

VERVE

6th EDITION

SPECIAL
FEATURE :

TALES OF
HARDINGE



*Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
At least no one ever has done it;"
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.*

-Edgar Albert Guest

We express our heartfelt gratitude to the Alumni Association, Dr. Kavita Arora and Dr. Ena Gupta for their kind contributions to the magazine.

-The Editorial Board



1st ROW: Rishika, Lori, Bhavya, Manjari, Prabhleen, Himani
2nd ROW: Meghnshi, Alish, Khushboo, Anuishka, Bhakti
3rd ROW: Pooji, Priya, Priyasha, Akshita, Aayushi
4th ROW: Shruti, Tanya, Parul, Teena
Missing: Sanjana, Ishika, Shatakshi, Mahima, Sanghmitra

From the Editor's Desk



Bhavya Bhutani
Batch 2016

Greetings to all our readers!

It gives me immense pleasure to bring to you all sixth edition of our annual college magazine, Verve. The year 2020 has been a roller coaster ride for everyone globally, something no one saw forthcoming. These tough times have made us all wish for a time machine to go back to normal times. Like HG Wells said, "We all have our time machine, those that take us back are memories....", this edition of Verve is that time machine. It has encapsulated all the fond memories and 'Tales of Hardinge' by Hardonians from all walks of life, to take our readers on a ride back to their jubilant college days.

I express my sincere gratitude to our honorable Director, Dr N N Mathur, the Vice Principal, Dr Anil Gurtoo and the Magazine Committee, Dr Anita Nangia, Dr Anita Pawar, Dr Madhulika Monga for their unwavering support, guidance and blessings.

I'm grateful to the Alumni Association, Dr Kavita Arora (batch 1994) and Dr Ena Gupta (batch 2007) for encouraging us in this endeavour and helping us keep the spirit of Verve alive. A big thank you to all the alumni, Dr Anju Jain, Dr Usha Saha, Dr Rama Anand, Dr Ritu Singh, Dr Anita Nangia, Dr Sharmila, Dr Deepti Rawat, Dr Geetu Gaba, Dr Preeti Chauhan and Dr Ruha for sharing their college memories to make 'Tales of Hardinge' a reality. I would also like to thank

Kamal bhैया and Mohan bhैया from 'Kamal Ki Dukan' (KKD) for sharing their experiences in Hardinge, since last three decades, with our editors. I appreciate all the contributors to the magazine for giving us their valuable inputs.

I thank my editorial board family- all the resourceful editors (Prabhleen, Manjari, Lori, Sanjana, Bhakti, Aayushi, Ishika, Shatakshi, Akshita, Priyasha, Priya, Shruti, Sanghmitra) for their proficient editing to maintain high standards of the magazine; talented illustrators (Alish, Pooja, Parul) for channelling their creativity into the magazine; photographers(Himani, Rishika, Teena) and formatters(Anushka, Mahima, Meghanshi, Khushboo) for instilling soul into this magazine; and PR(Tanya). A very special thanks to Prabhleen, who was a constant pillar of support to me; without her, this would not have been possible.

A warm thank you to all the preceding editors (Ruha di, Oishika Di, Tanvi Di, Manisha Di, Richa Di, Shelly Di) for their constant support and helpful advices in times of crisis.

Last but not the least, thanks to all our readers for being a part of this beautiful journey with Verve. I hope this edition adds some positivity, comfort and joy to your lives in these dark and testing times.

With this, I end my wonderful journey with Verve. It still feels like yesterday when I auditioned for the post of editor. All words fall short to describe the incredible experiences I had here. Thank you, Verve, for everything you bestowed upon me. Thank you to all the people who joined me in this journey. You made it all the more beautiful and pleasant. I extend my best wishes to my juniors for their future endeavours and pray their journey ahead be even more marvellous than mine.

Signing off!

Hola Hardonians

With utmost happiness we present to you our labour of love - the sixth edition of our beloved college magazine, 'Verve'.

Lady Hardinge, home to more than hundred batches of world class doctors and phenomenal women has more than a century's worth of tales to tell - and that is what we have tried to capture in this edition.

Functioning as one of the few creative outlets for our fraternity, this magazine will introduce you to the poets, the writers, the artists, the photographers, the orators, the musicians, the dancers, the fashionistas, the drama queens, the sportswomen and even the hardcore academics that exist in and amongst us.

I hope this magazine serves as a memory of good times and as a beautiful reminder of this place that we all learned to call home; decades apart, bound together by one name and one statue - Hardinge.

Working with our editorial board over the last few years has taught me alot and I hope that all the other members (present and future) take away something memorable and worthwhile from this experience. I would like to express my sincerest gratitude to our seniors for constantly guiding us through this endeavour. A special shoutout to Bhavya for being the best teammate I could've asked for and for often single handedly tackling major crises deftly. A very warm thank you to the entire editorial board for all the hard work that they put into making this edition a success, despite the unprecedented pandemic. You're all rockstars!

A final and most important thank you to our Director Sir, Dr NN Mathur and our faculty for always encouraging and supporting us in every way possible.

Finally, this is our ode to the alumni of LHMC - past, present and future. We hope you enjoy revisiting this memory lane as much as we enjoyed unravelling it.

A warm hug from us to you.



Prabhleen
Batch 2016

"He who fights with monsters might take care lest he thereby become a monster. And if you gaze for long into an abyss, the abyss gazes also into you."
- Friedrich Nietzsche



"The way I see it, every life is a pile of good things and bad things. The good things don't always soften the bad things, but vice versa, the bad things don't always spoil the good things and make them unimportant."
-The Eleventh Doctor



"You miss 100% of the shots you don't take" -
Wayne Gretzky



"Nothing is little to a great mind."



"I dwell in possibility"
-Emily Dickinson

"There's an art to life's distractions
To somehow escape the burning weight
The art of scraping through"
- Hozier



"Wisdom begins in wonder."
-Socrates



"Act as if what you do makes a difference. It does."



