followed by lectures and panel discussion on the related topics.



3rd Skull Base Workshop

Departments of Otorhinolaryngology and Anatomy organised their third Skull Base Workshop, in collaboration with Association of Otolaryngologists of India - Rajasthan State Branch and Jodhpur E.N.T. Society, on 4th to 6th August, 2016.

It was an immensely successful workshop with more than 100 delegates from India and abroad participating in the workshop. There was one full day dedicated to cadaver demonstration by Dr. Satish Jain from Jaipur, who demonstrated intricate anatomy and sophisticated latest surgical approaches for anterior and lateral skull base region, continuously for about 8 hours on a fresh cadaver. Next day there were demonstrations of complex surgeries for extensive glomus jugulare, pituitary adenoma, carotid body tumor, extensive petrous cholesteatoma, nasopharyngeal angiofibroma etc. by Dr. Satish Jain and Dr. Alok Thakar.

The most innovative part of the workshop was Full HD World Wide Webcast of these two days, where hundreds of interested surgeons saw the cadaver dissection and live surgeries all over the world in the comfort of their home or clinics. It was made possible with the help of technological support from National Informatics Center.

Third day was marked by full day of Hands-on cadaver training to the delegates under supervision of the experienced faculty. Soft Embalmed Cadavers were provided to the delegates for dissection, giving them an experience, much nearer to real life surgeries. This technique is patronised by the Department of Anatomy and was much appreciated by the delegates.

PG residents' quiz, Cross fire debates and Interactive lectures by plethora of learned faculties were other activities during the workshop.

The workshop was supported and accredited by Indian Council of Medical Research and Rajasthan Medical Council.



Autopsy Services

The Department of Forensic Medicine and Toxicology, AIIMS, Jodhpur started autopsy services in March, 2016. The mortuary of AIIMS, Jodhpur is well-equipped with all modern facilities. The Centre conducts both pathological and medicolegal autopsies. Autopsies at the Centre are conducted primarily to investigate the cause of death, and to find out the pathological conditions that led to death. While the pathological autopsies are conducted on request of relatives/ family of the deceased, medicolegal autopsies are conducted on requisition from police/ magistrate. The autopsy services provided by the Centre are free of cost. A total of 35 medicolegal autopsies and 1 pathological autopsy was conducted during the year 2016.



Journey of the AIIMS Jodhpur Blood Bank

“The purpose of life is not to be happy – but to matter, to be productive, to be useful, to have it make some difference that you lived at all.”— Leo Rosten

Ever since ancient times, it has been realized that blood is essential for life, to provide blood to the patients in grave emergencies is the responsibility of blood bank. Blood bank is the keystone of any Tertiary care health facility. The Blood Bank of AIIMS Jodhpur received its license on 23rd January 2015, from the Drug controller of Rajasthan. Blood donations were started on the auspicious occasion of the Republic Day 26th January 2015. The first blood donor was Prof. Surajit Ghatak, Professor & Head of Anatomy, AIIMS Jodhpur. Honorable Health minister of India visited the blood bank and inaugurated the first Real time online blood inventory on AIIMS, Jodhpur website on 6th June' 2015.

From the very beginning, the blood bank has been practicing 100% components and no whole blood policy. Five main types of components are being made: Packed red Blood Cells (PRBC), Fresh Frozen Plasma, Random Donor Platelet (RDP), Single donor Apheresis Platelet (SDAP), Cryoprecipitate (CRYO), and CryoPoor Plasma (CPP). For pediatric patients and other needy patients, unit modifications eg. split units, leukofiltered units, reconstituted units etc have been made available. The technical supervisor of the blood bank Mr Manohar K. Madhukar has been tremendously instrumental in maintaining the quality of the products and services.

In first eight months, more than 900 blood donations were collected of which more than 90% were voluntary and efforts are on to make it 100%. The Department has organized 12 voluntary blood donation camps. Students of the Campus have been very active in donation as well as donor mobilization through social media. A Voluntary Donor Register is being maintained at the Blood Bank for voluntary donors and more than 825 voluntary donors have already registered.

During this period more than 1500 blood components have been issued to In-Patients and other private hospitals. Only four technicians are working very hard day and night to provide 24x7 uninterrupted quality services including apheresis.

More than 25 platelet apheresis procedures performed on a dedicated collection apheresis machine. The facility of therapeutic apheresis including plasma exchange has also been started with another versatile apheresis machine. The Blood Bank also provides additional diagnostic services including some tests for hemolytic anemia and PNH etc.

A CME was organized on blood safety on 12th April 2015 “Is ID-NAT useful in Indian context”. Some of the plans to start in near future include starting NAT (Nucleic acid amplification) testing of Blood units; starting a Rare Donor Registry of this region; initiating Peripheral Blood Stem cell collection (PBSC) and cryopreservation; and providing day care facility for transfusion management of Hemophilia and Thalassemia patients.

Dr. Shilajit Bhattacharya
Professor & Head, Pathology

Dr. Saptarshi Mandal
Asstt. Prof. Transfusion Medicine

Dr. Archana Bajpayee
Asstt. Prof. Transfusion Medicine

Conjoined Twins Separation: A Challenge

Our Institute achieved a significant milestone on 25th September, 2015, when surgery for separation of conjoined twins was performed. Very few cases of such surgery have been reported from India. Successful completion of the surgery and subsequent complete recovery demonstrates that our institute is capable of handling complicated cases and highlights the importance of meticulous planning and team work.

A rare case of three months old thoraco-omphalophagus conjoined twins were referred to our institute for separation surgery. On the day of surgery, their combined weight was 6.2 kg. We realized that it would be a challenging task to manage two patients on a single OT table, in a very small area, surrounded by two teams of anaesthesiologists, surgeons, and nursing staff. There would be a high possibility of accidental disconnection of monitoring lines and dislodgement of ET tube leading to monitoring blackout and airway mishap, and entanglement of IV line leading to cross-dosing of drugs. Other challenges include difficulty in airway management due to close proximity of the twins, massive blood loss (with difficulty in estimation of blood loss from each individual child), intraoperative hypothermia, and metabolic and electrolyte imbalance.

These challenges were discussed within the Department, with surgeons, and with the neonatologist. Two separate anesthesia teams were made with two separate anesthesia workstations, along with duplication of all the anesthetic drugs and equipment. Proper identification of babies was assured by color coding. The first baby was labeled as green and the second one as red. Along with the babies, color coding was also applied on the working personnel, anesthesia workstations, monitoring lines, and infusion pumps with tubing. Routine anaesthetic and emergency drugs were kept ready with calculated dose for emergency use, blood and blood products were made available in OT.

Intraoperative monitoring included ECG, continuous oxygen saturation, end tidal carbon dioxide, temperature, invasive blood pressure, hourly blood gas, electrolyte, blood sugar and urine output. Central venous pressure monitoring could not be done as it was not possible to insert a central line due to proximity of heads of both babies. Intubation was also difficult because of the same reason. To prevent hypothermia all IV fluids were administered through hotline tubing, forced air warmer was applied, and OT temperature was maintained at a higher level. Intraoperatively there was massive blood loss and both the babies had severe hypotension which was managed by bolus IV fluids, implementing massive blood transfusion protocol (also replacing plasma and platelets), and vasopressors. Patients also developed hyperkalemia and hyperglycemia, which were successfully managed.

Postoperatively, both babies were kept on mechanical ventilators in the neonatal ICU. Over the next few days they were weaned off from vasopressors and mechanical ventilation and were discharged healthy after a month.

The successful management involved hard work by surgeons, neonatologist, anaesthesia team, nursing staff of the operation theatre and neonatal ICU. As Michael Jordan said "Talent wins games, but teamwork and intelligence wins championships".

Vandana Sharma and Deepak Choudhary
Department of Anaesthesiology

1st Rajasthan Chapter of Indian Academy of Tropical Parasitology (IATP)

The 1st Rajasthan Chapter of Indian Academy of Tropical Parasitology (IATP) was organized by Department of Microbiology at AIIMS Jodhpur on 2nd and 3rd September 2016. The theme of the conference was "Current trends in Parasitology : Clinical, Diagnostic and Management Challenges." It was a 2 days CME programme. It was an academic fiesta with 5 different sessions in which 12 eminent speakers gave enlightening lectures covering vast spectrum of topics related to the theme of the conference. In addition to wonderful lectures 2 important panel discussions were also conducted during the conference. During these 2 days, various competitions for undergraduate and post graduate students viz. quiz, oral paper & poster presentation were conducted. Mementoes were presented to all distinguished speakers, chairpersons & panelists in panel discussion. The conference concluded with a valedictory function in which awards were presented to the winners of various competitions.



Mentorship Program at AIIMS Jodhpur

“A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops.” – Henry Adam

In Homer's legend, when Ulysses, the king of Ithaca, went away to make a war on the Trojans, he left his infant son, Telemachus, in the hands of Mentor. Ulysses was gone for twenty years, and Mentor guided Telemachus in practical skills, such as archery, and wrestling, and also provided advice on moral matters.

Mentoring is a relationship between a more experienced person (mentor) and a less experienced one (mentee). As a new entrant to the professional courses (MBBS, B.Sc. Nursing) at the AIIMS Jodhpur student have a unique opportunity to be mentored by a faculty member and a senior medical student. This mentor-mentee relationship is based on mutual trust, respect, and willingness to learn and share with constructive comments, and dynamic approach. The mentor encourages the mentee to actualize his/her full potential by sharing knowledge and experience, and providing constant support and encouragement.

