



My experiences in MAMC

Selected in MAMC, we were unique!
At least a white shirt and black trousers made us look so.
Wherever we saw a senior, we had to bend 90 degree and
Some respect we had to show!

After a month, came the fresher's party,
Well, a clear misnomer, if I may say.
Cause it was the 'fuchchas' who suffered,
While all the others made hay.

The strangest thing of all the weird things happening,
Was that the Fresher's actually kick started the phase of
ragging.

Anyways the 'Personality Development' phase slowly
went away,
Now we could actually go into the ICH and the Nescafe.

That period over, we thought we could rest.
But hey, we were in MAMC! so were bombarded with test
after test.
An Anatomy stage, a Physio completion or a BC monthly,
each one had a different name,
But no matter what we tried, 'Fail, fail, fail!' the results
were all the same.

Now what can I say about the hostel life, it is absolutely
rocking!

But 'Sharma ji' ki mess ka khana was really shocking.
The Sems came, and so did the sent ups. But then came the
Proffs,

Seeing the question papers, my senses were switched off!

By writing 'jugaadu' answers, pages bhare.
Sems fail, sent ups fail, somehow Proffs pass kiye.
Though 1st year feels like you are in some jail,
But believe you me 2nd year mein ki full masti, bas dance
kiye aur khele khel.

Rohit Upreti
(6th Sem)

Why do I feel weak inside

Life is tough, but I am sailing along
Flowing with time, nothing seems too long
I am happy, I have no worries
But still sometimes in between my strider
I stop and think, am I weak inside..

My day starts great, all chores on time
A passing smile, a humming rhythm
My classes, my books, friends and fun
But at the end of the day, in the silence of the night
Sometimes I wonder, am I weak inside..

What makes me weak, why this feeling comes
Why does the silence make me numb
As if something's missing in my life
A void which can't be filled even if I tried
Why does this void make me weak inside..

Is it because I need myself
Face to face in truths I shelve
Thinking am I right or am I wrong
Through the path of life, that I alone have to drive
And that loneliness makes me weak inside..

Or is it the true love I miss
Caught in my race when I skip the bliss
Of my family, my parents, my dears. my friends
Imagining life without them gives me fright
And makes me feel weak inside..

Or may be its just the anxiety
Of what failure has in store for me
Will I be shoved into misery
What will time bring in its tide
The questions make me feel weak inside..

It could be this or something else
That causes my inner self to melt
I couldn't get the answer in yet in my mind
But I am curious to know the reason behind
My feeling of weakness deep inside..

Kriti Wig (8th sem)

Pigeons on my balcony- July 1988

(Notings from journal-diary entries during my medical school years in Maulana Azad Medical College, New Delhi, from room number 313, New Boy's Hostel..1988)

These are some of my first and dearest friends. Walking down the Delhi Gate, in my college years, I have seen these pigeons in front of the statue of Asaf Ali, eating grains and flying in the lovely blue skies while going to Daryaganj to eat Bread Pakoras in the corner shop. Or while entering a totally different world in the small streets of "Purani Dilli". The small shops, bazaars, barber shops, grains or the early morning "Mandi".

There are some pigeons on my balcony. They have made nest there. Sailing in the blue skies in the mornings and coming back to rest in the hot afternoons. Nesting. They have made a small nest of twigs under my water cooler.

"What is man's relation with nature? Are we part of this whole planet as a whole or do we lead our individual selfish ways?" The debates about global warming and climate change have brought these issues to public light.

They are my friends, these pigeons.

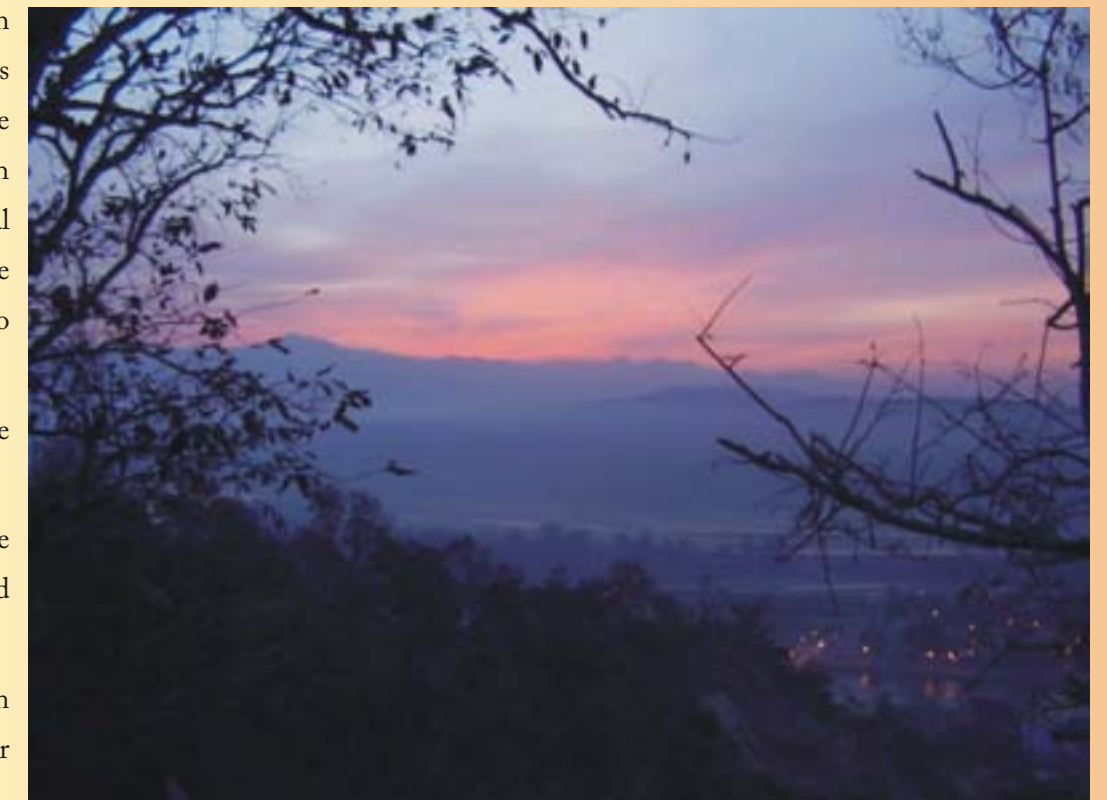
"Throw them out, they make your balcony dirty" one friend and well wisher said.

I keep silent. Either you can understand this camaraderie or you cannot.

There is no point in arguing with him. One of them even killed a pigeon and hung it in his balcony to scare away other pigeons. But for me, that is not just done. They come to rest in the night. And they even enter my room sometimes and cannot find a way out. Pigeons are not smart as domestic sparrows who can readily find their ways in and out of the rooms.

Even if you show the pigeon the way, he takes a long time to come out.

"They have laid eggs. Now Bhatt, if you do not throw them out, the babies will dirty your balcony like anything." That is the way





they look at it, my dear human friends. They mean well, but their perspective is different. It is "my" world rather than "our" world. Well that is the way it is for many of us. Maybe we are all selfish in some things. But we may not be selfish in some things. Hope one becomes less selfish and more open over a period of time. Maybe the new life which is breeding on my balcony will change things for me, as it will do for the pigeons.

The pigeons are sitting on the eggs, incubating them. When I come back from classes, and go to the balcony, they fly away in fright. But over a few days, they see that I mean no harm. I even give them some grains to eat, which they expect tentatively. Slowly the balcony develops some boundaries. There is the "watercooler" side of the balcony where the pigeons are nesting and have laid their eggs and the "non-watercooler" side of the balcony where I rest and watch the library lawns. Fellow-students going to the library reading room to study. Or sitting under the tree and talking. The pigeons have their own world. How many worlds are there? How many realities? Each true in some ways, and yet very different. The pigeons slowly learn to trust me and do not fly away the moment I come to the balcony.

One day, small babies are born. New life, the marvel of creation! I come back from my morning walk in Kotla, having meditated in the rising sun on the blessings of this lovely day of creation. It is early. The Namaaz in the mosque of Kotla has not yet started. The call for the Jama Masjid prayers, of course have been made in the early morning hours. The faithful gather to pray. The rising sun, with its yellow orange rays takes away the darkness of the sky. Soon the skies will be blue and the pigeons will fly away, looking for food.

The babies are very beautiful. Baby-pigeons on my balcony! They gradually grow. And they start walking in the balcony.

"Throw them away", say my "well-wishers". That is absolutely out of the question now. This is new life. They come all over my balcony. They carry twigs with them. Their feathers and feces are all over. But they are beautiful. They add a dimension to my little selfish existence and make me see the world beyond my little petty selfish ways. And they are great friends.

Books, birds and plants are three friends that are loyal, demand very less and give back much in return. Crows are coming, looking for the small pigeons. This is one new thing I learn. Survival is not easy for these small babies. But their parents protect them. This is the way of the world, ecosystems. The babies move freely in the balcony and then slowly learn to fly. They flutter their wings and make their first flights. Over a period of weeks they learn, through effort and error, and gradually come of their own. One day I see them flutter away to the skies, the blue skies which have nothing to decorate them, but are so very beautiful.

When I walk past Delhi gate and see the pigeons eating grains there I sometimes wonder, if some of these pigeons are the 'Pigeons from my balcony'.

Dr. Prashant Bhatt,
1985 Batch
Now: Consultant Radiologist,
Libyan Swiss Diagnostic Centre,
Tripoli, Libya

Mind Power- The Magic of Believing

Have you ever wondered: What forms the basis of all the so-called miracles or mysteries that are not explained by the rigid rules of science, or the laws of mathematical probability? In other words, all events without any explanations in the physical world.

Well, I have an answer to that... **Faith**... Extra-ordinary belief it is... These are not my original ideas... (I know Spandan calls for a whole lot of creativity and originality... oxymoronic is it?) Coming back, these are ideas held by some of the intelligent men of experiment ... A whole series of books may be found in the market on this subject- The Secrets of Mental Magic by William Walker Atkinson being the most spectacular of these.

This *faith* is simply, belief, (not ordinary in magnitude by any measures) backed by the 2 poles of the mind, the metaphysical counterpart of the brain. The 2 poles being Desire and Will Power. Rings a bell somewhere does it?? I know it does. No, this is not an anonymous article on self-help, certainly not!

A burning desire is what it takes, Napoleon Bonaparte is one example I can recall from history, and an indefatigable will. So then we have 3 components- Faith, Desire and Will-Power. What common thing manifests in each of the components I mentioned?? Thoughts.

You may have thought till this moment, that thoughts are lifeless. Thoughts do, whether you like to believe or not, hold life in them. They do not breathe, digest or reproduce for that matter, but they do evolve and influence other living forms around them. They persist in ether for infinite time, move about in waves through space, and transcend all barriers of space and time. Makes them a lot more living than any of us, doesn't it?? These thought waves, like the other forces in nature, electricity and magnetism, have a property to induce similar waves in objects (*living minds*). Mentative Induction, this is called more technically - the influence of a mind over another by the medium of powerful well-directed thought waves that are caught by receptive minds, whether it be consciously, sub-consciously or unconsciously done. Whether you like it or not, these waves when caught, influence our actions (if allowed to do so).

Sometimes good, sometimes not - Dreams, Déjà vu, Intuitions, Hunches, Sixth Sense, Telementation, Clairvoyance or simply Odd Compelling Feelings - Call them whatever you like. But I am sure each one of you reading this, has some incident(s) to recite that supports what is stated above. We also have other forms, Black Magic, Voodooos etc. based on the strong beliefs of the persons eventually affected.