"Why did I want to be an editor, you ask?
Well, to cut the long story short."



"Do. Or do not. There is no try."

"Don't spend all your time
Wondering, what you are or
who you like, whether it's
right for you or wrong for
you. Just let yourself be
Happy."
~ Grey's Anatomy



"She is free in her wildness, she is a wanderess, a drop of free water. She knows nothing of borders and cares nothing for rules or customs. Her life flows clean, with passion, like fresh water."



PRIYA
EDITOR

"Keep your face towards the sunshine, and shadows will fall behind you."
- Walt Whitman



TEENA GOEL
PHOTOGRAPHER

"Life meme ban gyi hai
Ya toh meme life ban gyi hai."



POOJA
ILLUSTRATOR

"You're born to be real,
not to be perfect."



PRIYASHA
EDITOR

"Stop acting so small. You are the entire universe in ecstatic motion."
-Rumi



KHUSHBOO GARG
FORMATTER

"My thoughts are stars
I cannot fathom into constellations".
-The Fault in our stars



ALISH MALIK
ILLUSTRATOR

"Good things come to those who persist."



MEGHANSHI RAJPUT
FORMATTER

"Universe is full of Magic,
waiting for us to explore"



PARUL DAKSH
ILLUSTRATOR

" City of stars
Are you shining just for me?
City of stars
There's so much I can't see "



ANUSHKA
FORMATTER

"Drench yourself in words unspoken,
live your life with arms wide open.
Today is where your book begins,
the rest is still unwritten."



MAHIMA TYAGI
FORMATTER

"There is a way to be good again..."
- Khaled Hosseini



SANGHMITRA
EDITOR

"Some of the people no one imagines anything of do the things no one can imagine."



TANYA RAO
PR

" Stay away from negative people, they have a problem for every solution "
- Albert Einstein



SHRUTI PAHWA
EDITOR

"A keen ear and friend to anyone who needs a boost of optimism."

FOREWORD



It is an honour for me to write this little foreword for the 6th edition of The Verve - the student's magazine of Lady Hardinge Medical College.

In our attempt to achieve the goal of helping students develop overall personality, the college magazine plays an important role.

I have great pleasure in conveying my best wishes to the Students and the editorial board for bringing out this edition which provides the students of different semesters a common platform to share and display their ideas and literary skills.

We are a high-ranking institute in the country with a glorious past and I am sure with as much bright future. We have a long history

and a history which is so linked to the major events that took place during these many years because the college was located in the heart of city. It was the first major educational institute to be conceived and then built soon after the capital shifted from Calcutta to Delhi. The World wars and the medical activities associated with it, the development of Lutyen's Delhi, the construction of monumental plaza – the Connaught Place, building up of New Delhi Railway Station, erection of Secretariat and Viceroy's house on Raisina Hills and India Gate on the other end of Raj Path (earlier known as Kingsway), its proximity to the epicentre of greatest freedom struggle and different movements associated with it, the visit of Mahatma Gandhi to the college during satyagraha movement, construction of Birla temple nearby, the regular trips to Lahore by medical students to appear in professional examinations, birth of All India Radio and its building- the Broadcasting House on Parliament street, establishment and development of various shops, restaurants and theatres in Connaught Place, the partition of nation, Indian independence, formation of first government, the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi, change of college affiliation from university of Punjab to Delhi University in 1950, the establishment of two more medical institutes in Delhi viz AIIMS and MAMC in late 1950s, and the development of art and culture centre near Bengali market– all that influenced the college students in early years. And it is the reason why the girls of Lady Hardinge were always in the midst of hectic activities and all this got reflected in their creative writings and their overall development then. And even now, a little more than a century after it came into existence, the college stands tall overlooking the developments happening around and also redeveloping itself.

Last year changed the way we lived lives. COVID 19 pandemic confined students to homes and hostels. Covid acted as a catalyst to fast develop online platforms for education and social interaction. But it also gave them an opportunity to explore their hidden talents and be more creative and that is evident from this edition of magazine.

I wish the students of LHMC a very bright and successful career.

Dr NN Mathur
Director
Lady Hardinge Medical college

FOREWORD



It was nearly 16 years ago when I joined LHMC as a post graduate student. I must say that every single day spent in the campus of this reputed institute transformed me- I believe, for better and forever. The social and cultural life at LHMC has always given tough competition to the best academic institutions in India. I keep returning to LHMC either for speaking to students or delivering speeches at conferences, and I feel that student cultural and social activities have sustained and grown by leaps and bounds.

That is one of the factors which places LHMC- now more than 100-years-old as arguably one of the most progressive academic institutions in India. In today's times, when the medical profession is often alleged to be bereft of compassion, the programs and activities in art and science in medical schools and amongst graduate medical doctors have potential to go a long way in producing doctors and health staff with a human touch. Tomorrow's doctors and health staff who live on the intersection of art and medicine can deliver health care with compassion. This is possible through student activities as well as appropriate training programs at various departments, both of which are happening in tandem at this institute.

I have always been proud to be an alumnus of this institute. I take this opportunity to congratulate everyone in LHMC, specially the team working to bring out the Verve for success in this endeavor.

Dr Chandrakant Lahariya
National Professional Officer,
World Health Organization (WHO)
Country Office for India, New Delhi

FOREWORD



I congratulate students and editorial board on the release of 6th edition of the magazine 'Verve' which provides a platform for students to show their hidden talent as well as share their views. I heartily appreciate the editorial members for their hard work in compiling this magazine which provides an opportunity for faculty to connect with the students. I am a proud Hardonian of pass out batch 1976, who feels immense pleasure to write for the students of my alma mater.

Till 1995, in LHMC there was an Old Students' Association (OSA) in the name of an alumni association. I managed the working of the OSA with Dr S.H. Singh and Dr Daya Sharma, then presidents of the OSA. In 1996, The LHMC Alumni Association got formally registered, with combined efforts from me and our founder President - Dr Krishna Garg, Treasurer - Dr Renu Dutta, Senior Hardonians & members of Executive Committee.