Our purpose is to provide them opportunity for holistic development, to make them comfortable in new environment and to get familiar with the college life, so that they can better achieve their full potential in all the spheres.

We have started and successfully conducted this mentorship program for all the batches since our 1st MBBS batch in 2012. All the students and faculty (except department heads) are part of this vibrant program. We have received good feedback from students, faculty mentors, college administration and students' parents. It has substantially benefitted students, faculty and institution.

The real purpose of education is to equip students with the potential to meet challenges in life. The Medical Council of India is also emphasizing to produce more competent and skilled medical personnel. Becoming a good doctor not only need acquiring medical knowledge and mastering clinical skills but also learning professional attitude, emotional stability, interpersonal and communication skills. This year we have appointed a student counselor for baseline assessment of students' personality along with ongoing interaction and counseling services. With this program our institute will be able to contribute competent future physicians with ability to cope up with unforeseen situations.

This is we have started peer mentorship program along with existing faculty mentoring by following UCMS, Delhi Mentorship Program. Near-Peer mentors are undergraduate students, in their 5th to 9th semesters, who have volunteered and undergone an orientation. They are our most valuable resource and eminently suited to be mentors because they still recall the difficulties they faced as new students. Their assistance can make college life easier and more enjoyable for new entrants.

Benefits of Mentoring (as per UCMS, Delhi mentorship program)

How does mentoring benefit the student?

Mentoring, more than teaching, helps students be successful. The mentor can enhance the mentee's sense of confidence and increase his or her self-esteem by showing genuine interest in the mentee's development. The student understands her/his role in the organization, gets advice, help and encouragement, and finds opportunities for networking.

How does mentoring benefit the mentor?

The mentor develops leadership and communication skills, shares experience and knowledge, and discovers the students' point of view. Mentors experience greater productivity, career satisfaction, and personal gratification. In addition, medical teachers that mentor, develop valuable skills that help shape the professionalism of future doctors.

How does mentoring benefit the department or Institution?

Having mentoring relationships in place stimulates the workplace, making it more effective. There is better communication, networking and sharing of values. The process generates positive supporters who can promote mentoring to other employees/students. All in all, mentoring is an opportunity for faculty and senior students to 'pay back' to the Institution by making the workplace vibrant and contributory. In some instances, mentoring identifies qualified potential candidates who may fulfill future recruitment needs of the Institution.

What makes a good mentor? Do I have the skills to be a successful mentor?

Effective mentoring is multidimensional. There is no single formula; every mentor uses a combination of professional expertise and personal style to mentor students.

Generally speaking, a good mentor has the following skills:

- Enjoys helping others
- Is available and willing to spend time with the student
- Is open-minded and flexible
- Has good communications skills; asks appropriate questions, listens actively and with empathy, gives feedback with clarity and sensitivity
- Provides encouragement and support which enables the mentee to express feelings and consider options.
- Finally Mentoring experience should be 'SUPERB'
- Set priorities
- Uncertainty is time of contact
- Planned communication
- Easy availability
- Reassure fears
- Balance autonomy and dependency

So, let's join our hands to contribute in the growth of our institution, students, faculty and ourselves- to produce more competent, dynamic, and resilient health professionals.

Dr. Naresh Nebhinani
Associate Professor
Department of Psychiatry

Touching Lives with Baby Steps.... A PMR Initiative

“There is no greater disability in society than the inability to see a person as more” – Robert M Hansel
The department of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation is dedicated towards achieving functional independence of people with physical impairments; using a research-based holistic approach. As rehabilitation professionals, motivation and instillation of hope amidst the suffering of patients and care giver burden, is a part and parcel of our practice. This often requires us to innovate our rehabilitation strategies and modify our approach towards each patient.

It was one such strategy where colouring of the figures was introduced to a 16 year old child with meningomyelocoele; admitted for rehabilitation and who had been bed ridden for past 7 – 8 years. It was subsequently noted that more than his daily practice sessions, he looked forward to show his colouring book. If a simple act of filling colours could add meaning to the life of a bed ridden child, could it inspire the adult in-patients alike? Hence, we decided to explore the idea of 'out of box' departmental activity.

To begin with, we organized a painting competition for our differently abled in-patients. Yes, there were a few doubts about the receptivity of the idea. 'How would it go?' 'What would be the response?' 'What would be the theme? Etc.

The logistics of matching each patient's physical impairments to the requirements of the activity was a challenge. This led to arrangements like making Plaster of Paris splint for tetraplegic hand, appropriate positioning for patients with poor sitting balance and using environmental adaptations for seating arrangement for most of them.

The staff pooled in to further motivate their patients. Very soon it was seen that the centre stage was taken by the 'imagination and creativity' of the differently abled and the professionals alike. The enthusiasm persisted till the winner of the competition was declared 2 days later.

A week later, the simple activity of drawing paved way for another childhood play of 'snake and ladder' for those on wheelchair and 'assisted football' for those with walker or crutches. This was followed by '1 Minute challenge tasks' a week after. By now, the weekly 'Out of Box' activity became an eager wait for every in-patient.

We thought it was the right time to hold an ice- breaking session among the patients which was a never held activity in our department itself. The 'activity of sharing experience' was an interactive session which gave a platform to every patient to express their views about their pre-morbid status, how life changed after the incident making them differently abled, what they expect post- rehabilitation and what they seek for themselves in the future ahead. The patients openly shared their pain with everyone. This was concluded by narration of success stories of differently abled people who have become an inspiration for society at large.

All these activities provided a forum for us as rehabilitation professionals to assess the functional outcome of our strategies in leisure tasks.

But there was more than what we anticipated.

It revived the dreams and hopes of our in-patients who had been tied down to their lives of being impaired and dependent. It added value and meaning to their lives and empowered them with the motto that 'They can!'; that life exists beyond limitations.

Though we knew our patients as doctors and therapists, these experiences touched the humane inside us as well. It taught us that the wholeness of every life lies not just in the strengths but even in the vulnerable aspects; and to live life, one must embrace both.

In an era where technological advances and expertise is valued and hailed in our profession, these sessions came as a simple act of touching lives around us without much skills or expertise and technology. It broke the barriers that we as professionals often create around us and promoted us to be a human first. As quoted by Mother Teresa “In this life, we cannot always do great things. But we can do small things with great love.”
Cheers to a new beginning!!



By:
Dr. Kriti Mishra, Senior Resident,
Department of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation

Mr. V.Siddharth, Occupational Therapist,
Department of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation

Apheresis

AIIMS Jodhpur Blood Bank has a separate Apheresis Room with two cell separators. We have started apheresis in February 2015. One machine (TrimaAccel) is dedicated to collection and has performed more than 200 platelet apheresis. The other machine (Cobe Spectra) is capable of performing both stem cell collection and therapeutic apheresis procedures. Therapeutic apheresis was started on 28th October 2015 in AIIMS, Jodhpur and it is the first time in western Rajasthan, before that needy patients either had to go to Ahmedabad or Jaipur to receive this life saving treatment modality. It is an extracorporeal treatment which removes pathogenic substances or components from blood causing morbidity. More than 40 therapeutic apheresis procedures have been performed on patients with GBS (Guillain-Barre Syndrome), Transverse myelitis, ADEM (Acute disseminating encephalomyelitis) and ABMR (Antibody mediated Rejection) in Renal Transplant patient, without any significant side effects and with encouraging results. We are ready to serve western Rajasthan with state of the art Apheresis Facility.



Literary

"A Sunflower"

- by William Blake

Ah Sunflower, weary of time,
who countest the steps of the sun;
seeking after that sweet golden clime,
where the traveller's journey is done;
where the Youth pined away with desire,
and the pale virgin shrouded in snow,
arise from their graves, and aspire,
where my Sunflower wishes to go!

Translation-

The poet says - Sunflower (a man) is longing to be in a better place (Golden Clime). The Sunflower wants to follow the sun towards the west, as flower's blossoms follow the sun across the sky. The Sunflower hopes to get away from the prison like material life. The Sunflower wishes to escape to divine eternity!

Dr. Purvi Purohit,
Department of Biochemistry



CMCL FAIMER - MY SOJOURN

In the coldest mornings of a busy locale
As we all assemble upbeat
As each event unfolds day after day
Layer by layer the lovely familiarity,
Of the sessions -each so engrossing.

For anyone to enthrall into the fragrance of
The dignified eloquence,
The unsurpassed environs
The gastronomic elegance,
The feeling of friendliness
A Perfect mentoring!
Then the busy evenings,
The practising concert cultural
The gala shopping,
Making each frenzy,
No denial of stoppings...
As the crazy lights in the streets connect
of the by- lanes of Brown Road,
Where one has their daily escapades.