As the quote goes, "The power of the mind of the person affected is the real cause of the effect, rather than the supposed causer, the latter merely bringing into operation the former." (To state simply, as an instance, lose the faith in black magic, trust your mind to fight it, and it never will affect you.) We also now have the basis of the science of mental therapeutics, and the deep beliefs in religious healing methods, which act just like placebos, but which are too effective to neglect. Only because, the deeper the belief, the more is the power of the mind brought into operation, the more astounding the events that follow, whether they be explained by science or not. If not, even better noticed, good for this occult knowledge, that may sometime in the future be better understood and utilized. I cannot tell you how to use this 'science'. No one probably knows it and even if someone does, its secrets will not be out in the open for you, any time in the near future. (For those of you still trying to decipher the science, my friend, it is *Occult*. Ironic, if you find it so easily)

So then, what can be done? Think for yourselves before acting, catch your waves with an open mind, follow your thoughts, trust your intuitions, beware of the negative currents, think positive and things will fall in place you will see your deepest desires follow you. Yes indeed, unexpected things will begin to happen. Do not be amazed it is the power of your mind. There is some eternal force that seeks to get to you, what you really desire with a true heart. Trust me on that!

PS- I know there's a lot of difference between stating some things and really acting out, but then the choice is ours and we decide only for ourselves.

Akshay Goel, 6th Sem



Style Gurus *REVISED*



Dr. Jugal Kishore, Professor of PSM

1. **Your alma mater?**
Maulana Azad Medical College
2. **Your favourite novel/author?**
J. Bronoriski
3. **One thing you like, but regret not being able to wear on a regular basis?**
Different traditional dresses
4. **Fame, money, power: Rate in the order of preferences.**
Fame, Power, Money
5. **If you were invisible for a day, what will you do?**
Visit the office of the Prime Minister and Chief Secretary of India.

6. **The fictional character (cartoon/television) you identify yourself with?**
Tom from Tom and Jerry
7. **If you wake up in the morning converted into another gender, what will you do??**
Conceptualization and realization of female gender. Thought process after interaction with male gender. How they treat and behave.
8. **Your favourite hangout place in college?**
It's been removed. Now the Indian Coffee House
9. **Your most embarrassing moment??**
Some of the incidents in the Psychiatric wards and the Post-operative wards.
10. **Your kinda music???**
Old golden 60-70s Indian Music
11. **The weirdest fantasy as a kid??**
World leader in space and science.
12. **If not a doctor then what??**
Teacher/Scientist



Dr. M.K. Daga, Professor of Medicine

1. **Your alma mater?**
S.M.S. Medical college
2. **Your favourite novel/author?**
Paulo Coelho
3. **One thing you like, but regret not being able to wear on a regular basis?**
Kurta pyjamas
4. **Fame, money, power: Rate in the order of preferences.**
Fame, Power, Money
5. **If you were invisible for a day, what will you do?**
Work with street children and entertain them.

6. **The fictional character (cartoon/television) you identify yourself with?**
I can't say may be Mr. Weatherbee from Archie Comics

7. **If you wake up in the morning converted into another gender altogether, what will you do??**
I shall dress up elegantly, put make up, stand in front of the mirror and spend time admiring myself and then exclaim, Oh God I am so pretty!!!!
8. **Your favourite hangout place in college?**
My own room in BLT
9. **Your most embarrassing moment??**
When I borrowed money from a distant relative pretending to buy a pen in class 6 and ended up caught eating kulfi on the street by the same person after 15-20 minutes
10. **Your kinda music???**
Ghazals
11. **The weirdest fantasy as a kid??**
I used to leave my class and coaching classes to watch football and cricket matches.
12. **If not a doctor then what??**
I would have joined politics. In fact, I became the general secretary of my college in 1977, winning with thumping majority. I want to serve people.

1. **Your alma mater?**
Lady Hardinge Medical College
2. **Your favourite novel/author?**
Sidney Sheldon, John Grisham
3. **One thing you like, but regret not being able to wear on a regular basis?**
I wear what I like, therefore no regrets!!!!
4. **Fame, money, power: Rate in the order of preferences.**
Fame, Power, Money
5. **If you were invisible for a day, what will you do?**
Do my own thing- as there would be no one demanding my attention.
6. **The fictional character (cartoon/television) you identify yourself with?**
Monica from 'FRIENDS'
7. **If you wake up in the morning converted into another gender altogether, what will you do??**
Make the best out of it- see what it is to be a man!!!!
8. **Your favourite hangout place in college?**
Nescafe
9. **Your most embarrassing moment??**
As a 3rd year in gynae labour room posting when asked to assist in a normal delivery. I didn't know what to do!!!!
10. **Your kinda music???**
Country Music, Sufi Music (I like Pakistani singers)
11. **The most weird fantasy as a kid??**
That no one would ever die, my parents will live forever and grow old and stay with me forever. We'll all grow old together.
12. **If not a doctor then what??**
Definitely a writer.

Dr. Mona Bedi, Professor of Physiology



SIDE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL & THEIR REMEDIES!!!!

1. **Symptom:** Cold and humid feet.

Cause: Glass is being held at an incorrect angle. (You are pouring the drink on your feet)

Cure: Manoeuvre glass until open end is facing upwards.

2. **Symptom:** The wall facing is full of lights.

Cause: You're lying on the floor.

Cure: Position your body at 90 degree angle to the floor.

3. **Symptom:** The floor looks blurry.

Cause: You're looking through an empty glass.

Cure: Quickly; refill!

4. **Symptom:** The floor is moving!

Cause: You're being dragged away.

Cure: At least ask where they're taking you.

5. **Symptom:** You hear echoes every time someone speaks.

Cause: You have your glass on your ear.

Cure: Stop making a fool of yourself!

6. **Symptom:** Your dad and all your brothers are looking funny.

Cause: You're in the wrong house.

Cure: Ask if they can point you to your house.

7. **Symptom:** The room's shaking a lot, everyone is dressed in white and the music is very loud.

Cause: you're in an ambulance.

Cure: Don't move, Let the professionals do their job.



Nivedita Arora, 4th Sem

White Day....Black Day....Valentine's Day.....

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT VALENTINE'S DAY IS A SOULLESS ABOMINATION OF A HOLIDAY INVENTED BY AN EVIL CONSORTIUM OF WEALTHY GARDENERS AND GREETING CARD DESIGNERS IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO MAKE US BUY MORE FLOWERS AND CARDS. THEIR NEFARIOUS PLOY WORKS, AS EVERY YEAR MEN ARE FORCED TO BUY CARDS AND GIFTS OR FACE SCORN AND RIDICULE. (YEAH YEAH THAT TOOK SOME LOOKING UP THE DICTIONARY) PUTTING IT SIMPLY THE D-DAY IS A HOLIDAY INVENTED BY GREETING CARD COMPANIES TO MAKE PEOPLE FEEL LIKE CRAP.

ITS 11TH FEB- 3DAYS TO GO AND I'M ALREADY DREADING THE DAY.

WHAT WILL I DO??HOW WILL I SHOW HER THAT I CARE? EVEN IF I DO SPEND MONEY AND SURPRISE HER I WILL BE CENSURED FOR BEING EXTRAVAGANT. THOUGH I'LL BE HONEST HERE I HAVE A FEELING THIS ONLY HAPPENS WHEN THE GIFT DOESN'T FIND FAVOUR WITH HER. LIKE THERE WAS THIS ONE TIME I BOUGHT HER FLOWERS AND SPENT THE REST OF THE YEAR BEING AT THE BUTT END OF HER RIDICULE. REALIZING MY MISTAKE THE NEXT YEAR I BOUGHT HER A PAIR OF EAR-RINGS WHICH PROBABLY DIDN'T APPEAL TO HER, SHE TURNED IT ON ME SAYING I WAS EXTRAVAGANT. LATER WE WENT TO THE STORE, PAID MORE MONEY AND BOUGHT SOMETHING EVEN MORE EXPENSIVE!!!! REDEFINING EXTRAVAGANCE HUH!!!!

ANOTHER ASPECT IS WHAT I CALL THE 'WHERE' ASPECT?? WHERE WILL ALL THIS SHOWERING OF LOVE ACTUALLY TAKE PLACE? THE 'GAZEBO', THE LIBRARY LAWNS, NESCAFE, THE DHABA (OH GOD I'M SO DEAD IF I AS MUCH AS DARE TO SUGGEST THIS PLACE). WILL I DELIVER THE GOODS IN FRONT OF HER FRIENDS OR SOMEWHERE ALONE???? TALK ABOUT DECISIONS A MAN HAS TO MAKE.....DIVINE HELP SERIOUSLY REQUIRED!!!

A PART OF THE VALENTINE DAY PLANNING HAPPENS WITHOUT HER CONSENT WHILE SOME WITH HER LIKE DECIDING ON THE RESTAURANT FOR DINNER.

"I'M BOOKING A TABLE FOR TWO AT RODEO. WOULD YOU BE FINE?" I ASK HER ON MONDAY.

"YUP, GREAT!! I'LL MEET YOU AT THE GATE AT 7PM.."

"PERFECT. BUT WHAT IF YOU ARE LATE?" I ASK HER..I JUST WANT TO TALK TO HER FOR A LI'LL LONGER.

"WELL IF I DON'T COME BY 7....KEEP WAITING...I'LL BE THERE BY 7:30.."

BANG!!!! I DON'T WANT TO SPEAK TO HER ANYMORE. I CONTINUE TO PROTEST, "BUT IF YOU ARE LATE IT WILL ONLY AFFECT OUR VALENTINE DAY CELEBRATIONS."

"THAT IS OKAY." SHE DISMISSES ME LIKE DR. KAUL WOULD DISMISS HER STUDENT WHO FAILED ANATOMY.

YOU KNOW YOU ARE ASKING FOR TROUBLE IF YOU HEAD ANY FURTHER. SO I AGREE. I AM USED TO HER. HONESTLY, I AM MISERABLE WITHOUT HER.

AS OF NOW, THE DINNER PART IS FIXED; I AM YET TO COME UP WITH SOMETHING DURING THE DAY THAT WILL PROCLAIM MY 'LOVE' FOR HER.

INSPIRED BY THE SAIF ALI KHAN ADVERTISEMENT (THE ONE IN WHICH HE FLIES A PLANE-MAKE IT LARGE) I'M THINKING OF JUMPING USING A PARACHUTE AND ON MY WAY DOWN CARRY A BANNER SAYING " I LOVE YOU." BUT UH WHAT IF THE PARACHUTE DOESN'T OPEN? WOULD THAT MEAN I WILL BE JUMPING TO A CONCLUSION?

ANYWAYS I HAVE DECIDED TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THIS GENTLEMAN WHO HAS GIVEN THIS AD IN THE IRIS CLASSIFIEDS.

For sale:
Parachute for sale; Price negotiable, Only once used, never opened, small red stain. Call: 9873736224

OH SHIT, DR. VANDANA ROY IS CALLING ME. SPICMACAY!!!!

PAVNEET KOHLI
(6TH SEM)



Q & A

Here are a few stupid questions people usually ask in obvious situations and some equally snappy answers.

1) At a funeral: one of the teary eyed people ask:

Q: Why?? Why; him! of all people??

A: Why? Would it rather have been you?

2) At a family get together when some distant aunt meets you after some years.

Q: Chickoo, you've become soo big!!

A: Well you haven't particularly shrunk yourself.

3) When a friend announces her wedding you ask...

Q: Is this guy you're marrying any good??

A: No he is a miserable wife beating insensitive clout.... it's just the money.

4) When you get woken up at midnight by a phone call:

Q: Sorry, were you sleeping?

A: Nooo!!! was doing research on whether the Zulu tribes in Africa marry or not. You thought I was sleeping! You dim-witted moron.

5) You are smoking a cigarette and a cute woman asks:

Q: Oh, so you smoke?

A: Gosh, it's a miracle....It was a piece of chalk and now it is in flames.



Sahil Chaudhary, 4th Sem

Feels Like Love

You've given me a reason
For smiling once again.
You've filled my life with peaceful dreams
And you've become my closest friend.
You've shared your heartfelt secrets
And your trust you've given me.
You showed me how to feel again,
To laugh and love and see.
If life should end tomorrow
And from this world I should depart,
I shall forever be young
For you've touched my heart.

Shilpa Daniel, 6th Sem

MY WISH CAME TO BE TRUE..