My journey in bringing the birds of common feathers together to stand for a cause, got its due impetus when in 1990, I was told by Dr Chandrama Anand, to help Dr S. H. Singh of Physiology, in organizing the annual lunch in the girls common room. The lifelong drive to work for this cause came when I saw, senior alumni hailing from various parts of the country coming together and helping in measly activities like flower decorations for the function, with a sense of gratification and honor.

I took it in my stride as the Founder Secretary to give my best to bring all Hardonians on a single platform. We initiated the lifetime memberships for fellow Hardonians who felt obligated and were dedicated to helping the future students. The collections are used for felicitating meritorious students and affording scholarships for merit cum means students.

Our alma mater is 104 years old and I had great privilege in compiling the membership directory and its supplement in 1996, which was released by Dr Sushila Nayer, former health minister of state.

It gave me immense pleasure and joy in working with my senior alumni members who were a constant guiding force for me, and supported me immeasurably to continue working as Secretary, Vice President and President of LHMC Alumni Association. This platform inspires and motivates you to shine brightly with innovative ideas to help the younger generations.

LHMC Alumni association supports primary school children attached to Lady Hardinge for poor students. Annual day of alumni is celebrated on 3rd Sunday of December each year where Silver Jubilee (25yrs after passing MBBS) and Golden Jubilee batch (50yrs after passing MBBS) are felicitated.

Meritorious students are awarded medals followed by cultural entertainment performance by Silver Jubilee batch.

Medicus Conventus was started in June 2017 and continues to train more students in basic skills of becoming a physician of first contact. It helps students get more hands on practice and help them build a clinical approach towards medicine.

The students of LHMC are a fraternity with the traditions of mutual respect, affection, idealism and excellence in their professional work. These traditions must be kept up & strengthened by us especially by our young medical students. I wish all students best wishes for their future endeavors.

Dr. Shashi Raheja
Professor and Head of Anatomy
Dr. Baba Saheb Ambedkar Medical College, Delhi
Ex Director Professor and Head of Anatomy, LHMC
Ex President LHMC Alumni Association

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INTERNS' DAY (Batch - 2014)

“May the road rise up to meet you, may the wind be ever at your back. May the sun shine warm upon your face and the rain fall softly on your fields. And until we meet again, may God hold you in the hollow of his hand.”

On 8th September 2019, Students' Union 2018-19 organised the much awaited Interns' Day. After 5 and a half years of gruelling academics, countless vivas, tiring postings and dreadful exams, the batch of 2014 was warmly invited for an evening of fun and glamour. All the lovely interns put their best foot forward and dressed up in beautiful sarees with makeup that dazzled the entire



campus. They were welcomed by a 'kala tika' to ward off evil eye from the beautiful journey they've had in Hardinge.

The event commenced with a soulful musical rendition by Aarohana – the music society, which won hearts and endless claps. Several other performances followed, put up by the various societies. A head turning dance sequence by Viola, amazing performance by Belleza and the brow-raising skit by Jijeevisha truly got the crowd pumped up. Interns' too got on the stage to perform for the very last time as undergraduates. Vencedor, Inklings, Podium, Perspective pieced together an ode to their society seniors leaving them in awes and tears. Finally, the ones who become voice of all were also felicitated – the Class representatives and Cabinet members. To add to the festivities, performances were put up by Interns as the last ovation to their entire batch. A compilation of all the beautiful photographs captured of this batch over the years sealed the evening, followed by a merry session of Dhol and dancing.

The day ended on a happy note with tears of departure in the eyes of 2014 batch. They have seen the glamour of Splash, centenary celebrations, various strikes in the college and several other major and minor events which exist as fond memories now. They will always be remembered fondly by their juniors for their contribution to Hardinge as we know it.

FRESHERS'

The evening of 7th September, 2019 marked the occasion which is the most anticipated event by any student entering college life - the Fresher's Party.

It was organised by the Student's Union, LHMC in S.J. Auditorium.



The theme for the event was 'Anything But Living' which urged all the freshers to be creative about their outfits and step into the shoes of the inanimate things around them. Boggled by the idea at first, the girls eventually put up a good show, for they say, academics or co-curriculum activities, Haridwarians can flaunt both in high heels.

The judges for the event were none other than our dear Interns. In the first round everyone introduced themselves and were made to do tasks that were related to their characters. All the participants who made it to the second round were asked to walk on the ramp and finally, in the last round, they were designated interesting tasks using props and partners.

Result announcement was followed by a photo session and cutting of the cake.

Everyone went home with memories they will cherish forever, photographs they will never get tired looking at and costumes which will always occupy a special place in their wardrobes.

MEDICUS CONVENTUS 2019

90 days, 50 organising committee members, 10 core team members, 720 intense hours of planning and ground work, and roughly 300 delegate registrations later, the 3 days had finally arrived. MEDICUS COVENTUS- the nationwide annual Hardinge conference, once merely a dream, had transformed into a reality in its third edition held from 29th to 31st March 2019. Mediquest - the academic society of Lady Hardinge Medical College, organised the 3-day long conference- Medicus Conventus'19. It received enormous participation from undergraduate medical students from all across India and provided a platform for enthusiastic young minds to connect with others, expand knowledge and networking, interact with experts in this field, and to present ideas.



“Knowledge is power? No. Knowledge on its own is nothing, but the application of useful knowledge, now that is powerful.” - Rob Liano

To emphasize the importance of practical knowledge and skill development, the conference this year adopted the theme- “Fostering skills in Medicine: See. Perform. Master.” The main goal was to ensure that all undergraduate medical students acquire basic knowledge as well as the necessary skills to enable them to be better healthcare workers. Hands-on experience and exposure beyond the textbook was the focus of each event held under the aegis of Medicus Conventus.