Dr.Vanita,
Department of Biochemistry

हम पक्षी उन्मुक्त गगन के

हम पक्षी उन्मुक्त गगन के
हम पक्षी उन्मुक्त पवन में,
हरे भरे खेतों के ऊपर
ऊँची ऊँची चट्टानों से आगे
अनन्त रेगिस्तानों से परे
आँधी और तूफानों के भीतर
उड़ चले हम मस्त पवन में
हम पक्षी उन्मुक्त गगन के ॥

हम भी थे बच्चे अपनों के
हम भी रहते थे घोंसलों में ,
माता पिता के प्रेम की चूँचूँ थी
डरते थे कल उड़ना होगा,
डरते थे अगर वायु चली तो
डर था हमें अस्तित्वहीन होने का,
फिर एक दिन पवन भर आई
तेज़ घटा और बारिश बन आई,
धम् से गिरे हम घोंसले से
पर गिरे नहीं हम संभल गये
अपने पंखों पर हम निकल गए
मस्त हवा के झोंको में उड़कर
बन गये हम पक्षी उन्मुक्त गगन के ॥

अभय एल्हेन्स
ऑर्थोपेडिक्स

My Demons

Hi!
I am here.
With skyrocketing thoughts
Blinding dreams
Amidst bustling noises.
And there's THEM!
They are chasing me.
Savagely hunting me down.
All proclaiming
My failures.
Reminding me of my defeats,
My loss.
And there's you
On the other end
Pulling me away from THEM
Taking me past
The bustling noises
So that
I could hear myself
You're trying
Trying a lot
To help me, escape THEM.
Trying to save me.
From THEM.
But they are my demons,
Darling.
And I don't know
How to escape myself.
How to escape from them,
My skyrocketing thoughts.

Aashna Sachdeva
MBBS 2015

An empty envelope

I lay here
In between
"dirty pretty things "
And "without fail "

Snugly
But every night
I see her fingers
Stumbling upon me
Carefully taking me out
And keeping me beside her
Torn photograph
she's been hiding for years.

I despair and wonder
At her ambivalence
I have seen her grow and move
And stuck with me too.

She sits down to type
And after years of the same routine
I know that tonight too
My fate shall remain unsealed
And I shall remain unsent.

And the typed letter,
A saved draft again.
But I'll still hope for courage.

And I hope that I "Fly to"
The address
Just like she addresses all her other envelopes.

Aashna Sachdeva
MBBS 2015

THE BATTLE OF ARCTIC

Live long; the arctic folks
Hailed the polar warriors.
In the oceans of snow
The demons from hell.

And the heavens would fall
For them; brutal attacks
The kingdom of the Arctic
Needed some brave blood.

Only one mighty warrior
Could take the deadly challenge
To bring the "laughter fleece"
From the depths of the ocean.

Folks say the fleece
Kills the lives with laughter
The victim would be compelled
To narrate the fleece to others.

And he jumped fearfully
In the semi frozen arctic ocean
Blood would stop flowing
But not his determination.

From the heart of the ocean
He found the fleece glowing
With the divine light
Heard in the folks of arctic.

And he returned; Honoured
The hero of the Arctic.
No more fear no more pain.
The demons shall run like stags.

At night, he threw the fleece
In the demon war camp.
And he ran back with Joy.
To announce the victory.

The laughter fleece was read
By the demon warriors.
They laughed and laughed
And narrated it to others.

And the epidemic effect.
The demons vanished.
The best possible death.
Then War camp, now lifeless.

The arctic people had celebrations
But not the old ones.
They feared the fleece on land
Is more demonic than demons.

The arctic hero marched again
He found the fleece
In a sea of mega corpses.
Still glowing with deceiving light.

He picked it; to throw in fire
But, then his curiosity woke.
The demonic human brain thought
What joke could kill people.

He read the fleece; and smiled
And then laughed and laughed.
The mighty of the mightiest
The Arctic Warrior was dead.

Amit Kumar
MBBS 2014

SOME QUESTIONS UNANSWERED

Everyone wants to be successful no one wants to fail,
Everyone wants to be "The leader in the trail."
Our journey in life acquaints us with many mortals,
But most of them are meant to travel through different portals.

Trusting people nowadays is something hard,
And so I keep everyone from my life barred.
Being a witness of few perfidies and backstabbing,
Prevents one from treading on without proper dabbing.

An experience once gained is a driving light,
Which can rescue one from future's plight.
But as it goes "Man is a social animal",
It makes me ponder ; can't humans survive keeping connections minimal?

There's not much leeway on the pinnacle they say,
Amity and camaraderie is the price you pay,
To reach the acmes according to your way,
And to actualize those dreams which always in your mind lay.

Once again I stand perplexed,
With all my pensive abilities flexed.
I still can't fathom why man is incapable of surviving alone,
When arrival and departure from the world is only his own.

But if there is socialising there has to be a rationale behind,
And this question always lingers in my mind.
Maybe some answers are hard to find,
Because reposting some queries require an experience of
lifetime along with grind .



Ananya Srivastava
MBBS - 2015

LONELINESS

A QUEST OF INFINITY

Now before you read this you should totally open yourself to every word what is written and I literally mean every word

Q. What do all of us want?

Money? Power? Status? Respect?

And answer is NOTA

YES NOTA!

What we have wanted not just now, but, for ages

From Christopher Columbus to Napoleon Bonaparte,

From Nehru to Modi (now when national leaders sit on a position they actually think that they have merged with nations identity),

From Hitler to Mandela,

And that is, acceptability; yes! Acceptability

How? Let's see

Harry Potter- opening scene, a boy with troubled life who loves his school more than home just for the sake of acceptability. Now definitely Harry was a fictional character but J.K. Rowling was real and we all know her history.

Hitler - yes many people might hate him but he actually wanted Germans to be accepted in the world as humans not as refugees and, indirectly to be acceptable himself

Indira Gandhi, now we all know for her bold decisions and worldwide acceptability but we don't know about her past how she was humiliated by her aunt's and others yes she was well off but not accepted

Now let's see about latest Sherlock Holmes, all her sister wanted was just acceptability by her brother,

we people are hungry for a little appreciation

for a little smile in the face of known

For nothing riches of kuber but only appreciation hardwork.

From the original words of Norman cousins

The eternal quest of the individual human being is to shatter his loneliness.

And now the example I love- Naruto

We love these stories because they tell you In the end we will not be alone

In the words of Jodi picoult

Let me tell you this: if you meet a loner, no matter what they tell you, it's not because they enjoy solitude. It's because they have tried to blend into the world before, and people continue to disappoint them.

Yes we are the victims and accused of this loneliness.

Solution-If I tell you, you may not follow so let me give you a hint, to find it see a new born I am sure you will find it if you really want to find it. That child has the power to shatter egos, break walls, tie the knot of love.

NOTA : None of the Above

Hridyanshu Vyas
MBBS 2014

The mind was dark
Clouded with
Doubts
Imaginations tried.
And observations
sneaked
About a little too.
And then
There it lay
Gradually
Dissipating darkness
Clearing the doubts
My motionless teacher
The Cadaver

They say
It's lifeless
They believe
It can't speak
But I have
Heard it preach
About the very existence
Of life
With every sermon
You shape me
With you
I learned
About the body
And the mysteries of life
Were unravelled too
I learned
That life can be made
By what we give
And life can be made
After we die
So let the world learn
That death is never the end
That the light never fades out

It continues to flicker
Giving hope to millions
Through newly ignited minds

Death is not the end.

Arjun and Aashna
MBBS 2014

injuries

Injuries were healed
The ruins were buried deep
Will never feel them, he thought
Promises were too hard to keep.

One never feels the scars
Scars are always encroached
They encroach, then scratch
To make sure the pain approached.

He never had any toy
Life played all the game
They didn't know his story
And can never feel the same.

And suddenly it was all black
Like days of his nursery rhyme
They say the dead never speak
The dead yelled this time.

Ayush Dangayach
MBBS 2014

My Kite

Oh so high in the sky
Oh so high in the sky
goes my kite, goes my kite
In the blue sky its so high
This is the way to learn
how to fly high in the sky



Pratha
D/o Dr. Pramod Sharma

Apotheosis of existence

Trodden paths and repeating misdeeds
Stared at me as I stood unaware
Pure as innocence and fresh as the spring
Ready to be cast into the dungeons of existence
With my chin up in the air I strode
Across monotonous beats of a strangled routine
Took a wrong turn dreaming of a change
But found no reason for this mere existence
Gave up, overpowered by defeats befallen
And followed the pack towards games of default
Alas! That crave struck me again
So off I ventured into the thrills of existence
Lost in oblivion I found new joy
Like a charade of clowns my fate danced in front
With each intake of that mystic addiction
I began to let go into those fathoms of existence
Though pain was forgotten and bondages buried
Though it propelled me into galaxies angelic
Rays of purpose enthralled my psyche
And I had to subdue to the boredom of existence
But deep inside the mask outside
Hopes of a conqueror lay shattered and torn
Found revenge and solace in a physical utopia
Then fell back into the carcasses of existence
Then came this day not long after
When a lost innocence gained strength within
Empowered by the adrenaline rush
I soared reborn towards the retrieval of existence
And as torments of greed and delight came forth
Baffled I lay in that summer haze
Losing myself in perils of a wrought adventure
Gaining control over this jumbled existence
Then under cushions of stars a smile gave way
Piercing its daggers of contempt and love
Bringing life into this apocalypse of flesh and soul
For now I realize in thy awe and reverence
That I've reached the apotheosis of existence

Bennito
MBBS 2015

THE HIDDEN TREASURE

For years, I strolled in the dark,
For years, I waited for that spark .
That dream, that passion, that ambition,
That fuel that burns brighter than the sun.