I saw her sitting in the garden in the twilight blue
It was her exquisite beauty that highlighted the scenic view
The sunlight dimmed & the tube light glowed bright
Like all the birds, she too vanished out of my sight
Though the Earth continued to spin my life came to a still
And I had all the time to be thrilled and mosquitoes to kill
Did she slip me a sleeping pill or was I feeling dizzy
Even then there was euphoria in this tranquility
The reader be aware, that she was a girl & looked frail
She wasn't a princess or a queen & this isn't any fairy tale
Gradually my weary legs bore me back to my room
Her thoughts transfixed me and my heart was filled with gloom
"You've seen many a lass" I tried to convince my brain
Yet naively I wished to catch a glimpse of her again
MY WISH CAME TO BE TRUE..

A week passed by and the incident was distant
The girl and the wish both seemed uncertain
Then I saw her at the coffee shop with her friend
And the memory came flooding back, there and then
Sunlight scattered through the leaves lit up her face
Which I admired and suddenly bent down to tie my shoe lace
For I had respect & didn't want to stare; instead
"First impression is the Last impression" said my prudent head
The wish was fulfilled yet something still felt amiss
I chuckled & pondered: the encounter had been short lived
Content was I nonetheless, the day was right & bright
And I wished this time to get in her line of sight
MY WISH CAME TO BE TRUE..

I tried to pass her time and again
Near the coffee shop, at the garden & on the train
The risk was rising & my confidence grew less
Little had I thought that every plan had its obstacles
Destiny had a subtle plan which was not at all kind
I met her, finally, when I was least ready in mind
Unaware of her presence I went with my friend to the shop
I can bet that one of you would have been in the backdrop
Oblivious, both of us turned & stood pretty close
Her eyes fixed onto mine & the moment froze
Love, fear, anxiety and elation I felt all in one
But it was the hot coffee burning my tongue that won
The trance was broken by my friend; I called him a mole
Yet I'm glad he was there; I was walking into the pole

Oh! It seemed that I had slept and dreamt undisturbed
I just wished that I could rewind the scene & add a few words
MY WISH CAME TO BE TRUE..

She became my top priority
Morning or evening, I never missed a chance to see
Whenever I passed her by, in her eyes I would dive
Noon or night, her silhouette I could recognize
One fine day when I was lost in her thought
My friend he came, and guess whom he brought
First my heart missed a beat & then its pace quickened
When she sat right across me all of a sudden
She was covered in a veil of enigma; it made me unstable
As colors were heard & music became palpable
She talked about Spandan {a magazine} & I listened with intent
My wicked friend, he winked & gestured me to be valiant
I stood up confident; my thoughts I was going to present
Soon, I was going to be glad or I would have to repent
All I could mouth was "What's your name?" & bit my big toe
I wished they were those three words that you & I know

MY WISH CAME TO BE TRUE.....
Aditya Dutta (8 sem)

Hall Of Mirrors

We choose to see what none else does,
In ourselves the best of men,
The richest wine, the thickest of blood,
What is undivine, best left unsaid.
And though we are nothing but naught,
That we are nothing but what we have got.
Why is it then, that what you do -
(You know what it is, don't you??)
And we twist & twirl & swerve
& bend & change our paths like meandering rivers,
Defying our reality in other's minds
Living life in a hall of mirrors!!

Kunal Chandra
(2nd Sem)



Examinations...

The people at the Geneva Convention missed a few things, Himmesh Reshammiya starrers for one, and Microsoft customer support for another. Still forgivable, considering that they couldn't possibly have known about such menaces to human rights around the time.

But I for one cannot understand why their considerable intelligences allowed them to leave out examinations. If kids back then were anything like they are right now, the only enlightenment they could've gotten from question papers was during the limited time that it took to burn them completely. Therefore, all people who've heard of the Geneva Convention still slander it (Others take their shots at Himmesh... Microsoft is more of a global pastime).

If you've been through as many examinations as I, and many thousands of my now padded-cell inhabiting peers have been, you'll understand what I mean. There are stark realities to examinations. Incredibly stark in fact! 4 out of 5 people scurry away like frightened salamanders when such realities are discussed. I'm kinda hoping you're the 5th one.

Examinations change reality. Hell, they almost make reality (Priyanka Chopra eat your heart out). People find their characters being ruthlessly modified. In fact, you know you're in an exam or are approaching one when:

- a) There occur massive fluctuations in body rhythm. Sleep is discarded. You have as much caffeine in your bloodstream as the rough annual production of Brazil.
- b) Personal hygiene is sacrificed without second thought (or in some cases, without the first one). The friendly neighborhood deodorant salesman wants to adopt you.
- c) There occur large scale moral changes. You make yourself more well-meaning promises than a frightened salamander proposing to his girlfriend.
- d) There occurs a huge influx of religion into your life. You could challenge Mother Teresa over who loves God more.
- e) You're more frustrated than a truckload of monkeys returning from a marathon screening of "The best of Kahani Ghar Ghar Ki".
- f) You finally give up and watch Kahaani... or whatever else that's on. Once I think I actually saw the Home Shopping Network for 4 hours straight. I still wake up to Ab-Cruncher nightmares sometimes.

The point being this: Exams do not let us be what we were intended to be. And that is free. Not the "nothing-to-do-right-now" free; but the "fly-!-be-free-!" kind of free.

I remember someone telling someone I know that Jesus Christ himself asked God not to let himself be tested. And though I presume Jesus might've had slightly different reasons for doing so, the essential crux of the situation remains unchanged.

And coming to the actual exams themselves, there's really no dearth of pain. I think they still discuss my Anatomy diagrams in faculty meetings.

And how many of us have spent so many sleepless nights trying to figure out why that last viva ended with, "So which book do you read anyway?"

Trauma from exams scars so many people for so long. One of my friends is now permanently indistinguishable from the aforementioned salamanders. It's a good thing he can still make well-meaning promises to his girlfriend.

So the next time you think Himmesh is hairy and Microsoft is the spawn of Satan, make sure you remember the examination system too. There's a lot that is wrong with this world. The least we can do is to remember it from our armchairs.

P.S. Please pray for the frightened salamanders. They deserve a life too.

Akhil Vaid, Intern

My First Crush

It's totally unscientific, unreliable and more likely to cause pain, distress and humiliation, than walking into a Pharmacology viva unprepared, drunk and in your shorts. People who indulge in this are more likely to abuse drugs, commit suicide, become emotionally fragile and wet their pillows at night (with tears: for the filthy reader).

We're of course talking about crushes, commitments and relationships. They are dramatic, damaging and devastatingly debilitating. But they're worth a laugh, especially my first crush.

Let's skip names, C.Vs, chronologies and avoid the devil and his details. I stole quick glances at her as she sat in class, goggled with an open mouth as she chatted with her friends and even started talking to myself, blushing all the while in my moments of solitude.

She passed me in the corridor. She said, "Hi!" I said something that sounded suspiciously like "Gleeba".

Magical pimples, distorted noses, wayward pupils suddenly made an appearance on my countenance. It took me an hour to comb; each day I picked out a smart, bold and yet casual expression to greet her. It has been documented for people under the cloud of a crush to walk out with their shirts unbuttoned and their flies unzipped. (Known to happen my friends, known to happen!)

Her voice sounded like a mellifluous river, an unchained melody. My voice: squeaky, high pitched and remarkably similar to an un-oiled door creak.

Her smile was radiant with the glow of a million pearls. My grin was akin to a half witted ape, a salivating retard, an oblivious moron with incredibly yellow teeth.

The most pathetic part was to think of an excuse to call/message her... the pathetic list included the following:

At no.3 "Hey do you know which lecture we have tomorrow??"(As if I care)

No.2 "Hey...really bored...what're you doing?"(Expected a reply-"minding my own business,how about you?")

But the no. 1 with 10/10 on the pathetic-please-get-a-life meter was "Hey just got a recharge and was checking if my messaging still works (god almighty!!)

Every boy seen with her seemed to be a prospective boyfriend, a potential suitor. They were dismissed by me as jerks, promiscuous chep"flirts, sycophants, boot-licking psychopaths. Though, in evidence of my low self esteem, even if there had been a nuclear holocaust and I had been the last guy on earth, she wouldn't have gone out with me.

A'J shaped' curve is bound to crash...and in a few weeks I started losing interest. Like all infatuations, it too passed away. One day I saw her going all giggly around another guy and thought, Dash it, that flirtatious tramp!" And I started noticing things about her that my curtain of affection had so well clouded. Previously invisible blemishes on her skin made an appearance.

Also the fact that she never stopped talking made her appear like an untrained chimp. (If I'm paying the phone bill, I consider it





eyes and squeak, "Guess Who?" (The horror of it!!)

The kind that puts posters in her house saying 'Two Lovers Built this Nest', and also the kind who would rather decide 10 years in advance to have kids and stay at home with them, leaving her education to rot in her child's wake.

And the mush talk...the very thought nauseated me... ("Hi Jaanu, Bye honey, thinking of you shweetoo, my baby"Aaaaaaaaargh!!)

The previously slighted rumors that she never splits the bill suddenly sounded the death knell for my feelings. I was light headed by all these thoughts when she suddenly snuck behind me & squeaked, "Hi!"

"Oh hello!" I replied despite my current fragile psychology (we OBHites are civil with all women, however screw loose we might be).

"Hey I was wondering if you would like to go out for dinner some time."

The aforementioned light headedness suddenly cleared, my conscience screamed, "She'll NEVER split the bill!" Instantaneously, she morphed into a giant tarantula, with slime drooling from her mouth. Her brilliantly shining eyes turned a nasty shade of green, her lips let out a devilish shriek. I could see myself lying in her web, waiting, so she could devour me piece by piece.

This was more than my brain could handle, my adrenals went into overdrive and I ran from the scene screaming at the top of my voice and never saw her again. (Wonder where she vanished after that day. She must've been the devil herself!)

That, dear friends, was my first (and probably last) crush.....(We OBHites may not be very bright but we learn from our

In the lecture!

"Come on man, bunk this class. Let's go play snooker," said Kahan.

"No dude...I have only 74.65% attendance. This class will bring it to 75.3%. I need this lecture's attendance", replied Parakeet.

"Oh man! OK, I'll see if I can find someone else for snooker today. We need one more player"

It's the 1st year of Medical College! I need to sit through the class to up my attendance to the minimum required 75% to get the hall ticket for the exam. I reluctantly walk into the class as my buddies push off to yet another game of snooker.

It's our second lecture of the day. Our professor has two very special qualities. He has a squint, and he refers to everyone as "you". He's just finished taking the attendance of all the 180 people in the class. As soon as he starts teaching, everyone gets back to chatting in class, because the most important part of the lecture is over.

"Why are you making so much noise? You there, Stand up!" the Professor yells, pointing in our general direction. 8 of us stand up.

"Not you. You! The one with black hair"

All 8 of us are still standing up.

"YOU! Red shirt, green pant, you sit down. Not you, the one on your left! NOT THAT LEFT, THE OTHER LEFT!"

After much confusion, the lecturer has managed to single out Beehan, who's now the only one standing.

"What I say? Talking in my class?"

"No Sir, I was not talking"



"Then what? My ghost was talking OR WHAT?"

"Sir...."

"What does it look like, I'm selling vegetables here?"

"Not vegetables per se...."

"SHUT UP! Stand up on the bench!"

"On the bench, sir?"

Now that question has special significance, because Beeshan is, shall we say, extremely well built.

The lecturer is weighing his last command. He thinks for a few seconds.

"Don't stand on the bench. Sit down. What's your name? No attendance for you today"

"But sir..."

"No protests I say.... What is your NAME?"

"Sir, my name's Chimpanshu", he lies

For those not in the know, that is called a 'reverse proxy'. Since Chimpanshu is absent today, the teacher cutting his attendance doesn't cause too much damage. This is accepted practice in the proxy-giving circles.

During all this confusion, Kahan has been signalling from outside the door that they're still one player short. And I'm signalling him to get lost, attendance is more important at this point in my life.

Unfortunately for me, the lecturer catches me in this process.

"Yes, YOU, next to you. Stand up, I say!"

I stand up, but I can't risk losing attendance for this class. I decide to shift the blame.

"Sir, they are calling me" I say, pointing outside the door.