A range of 10 engaging and interesting workshops were conducted under various departments collaborating for an out-of-the-classroom learning experience for the participants. Other events including panel discussions, pep talks and competitions - both cultural as well as academic - were held with the aim of overall development of each individual.

The conference began with 4 pre-conference all-day workshops consisting of Basic Life Support, Quality Improvement, Research Methodology and Diet and Dialogue skills. The subsequent days were packed with an intensive schedule of workshops. The events included Suturing and Knotting skills, Interpreting ECG, Decoding H.I.V: haematology, Injection practices and Venipuncture, Prima Curae: The First Response Medicine and Antimicrobial stewardship. The participants gained insights on latest upcoming and relevant topics like Evidence-based Medicine, Cyber security, Approach to a victim of sexual assault and opportunities as a medical graduate; and motivation through many dignitaries and experts who graciously took out time from their busy schedules to hold our sessions. The highlight of the inauguration ceremony held on the second day, was the esteemed presence of the chairman, UPSC, Sri Arvind Saxena, who inspired the audience with his encouraging and enlightening words.

Medicus Conventus received immensely positive feedback from the attending delegates and proved to be an overall success because of the effort of a team of more than 60 students and faculty members, putting their best foot forward, hard work and time to conceptualise this event, focussing on the fundamentals of medicine.



“The important thing in science is not so much to obtain new facts as to discover new ways of thinking about them.”- Sir William Bragg

The next edition aims to be a refreshing spin on conferences by presenting the latest and the unfamiliar, in a manner that testifies brilliance. To carry forward the vision of an advanced and wholesome healthcare system, it is essential to cultivate clinical acumen for better proficiency of healthcare professionals. Hence, Medicus Conventus is a small, yet significant step in the journey of conscious, ethical and skilled medicine.

LHMUN'19

Lady Hardinge Model United Nations (LHMUN), organised its second edition this year with great fervour. It was a two-day event organised on the 7th and 8th of February by The Podium- the debate society of LHMC. The committee was set up as United Nations Human Rights Council (UNHRC); presided over by Mr Varun Vanvari, our esteemed chairman and Mr Siddhant Treasure, our vice-chairman.

The event commenced with the lamp lighting ceremony, performed by professors of our Anatomy department. This was followed by a brief introduction to the format, rules and regulations of the debate by our chair. What followed was an intellectual debate, involving thought provoking discussions on “The role of local and national institutions in accommodating climate induced migration.”



We saw numerous delegates packed in the hall, from a host of colleges, each having a different stand on the issue. Seeing the agenda through different prisms, truly broadened our horizons. However, four clear winners emerged, winning prizes upto ten thousand rupees. The ‘Best Delegate’ went to the delegate of Iceland; ‘High Commendation’ to the delegate of Somalia and ‘Special Mentions’ to the delegates of Japan and Argentina. LHMUN was an enriching experience and everyone went home with a broader and brighter perspective.



ANUBHUTI - LITFEST'19

"There is no surer foundation for a beautiful friendship than mutual taste in literature" - P.G Wodehouse

After successfully putting up Concinnity'18, Inklings - the Literary Society of LHMC, organised the second edition of the beloved litfest – Anubhuti 2019.



Anubhuti was an endeavour by the students that sought to bring people closer to literature and awaken dormant emotions in those who are busy in the hustle of life. The fest spanned 4 days and witnessed enthusiastic participation from various colleges of Delhi. The fest commenced with Adab- the Urdu poetry competition, graced by the presence of a panel of esteemed judges from the Rekhta Foundation.

Dheerika Pandey, writer of the book 'Liphosophical', was the guest of honour for 'Conversation with a Novelist'. A splendid performance was put together by the talented duo in 'Dastangoi', as fables of Mahabharata were recited in a unique Persian storytelling narrative that proved to be a crowd puller. An intra-college event 'Rècit' urged gifted writers to come up with creative proses along with music. Multiple inter-college game events like 'Pictionary' and 'Wombola' were received with great fervour.

Human Library was the final showstopper wherein participants got the unique opportunity to hear multiple 'books' like 'The prima Ballerina', 'Compulsive Lier', 'Refugee from the Ruins', 'No Love Lost' among several others. These talking books, none other than ordinary and extraordinary human beings, narrated their stories



and the audience was raptured. This programme ended with a deep sense of satisfaction along with the realisation of how we possess much more than we are grateful for. Anubhuti was surely successful in bringing together people connected by the thread that is literature.

ORGAN DONATION MELA

"After I die if I am buried, I will rot. If I am burnt, I will become ash but if my body is donated, I will live to give life and happiness to many." – Amit Abraham

The Student Leadership Mission (SLM) under the wing for awareness for organ and body donation in collaboration with NOTTO, organised an Organ Donation Mela- 'Sanjeevni' on 9th february 2019. This event was presided over by Dr.Vasanthi Ramesh, the director of NOTTO and Dr. Rajiv Garg, then Director, LHMC.

'Sanjeevni' was an initiative undertaken to bust the myths regarding organ donation and to promote this noble cause. The entire college campus was decorated with posters and brochures regarding the procedures and precautions of donation. Several game stalls were managed by students; they helped attract the crowd and raise awareness about this cause. A treasure hunt was organised with clues that corresponded to an organ which can be donated. Apart from these attractions, several online and offline events were introduced aiming to increase general knowledge about Organ Donation. There was an information counter for any doubts regarding organ donation and to address all hesitations and stigma.

The organisers also invited brave-hearted families of those who had donated their organs post-death. They grabbed and held attention of the entire crowd and left us all in tears. The event culminated with a small speech from the esteemed guests. 'Sanjeevani' alongside living upto the name of a 'mela', also provided us with an insight in the world of organ donation and helping people beyond life.