To seek the answer, I met a man, old but wise.
He said
"Travel the road that leads to,
The highest peak there is,
Walk that path until you realize ,
True happiness is not the conquest of the highest,
but rather lies in being modest with the rest.
That treasure lies not on the peak,
But rather is hidden along the way."

Without delay I embarked on a mission,
That peak soon became my obsession.
As I walked on, strangers became friends,
As I walked on, friends became strangers.
The journey was made memorable,
By those special people ,
Who were turned into just a memory,
By and along the turns of this journey.
The thorns of hardships were softened,
Through moments of love and care.
The burns of failures were alleviated,
Through moments of joy and fun.

But soon the lust for height overtook,
And I went faster and I went beyond ,
Beyond the reach of anyone who came through ,
The peak was the only entity in my view.

And at last the pinnacle was conquered,
I sat over the pinnacle, And pondered.
After the momentary satisfaction and excitement gave way,
To the silence which echoed through my hollow triumph,
Tracing their way to the words of the wise,
"Travel the road that leads to,
The highest peak there is,
Walk that path until you realize,
True happiness is not the conquest of the highest,
But rather lies in being modest with the rest.
That treasure lies not on the peak,
But rather is hidden along the way."

And then I smiled and slowly walked away,
As I spent one by one, the coins of the treasure,
The memories we make, and the bonds we share.
The fun and joy, the love and care.

Ishant Kumar Sahu
MBBS 2015

LIFE'S A CHESSBOARD.....

Life's a chessboard, a game
you win some, you lose some in your name.
Treat them both as just the Same;
lest it blemish your embroidered name with a flame.

You are the man, the master, and yet the mortal king;
Forlorn alone, nonchalantly you see all trying to cling.
You are the epicenter of vitriolic chaos, yet you merrily sing;
for such is your destiny-to survive the Onidine's curse and feel the sting.

You live for her, she perishes for you-that's your mesmerizing queen;
your love, your lust, your Cleopatra and your Madeline.
You lose her and nefarious souls haunt you like Halloween;
her vicinity is your safe abode, making you feel like heaven at eighteen.

Your ardent dreams transpire in the mighty knight;
meandering to your panoramic delight, it serves you with a spirited sprite.
Braving up a stoic fight it kindles a ray of light,
No matter how silhouetted be the midsummer's night.

Forbearance is indispensable for the erring you-so the rook;
your rector, your marquees, your firewall castle and your cook.
Flanks you from pernicious vandalism, keeping you serene like the silent brook;
but, mind my words, it can surge you to your destiny by playing hook or crook.

It's not always love when you kiss-up;
Feeble alone, you pair up and wreak havoc on the usurp.
No straight paths, you two cross-walk in sinister dress-up;
and there, my friend, you masquerade as the BISHOP.

You make fallacious moves, yet you get the wreath of win;
you play just and right and yet, at times, you taste the bin.
You are bestowed with unprecedented help and at times you feel undone facing the chagrin;
for be it life or chess, you are a cipher without the divine providence, the god-the kingpin.

Life's a chessboard, a game,
you win some, and you lose some in your name.....

Dr. Abhishek Onkar
Senior Resident
Department of Ophthalmology

THE BLIND PRIEST

In the land of a million gods,
a priest was born ,blinded by lord.
In spite of that he believed in one,
Who was his only source of light ,who was his sun,
when her grandma recited those holy hymns,
The tales and stories of karma and sins.
His mind grasped those juices and moulded his own god,
Whom he preached day and night,like music to a singer's cord.
Whenever anyone mocked him as blind child,
He thought of him and smiled.
He trusted him to be by his side,
holding his hands forever ,was his pride.
He never felt lonely although he was alone,
because of the divine belief in that idol of stone.
he loved that idol and believed that it loved him too,
touching it gently and visualized it's hue.
Nothing in that world did matter to him as such,
Everything was transient except that god whom he loved so much.
It coloured his bleak world and rejuvenated his soul.
It was his only wish ,ambition and goal.
But the god he loved had his own plans,
The temple caught fire somehow by chance,
The boy felt the heat still rushed inside ,
To protect that idol,on bed of fire ,which lied.
He got hold of that idol but that temple crumbled upon.
Caught in that burning debris ,and a mystifying confusion,
Was he being killed by the same god ,who was the one.
the one mate he ever had ,the one he ever believed in?
was believing in that idol of stone was his sin?
he turned his gaze to the idol skeptically,
he had realized the ultimate truth of life finally.
the god never existed in that stone,
it was just that divine belief that had flourished and grown.
He lost someone whom he ever had,
He lost that one thing that told him,if he was good or bad?
He lost someone who made him happy or sad,
He lost that someone whom he never had .

Ishant Kumar Sahu
MBBS 2015

Reminiscence

The moon lit low and the grass rustled,
The wind played slow and my mind muffled.
By the thought of someone who was there all along,
This long journey, like a shadow clinged to the soul.
The shoulder to rest upon in every grief.
The shield to hide behind in every field.
The one who walks behind your every step.
The one from whom no secret can be kept.
The one who could take the fall for you.
Those one's are very very few.
But life is mean and has a heart of stone.
If they are special ,they will be gone.
But a partner in crime, we too are.
We don't realize their worth until they are far.
But Life is a mystery and a single queue.
The ones we follow are the only ones in our view.
But I wish I had eyes on my back.
So I could see who walks behind me on this track.
But life is lonely and a funnel shaped corridor.
As the journey passes it grows narrow and narrower.
Soon there is no room for our special ones to fit in.
Who backed us all the while now back out for us to win.
But life is also wise and knows it all.
We won't learn to standup ,until we ourselves take the fall.
We don't know what's it like to be loved until we face scorn.
We don't realize what we have until it's gone.
Until it's gone ,until it's gone.

Ishant Kumar Sahu
MBBS 2015

The Air is you

You are the castle of air around me
I won't let you diffuse
The castle you made once
For it to fall, I refuse.
The air which harbours life
Also rusts the iron away
Vaporise me, I blend into you
But never make me the iron, I pray.
My heart drowns in tears
But eyes don't flood with dew
I trust the air to vanish them
Because the air is you.

Ayush Dangayach
MBBS 2014

To be your Friend

When I met you during those lonely days,
I had no heartbreak or heartache,
But something inside urged deep within,
To be your friend as now we have been...

I liked to say that I HATED YOU,
And you knew it was other way round,
We haven't been that good together,
The fights, the quarrels and the bias that did amount...

I wish I could say what my heart echoed,
Though my actions felt short to show that off,
You mean to me a lot and it will always be true,
Either you believe me or you might not do...

You knew I loved your company enough,
To stay together in all our good and bad,
What happened was always meant to happen,
To be your friend as now we have been...

Sankhla Anita R.
MBBS 2015

The Darker Side

Amidst all the happiness, there lies a darker side
How could we avoid it, how could it hide?
Those little hands working the day long
Beautiful to look at, within quite strong.
It's true not all are born with a silver spoon
Oh God! Something needs to be there for them as a boon.
An open playground for them to play
How will they reach up? Alas! It's far away.
To reach the zenith, they had an invincible zeal
Now, confronted with reality, the wounds won't easily heal.
They wanted to study, to read, to learn
No, they need money, they need to earn.
Sweating profusely in the middle of the day
Waiting for the evening, the master will pay.

Udita Patni
MBBS 2016

Mickey

On a usual morning, I was waken up by the melodious voice of MICKEY.
It was exact on time and I made sure that so was her food.
Dressing up, I could see her enjoying her food and singing.
Having done my daily prayers, I left the room in time, for the breakfast, leaving Micky still singing in the balcony.
Back from the usual busy schedule, I saw the container empty in the balcony and Mickey enjoying on the large climber nearby. This time of the day is usually the best part of the day, seeing the small bird enjoy the lap of nature, as if the world was about to end there and then!
Next day her voice woke me up but today something was different, Mickey was in quite a hurry and I could feel the anxiety in her voice.
Just before leaving I found the reason, Mickey was building a nest on the nearby tree!. A new member was about to come in the family!!!
That day at work was not great, and probably nothing can ever match the worthless feeling I had that day.
Evening was no different and I could see Mickey still building the nest but slowly, for even Mickey probably shared the pain.
Two days later the nest was complete and a day later I could see the yet to be born in the nest as if assuring me of its presence!
Next day at work was not great, my senior fired me from my job. Having some personal issues, I could not meet the deadline but senior never gave an ear to me but back home, I took pleasure in the fact that I had never seen Mickey in a happier state.
Next day I woke up quite later and the usual voice was no more there.
I got Mickey her usual food but the tray never got empty, and I could see the giant tree lying helplessly on ground with the small little creature lying on the ground.
Looking deep down I could see the poor bird looking helplessly towards the left over remains of her child with a heavy heart. That day I tried to eat but the food never got down my throat.
I woke up the next day with no change in the feelings, heart still being fill of remorse.
I went up to the balcony each day, with the slightest hope that things might change but to no avail.
Mickey had stopped eating and became so timid that her bones protruded through the soft wrinkled skin. Days went on with the worst of the feelings possible, both for Mickey and me, till one day I was again waken up by the melodious voice!
Mickey was back in her place in the balcony and was making a different sound as if asking for food and water she didn't had for last so many days! I ran down and brought Mickey her food. As she ate the food I saw something strange, this was absolutely new gesture, I had never seen it before. It took some time but eventually I figured out that she was pointing to a tree far from the balcony on which I could see a small nest half built !!! My eyes stayed wide open in amazement for I could not believe the courage it must have taken for the little bird to do this.
I kept looking at her for quite some time as if trying to draw the same courage into myself, to take some HOPE!
Next day was a usual one for Mickey. I was waken up in time and she took her food. With Mickey still enjoying her breakfast, I did my prayers and left the room to embark upon a new journey, with a new HOPE!!