Kahan is startled, as the lecturer notices him standing outside the door.

"What are you doing outside the door? What are you making monkey signals for?" asks the lecturer.

"Err...sir, we...hmm.... We need him. For blood donation!"

Kahan has always been able to think on his feet. I catch on the cue from him.

"Yes sir, for the blood donation camp. They need my blood type, I need to go sir", I say, hoping the lecturer falls for the sincerity in my voice.

The lecturer is weighing to see if we're pulling his leg. He's heard a lot of excuses before, but the blood donation thing is new for him.

Finally, he says:

"OK go, but no attendance for you either. What's your name?"

"But sir...it's for a good cause"

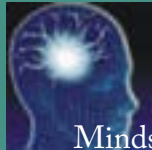
"No questions! What's your name?"

"Sir, I'm Aargee" I say, and rush out of class, before the real Aargee realizes what has happened.

That was one very satisfying game of snooker!!!!!!

Rahul Gupta (6th Sem)





The Destiny of a Pen

I am a Cello gripper 2nd edition. I have a transparent body and my heart (refill) is clearly visible....So you could say I wear my heart on my sleeve. Don't go by my name, I don't grip all that much, but get gripped quite a lot. I normally sport one of those fashionable 'one piece' dimpled grips. (I remind the filthy readers that I'm only a pen).

One day, in the book shop at MAMC, I was lounging with my colleagues minding my own business which is more than what can be said for my users, who find it indispensable to stick their abnormally large nose into other people's matters.



"You should go freelance like me!"

The next moment I heard a call, "One pen please!"

Our box was put on the counter rather rudely by the shopkeeper, aptly reflecting his attitude towards his beloved customers.

Small, little, cute fingers rolled over our heads. Every one of us was wishing to be chosen by the Chick with-the- Steth. She turned her head away as she was called...And in her haste, to my neighbour's envy and my joy, picked me up.

I was in her hand; it was a soothing and comforting

touch. Currency changed hands and there started what I hoped to be the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

My metaphorical stomach gave a nasty metaphorical lurch however, when she handed me over to her boyfriend.....who rudely jerked my head off and started jotting something down. I do most of my work without my head, (the cap, d-duh!), quite similar to my many users. The difference being they don't really need to take it off....

As he stopped writing I could make out his name..... 'Khilkhil Valsangkar'.....Sounded like a jolly fellow!! He dropped me as he was about to put me in his pocket being lost in someone's eyes..

I lay there philosophically for an hour or so when someone finally picked me up. My new user wore rectangular spectacles, was tall and handsome; actually I recognised him, he was Nitin. He placed me in his pocket and as we reached the Lecture Theatre someone called out, "Nitin, do you have an extra pen??" And so I reached his friend.

Next moment, I found everything revolving around me....but I was actually being rotated by Nitin's friend Teeshan. No, no, I didn't recognise him; I got his name from Nitin's conversation. However neither Nitin nor I could comprehend what this guy was saying because words poured from his mouth at the rate of knots. Nevertheless he stopped yapping (thankfully), to take notes.



I tried reading his notes but couldn't make head or tails of it. This was not Teeshan's mistake, as his notes were meticulously complete, but Pharmacology has always been a tough nut to crack (even for Nitin!).

As soon as my contents were finished I was coldly discarded. No "Thank you for not leaking", no "You really saved me in that test, bro", not even an apology for those countless hours he sucked my head like a lollipop!!

Unlike our users our souls (refills) are used up much before our bodies. However, I was rejuvenated by Slowrajan (or chacha as they call him)...He always carries my refills.

I was very happy with my new owner...He was methodical in his approach, slow, steady and studious! Like Teeshan, he too rotated me a lot on his fingers but slowly and steadily. Also he had a cute moustache and more importantly no licking (that's pen abuse if you ask me!).

But my great run with Slowrajan was abruptly ended, when he handed me to a tall, dark but definitely not handsome guy called Franav. He was great, seldom used me at lectures and I spent most of my days in his pocket as I watched him eat more than both his roommates put together.

However, one day we had a Pathology test. For one hour Franav wrote like a man possessed...He wrote so fast, nonstop, I was scared the sheets might catch fire.

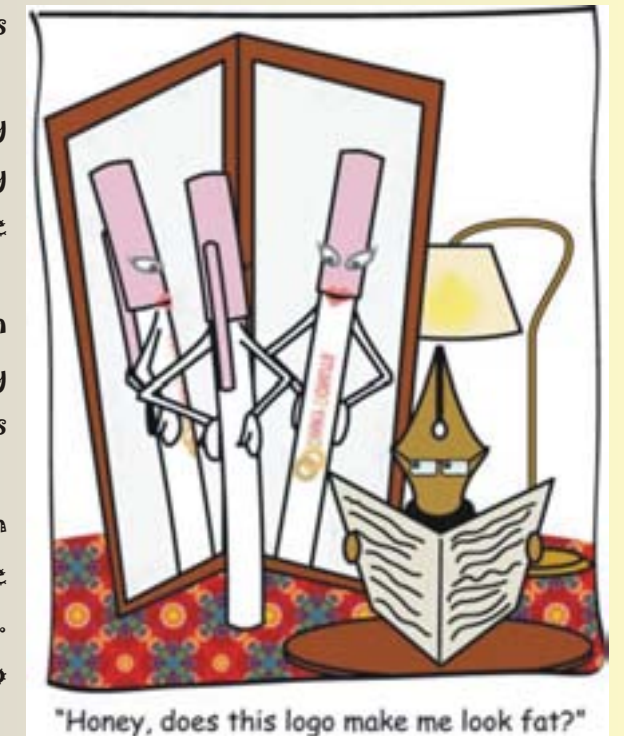
One hour later as I lay in his pocket smouldering, abused, hurt and harassed; every particle of ink in me ached for revenge. So in my signature move, I poured my contents into his pocket staining his shirt ("take that you insufferable know-it-all").

Franav yanked me out, muttered a most outrageous and certainly not-applicable-for-a-pen curse (I leave the rest to our reader's imagination) and threw me in the dustbin. But what the hell! It was worth it!

So here I am, in a dustbin, in need of repair and a recluse being sniffed by dogs and sat upon by flies.

APPEAL: DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE DOGS, PEOPLE!!

Nitin Bansal
(6th Sem)





Warlock Golmes & a Little Afternoon Mystery

It is always with boundless joy that I climb the stairs of 222B, Quaker Street. For seldom do I now get to meet the great diagnostician, Dr. Warlock Golmes and watch wondrously as he slays one diagnostic demon after another. Today I find him staring intently at a solitary peanut on the mantelpiece.

“Long time no see, Fatson. I must pray you to occupy yourself in the chair sometime before allowing you to intrude upon my privacy.”

I proceeded to occupy the chair to the best of my abilities. Golmes spent the next hour staring at a peanut, pacing up and down the room, looking out of

the window before eventually prolapsing in to the sofa. Smiling meekly at himself, he straightened on hearing the sound of rubber on gravel.

“A Toyota Corolla, 1250 cc, radial tyres with a zig zag tread pattern, undergone servicing in the last six months, beige upholstery” said Golmes, without moving an inch. “We have a rich client, with an interesting case if I am not wrong.”

A middle aged man of great height, with an air of having been in the lap of luxury all his life entered the room in a few minutes. He looked agitated and we wade him sit down.

“I need advice.”

“Certainly,” said Golmes, “But you must calm yourself down first. The adventures of early morning today must’ve been very trying on your nerves, add the few hours drive all by yourself from the countryside. It is to do with your son, I suppose.”

“But dear Golmes...” cried I, as our guest sat paralysed with shock at this erudition.

“Ahh, elementary, dear Fatson. Our friend here has evidently left in great haste. Bear witness to the unmatched socks, unkempt hair, bloodshot eyes from a sleepless night. The way his suit has crumpled suggests he has been on the road for some hours now. And since not more than 11 people can afford to have a chauffeur and a Versace suit at the same time, I deduce he’s done the driving all by himself. Kindly, also note, the photo of a young gentleman peeking out of the coat pocket, bearing a striking resemblance to our new friend here.”

Before I started out on a long soliloquy on Golmes’ fantastic faculties, our friend interjected, “I’ve come to you as my last resort, sir. Save my son! For the evil has possessed him of late.”

“Introduce yourself honourable gent, and give us the story as it unfolded.”

Golmes made himself comfortable on the sofa.

“Sir, I am John Langdon Down. I’ve been fortunate enough to come to a more than modest inheritance in Much Middleford, up the country. There I’ve been peacefully tending to my estate as may befit a country squire. My wife and I were childless for nearly 10 yrs before our only son, Thomas Roscoe Down Jr. was born. He was a naughty kid., ‘Tom Rascal’ people used to call him.”

“But tragedy has befallen us in the last month. One night, I was in the yard tending to an ailing horse, when I saw the unmistakable shadow of my son in the bushes. On closer investigation it was revealed that he had been walking in his sleep. My wife and I passed it off as a solitary deviation. Until two nights later he was found missing from his bed. Only to be discovered in the woods of the manor house to the North. Obviously, we never let him know of his affliction. What is most disconcerting however, was that every night he walked towards the same manor.”

“Did he wear slippers during his forays? And by any chance did he carry a match box?”, broke in Golmes.

“He surely wore slippers during his walks. As for matches, he surely has had no occasion to use them.”

“Of course, we believed this was some passing illness and decided to wait it out. But today early morning things came to a head. I must have dozed off during my watch and woke up to find Tom missing. Immediately we moved towards his usual target. Today, he was at the doorstep of the house before we could apprehend him. And instead of coming back quietly, it was a kicking and screaming Tom we got back to the house. Only with the help of 3 people could I manage to remove him before waking up the house.”

Mr. Down seemed to be at a loss of words, before continuing in a pitiful vein, “Gents! I implore you to save my son. Protect my family name. I beg of you.” Our client here buried his face in his hands.

“Sobbing thus would be of no avail”, said Golmes kindly. “I must ask you a few questions. Who are these people to whom your son seems so attached to in his sleep?”

“They are the von Recklinghausens, entirely respectable people. Been around for a few years now.”

“How many people in the household?”

“There’s Adolf von Recklinghausen, his wife and her sister. No children. One or two maidservants, a gardener.”

“One more thing. Did any of your ancestors come from Austria? Or shift there?”

“Austria?? Coming to think of it my paternal grand father dispersed to the Continent after a scandal. He was rumoured to be in Austria.”

“Wonderful, wonderful. Now I must bid you to go comfortably to your house and rest. Me and my friend here, Fatson, will be paying you a visit by afternoon. And clear up the matter before sundown.”

Much reassured by my celebrated friend’s abilities did our client leave. Golmes turned to me. “A breath of fresh countryside air wouldn’t do us any harm, Fatson. I assume we have little packing to do. We leave by the 11:41 from Paddington. A small inspection of the scene would be enough to conclude the matter. We ought to be back again at Paddington by 5:30. It shall be nothing more than a little afternoon mystery.”

So it was that, we found ourselves at the Down residence early that afternoon. Though hunger gnawed inside me, Golmes launched straight into business, professional as ever. I complied as otherwise there would be none to document the successful completion.

“We have little of interest here. Our quarry lies due north, through these eventful woods.”

We had to walk quarter of an hour, before we found the Recklinghausen mansion. On announcing ourselves, we were shown into the parlour. Here Golmes proceeded to make a careful study of the family portraits adorning the walls. Before long, the head of the house was in our company.

“I am Adolf von Recklinghausen. How can I be of assistance?”

“I am Dr. Warlock Golmes, interested in the oddities of life. My friend Fatson shares a somewhat less qualified interest too”, said Golmes.

“First, may I request that one of your servants be despatched to the Down Manor and Mr. Down and his son be summoned here speedily. They’ll be necessary before the day is done.”

Though mystified, Recklinghausen made the said arrangements. For such was Golmes’ force of character that he had been known to convince patients that they were entirely alright in spite of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, even when he was in medical school.

“So Mr. Recklinghausen”, began Golmes at length, “I am here to sort out a small problem for the client, Mr. Down, to which end I’ll have to ask you a few questions.”