MOTHER NATURE



When I wanted to swim deep,
 wanted to run miles and feel the Sun's heat,
 When I wanted to fly high,
 Seeing those birds; they made me cry,
 Seeing the scenic beauty,
 Realised I wasted my twenties,
 Feeling blessed with beautiful eyes
 I can see nature at no price.
 Red, blue, yellow and oh yes, green,
 Are there more colours? I was keen!
 Is there anything more wonderful,
 The clouds, the thunder and this breeze, so cool.
 When I asked God "why does it rain,
 And why does it feel so fresh to my brain?"
 God smiled and whispered softly,
 "Oh my dear! Because you are blessed.
 I blessed you with senses that work best,
 I gave you a heart that can appreciate all this.
 And, you are my child! You may feel the bliss."
 -Ankita, this girl has a name

Dr Ankita Sharma
Senior Resident , Pathology

Books With a Cup of Coffee



It has been rightly said that a good book with a fresh cup of coffee makes a person go through a myriad of emotions: happiness, fear, rage, sorrow, and yet oozes comfort. A good book gives us days filled with marvelous daydreams as well as sleepless nights. It inspires us to get off the couch and do something new every day. Every bestselling book follows a similar course: a slow and steady start, a body to intrigue you, and a sudden bone chilling twist which leads to the grand finish, leaving the readers dazzled and in awe. A book

changes our perception and encourages us to develop a penchant for detail in our world. Book lovers dream about living in a library with a free ice-cream machine. Anyone who has ever read a book, can describe the love-hate relationship with a novel; they love the storyline and detest the fact that it has to come to an end. For a true reader the smell of old books is the only thing that smells better than flowers. A good book has the power to freeze time and to transport its readers to a world of innumerable possibilities, where cars turn into robots and all of us are unicorns that breathe rainbows. It coerces us to form an imaginary movie with the most appropriate cast we can think of. In this day and age, we are losing readers everyday, however, little do they know, the joy and bliss associated with a book. Everybody is looking for the true definition of lazing around, so here's a hint—

Find a good book and a savoury cup of coffee and just get ready to have the best time of your life!!!

Shreya Ahluwalia
Batch 2019

The Journal

Vacant I sit while skies pour, fixated on my
 bedroom door
 But my eyes wander to a journal old, dusty
 leather- torn and cold
 I run my hand and clear the name, sounds
 like a vivacious dame
 Curious I turn pages more and stumble on a
 peculiar lore

It speaks of tales of spring and a girl with a
 ring
 The midnight in her hair, her elegance and
 flair
 The sun in her eyes, the stars in her sighs
 The fire that she owns, the universe in her
 bones

And love- love so deep, it could make the
 demons weep
 It could burn and it could heal, the love I
 could feel
 Bleeding on pages, bleeding through ages
 Reciprocated truly by maiden unruly, oh it
 bled beautifully

And then it speaks of death, despair in each
 breath

It's quaint, it's queer and a sin to fear
 It was written in trembling hand- 'alone we
 stand'
 The unbounded love could not suffice, the
 demons of flesh- or ice?

The rest is yellow and plain, I still think of
 this vivacious dame
 Whose love was transgression, lover's death-
 salvation
 Which God wishes for destruction, of his
 own creation?
 I wonder and I break some more, for
 forgiveness I implore

Forgiveness and nothing more, for the
 demise of a love so pure
 My brothers and sisters could not take, could
 never have or make
 My brothers and sisters of past, like us- I'm
 aghast
 Now I'll make a little space, in my heart a
 warm place

I put back the journal old, and the promise in
 my head hold
 Love is pious, love is power, those who love-
 we empower
 Those brave souls living in dark, merciful
 maiden - forgiveness I ask
 Wear your pride and your rings, sun is
 waiting- spread your wings

**Shaivya Srivastava
 Batch 2016**



Hope

They say, "Only those who seek, shall find."
So I ventured on a journey,
To seek happiness.
I encountered nothing but scorn and rejection
At every corner,
At every junction.
Every time I felt dejected I looked up
The horizon seemed to smile at me, shimmering with hope.

Hope- a magical four letter word,
Beaming and radiant,
Piercing all clouds of doubt.

So I ran after it,
Seeking the horizon
The further I went, the farther it seemed to move away.
It seemed so near, yet so far.
Within a hand's breadth, yet miles afar.
I crossed oceans and scaled mountains
Only to end up where I began.

Then I wondered whether hope was real or just another illusion.
I stopped believing in it.
Discarded it as hogwash.
That was until, I encountered pain.

It all came pouring down upon me,
Before I knew, I was drenched.
Caught in the middle of a cyclone,
Nowhere to run from it.
I spent nights, shrouded in darkness.
Crying. Writhing. Howling.
Feeling broken.

Just when I thought I would collapse
A ray from the horizon greeted me-
Hope.
I smiled as tears rolled down my cheeks,
Pain made me a believer at last.

I dusted myself again,
Ventured to seek the horizon one more time,
For only those who seek, shall find.

Priyasha Bagchi
Batch 2018

The Candle

Yes! I am courageous,
I stand fearless.
As brave as a knight,
I lead kindly light.

Yes! I am truthful,
I stand alone.
For I fear no evil,
I am the spirit of dawn.

Yes! I am strong,
I stand unshaken.
For I am enlightened,
For I had awakened.