That day my mind made an important realization...
No matter what the odds are, no matter how much you are made to think yourself as a pawn..
All that makes a difference is that the world MOVES ON..

Shubham Manchanda
MBBS 2014

नकाबपोश सा चला शहर ये अंधकार में।
 चीख चीख कह रहे तड़प भरी पुकार में।।
 ये सड़क तालाब सब पहाड़ ये विशाल सब
 सरोवरों जलाशयों के मानबल का राग सब
 कह रहे हैं देश को बचा लो बस नकाब से
 विरक्ति क्लांति धुंध से निः शक्ति अशांति चौंध से
 ये नकाब कौन सा है कहाँ छिपा पड़ा
 कौन इस नकाब में छुपा है आज देखता
 ये देश का चरित्र बन रहा है आपको पता ?
 ये कदम भी देश में पड़ा है आपको पता ?
 ये स्वार्थ दंभ हं घमंड द्वेष अंधकार है
 ये प्रीति की क्षति का एक और ही प्रकार है
 ये शांति की समस्त कोशिशों को है बिखेरता
 अशांत चित्त में सदैव अपना मान खोजता
 ये क्रांति के समय में कुछ अलग ही गुट बनाएगा
 ये शीत युद्ध की अजीब सी वजह कहलाएगा
 ये आगे बढ़ने वालों को कभी नहीं है रोकता
 उक्त ऊँचे लोगों को है सबसे पहले घेरता
 वहीं से तो चला रहा ये अपनी राजनीति को
 वहीं पर बैठा देखता तड़प झड़प रीति को
 दर्द कष्ट वेदना मनोदशा क्लेश में
 ये नकाबपोश आत्म शांति को है ढूँढता
 ये नकाबपोश कौन है कहाँ से आया है
 उक्त शक्तियों को ढूँढकर कहाँ से लाया है
 यह समय में या समय इसी में से है झाँकता
 रिक्त पन्नों में से भी क्या शब्द ही है वाचता
 कहाँ से आया यह धरोहरो के बीच देश की
 जाएगा कहाँ जड़े जमाएगा ये क्या पता
 एक विचार मेरे मन में और भी है आ रहा
 कहीं नकाब यह हमारे तन पे तो न छा रहा
 कहीं ये आप हम तथा समस्त देश तन ने हो
 ढूँढते ही जाए रह यहाँ जगह जगह
 आपको हमें सदा को रिक्त सा न कर दे यह
 और हममें जल रहित कोई मृदा न भर दे यह
 वेदना विकार अंतरात्मा में बिखेरकर
 आत्म के विवेक को भी क्षीण सा न कर दे यह
 इस धरा के शौर्य की अनेक ही कथाएँ हैं
 जीवमात्र की करुण सी प्रेम गाथाएँ हैं
 आओ इस नकाब को उतारने को देश से
 परंपरा की शौर्य की पुनर्स्थापना करें
 श्वार्थ को घमंड को सदैव ही को त्याग दें
 चल पड़ें व सत्य के विचार बल को राह दें

नकाब



दीक्षा पाटकर
 एम.बी.बी.एस. 2013

रूकावटें

रूकावटें डटों सी हैं
 विकार वार की तरह
 कि सिलवटें सनी हुई
 दिखी ललाट की सतह

तरंग सी है भेदती
 ये हृदय में विकृति
 कि अंधकार में चली
 प्रकाशमान प्रकृति

चलायमान हो चला
 प्रशांत चिर स्थिर मन
 बांधती से कदमों को
 करे अचल मचलता तन

रूकावटें डटों भला
 विकृति का जलजला
 तुम रहे अडिग अगर
 लुप्त होगी हर बला

बाँधने बड़े अगर
 ये नागपांस फिर कदम
 ज्ञात हो सदैव यह
 तुम माप सकते उसका फन

रूकावटें प्रकार हैं
 प्रकृति का वार हैं
 आएगी सदैव वह
 ये जिंदगी का सार है

दीक्षा पाटकर
 एम.बी.बी.एस. 2013

श्राप अथवा वरदान

द्युतसभा में कौरवों से हारने के पश्चात पाण्डवों को 12 वर्ष के वनवास और 1 वर्ष के अज्ञातवास की सजा सुनाई गयी। इस वनवास के समय में जहाँ चारों पाण्डव और द्रौपदी वन में ऋषियों की सेवा कर जीवन व्यतीत कर रहे थे, वहीं कुन्ती पुत्र अर्जुन श्री कृष्ण की इच्छानुसार भविष्य में होने वाले युद्ध की तैयारी में लग गये।

अर्जुन ने तपस्या द्वारा अपने धर्म-पिता देवराज इंद्र को प्रसन्न किया और उनसे दिव्यास्त्रों की मांग करी। अर्जुन की तपस्या से प्रसन्न होकर देवराज इंद्र अर्जुन को दिव्यास्त्रों का ज्ञान प्राप्त करने के लिए देवलोक ले गए। वहाँ पर सभी देवताओं की कृपा से अर्जुन ने न केवल दिव्यास्त्रों का ज्ञान प्राप्त किया, अपितु और भी कई कलाओं में वह निपुण हो गया। वहीं स्वर्गलोक में अर्जुन ने गन्धर्व चित्रसेन से नृत्य और संगीत भी सीखा।

एक बार स्वर्गलोक में जब पार्थ अभ्यास कर रहे थे, तब उर्वशी नाम की अप्सरा उनसे मोहित हो गयी और उनसे विवाह का प्रस्ताव रखा। परन्तु अर्जुन ने इस प्रस्ताव को मानने से इनकार कर दिया। उर्वशी ने कई वर्ष पूर्व कुरु वंश के पूर्वज चंद्रवंशी राजा पुरुरवा के साथ विवाह किया था। इस कारण अर्जुन उर्वशी को माता तुलनीय मानते थे और उसे कदापि अपनी पत्नी के रूप में स्वीकार नहीं कर सकते थे। परन्तु उर्वशी ने इसे अपना अपमान समझा और अर्जुन को उसका पुरुषत्व खोने का श्राप दे दिया। परन्तु जब उर्वशी का क्रोध शांत हुआ और उसे अपनी गलती का एहसास हुआ तो उसने देवराज इंद्र की आज्ञा से अपने श्राप की अवधि को कम कर दिया और कहा कि अर्जुन को केवल 1 वर्ष के लिए नपुंसक बनकर रहना होगा और उस वर्ष का चयन अर्जुन स्वयं अपनी इच्छा से कर सकेगा। 12 वर्ष वनवास के बाद जब अज्ञातवास आरम्भ हुआ, तब अर्जुन ने इस श्राप का प्रयोग कर बृहनल्ला नामक नपुंसक का रूप लिया और मत्स्य देश में राजा विराट की पुत्री उत्तरा को नृत्य और संगीत की शिक्षा प्रदान करी। इस श्राप की वजह से कोई अर्जुन को पहचान नहीं सका।

इस प्रकार पाण्डव अपना अज्ञातवास सफलतापूर्वक समाप्त कर सके। उर्वशी द्वारा दिया गया वह भयंकर श्राप अर्जुन के लिए वरदान साबित हुआ।

क्या आपको नहीं लगता की ईश्वर जो करता है हमारे हित के लिए करता है, स्वयं विचार किजिए।