"I don't see how I can be of any assistance. But I shall be glad to answer any of your queries."

"Pray, forgive my directness. But why have you hidden from the Downs that you are related to them?"

I was shocked at this juncture in spite of my hunger, but not more than Recklinghausen. He looked as if a stingray had suddenly attacked him while he was out for an evening walk on the English countryside. He recovered and started as if to deny everything. Then he said, "How do you know?"

"An explanation of my methods is not needed here. A complete exposition can be found in my book 'Mind, Matter and Meaningless Mysteries: A textbook of criminology, due to be published by Simon & Schuster this fall. Suffice to say I have strong reason for my suspicion. No doubt the connection goes back to your paternal grandfather whom you share with Mr. Down."

Our host was visibly moved. He gathered himself to say, "I do not know what devilry this is, Mr. Golmes. But you are right."

"My grandfather was involved in an infamous scandal in his time, the details of which I shall not enter into here. But it involved his legging it to Austria with a pregnant maidservant. That child, my father, was so attached to his homeland that we shifted back here in his last days. For fear of rekindling old tales we took upon the name of Von Recklinghausen."

"That's all I ask of you," said Golmes the magnificent. "The rest of the story needs the help of our sleepwalking hero. Indeed, Fatson, little now remains to be done, apart from reintroducing newly reunited kin."

Presently Mr. Down and his son arrived on the scene. The revelations of the day were narrated to them by Golmes. Then he asked Tom, a handsome lad in his teens, "So how did you come to know of your being related to Recklinghausen?"

"Mrs. Recklinghausen, she took to me like my own mother after meeting her in church once."

"And you were forbidden to let this secret out by Mr. Recklinghausen here."

"Yes. That is so. He also denied me entry to the manor once he came to know."

"I had my reasons, Mr. Golmes", said Recklinghausen.

"Indeed you did. But deep were the wounds they gored on the young man's psyche."

Golmes turned to me. "Fatson, it's time for us to make a discreet exit. We must leave the family to itself."

On the train back, Golmes explained how he came to his conclusions. "From the outset it was evident that some sort of sub conscious drive was pulling young Down to the manor. He was not entirely awake on his sorties since no sane man would risk walking through those woods without a light. But he was awake enough to put on his slippers. So what pulled him in the direction? A doomed romantic connection with Mrs. Recklinghausens sister maybe. But this seemed deeper. A secret relation was immediately suggested. And since von Recklinghausen as a name most commonly arises from Austria, I hit upon that country. The rest you could have followed. Now that the secret is out, I daresay young Mr. Down can look forward to an uneventful sleep tonight."

"You have surpassed yourself, Golmes on this one", said I.

"It was easy Fatson. Just too much so. I wonder what shoes I am wearing right now", said Golmes as he started to ponder over this new mystery.

Ajeesh Sankaran, 2003 batch



美
花
福
月
日
出
美
花
福
月
日
出

Learn Chinese in 5 minutes! (You must read out loud)

1. That is not right..... Sum ting wong.
2. Are you harboring a fugitive..... Who yu hai ding.
3. See me ASAP..... kum hia nao.
4. Stupid man..... Dum.
5. Small horse..... Tai ni po ni.
6. Did you go to the beach..... Wai yu so tan.
7. I bumped into a coffee table..... Ai bang mai ni.
8. I think you need a facelift..... Chin tu fat.
9. It is very dark in here..... Wao so dim.
10. I thought you were on a diet.... Wai yu mung ching.
11. This is a tow away zone..... No pah king.
12. Our meeting is scheduled for next week..... Wai yukum nao.
13. Staying out of aight..... Lei ying lo.
14. He is cleaning his automobile..... Wa shing nao.
15. Your body odor is offensive..... Yu stink i pu
16. Great Ri lee su pah.

Nivedita Arora, 4th Sem

The Forsaken Damsel

Her empty eyes stare, unseeingly, into the horizon,
Like barren shores, whom the waves have shunned;
Like the poignant dew that could not embrace,
The bosom of a downy rose.
The boisterous wind, frolics and gambols,
curious at the silent form
It fools around with her silken tresses,
To tease that Cupid's bow into a merry arc
But, for them, its verve holds no charm.
They seek, yes, but for it, not.
So it runs off in a sulk, whining and petulant,
Even as the wise sun, looks upon gently
Its pink and gold canvas too has failed,
To lure the melancholy orbs.
And the blue-green sea heaves and wanes,
A tumult within finds its echo without.
It creeps forward in trepidation, and gasps in surprise.
As the dusk brings with it a silhouette unknown.
But its clamor drowns in the torrent of dreams,
That floods her shining face.
No, he is not a stranger.
As his fingers intertwine with hers,
Her lashes droop,
His gaze holds hers, but she looks away
But for a moment, to glance
Through the windows of love, at a glimpse of heaven.

Ayushi Chauhan, 4th Sem

YOU N ME....

"The vicious circle of social evils,
Has left us nowhere.
By taking away our ethics
And leaving us cold and low.
Evil which has killed our strength
Now mocks our helplessness.
It's time for us to wake up
To eradicate these destructive elements.
Holding hands, to march ahead

With flames of oneness in our hearts,
Firmness in our thoughts
And the will to carry on
Is sure to bring a revolution.
When this is done
There will be no pain
And once again we will reign.

Pallavi Vats (6th Sem)

Know Thy College???

1			2		3		4				5			6
	7	8							9			10	11	
					12		13							
											14			
		15	16		17									
			18						19	20			21	
							22						23	
24										25				
					26									



Udit Bhaskar Bhatnagar (6th Sem)



Parul (6th Sem)

Sketchy - Art!



Dr. Amit Prakash (2003 Batch)

Style Gurus *REVISED*



Dr. Beena Uppal
Professor of Microbiology

1. **Your alma mater?**
Maulana Azad Medical college
2. **Your favourite novel/author?**
The Rage of Angels-Sidney Sheldon
3. **One thing you like, but regret not being able to wear on a regular basis?**
Skirts
4. **Fame, money, power: Rate in the order of preferences.**
Fame, Money, Power
5. **If you were invisible for a day, what will you do?**
Would observe people more closely, peep into their minds

and understand why they behave as they do.

6. **The fictional character (cartoon/television) you identify yourself with?**
None
7. **If you wake up in the morning converted into another gender, what will you do??**
Scream!!!! Find my bearings and hunt for the real me.
8. **Your favourite hangout place in college?**
Near garage area, now the amphitheatre
9. **Your most embarrassing moment??**
Will always remain embarrassing to share!
10. **Your kinda music???**
Any peppy foot tapping music
11. **The weirdest fantasy as a kid??**
Can't remember
12. **If not a doctor then what??**
Till I became a doctor the only ambition was to be one. Designing, interiors, photography, sports could have been an option.



Dr. Gauri Gandhi
Professor of Obs & Gynae

1. **Your alma mater?**
AIIMS
2. **Your favourite novel/author?**
Gone with the Wind
3. **One thing you like, but regret not being able to wear on a regular basis?**
Really nice clothes which would get messed up in the hospital/clinical work
4. **Fame, money, power: Rate in the order of preferences**
Work satisfaction!!!!!!!!!!
5. **If you were invisible for a day, what will you do?**
.....

6. **The fictional character (cartoon/television) you identify yourself with?**
.....
7. **If you wake up in the morning converted into another gender, what will you do??**
I am happy to be a lady!!!!
8. **Your favourite hangout place in college?**
My office and 24H
9. **Your most embarrassing moment??**
I don't get embarrassed
10. **Your kinda music???**
Hindi Film Music Rab Ne bana , Retro Rock- Beatles
11. **The most weird fantasy as a kid??**
That I was royalty; cutting a cake with a knife fully made of diamonds
12. **If not a doctor then what??**
Economist or Theatre personality

1. **Your alma mater?**
MBBS-UCMS: MD and since then MAMC
2. **Your favourite novel/author?**
All books of P.G. Wodehouse
3. **One thing you like, but regret not being able to wear on regular basis?**
Swimming trunks
4. **Fame, money, power: Rate in the order of preferences**
Fame, Power, Money!!!!!!!!!!
5. **If you were invisible for a day, what will you do?**
Join my son in Junior School and enjoy being the part of the class.
6. **The fictional character (cartoon/television) you identify yourself with?**
Asterix
7. **If you wake up in the morning converted into another gender, what will you do??**
Enjoy it while it lasts. Enjoy all the fine things in life as I believe that women symbolize all the sensitive and 'fine' things of life!!!!
8. **Your favourite hangout place in college?**
The Library Stairs and Dean's Carpet. Now the Dermatology Deptt.
9. **Your most embarrassing moment??**
None so far
10. **Your kinda music???**
Jazz, Soul
11. **The most weird fantasy as a kid??**
Landing on the moon.
12. **If not a doctor then what??**
Creative head of an advertising agency like Prasoan Joshi or Piyush Pandey



Dr. Atul Kochhar
Professor of Dermatology



Childhood

Everybody grows up. It doesn't take too much skill and is bound to happen anyway. I'm more concerned about what happens prior to such interlude. You know, that whole process of traumatizing people closely related, graduating from dirty diapers to dirty language, breaking things to find out how valuable they were. The usual, Childhood!

I guess everybody has their own brand of childhood. Some remember it with fond affection/affectation. Others use it as a means of reminding themselves that in spite of how badly they suck as adults, it's still better than what they had to go through as children. Still others feign amnesia whenever you mention this topic..

(Now what did I purposefully forget in that last chain of thought...)

Oh yeah... childhood...I remember my own childhood as a series of one dysfunctional freak incident after another (I'm putting it mildly - I like to think this is a family blog). I remember spending my time being pathologically different from the people around me. You'd do that too, if you had the same pre-pubescent alpha-male wannabes to play with everyday. We had fights over who would bat first; and then about who would bowl first (we weren't very bright). Then we fought over who won. Then we fought over bragging rights. And then we fought because we were getting seriously good at it. I actually recall asking myself, "Why can't we simply just get along?" Most social activists would call mine a traumatic childhood, simply upon the basis of that. Then again, most social activists are pre-pubescent alpha males themselves. They're just afraid of admitting it.

I remember my school. Frankly, it wasn't all that long back. Franklierly, it feels I'm still in school. (Only all the good looking females aren't in another section - they're in another college. Sigh!). I remember all the trauma and culture shocks I've given to my fine arts teachers. I hear one of them is actually showing "something" in her EEG. That feels good. I remember fighting over obscure philosophical concepts in both Science and English. I shudder to think they were the same concepts.

I remember my first crush. And my first "Get lost". I also remember my first independent utterance of "Women are crazy". I grew up fast.

But most of all, I remember all those days of wonder. Some things are more beautiful when there's still the world to know about them. Some things are more beautiful when you really don't know anything about them. Growing up gives you everything except a sense of beauty, more reasons to feel sad about than to feel happy about. Ironically enough, these are the same reasons sometimes...

I know a lot more. But I believe a lot less. I think I'll just go fight some pre-pubescent alpha males...

Akhil Vaid, Intern

Striving for a Better Existence

Might I be a bird, a mountain,
So impregnable, So unperturbed.
Might I be an ant, a spider
So hardy, So determined

Might I be unable, to change
The form of my existence.
Yet, better can be life
Being a human, and hence

What I can change, is
The manner of my existence
To get a place above the heaven

By bringing an ideal sense,
In my manner and in my soul
So that, I may give my best...
And be congenial to the whole
Of the world, I may behest.

He may solve my sin tangle
And burn away the congenital sins
That burdens me. He may wangle
Me and my soul with nails and pins

This is the way of better living
By purifying one's body and mind
And not just cursing one's
Form of existence, the MANKIND.

Abhishek Gadre, 4th Sem

GET LUCKY!

Tired of your bad luck?!

Tried changing your name, wearing charms and sacrificing a close friend??

Try our state-of-the-art gimmicks to fire your fortunes and get lady luck on your side!!