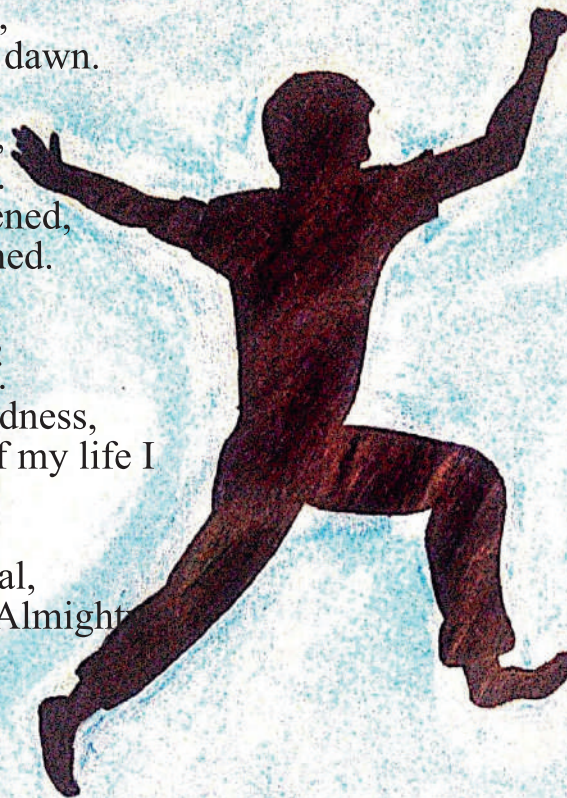
Yes! I am happy,
I smile to myself.
For I know no sadness,
Every moment of my life I
harness.

Yes! I am spiritual,
I believe in Thy Almighty

For he is Divine,
Upon my soul he shines.

Yes! I am unique,
For I grow downwards.
Yet, I grow to give light.
Which has no bounds,
Which has no height.

Yes! I am a candle.
For lightness is my
journey.
And lightness is my
destiny.



Kopal Patel
Batch 2019

She's only Eighteen



She's only Eighteen,
Immature in her own eyes,
Mature in everyone else's.

Sometimes she's alone,
But she meets her friends
And the pain is all gone.

She thinks she knows it all,
But it's only her thoughts,
After all,
she's only eighteen.

Confused and young,
The world thinks she is
golden,
But in her own eyes, she's a
burden.

She thought she only wanted the
title before her name,
But her innocence remains the
same,
She needs acceptance and wants
to fit in,
Like me, she's just a normal teen.

Someday she'll grow older,
And become bolder,
But for now,
She's only eighteen.

Ujala Sharma
Batch 2019

FATHOMLESS

I gaze in the mirror before me,
On a moonless, sable night
At a visage I don't recognize.

Through my aching, agonizing eyes,
I feel my anguished heart grieving,
My weary soul mourning.
A fathomless hollow in me,
Craves for your homecoming,
And my throbbing heart-
Pines for you to come back to life.

I delve deep inside,
Desperately trying to find myself,
But how do I do that-
When you are my half,
And you are not here.

I softly touch my neck and close my eyes
Feeling your warmth against mine.
I feel your lips run fervently over mine
Not knowing if the air in me is yours or mine.

And suddenly, a vehement pain stabs my heart,
A harrowing reckoning falls apart.
My eyes throttle me back
Into darkness,
Into loneliness.

Yet, through my moist eyes, I see,
An aesthetic face,
Clad in triumph,
A placid face,
Cloaked in elation,
For even behind enemy lines,
You were valorous, my love.

Even though I won't be complete,
I am proud of you, my love,
For you are my half
And you are not here.

Akshita Sharma

Akshita Sharma
Batch 2019

What is life?

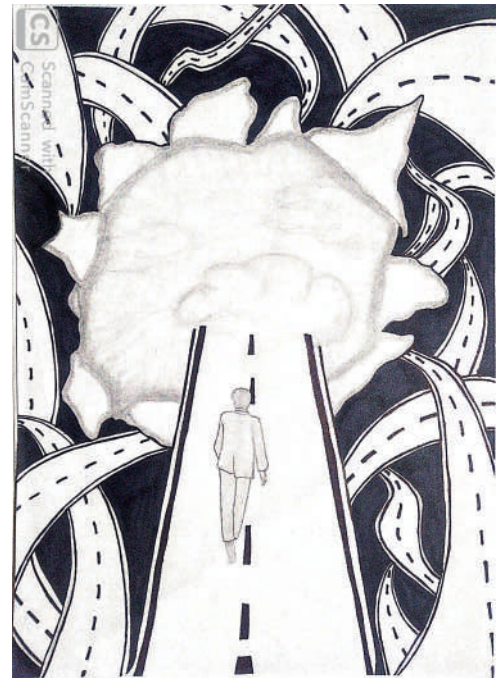
Something that you are planning for, in the future,
Or the one, you are living at present?
Events that you admire in your fantasy,
Or the moments, you have already spent?

The answer lies within us
Yet, we are not ready to accept it.
We neglect living in the moment,
But have hopes of a bright future.

Destroying our hobbies and passions,
And immersing ourselves in monotonous work,
What for? To ensure luxury and happiness?
Ah! Then, we need to halt our thoughts and restart.

This chain of thoughts started since the evolution of humans,
We roam around with 'quality life' as our goal.
But somewhere we get trapped in a vicious cycle,
Where life is a question mark.
Alas! ERROR 404: not found.

What Is Life?