अक्षित बुद्धिराजा
एम.बी.बी.एस. 2012

लिखो कब आओगे

लो आज सुनाती हूँ मैं तुमको अपने जीवन की कहानी,
हूँ मैं अपने बाबा की लाडली बेटी सुहानी।
आज भी याद है मुझे वह दिन जब लड़के वाले देखने आए थे
मुझे पसंद कर 2 दिन पश्चात् ही घर में ढोल नगाड़े बजवाए थे।
एक आर्मी अफसर की बीवी बनने का एक अलग सा गर्व था मेरे अंतर्मन में,
सब कुछ इतना सुन्दर अनोखा था शादी के बाद इस नए जीवन में।
पर हर बार जब भी उनका बॉर्डर पर बुलावा आता था,
मुझे न जाने क्यों एक अजीब सा डर सताता था।
वो हर बार कह जाते “सुहानी ऐसे रोकर विदा नहीं करते,
ऐसी घबराहट एक जवान की बीवी के मस्तिष्क पर शोभा नहीं देती।
उनके पत्र के इंतज़ार में हर सुबह द्वार पे जा बैठती थी,
कि कोई संदेशा डाकिया लाए इस उम्मीद में रहती थी।
यूँ तो पत्र में कलम से लिखे अलफाज़ ही हुआ करते थे,
पर हर पल की जिन्दगी हम उसे ही पढ़के जीया करते थे
उनके हर बार दिवाली पर घर आने पर,
मेरा चौखट पर रंगोली बनाना, तरह तरह के पकवान बनाना,
उनके पसंद के फूलों से घर के कोने-कोने को महकाना,
और खुद को दुल्हन की तरह सजाना।
उन्हे खुश करने के मेरे हर उस प्रयास को वो अपनी तारीफों से सराहते थे।
सबके लिए मिठाइयाँ और बहन से छुपाकर मेरे लिए साड़ी भी लाते थे।
हर दिन छोटू पूछता है “माँ पापा कब आएँगे”
अगले महीने ही तुम्हारे पापा आएँगे और छोटू के खिलौने भी लाएँगे।
आया जब दिवाली के दिन उनका संदेशा
“घर पर सबका खयाल रखना मैं आ नहीं सकता,
बॉर्डर पर आ गया है कुछ काम ऐसा।”
छोटू कहता माँ मेरे सभी दोस्त अपने पापा के साथ दिवाली मना रहे हैं,
मेरे पापा फिर क्यों नहीं अपने छोटू के लिए पटाके लेकर आ रहे हैं।
अब ऐसे में मुश्किल होता था मेरा उसको समझना,
तेरे जन्मदिन पर जरूर आएँगे वो, कहकर सीख गई मैं उसको भी बहलाना।
जन्मदिन पर वो तो नहीं आए पर आया एक और खत
“कमान्डर साहब शहीद हो गए जंग में,”
पैरो तले जमीन जो मेरे खिसक गई, अब जियूँ कैसे बिन उनके संग मैं।
रो रोकर हो गई आँखें मेरी इतनी नम,
ऐसा क्या किया था मैंने जो मेरे नसीब में ही लिखे इतने गम।
अभी तो जिंदगी और मौत की समझ भी न थी उनके लाल को,
तो क्या जवाब मैं दूँ उसके मासूम सवाल को।
कितनी कहानियाँ रह गई अनकही, रह गए अनसुने कितने लफ़्ज़।
किसके लिए करूँ अब ये सजना सँवरना
इन आँखों की किस्मत में शायद लिखा था आँसुओं से भरना।
पर याद आती है हर बार उनकी वह बात -
कमान्डर की बीवी के आँखों में होने नहीं चाहिए आँसू गम के कभी,
मैं रहूँ न रहूँ संभालना है तुझको भी आगे सभी।
दे गए जाते-जाते भी तुझे सम्मान
उनके छोटू को भी कमान्डर बनाने के है मुझमें
अब अरमान।

श्रेया कृष्णा
एम.बी.बी.एस. 2013

अनजानी राह

जिसपे चली थी सदियों पहले
जिसका सहारा लिया था सदियों पहले
जिसे आजमाना चाहा था सदियों पहले
आज वो मुझे आजमा रही है
अनजानी राह गलत राह बनती जा रही है।

बदलाव समझ आ गया था सदियों पहले
खुद को सम्भाल लिया था सदियों पहले
अनजानी राह को अनदेखा कर लिया था सदियों पहले
फिर क्यों जिंदगी उस मोड़ पर चली जा रही है
अनजानी राह फिर क्यों मंजिल के बीच आ रही है

पर अब बस
खुद को समझा लिया है मैंने
जिंदगी को बनाना है कुछ ऐसे
की
सदियाँ लगे अनजानी राह को उस
मंजिल की रहा तक पहुँचने में
सदियों लगे अनजानी राह को मुझे
ढुँढ़ने में

"जिंदगी"

कभी किसी को मुक्कमल जहाँ नहीं मिलता
ये जमीन नहीं मिलती, आसमान नहीं मिलता।

रख हौसला वो मँजर भी आएगा
प्यासे के पास चलकर समंदर भी आएगा।

थक हार के ना रुकना ऐ मँजिल के मुसाफिर
मंजिल भी मिलेगी और मिलने का मजा भी आएगा।

पूजा दहिया
बी.एस.सी. नर्सिंग 2013

नाज़िम हुसैन
एम.बी.बी.एस. 2015

कहानी 'नन्ही कली' की

आई थी एक नन्ही कली घर में, पौधा देख उसे खुश न था
पर फिर भी खिली वो कली घर में, क्योंकि जड़ों ने उसे चाहा था
कमी नहीं थी कोई उस कली को, खूब पानी मिलता था
दिन में धूप और श्याम को पौधों को प्यार मिलता था
दिन में धूप और श्याम को पौधों को प्यार मिलता था
बड़ी होने लगी जैसे - जैसे, अपनी पहचान खोजती थी
मिली न अपनी पहचान उसे, रातों को वो रोती थी
अपनों के बीच अनजानी सी, अनजानो मे अपने वो खोजती थी
मिली तीन कलियाँ उसे, जिन्हे जान से ज्यादा वो चाहती थी
चारों साथ मिलके खूब खुशबु फैलाती थी
एक दूजे को समझती थी, वे खूब प्यार लुटाती थी
बाकी कलियाँ उन्हें देखकर, दिन मे ही मुझी जाती थी
चारों साथ ही रहती थी, हँसती थी और रोती थी
बे वक्त जब भंवरे आए, उनसे भी संभाला खुद को
इस दुनिया ने न जाने क्या - क्या दिखलाया उनको
पौधों को पता न था, इन बे वक्त भंवरो के बारे में
कलियों की कभी हिम्मत न हुई, उनसे कुछ बयाँ करने को
पौधे ख्याल बहुत रखते थे इनका, पर कभी बन न जाए कोई खास उनका
ऐसा ना था की वो समझते नहीं, पर कलियों संग दो घड़ी बैठे नहीं
दोस्त बनकर पूछते तो वहीं फूट पड़ती कलियाँ
इतना दर्द भरा की वहीं फुट पड़ती कलियाँ
कलियों समझ ना पाई दुनियाँ की रीत
ना दुनियाँ समझी कलियाँ की प्रीत
फिर कहती दुनिया उनसे, तुम कलियाँ हो
जिन्हे तोड़ लिया जाएगा एक दिन, किसी और के आंगन के लिए
और बिखरेगी तुम्हारी खुशबू उस आंगन में
ये बातें सुनकर कलियाँ उदास थीं
उस टहनी से भी न कह पाई जो पास थी
पौधे से भी उम्मीद न थी कुछ दुनिया से मजबूर कुछ
कलियों से ये दूर
मोड़ आया जिन्दगी में फिर, जुदा हो गई चारों की राहें
बिखर रही है खुशबू इनकी अलग-अलग बगीचे में आज
गुजर रहा था समय धीरे से, मुझनि लगी थी कलियाँ चुपके से
लेकिन आज भी साथ है इन कलियों का दिल
धड़कता है साथ इन कलियों का दिल
दूर होकर भी पास है इन कलियों का दिल
ये थी कलियाँ
जो खिली थी कहीं अलग पौधों पर
जो अनजानी थी अपनों के बीच
जिन्हे मिली थी पहचान एक दूजे के अन्दर
चारों की बसती थी जान एक दूजे के अन्दर

पूजा दहिया
बी.एस.सी. नर्सिंग 2013

हसीन लम्हों का आईना

आज एक पुरानी दोस्ती की
इल्लतीयाजत एक जुगनू से सुनी
कुछ पाने कुछ खोने के डर से लेज
उन भूले हुए ख्वाबों की राख
दिल की हर धड़कन में नजोनायाब लगी

याद दिला दिए उसने
वो अनकहे लफ्ज वो अनसुनी बातें
वो (वक्त) के शाख से तोड़े हुए कुछ लम्हे
कुछ शिकायते तो कुछ हिदायते

वो सिमटे हुए पल वो शरारते
वो आँखों से टपके मेरे आँसू
उसका बेगानापन वो रूसवाईया
वो तनवाईया, तो कभी नफरतों के सिलसिले

फिर उसकी तकलीफ का एहसास
पर उसके करीब जाने का एतियान
पर याद आया इंसानीयत का इतिहास
तो भुला दिए मैंने गम अपने, उसकी रूह अपनाई

पर कत्ल किया उसने मेरे ख्वाबों का मेरे विश्वास का
मेरे दोस्तों का मेरे आत्मसम्मान का मेरी भावनाओं का
मेरी भावनाओं का मेरी इंसानीयत का
उसकी रूह अपनाई, उसकी साँसे महकाई
पर कत्ल किया उसने मेरे विश्वास का

फिर आँखें हुई मेरी नम
याद करके नासमझी अपनी
तो कहा मैंने जुगनू से
की लेजा ये धड़कने ये साँसे

वो खुशबू, वो यादे, वो टूटे वादे
वो आँसुओं के नगमे,
वो लम्हे, वो इंतजार की राते,
सब लेजाकर दफनादे उन्हें

किसी ज्वालामुखी की चादर
की आड़ में के आए न
नजर मुझे फिर किसी डगर
वो हसीन लम्हे वो प्रीत के रंगों की बरसाते

प्रीति शर्मा
बी.एस.सी नर्सिंग (आनर्स) 2015

अगले जन्म मुझे एक बेटी ना बनाना

जुर्म-जुर्म हर तरफ
छाया है अंधेरा घना
मासुमियत की चादर ओढ़
रिश्तों की आढ़ में
खेला है खेल गंदा

एक थी रोशनी की रात (शादी)
फिर अंधियारों की सौगात
जग की सारी खुशियाँ थी जो अपनी
चाँद-सितारे थे जो मेरे साथी रूठे
किस्मत जो फूल थी बरसाती रूठी