- For all students who want to avoid getting attacked by ghosts in their respective hostels, keep a pair of stinking socks, stolen from OBH, on their person at all times!!
- To do well on your Pharmacology viva, hold your project with a MAXIMUM of two fingers else a dire fate awaits you.
- For students seeking admission in the U.S, make a paper airplane and throw it from the OBH roof at the crack of dawn; for a guaranteed 99th percentile.
- For students suspecting food poisoning, practice deep breathing in the OBH toilets for a



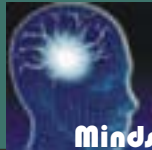
full two minutes (This works believe us!). Though you should have a few friends ready for an emergency.

- For students with a foreboding sense of an impending kidnapping, please start saving money for your own ransom since no one is gonna pay for you, you dimwit!
- For students with impaired hearing, clean your earwax dude! It's not cool!
- People who have less than 233,456 strands of hair on their head are at an immediate risk of going bald. So shave your head and pretend it looks cool! Just wait for summer.
- Meanwhile, people already bald are requested to stand at noon for 2 hours in April, scramble an egg on their heads for an immediate increase in Hair density. Get photographs for Spandan to help others benefit from your experience. (Try to make next year's magazine at



(least)

Zeeshan Hussain (6th Sem)



Anatomy Alive

Can a runny nose outrun smelly feet?

How fast can a broken heart beat?

Can a stony stare pave a writer's block?

Can you tell time from your biological clock?

In this life, into which you have been hauled,

Anatomy pervades from the womb to the world.

While this limerick may not tickle everyone's funny bone, rest assured, God knows best, he hasn't

arranged your anatomy so as to make it easy for you to pat yourself on the back. It was indeed the hand of god which gave a high five to our cellular ensemble and made sure that anatomy is as omnipresent as any supreme being. It is said that man was made at the end of the week's work when god was tired, yet he paid us all a compliment... a chromosome compliment. 46, XY, the rough draft was crafted first which when perfected, morphed into 46, XX. Divine sources tell us that Eve was created from Adam's rib; no wonder they have not stopped ribbing each other ever since.

The human brain has two parts: the right and the left; the left has nothing right in it and the right has nothing left in it. This



cerebral headstart has engineered vagaries of destinies where one is critical success and another a spectacular failure. The genius and the diabolic, ensconced right up there, in juxtaposition, held by tenacious nerves and fed by corpuscles swishing through svelte arteries can brew up a brainstorm so raging that it sends shivers down your spine, makes your hair stand on end, grosses you out and generally wipes the blood lines. Blood alone moves the wheels of history; between the cradle and the grave, life is a daring adventure

You cry your lungs lustily the day you arrive in this world, but, have you arrived yet? Perish the thought. The tightrope walk bridging these arrivals is punctuated with dextral and sinistral moves in the labyrinthine corridors of power with amazing regularity. Despite the road to success being perpetually under

construction, you're in fine fettle and have just about managed to be comfortable in your skin. Wait a minute! Who is this toffee nosed, green eyed monster, raising his ugly head? Why is he looking down his nose, with the express purpose of putting your nose out of joint? But the brave heart that you are, this is no skin off your nose! Armed to the teeth, adrenaline coursing through your veins, you beard the moonface in his den, fighting him tooth and nail and thereby hangs the tale! For one who'd cut his teeth on this pursuit, with his nose to the grind stone such that it got bread in his bone, being rapped on the knuckles by a moonstruck, pusillanimous superior was, well, all in a day's work!

Whether you can depend on your eyes when your imagination is out of focus is a moot point. Perhaps you have erred? To err is human, to sin... er divine! Sinning, they say is the best part of repentance. In this neck and neck race where all and sundry are vying to pip to the post, you are incredibly blessed to be saved by the skin of your teeth. Sounds familiar? Familiarity breeds contempt; and children. This brings us back to the cycle of life which began at the hospital a place where people are dying or trying not to die!

Ayushi Chauhan, Golden Jubilee (2007) batch thanks Mr. Sarvagya Srivastava, 'Super' Intending Engineer, PWD for making morbid anatomy come alive. (Ayushi is encircled in this photograph)



From dreary dungeons reeking of monotony
To cast an insipid shroud over anatomy
Created, he has breathtaking halls
To mesmerize, to amaze, to cheer to enthrall.

Tall and charismatic, a powerful Vyaktitva
Ditiputra Maya, for MAMC's own
Indraprastha

From dilapidated ruins, he strove to lead
Us into illuminated halls of knowledge,
indeed.



So, how did this badly mauled Case A land up here? Sir, a sharp tongue and a dull mind both housed in the same head did him in and brought him here. Just when he was ready to march ahead, he was given his marching orders; this put a spanner in the works and an end to his dream run. Tongue breaketh bones; itself has none! It is a tribute to the elegant, sophisticated, articulate lingual musculature that the tenacious sinews of the body literally pale in its comparison.

What about this pathetic looking Case B? It's a ruined case of heartache sir. He threw his heart over the fence and the rest followed. Please explain. Don't take life to seriously, you never come out of it alive anyways; subscribing to his dictum he wore his heart on his sleeve and went out on a limb. When all you have is a hammer, everything looks like a nail; poor fellow was nailed down and his bruised body is a testament to a broken heart, but the black eye does add a dash of character to his visage!

What do you have to say about this retro looking character Case C? What's the case history? The history is uneventful, it is the altered geography that his giving her wrinkles. Age, madam, is an issue of mind over matter; if you don't mind, it doesn't matter. Wrinkles merely indicate where smiles have been; go out and enjoy life. So what about a date, Doc? What? A date with me! While I am running for my life, I prescribe carbon dating for you. Unless you're genetically blessed, I recommend that you try certain engineering techniques which have been doctored to a fine art; start with micro creting, go on to short creting and if still in need, don't hesitate to holler for cladding!

Cut, to the slice of life. People talk on principle but act on interest. For those who believe, no proof is necessary; for those who do not believe, no proof is possible. Every man dies but not everyone lives. Who is this cooing sweet nothings in my ear? Death twitches my ear. 'Live' he says, 'I am coming!'

Dr. Neelam Vasudeva
(Professor of Anatomy)



Anatomy Is Destiny

What makes a man?

A cellular mosaic? An anatomical plan?

Does a wayward molecule shatter your life?

Do vagrant cells litter your journey with strife?

A mutilated limb mocking your will;

Do you cower under taunts or scale treacherous hills?

Sculpted features can ease your path,

But what happens when age unleashes its wrath?

What about the quantum leaps of science?

Isn't bodily perfection merely a matter of price?

You carve the path your life takes,

A man is nothing but the choices he makes.

Do you choose the despotism of a genetic swarm?

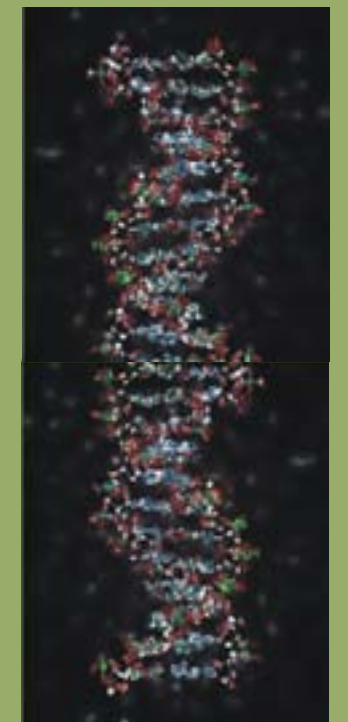
Or choose your thorns, your falls, your storms?

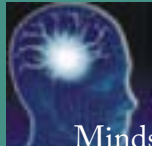
You are born not just a mortal form,

You are born with a choice to break all norms.

Follow the herd; or break into mutiny

Anatomy can or cannot be your destiny.





Funtoosh.com

My Dear Friend!

I wish I could take the pain away and make you happy again,

For when you hurt, I feel the pain.

You mean more to me than I could ever say,

You mean more to me than just a friend;

you're special in every way.

I don't know why he broke your heart or is treating you that bad,

I wish he would realize that you're the best love he ever had.

You're beautiful, smart and very special too, I believe you can succeed in everything you do.

To me it is he, who has lost the most, I hope your memory haunts him wherever he goes!

I do believe he will come back to you and make you happy again,

I just wish that there was a way to keep you happy until then!

THE LOST HUMANITY

The silence hinted a dreadful thing,
The overall peace stated something.
The murmur rose with the passage of time,
T'was something like the rising knell.
A sign for us to come to our senses,
To fight the storm which accompanied the future.
Which would gush into our lives and go,
Leaving us in a state cold and low.
Everyone busy in their own lives,
Had no time to think over the indication twice.
Oh No! the storm attacked us all,
To some slowly and to others dreadfully.
The cries of people prevailed for help,
Brutual souls didnt even care.
Killing and grounding of men heard from everywhere,
Blood drops poured out like droplets of rain.
Some courageously rose against it all.
Were slaughtered and embraced in walls.
Selfish motives blocked other peoples mind,
These ears seem to hear no cries.
The sense of humanity decayed in all,
Lust for survival was the motive for all.
They killed their souls for the very greed,
That Lord made them repent for their deeds.
The storm has risen to such extreme,
Whose decaying depends on our unity.

Neha Garg (6th Sem)**पराजय**

वह बहुत रोई गिड़गिड़ाई
बहुत समझाने की कोशिश भी की
अनगिनत मिन्नतें माँगी उसने
और अपनी हजार मजबूरियाँ गिनाई
वह कुछ भी देने करने को तैयार थी
बस कुछ समय की ही तो चाहत थी उसे
ताकि सब कुछ पिछले दिनों की तरह हो सके

पर अपनी ही धुन का पुजारी
वह कहाँ कुछ सुनना चाहता था
रत्ती भर न पिघला न सकुचाया
देख झर-झर झरते अश्रुओं को
बड़ी ही कठोरता से वह बोला
मुझे कुछ भी नहीं सुनना है
और न ही कुछ देखना है
न तुम्हारी मजबूरियों से मेरा कोई वास्ता है
और न ही तुम्हारी मिन्नतों का मुझपर कोई फर्क पड़ता है
मुझे तुम्हें कोई समय नहीं देना है
बस मुझे अपना काम करना है।

वह तड़फड़ाई, छटपटाई
पर अंत में हमेशा की तरह
टेक दिए अपने घुटने उसके समक्ष
'जिन्दगी' एक बार फिर पराजित हुई
और अपनी जीत पर
हमेशा की तरह ही
मंद-मंद मुस्काता 'महाकाल'
बढ़ चला आगे कहीं किसी ओर
शायद उसे अगली जीत पाने की जल्दी थी

Hariom Kumar Solanki
8th Sem**जाड़े के शुष्क दिनों में**

जाड़े के शुष्क दिनों में
दूढ़ खड़ा इक पेड़-
कर रहा मानो आते बसंत की फेर
न पुष्प न पत्ते न वन पर कोई परिधान
दंभ था जो फिर भी न लेता कोई विश्राम।।
गर्व से ताकता भूमि पर अपने ही त्यजे
सूखे पत्तों को, हँसता मुस्कुराता फिर पूछता
क्यों हो गई न तुम्हारी पहचान विलीन
झरे जो मुझसे पल पल को तड़पते
बुझती लौ के जैसे पंख हों फड़कते
हर हवा के झोंकों पर तुम कुछ पल हो उड़ते
फिर गिर जाते हो निरप्राण इधर उधर छिटकते.....
प्रयास ये कदाचित जीवन अर्जन का है.....
जानते नहीं मूर्ख ये मात्र इक भ्रम है ?
सुन यह सब सूखे पत्ते भी हैंसे, खिलखिलाएं और कह पड़े....
विकृत तुम्हारी यह अवस्था है
जरावस्था की जैसे एक कथा है...
हम जो तुमझे झरे... निरवस्त्र तुम हो खड़े
न आन न शान और न मान
फिर भी रखते हो ऐसा अभिमान
हम जो न तुम पर हो सजे
उमंग न तुमसे कोई बसे
जड़वत तुम इस भूमि में गड़े हो...
और हमारी चपलता से जले हो
कल भी, आज भी हम तो पवन के संग-संग झूलें हैं
कल तक तुम्हारी डाल-डाल पर सजे
जीवन के हर पट खोले
आज पड़े इन राहों पर क्षुब्ध से है डोले
पर जीवन की ऐसी है अथक प्यास और आशा
जड़ होना हमें किंचित नहीं सुहाता
जीवन चक्र का यही है प्रवाह
निरंतरता का इसमें बहाव हो अथाह।

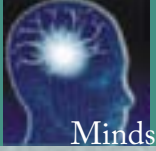
Anita Mahjan
(Associate Professor of Anatomy)**It's Your Website...**

Think something else needs to be on there? Contact us today!