Ankita Soni
Batch 2016

His Voice

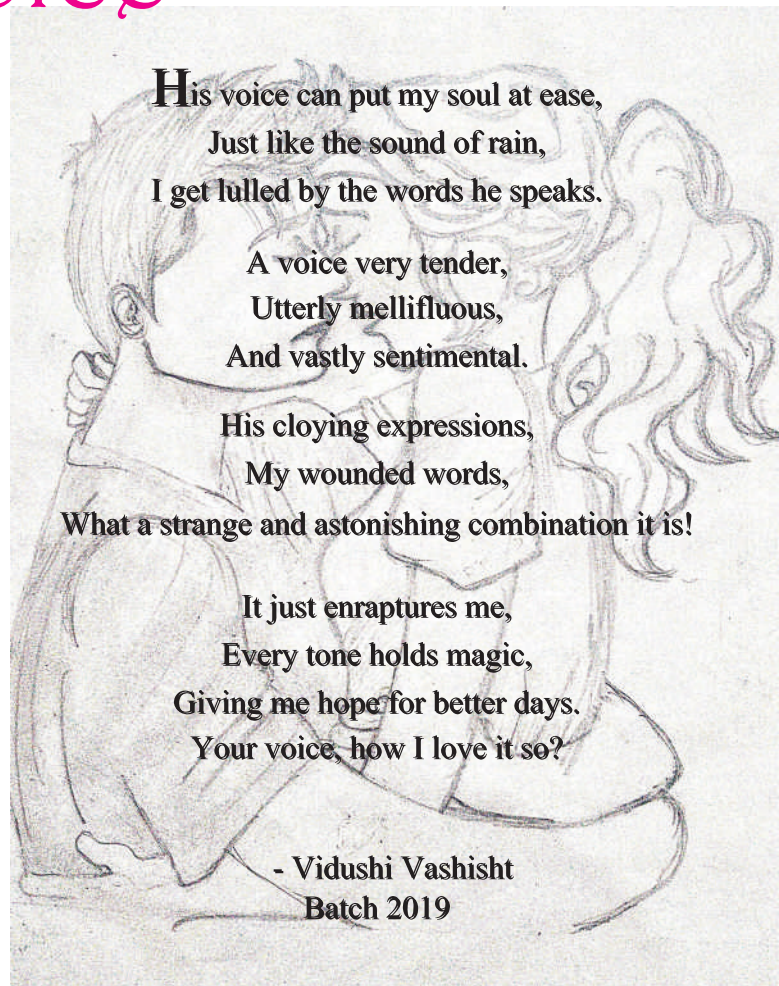
His voice can put my soul at ease,
Just like the sound of rain,
I get lulled by the words he speaks.

A voice very tender,
Utterly mellifluous,
And vastly sentimental.

His cloying expressions,
My wounded words,
What a strange and astonishing combination it is!

It just enraptures me,
Every tone holds magic,
Giving me hope for better days.
Your voice, how I love it so?

- Vidushi Vashisht
Batch 2019



Social Media

Imagine, prisoners that have spent their lives chained, deep inside a cave, staring endlessly at its walls. Behind them is a fire burning and right on top of it, a pathway. Each and every day, imaginary objects, cross the pathway casting intricate shadows on the wall in front. This is the only world they have ever known, echoes and shadows of unseen people. Now, imagine one day, a prisoner is suddenly released and he encounters the actual light of sun. He rushes back to his friends to acquaint them to reality, but, to his friends, he appears just like everything did to him; his voice, a distorted echo and his body, a grotesque shadow. To his friends, the world outside does not exist.

Greetings, fellow prisoners. I stand nervous this day, assuming the role of the released prisoner, attempting desperately to pull each one of you out of the prison of false shadows and distorted images. One fine and fortunate day, the era of social media dawned upon us and we embraced it with arms wide open. Let me confess, on behalf of all of us, that we fell in love with it not because it 'connected' us, but because it became a tool for us to depend upon, rather than to enhance our lives or to slip into several useful disguises, hiding behind them forever. Like insecure babies we kept slipping deeper into the snare and today, it is suffocating and imprisoning us by the false world of fake identities.

There are lofty claims about the power of social media to bring about social, cultural, and political change, and honestly, it is quite convincing. Let's not indulge in nations and economics, but into the lives of individuals and warn them about their catastrophic fates.

Has social media really added value to lives and if yes, then at what cost? At the cost of seeing a new species of crimes emerge like cyber terrorism and bullying, at the cost of letting social media sacrifice real conversations, at the cost of poor attention spans. Being the Generation Z, we anticipate in the millenniums to come that people would lack the ability to successfully communicate, would be unable to look each other in the eye and would not be able to hold a conversation for more than 20 seconds before they would feel the need to look at their phones.

The number of "inboxes" we possess is staggering. Email, Twitter, Facebook, LinkedIn, Google+, Skype, Whatsapp, Instagram, voice mail and several forums, groups and social networks. We do it because we believe that more relationships provide more opportunity. Is that what we want? To be spending considerable time building large networks of shallow connections, potentially at the expense of a few cherished friendships? And as social media gets bigger and more pervasive, this chasm becomes even more difficult to cross. It's not an illusion. We really are doing more every 24 hours. We live our lives at breakneck speed because we can, because we feel the compulsion to keep up and because every macro and micro breeze blows in that direction.

Fundamentally, technology and our use of it isn't, as we all intended, bringing us closer together. In fact, it may be driving us farther apart, as we know more and more people, but know less and less about each of them. Today we remember someone's birthday because Facebook told us so. All we are doing is expecting more from technology and less from each other. I attempt to mark a semi colon in your lives and allow you space to introspect. For, "Social networking platforms drove man closer to those in neighbouring continents, while driving him farther part from those in his neighbourhood."

Pankhuri Sharma
Batch 2019

It's a constantly changing world: Perform or Perish?

In this modern era, our career defines our existence. It underlines our stature in the society and delineates our persona in this world: it's the bitter truth. So let's talk about it.

But first I would like to share a small chapter from my life.

It was April 2007; I was on the top of the world. I was to join VMMC & Safdarjung Hospital, New Delhi as Assistant Professor. I felt a cut above my peers; I was going to Delhi- a big city with myriad opportunities for career advancement as compared to Varanasi-where I was working as a faculty in IMS, BHU. I thought I had finally made it big. I had also experienced a similar exhilarating experience when I had left my parent college-Pt BDS PGIMS Rohtak to join Government Medical College, Chandigarh as a Senior Resident. However, I forgot that it is a constantly changing world and one that is changing very rapidly these days. Over a period of time, Government of India opened up new AIIMS across the country and most of my professional colleagues at Varanasi joined these premier institutes as faculty members. They also left Varanasi. Meanwhile, Rohtak also evolved from a town to a big city and new career opportunities were created in private sector in the field of medicine. My good friend at Rohtak today is the Director of a big private hospital with foreign investment. So then over a period of time things changed and people who had missed the bus [according to me] had also finally ushered their career well.