हिम्मत रखी मैंने आखिर तक
अपना खुशियों को व जिंदगी को
समेटने को सुधारने की
पर अपनी समझा था मैंने जिन्हें
जिंदगानी वार दी थी जिन पर

जरूरत थी जब मुझे उनकी
उनके प्यार की, सम्मान की
मासुमियत की चादर ओढ़
मुझे अकेला राह में छोड़
मुँह फेर कर आगे बढ़ गए

अब नहीं सहा जाता
हे खुदा बस एक है दुआ
अगले जन्म मुझे एक बेटी ना बनाना
नाहि ये दुख किसी को दिखलाना
यही है दुआ यही है मेरी इल्तजा

सपने हजारों थे सजाए
ख्वाबों के ढेर थे मैंने लगाए
सच्चाई को छिपाकर
झूठ की चाशनी थी बनाई

तूफान एक दिन एक ऐसा आया
उड़ा ले गया कश्ती मेरी
अंधियारा था जो छाया घना
वो भी सिसयाकर, कपकपा गया

अपनी इच्छाए, अपनी जरूरत
अपनी जिंदगी, अपने सपने
अपना मन, सब न्योछावर था किया उन पर
निकले वो बेवफा, पराये
व एक बदनुमा दाग मेरी जिंदगी पर

खड़ी रह गई तो सिर्फ मैं,
मेरा टूटा दिल, चोट खाया दिमाग
छूटी उमंगें टूटे हुए सपने
रिश्ते से उठा हुआ विश्वास
और खुदा के प्रकोप का आभास

प्रीति शर्मा
बी.एस.सी नर्सिंग (आनर्स) 2015

ताल

विनती करती हूँ मैं आपसे करना न इससे ज्यादा सवाल,
बताऊंगी मैं आज आपको कैसे मिला इसे वरदान में ताल।

अपने बच्चे के पैदा होने पर माँ बाप की तरह न हुए हम इतने प्रसन्न,
आखिर Down Syndrome से पीड़ित हमारा बच्चा आगे कैसे करेगा अपने जीवन को रौशन।

डर लगता था मुझे कब सीखेगा ये चलना,
क्या कभी यह भी सीख पाएगा गिर के सँभलना।

चिकित्सकों ने कहा इसे Special Need अर्थात् मेरा लाल
है हजारों में खास
माँ होने के नाते था मुझको इसकी कामयाबी पर
पूरा विश्वास

नादान थे वो लोग जो समझते थे इसे कम अकल,
और कहते थे मेरे बच्चे को पागल देखकर उसकी शकल

सोचती थी मैं आएगा जरूर वह दिन
जब सीख जाएगा वह सँभलना मेरे बिन

पर दी है ऊपर वाले ने इसे संगीत की एक असाधारण पहचान,
इन तालों से मिली है इसके हौसलों को उड़ान

जिस बच्चे के लिए मुश्किल होता था शब्दों के मायाजाल से गुजरना
आज संगीत ने सीखा दिया है उसे जीवन की सच्चाई को पढ़ना

कौन कहता है संगीत को समझने के लिए सुनना होता है जरूरी।
दिल की तो हर धड़कन है ताल बिना अधूरी।

शायद इस Extra Chromosome ने बनाया इसे Extra खुशमिजाज
संगीत में छुपा है इसके हर दुखों का इलाज

आज 30 वर्ष की उम्र पर न छोड़ इसने अपनी मासूमियत,
ऐसे बच्चों को पालने का अवसर मिलने वाले हर माँ बाप है खुश किस्मत।

श्रेया कृष्णा
एम.बी.बी.एस. 2013

वो पल

कितना हसीन होगा वो पल
जो ना आज देखेगा ना कल
जिस पल में अंतर नहीं होगा
इस जमीन और आसमाँ में।

और खामोशी जहाँ एक मात्र जरिया होगी
जिससे मन की कथा बयाँ होगी।

जब बेमतलब ही लम्बे रास्ते पकड़ लेंगे।
दुनियादारी को छोड़कर मुस्कुराने के लिए चल देंगे।
जब आँखें भी नीले चादर में ही खुलेंगी
और चादर भी तारों की होगी।

जब वक्त निकालने का भी कोई वक्त नहीं होगा
और नज़र अंदाज करना बस खयालों में ही होगा।

जब जख्म भी खुद भरने लगेंगे
और पुराने गिले गायब हो जाएंगे।

जब हर लब्ज अपना परिचय खुद देगा
और आखें उस परिचय को अपने अंदर ले लेंगी।

जब क्षितिज को छूना भी संभव होगा
और खामोशी को आसानी से पढ़ना भी संभव होगा
सच में,

कितना हसीन होगा वो पल
जो ना आज देखेगा ना कल।।

ओजस्वी मीणा
एम.बी.बी.एस. 2015

तुम

जब निशा ने आँचल यूँ ओढ़ लिया
उसके आगोश में गुमशुदा -सा कर दिया
तब वो छटा बिखेरने वाले तुम ही थे।
वो बिखरा हुआ समेटने वाले तुम ही थे।
जब आंधी ने जिंदगी के शब्दार्थ को नग्न कर दिया
इक अंगारे को अनल दे धधकता सा कर दिया
तब वो नीर की बरखा करने वाले तुम ही थे
वो पिछड़े कंस्थ हौसले की गाथा सुनाने वाले तुम ही थे।

हाँ तुम ही तो रहे हो
उस हर एक आस का ज़रिया
जो मेरी आत्मा के लापता होने पर
एक अनोखा सुराग ढूँढते हुए
लाते हुए घुमंतू की तरह फिरते रहते हो।

बस मुझसे हुई हर अनहोनी को टालते हुए
एक असीम कर्ज़ा चढा देते हो
सोच में ना आया कभी तुम्हारे
क्यूँ मुझपर ज़ाया करते रहते हो ?
बशर्ते आज तक ये सवाल आया भी ना होगा
तुम्हारे ज़हन में
लेकिन मेरे ज़हन में जामने
इसके ही उबाल बचा है।
कि शायद तुम्हारे दिए गए
सबकुछ में से प्यार ही तुम्हें लौटा पाऊँगा।
वक्त तो ऊपरवाले की नेमत है
लेकिन उस वक्त में चलती
साँसें भी तुम्हारी ही देन हैं।
कि चाहे अलगाव की सीमाएँ मैं लाँघ दूँ
पर आत्मा निहायती नालायकी से तुम्हारा ही नाम जपेगी।
कि तुम्हारी हँसी से लेकर रूदानी तक देखा हूँ मैंने
तो बस इन यादों का ही उच्चतम बिस्तर लगा रखा है।

तो थमती हूँ यहीं
कि कभी अनजाने में किसी ने
मेरे अस्तित्व की कथा पूछ ली
तो मैं मूक खड़ी मुस्कराते हुए मूर्खता प्रदर्शित कर लूँगा
और उस अनजाने के लिए
अपनी असीम गुस्ताखी को तुम्हारी यादों में खोयी हुई कुबूल कर लेगी।
हाँ बेशर्मी से कुबूल कर लूँगी।।

ओजस्वी मीणा
एम.बी.बी.एस. 2015

प्रतीक्षा

धुंधली हुई ये आँखें भी अब तो,
दीवार पर टंगें इन अक्सों की तरह।
धनुही सी ये कमर अब मौका नहीं देती,
तस्वीरों में छुपी, उन यादों को सहजने को।।

अंगुली थाम कर मेरी, जिन राहों पर बचपन में,
पानी उड़ाया करते थे तुम, बारिश भरी शामों में।
वो शामें भी अब तो सूखी सी, ढलने सी लगी है,
ये पलकें भी अब तो भीगी सी, थकने सी लगी है,
प्रतीक्षा में उन अपनों की, जो भूल गये हैं कि,
सहारे की एक आस, की थी कभी मैंने भी।।

अंबिया की उस छांव में, दूध पिलाकर,
बड़ा किया तुम्हें सपनों की तरह,
सूखने लगा है अब तो वो भी, तुम्हें यादकर,
मेरे दिल के अरमानों की तरह।।
कि आओगे इक दिन, मेरी लाठी बनकर,
झूठी वो आस अब तो, टूटने सी लगी है।
अब ले जाओ तुम्हारी यादों को दिल से इस बार,
बबूल के काटें की तरह ये अब तों, चुभने सी लगी है।

आत्मा को तो मार दिया तुमने, सपनों का घोटकर गला,
जीयूँ इस आत्मा रहित तन में, अब मैं क्यों भला।
बस यहीं आस भगवान से अब, मुक्त करे इस तन को,
लेकिन, भूल गया है शायद, तुम्हारी तरह भगवान भी अब तो।।

यश कुमार परिहार
एम.बी.बी.एस. 2012

A BRAWL WITH DESTINY

The following story is a fictional one but intended to create a sense of conflict regarding the true ideology behind the practice of medical science.

There was this man who was a professor of Philosophy in the city's college. One day, out of curiosity, he asked his dear friend, a gynecologist by profession, if he could assist him in a process of child birth. Being sure that after so much of experience, mere presence of a man in the room will not alter his dexterity, the doctor obliged his friend with a chance.