Spandan.com
All about MAMC**Step into the Limelight**

Send us news, articles, photos, videos... Anything that past and present MAMC-ites may find relevant

Spandan.com
All about MAMC



तम

तज दी आशा, तज दी अभिलाषा
तज दिए अरमान सारे, जब घिर आया तम।

कब बदले मास वर्ष में,
कब बीज से पेड़ उगा,
कब मैं स्वप्न विलुप्त हुआ
जिज्ञासा भी छोड़ भागी
जब घिर आया तम।

सूर्य का भी अस्त हुआ,
जल वर्णा का रक्त हुआ,
पुत्रहीन हो भू की कराह आई,
जब घिर आया तम।

पंछी सब अशांत हुए,
जलधारा हुई विचलित,
कोहराम का धुआँ छाया चहु ओर,
काँप गया अंदर-बाहर,
जब घिर आया तम।

फिर तम ने अपना चेहरा दिखाया।
भारी भ्रुकुटि से मैने उसे घूरता पाया।
देख उसे चौंध गया मैं,
पर फिर आश्रय समक्ष आया,
जब घिर आया तम।

दानवीय काया, नेत्रों से टपकती खून की प्यास
नृशंस हत्यारा मानो हो शैतान का दास
दृश्य जो भयावह मैने देखा
जब घिर आया तम, वह तो था मेरा प्रतिबिंब

कटुता मैने ही बिखराई थी
लहु से घर की ज्योत मैने ही जगाई थी
मैने ही करी थी नरसंहार की नुमाईश
तो फिर क्यों रोता हूँ, जब मेरे ही घर घिर आया तम ?

Rakshit Garg
4th Sem

कोई कहता है

कोई कहता है मोतियों को साथ रखने से माला
बनती है,
तो कोई कहता है की एक मोती की शोभा सीप
के अंदर ही होती है।

कोई कहता है सपने देखना समय की बरबादी
है,
तो कोई कहता है कि सपने ही तो पेड़-नुमा
जिंदगी की जड़ें हैं।

कोई कहता है प्यार पाना ही असली सफलता है,
तो कोई कहता है कि प्यार मे लोग निकम्मे हो
जाते हैं।

कोई कहता है रोना कायरता की निशानी है,
तो कोई कहता है रोने से मन की शक्ति वापस
मिलती है।

कभी हम जिंदगी मे बदलाव पसंद करते हैं
तो कभी हम समय पर पाबन्द होना चाहते हैं।

कभी हम चाहते हैं कि हम एक जिंदगी मे
सबकुछ कर जाँँ तो
कभी हम अर्जुन की तरह केन्द्रित होने की बात
करते हैं।

कभी तो ये पंक्तियाँ थोड़ा सोचने पर मजबूर
करती हैं
पर कभी-कभी आप ही कहते हैं कि टेंशन लेने
से हाइपरटेंशन हो जाता है।

Nitin Bansal
6th Sem

कैसा हो मेरा देश ?

कैसा हो मेरा देश
कैसा हो यह प्रदेश
एक ऐसा स्थान,
जहाँ लोगो का हो मान सम्मान।
जहाँ नागरिक रहें विवाद से दूर,
और विद्यादि गुण हो प्रचुर
न हो धोखा धड़ी बेइमानी,
धर्मनिरपेक्षता, लोकतंत्र यह गुण सारे।
परन्तु इस भ्रष्टाचार के सम्मुख,
नेतागण हो गए अपने कर्तव्य से विमुख।
यह कहते हैं, बाप बड़ा न भैया, सबसे बड़ा रूपया।
बेरोजगारी लोगो का काल बना बैठा है,
सांप्रदायिकता लोगो को दुख से व्यथित कर बैठी है।
बेरोजगारी से धर्मभीरु लोग भूखे मरते है,
सांप्रदायिकता से भाई भाई को काटते है।
लोकतंत्र को प्रचलित करने वाले सिद्धान्तहीन हो बैठे हैं,
जनजन अपना व्यक्तित्व खो बैठे हैं।
जीवन मूल्यों को भ्रष्टाचार ने परास्त कर दिया है
नेता गणों ने मेरे सपनो के भारत को लुप्त कर दिया है
आंतकवाद भी एक समाजिक कुरीति है
क्या खून खराबा ही इसकी रीति है ?
परन्तु इन्हे जड़ से मिटाना होगा
भारत से स्थायी रूप से हटाना होगा।
तभी मेरे सपनो का भारत स्थापित होगा,
जिससे यह देश भली भाँति देवत्व को प्राप्त होगा।
परन्तु क्या किसी ने सुनी मेरी पुकार,
क्या है इस देश को सुस्थापित देखने के आसार
कैसा हो मेरा देश
कैसा है यह प्रदेश

Anant Shukla
6th Sem



द्वंद

मेरे मन में एक अजीब सा द्वंद है।
लगता है, जैसे दिल का हर कोना बंद है।
मेरे मन में

• मैं उड़ना चाहूँ, तो; क्यों उड़ नहीं पाती ?
मैं लिखना चाहूँ, तो; क्यों लिख नहीं पाती ?
एक भी छोटी सी पाती (चिट्ठी).....
बस रह जाता, एक छोटा सा छंद है।
मेरे मन में

• देखती हूँ दुनिया, तो बहुत सुंदर है।
पर देखती हूँ भीतर, तो बहुत गंद है।
साफ करना चाहूँ, तो क्यों कर नहीं पाती ?
मेरा मन क्यों नहीं स्वच्छंद है ?
मेरे मन में

• सोचती हूँ कुछ, तो करती कुछ हूँ।
चाहूँ जो, हो जाए वो, तो भी खुश नहीं हूँ।
हल तो बहुतों ने है बताया पर
मन नहीं मानता।
लगता है जैसे, मंजिलों और मेरे बीच
फासले चंद है।
मेरे मन में.....

Monika Garg
7th Sem



हाँलाकि मेरा कविता और उसके रस से दूर दूर तक कोई रिश्ता नहीं है पर PSM का Lecture सुनते वक्त पता नहीं मुझे क्या हुआ कि मेरे हाथों से न जाने कैसे इस poem का निर्माण हो गया । जरा नजर डालें :

मैंडम, बस भी करो अब
लैक्चर सुनते हुए जब आया न कुछ समझ,
तो नैनो ने मेरे मारे हिचकोले इधर उधर
देखा जो मैंने लगा मुझे कुछ अलग
कोई सोता तो कोई उबासी लेता आया नजर
प्रोफेसर का चेहरा ऐसा मानो जैसे
पुरानी डी टी सी बस लगातार हॉन बजा रही हो,
प्रोजेक्टर के ऊपर स्लाइड्स की मात्रा
बढ़े जा रही हो
समय जैसे रूक सा गया था
आँखों में नींद की बूँदें गिर चुकी थी
साँसे लेना भी भारी हो चुका था
तभी..... तभी.....
एक तेज सी आवाज़ गड़गड़ाई
सभी ने एक साथ अपनी मुंडी घुमाई

आत्मविश्वास

हे मानव ! क्यों रोकर करता है
तू अपना जीवन खराब ?
हे मानव क्यों नहीं हँस कर करता
तू अपना यह जीवन कामयाब
उठ कर जीवन में एक चहल
कर अब एक नई पहल
क्या हुआ अगर खाई एक बार ठोकर
देख देख उस चींटी को
जो गिर कर शत बार भी
पाति है अपनी मंजिल को ।
कया रोई थी चींटी एक बार भी
अगर है तुझे अपने पर विश्वास
तो दिखा दे तू सबको
जीत सकता है तू सब कुछ
बस चाहिए एक ही चीज़
वह है तेरा आत्मविश्वास ।

Raghav Narang (4th Sem)

तो देखा एक सहपाठी ने भी प्रश्न से एक पहेली बुझाई
सब हो गए थे अवाक
सोचा कि चलो एक ने तो समझी प्रोफेसर की बात
पर चन्द सैकण्ड बाद वो जो बैठा वापस,
फिर तो ऐसी नींद आई मुझे धाकड़,
कि जो भी कुछ हुआ उसके बाद
नहीं है मुझको कुछ भी याद
एक चीज़ जो याद आती है
उस दिन हर समय जो गुदगुदाती है
वो भीनी सी मुस्कान वो गोरे गाल
दोनो आँखों के नीचे लगी वो काजल की राख
वो कानो के आगे लहराती हुई लटें,
कर देती हैं मेरा हाल बेहाल
सोचता हूँ, क्या वो दिन कभी आएगा
वो सपना, वो लम्हा क्या कभी सच हो पाएगा
देखता हूँ जिसको अपने सामने बैठा हुआ अभी
क्या वो मेरी जिन्दगी का हिस्सा बन पाएगा
ना जाने कैसी है ये पहेली
ना जाने कैसा है ये वक्त,
घड़ी की सुई ने इशारा कर दिया
मैंडम, बस भी करो अब

Atul Gupta
7th Semester

यादें

छोटी-छोटी बातें, कहाँ भूलती हैं
वे ही तो बनती हैं, यादें, ये यादें.....
कुछ अच्छी कुछ बुरी
कुछ खट्टी कुछ मीठी
तो कुछ बरबस ही आती जाती
हँसती गमों के बीच
या फिर यूँ ही रूलाती खुशियों में
कुछ टीस बनकर उभरती हुई
तो कुछ मलहम बन सहलाती हुई
कुछ जिन्दगी को बदरंग करती हुई
तो कुछ जीने की वजह बनती हुई
चाहे जैसी भी हों
जीवन का अहम हिस्सा हैं
ये यादें ये यादे
भरती है रंग जिन्दगी में
रंग हल्के और फीके हों
या गाढ़े और चटकीले
यादें तो यादें ही रहती हैं
उनका महत्व वही रहता है ।

Hariom Kumar Solanki, 8th Sem

एक भूला हुआ प्यार.... एक अनकहा अहसास

आज कभी अकेले बैठा हूँ तो वो पुराने दिन याद आते हैं
अक्सर नहीं पर कभी कभार ये मुझे बहुत सताते हैं ।

वक्त बीत गया है पर बात नहीं गयी है
मेरे सीने से तेरी याद नहीं गयी है ।

नाजाने क्यों अब तेरी आँखों में आशियाना ढूँढ़ता हूँ,
हो जिसमें मेरा नाम तेरे नाम के साथ, ऐसा फसाना ढूँढ़ता हूँ,

तेरी जिन बातों के लिए मुझे कभी फुसंत नहीं थी, जो बचकाना थीं,
उन्हें सुनने का आज हर मुमकिन बहाना ढूँढ़ता हूँ ।

चाहता हूँ तू भूल जाए बीती बातों को, एक नई शुरुआत हो,
फिर टकराएँ हम किसी मोड़ पर, तेरी किताबें गिरें और हमारी मुलाकात हों ।

फिर मजाक में इज़हार कर दे तू अपनी मोहब्बत का,
पर इस बार मुझे उसमें छिपी चाहत का एहसास हो ।

फिर लगता है वो कोई ईशारा नहीं सिर्फ एक मजाक था,
पर कैसे भूल जाऊँ कि तू DTC का बहाना करके घंटों तक मेरा इंतजार करती थी,
और मैं तुझे कंजूस कह कर किसी और बस में चला जाता था ।
तू मुझसे फुसफुसाने के लिए मेरे साथ बैठ जाती थी,
और मैं लेकचर कितना बोरिंग है, कहकर सो जाता था!

एक बार तूने भी कुछ लिख सिर्फ मुझे सुनाया था
और मैंने class के हर बच्चे को वो सुना, पूरे दिन तेरा मजाक उड़ाया था

तू मेरी हर मिस कॉल को कॉल कहकर उठा देती थी,
और मैं तेरी हर कॉल को मिस कॉल कहकर काट देता था,
मेरी हर स्टेज पफॉर्मेंस पे तू सबसे ज्यादा तालियाँ बजाती थी
और मैं "तू कितनी हाइपर है", कहकर डाँट देता था ।

आज जब वो किसी और की हो गई है, तो एक ही खयाल खटकता है ।
इंसान की अहमियत का एहसास उसके जाने के बाद क्यूँ होता है ?

जब दुनिया को विश्वास था मेरे दिल में कुछ है, तो मैं कहता था कि हम सिर्फ अच्छे दोस्त है
आज दुनिया कहती है हम सिर्फ अच्छे दोस्त हैं, तो इस दिल को विश्वास ही नहीं होता है

वो रिश्तों का मोल जानती है, कभी वापस नहीं आएगी, मुझे विश्वास है ।
पर क्या करूँ इस दिल का, जिसे अभी भी उसके आने का इंतजार है ।

Varun Jain
Intern

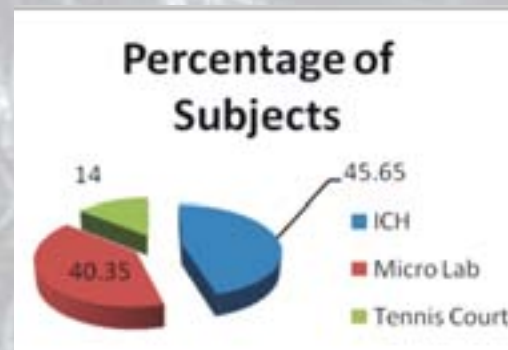
M.A.M.C.-A Politically Oriented Study!!

The first phase of double blinded, placebo controlled, randomized trials titled M.A.M.C. (Meticulously Analysed, Mainly Codswallop) was conducted during the period extending from January 1, 2009 to February 14, 2009. The trials involved a series of questions put forward to a motley crowd of medical students, to analyse the thought process of an average student.

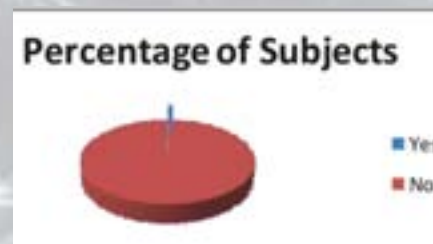
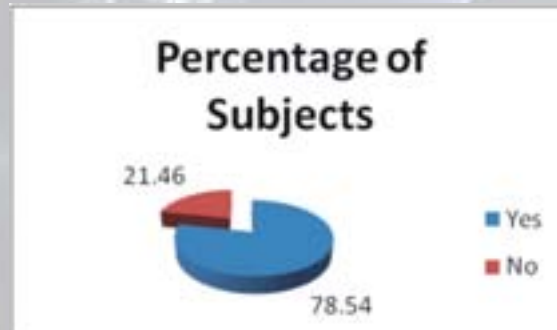
The selection criteria, to be a part of this study, as laid down by the apex body (SEB) were as follows:

1. The subject should not be above the age of 35.
2. The subject should not be in favour of rural internship. (Clearly studies have taken their toll in this case)
3. The subject must have full control of his actions, they should not be directed at a certain someone sitting too close to him/ her in the library plaza &/ or the amphi &/ or the reading room &/ or any dark corner of this campus.
4. Blah...blah...blah.

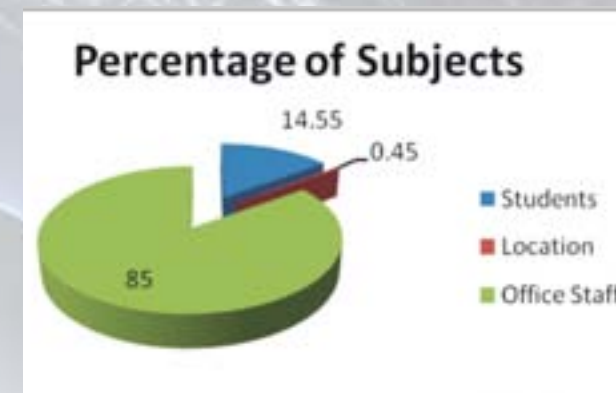
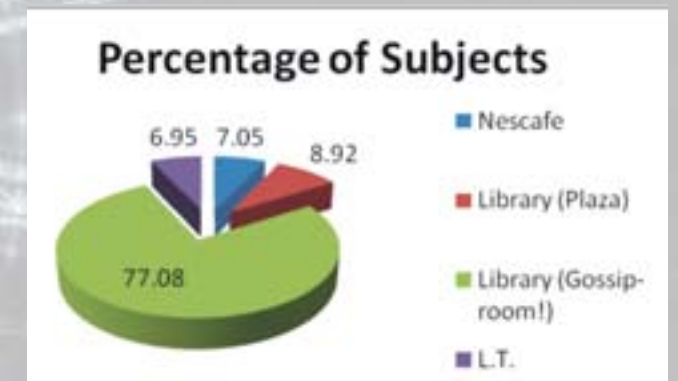
The results of the above study were tabulated and are given hereunder:



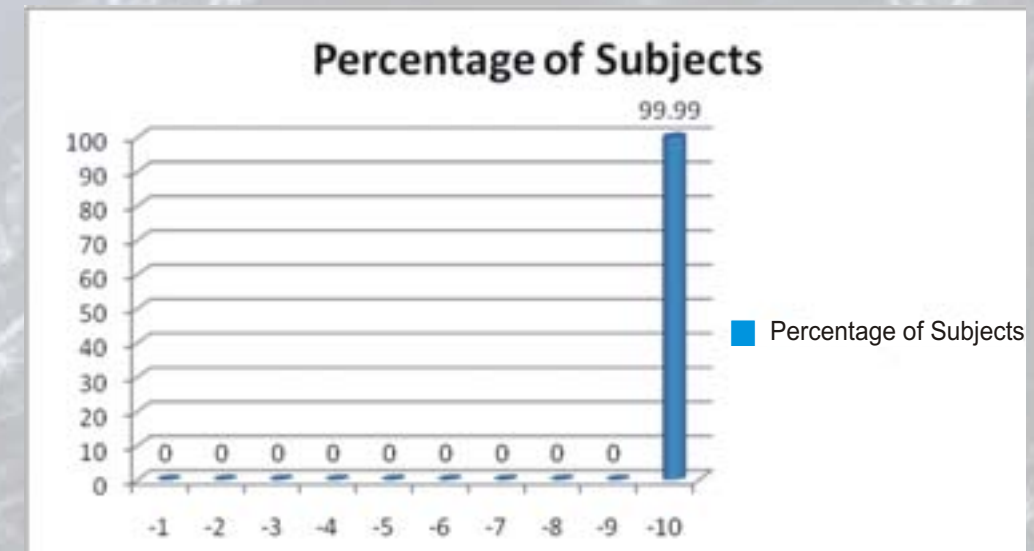
Should we have co-ed hostels in our college?



Your favourite hangout in college:

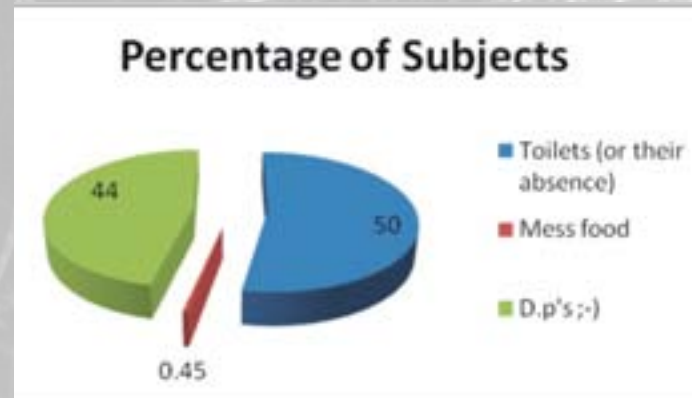
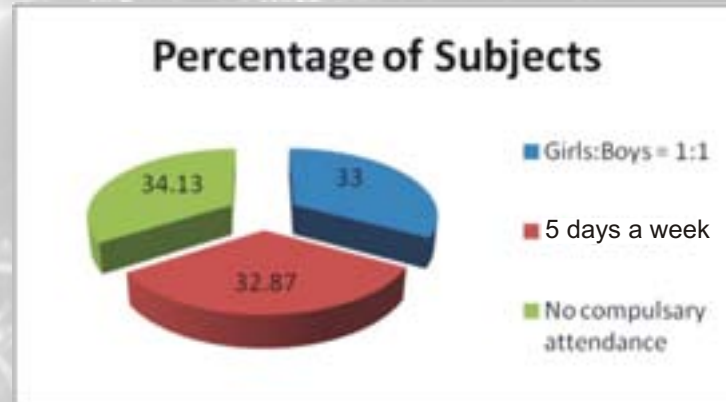


What would you like to change in this college?

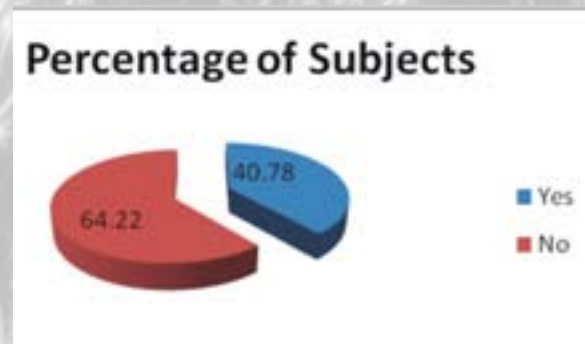


Synapse '08, rate on a scale of -1 to -10:

What, in your opinion, will make MAMC a better place to live?



The thing about MAMC you'll remember the most:



Rate in order of Wondrousness!:

The ratings were as follows:-

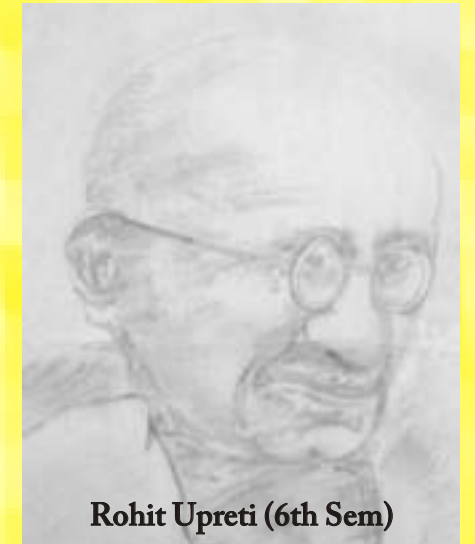
1. Ramesh Sharma (the Amul guy)



Sketchy - Art!



Parul (6th Sem)



Rohit Upreti (6th Sem)



Dr. Amit Prakash (2003 Batch)



Jyoti Devi, 6th Sem

Answers to the crossword:

ACROSS:

1. SRINIVAS; 4. LIBRARY; 7. OGH; 10. OBH; 12. NESCAFE; 14. MAMC; 15. CR; 17. GOONJ; 18. AMA; 19. DOG; 22. PDP; 23. LOO; 24. AUDI; 25. AMPHE; 26. PREM

DOWN:

2. NBH; 3. ARUN; 4. LHMC; 5. RESHMI; 6. 24H; 8. GNEC; 9. KEY; 11. BBC; 13. SYNAPSE; 16. RAJIV; 17. GATE; 19. DP; 20. GYM; 21. MLE

In our journey into times unknown, we must not forget those who were with us, no matter for how short a time period it might have been.....



In Loving Memory Of

NEHA

*A dear friend, a caring
roommate,*

*A kind, generous and
gentle soul.*

*It is our great loss to no
longer have her presence
amongst us. We truly miss
the good times we shared
with her, and she will
forever hold a place in our
hearts and our prayers.*

God bless her soul.

May she rest in peace.