The very next day, the professor got a call. He dashed to the hospital only to witness an intricate case. The baby up for delivery was pre-term. To his surprise, the deft doctor was least worried. It all went smooth and the baby came out safe. The professor sighed of satisfaction but only then the horrors had started. Despite the patting and agitation, the baby did not breathe for about 30 seconds. The doctor went pale, intensifying his efforts to save the baby. He put a pipe down the baby's throat and relentlessly tried to make him breathe. He worked like a trojan, and as soon as the baby was stable, he was transferred to the ICU and put on a ventilator.

Observing everything keenly, the professor met the frenzy doctor shaking with tremors of effort with a bucket full of questions. He got underway by asking "You know he'll not survive. Don't you?"

The doctor replied with a calm face, "Maybe".

"Where do you get this instinct to work for a near fallen cause?"

"You can't defeat the will of god"

"That baby was born dead, you resuscitated him. But for how long will he survive?"

"The parents will feel worse, knowing their baby had a chance of living"

The professor bombarded him with dubiety. The doctor answered, "Once there was this huge jungle, ominously it caught up fire. A chaos broke out among the animals. The elephants bringing water in their trunks, others fetching pails, some trying to help them fill those. Admist this chaos, there was a sparrow, she went all the way to the pond, filled her beak with water and came back to throw it on the fire. As she was toiling through, her friends told him, 'Your efforts won't count'. She replied sweetly, 'Right now, all I can do is this. At least I'll not be known as someone who sat and watched the ashes fall. They'll remember me as someone who tried and tried hard.'"

The professor was in turmoil as the doctor continued, "I don't know if God wants the baby to die or not. But I know for sure that I am a doctor to save him, or at least try. Whether I excel or not is an aftermath. This aftermath merely relates to my fame and not my duties."

"We as humans, don't know about the verdict of god. Maybe he can engage in miracles, maybe he can douse the fire. All I know is that I'm here to play my part and nobody knows that the next case is pre-scripted or just another test. As long as I can see even the faintest ray of light at the end of the tunnel, I ought to try to make it there."

Few weeks later, the doctor called his friend. The baby had survived. Whether the doctor had defeated the will of God or had he just passed another test, the question still lingered.

Saket Dadhich
MBBS 2015

Day And Night

Light slips away into the horizon,
Darkness dissolves and cleans up the trails of the sun.
The time has come for the moon to rise and wake ,
The emperor of the night is about to rule its darkness lake,
Piercing the sky it comes out in a royal way,
His army had defeated the sun and hence ended the reign of the day,
Cold wind blows and silence speaks,
The preachers of the devil come out to prey the weaks,
Faith on good surrenders to fear of bad,
Everyone was scared and so hid inside homes they had.
The night though bad has its role to play,
Without Bad ,the good is of no use anyway.
People say 'god is mightier than the demon,
But in reality both lie in equal proportion in every human,
Night after day and day after night,
Contrasting yet complimentary just as the colours black and white.
Gradually the powers of the night vanish away,
And the sun marches over sky to establish the regime of the day,
The moon is now weak and soon dissappears,
The light glitters over the sky after the war that was fierce.
Atlast again the night ends and day begins,
Standing on the dead bodies of miseries and sins.

Sanjoli Aggarwal
MBBS 2015

Fading Into Nothingness

Sitting at the stone bench,
Watching the train move
Until it fades into
Nothingness.

I saw you move away,
You took my eyes too
For without you by my side,
I'm nae but blind.

All those memories
All that laughter
All the love
Now
Nothing but Nothingness.

People come and
People go
But no one cares.
Not like you did.

As my tears fall,
You are not here
To wipe them off
To kiss me all better
To just stay.

I feel numb
Comfortably so.
As I do know
When the pain strikes,
It will strike hard.

Everything I see
Is in shades of grey
Bleak and blurred.
As the day dies
To give way to night,
So does my heart.

The world closes in.
I can't breathe.
This is all too much.
Too much for my fragile heart.

As my tears dry,
The cool air wafts across my face.
Cold reality crashes
And I too fade,
Into Nothingness.

R. Vaishali
MBBS 2013

Was That All I Was Worth?

Existing I was,
all of a sudden.
Don't know where I came from,
Don't know where I'll go.
It's warm and cozy here
All reds and pinks and whites.
A perfect place to dream,
of roses, rainbows and light.

Floating I was, in a sea of liquid
with just a cable to my tummy
attaching me to mummy.
"I'll grow up to be like her
And be Papa's little angel".
Oh, what a dream that was!
To call them Mumma Papa
To be held in warm hands
To be loved and cherished.

A dream, that's all it ever was.
A dream, never meant to last.
Shattered cruelly, because
reality is not roses and rainbows.

Two hands came to me
with sharp looking things.
It cut off mine and mommy's cable
And all there was, was red.

I couldn't breathe,
couldn't cry, couldn't shout.

An uncle clad in white,
pulled me out of mommy.
He gave me a grim smile
and threw me away to the bin.

I wanted to ask,
" Don't you want a mini-me, mommy?
To love and cherish and laugh with?
Don't you want a little girl, daddy?
To protect and teach and guide?"

All I got was silence.

Not a tear shed,
Not a moment wasted.
Am I a waste of space, really?
Was that all I was worth?

R. Vaishali
MBBS 2013

Ode to a Saviour

About 80 Years ago there once lived a man
I'm going to tell you about him as much as I can

Brought in this world by a railway employees wife,
You will agree with me he led an extraordinary life.
After giving birth to him in Sukkur in West Punjab;
Alas! The woman died.
The day old baby, He sobbed, wept and cried.
Brought up in a joint family in Lahore
Where he took his education,
No one could deter the child,
He had complete determination.

In adverse circumstances, in August 1947,
A period which I know was not like heaven.
Those were the days of partition;
The country faced uncertainty, unrest and turmoil,
Amidst all this, the boy and his family were forced to leave their soil.
Mother's demise, father's illness and the bloodshed he saw
Had a great impact on the young boy's mind
He chose to be a doctor, above all;
He could not leave his past behind.

A handsome, young man, a fine doctor he made,
Nothing would come in his way;
And then he met his lady love,
And together for life they would stay.
Life was full of hurdles but Perseverance he had shown,
As his name travelled far and wide,
'A man with a magical touch', he came to be known,
Winning various awards, including Padamshree by his side.

What a humble man he was,
He put thousands at ease.
Sadly he could not save his own life,
And died of a chronic lung disease.
As I stand before you all to tell his tale;
My grandfather he was, someone I would never fail.
His footsteps, on the sands of time,
I would love to tread.
The respect I have for him will I lovingly confirm
By being who he was, and serving one and all.

Siddhant Passey
MBBS 2016

इश्क

दिल से निकले हैं इश्किया फरमान से
इश्क हुआ भी फूटी तकदीर से
और टूटा भी फूटी तकदीर से
तभी तो घबराया है ये इश्क का अशिक दिल जेहन-ए-तकरीर से

(P.S. जेहन-ए-तकरीर = interview with the mind)

जाने कब से वो मेरे नाकाम इश्क का जिन्दा सबूत है
अब तो लगता है मेरे ताबूत की आखरी कील भी बनेगी

फर्क मालूम भी जिंदगी और मौत में कितना है
कुछ जिंदा भी बेअसर है, कोई मुर्दा भी सबकी जुबाँ पर छाया है
सबकी बस चल रही है साँसें, कुछ कफन में बंद अरसों से
आज भी बसके हम नवाँ है ।

खोते इश्क का आखरी तोहफा है ...
नाफानी नाबयां दर्द
उसी टूटे दिल की चीख को लोग शायरी का नाम देते हैं ।
(P.S. नाफानी - indestructible
नाबयां - inexplicable)

मानवेन्द्र सिंह तंवर
एम.बी.बी.एस. 2012

जागो भारत

जब जब मैं इस धरा पे बैठे विषम नाग को सेहता हूँ ।
मैं पीड़ा से चिल्ला उठता लोकतन्त्र पर रोता हूँ ।
ये क़ेसी अभिव्यक्ति है अब मन्दाचल की छाती पर
मन करता है वार करू कब विश्व पटल की ख्याति पर ।

यूतो शक्तिवान है ! फिर क्यों आज भी ये मजबूरी है
दुश्मन जिन्दा है दया पर ! फिर क्यों विजय से दूरी है
यू.एन. में जाकर हम अच्छा भाषण देकर आते हैं
फिर क्यों घाटी में गद्दारों से सैनिक मारे जाते हैं

अब समय गया वो जब हमने समझौता करवाया था
कारगिल में एक बार फिर से वो मौका आया था
अब समय चला है आज दिखा दे लाल किले की शक्ति को
दुश्मन को इतिहास बनादे दिखा अब रण अभिव्यक्ति को !
भारत का नाम लिखा है विश्व पटल की ख्याति पर
अब खुद को अपवाद बना दे सशक्त दीप की ज्योति पर !

जय हिन्द

निश्चय नागोरी
एम.बी.बी.एस. 2015







Jyoti Jangid Nursing 3rd year



Ayush Patel MBBS Student 2014



Anshu Arora MBBS Student 2103 Batch



Abhishek Khechar MBBS Student 2014 Batch

ART WORK



Dr Saptarshi Mandal Assistant Professor
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Moirangthem Sonia Nursing tutor



Suman Bhatia Bsc Nursing 2015 batch



FAMILY OF AIIMS JODHPUR



LITERARY CLUB