From this story three things are clearly evident:

"It's a constantly changing world"

"Your present achievement is like a drop of water, soon to be lost in sands of time"

"Constant performance is the key to professional success."

Change is the only constant thing in this life and if you do not adapt to this changing world you can never succeed. Remember Charles Darwin's theory of 'Survival of the fittest'? What makes a species survive? It is not the strongest of the species that survive or the most intelligent that survives. It is the one that is most adaptable to change. Unfortunately, for us the pace of change these days is not as tardy as, say about a century or two ago. And thus proactive action is required to exist and excel in a career. We in India have some surreal qualities which impede us from embracing the change. It would be imperative for us if we introspect on these unique qualities and weed them out of our mindset if we want to succeed.

Predetermined thinking: It's prevalent everywhere in India. We have set ideas about life like: to be successful in life one has to be a doctor, engineer or an IAS officer, marriage is the final salvation in life, inter caste & inter religion marriages are cauldrons of problems, there is no life after widowhood, one cannot make strong career moves in late ages and so on and so forth, the list is endless. But then these ideas are based on past experiences and

life is constantly changing. Remember no one has the ability in this world to predict your future. Life always unfolds as a mystery. The fact is, there are no fixed rules for success.

Chart your own course - remember, it is a constantly changing world. Predetermined thinking is preposterous and abstruse, whereas an open and free mind ushers success.

Sitting in the comfort zone: We Indians love to sit in our comfort zones. Everything in this life is transient, even success, perhaps that is why we have optimism. Remember Mahatama Gandhi's words, "Satisfaction lies in the effort, not in attainment". Good, better, best. Never let it rest, till your good is better and your better is best. Never be complacent. Get to the edge of your comfort zone if you want to succeed. Probably this is why we Indians were never great conquerors of the world. The world remembers

Alexander the Great, for he ventured to come out of his comfort zone to conquer the world. Nothing is permanent, and time runs out. Everyday life provides countless occasions for adapting change and impermanence. Yet we squander these precious opportunities entrenched in our comfort zone.

Never avoid changing world, inevitable or else you will have to compromise and settle for less. Conflict is necessary for creativity. Both Ramayana & Mahabharata our great religious epics are stories of confrontation, not peace. Changing times brought a conflict. Similarly, the Pandavas and Kaurvas to change of wheel of fortune brought Rama into a conflict with Ravana. We must accept that everything is changing and we will never find a perfect composure if we do not confront difficult situations. We suffer because it is difficult for us to accept change. We cannot accept the truth of transience. Always remember that a fish which swims upstream will always create ripples.



confrontations: In this confrontation is will have to for less. Conflict is creativity. Both Mahabharata our great stories of

Changing times brought a conflict. Similarly, the brought Rama into a must accept that everything find a perfect composure if we

We suffer because it is difficult for us to accept change. We cannot accept the truth of transience. Always remember that a fish which swims upstream will always create ripples.

Never adopt mediocrity: Unfortunately, we Indians love to be mediocre. Imagine we have no global brand [not even a shaving blade] to be proud off. Smaller countries like South

Korea have outsmarted us for they compete at the international level in the changing world, continuously upgrading their technology. Changes do not cease to exist if they are ignored. Always set your targets, planning and results in accordance to the accepted latest standards, if you want to succeed. Remember the words of great Michelangelo, "The greatest danger for most of us lies not in setting an aim too high and falling short, but in setting our aim too low and achieving the mark."

In this world of constant change, never be satisfied with what you have achieved. Continue to drive yourself, this is passion not greed. It would be prudent to note that what is now destiny was once a choice or intention.

Dr. Gautam Bir Singh
Professor
Department of ENT

ना जाने हम क्यों बड़े हो जाते हैं

ना जाने हम क्यों बड़े हो जाते हैं
 बड़े तो हो जाते हैं
 फिर जीवन की दौड़ में लग जाते हैं
 ना जाने हम क्यों बड़े हो जाते हैं।

चिड़ियों-सा मन मचलता था पहले
 हवाओं के साथ उड़ने को जी करता था
 वो मचलना, वो मनमर्ज़ियाँ छूटे चले जाते हैं
 ना जाने हम क्यों बड़े हो जाते हैं।

त्योहारों में अलग ही रौनक होती थी पहले
 तितलियों-से रंग-बिरंगे होते थे
 वो रंग, वो रौनक फिके होते जाते हैं
 ना जाने हम क्यों बड़े हो जाते हैं।

छोटी-छोटी बातों पर भाइयों से लड़ जाती थी पहले
 बहन के कपड़े चुपके से पहन लेती थी
 वो लड़ाइयाँ, वो झगड़े बीती कहानियाँ बनते जाते हैं
 ना जाने हम क्यों बड़े हो जाते हैं।



शाम को गलियों में भागा करती थी पहले
 पाठशाला में डांट खाती थी
 वो दौड़, वो फटकार अब याद आते हैं,
 ना जाने हम क्यों बड़े हो जाते हैं।

जीवन की इस दौड़ में हम आगे चले जाते हैं
 छूट जाते हैं वो लोग, वो यादें और वो बातें
 जिनके लिए दौड़ने जाते हैं
 ना जाने हम क्यों बड़े हो जाते हैं।

Muskan Agrawal
 Batch 2016

मौजमस्तियाँ

कड़ी धूप और गर्मी से हुई थी दिन की शुरुआत,
 पर जम जाएगा शाम तक माहौल रंगीन, ये सोची ना थी बात।
 ओ साकी साकी की धुन पर मारे गए ठुमके बार-बार,
 नाचने पर आए तो हम भी नोरा फतेही से कम नहीं है यार।
 गुलाबी आँखों के नशे से शुरू हुआ सफर माडल टाउन की लैंबॉर्गिनी तक चला,
 गिटार की धुन और सुरीले कंठों के जादू पर सबका मन फिसला।
 इन काबिल-ए-तारीफ़ प्रस्तुतियों से बस बात जमी ही थी,
 तभी मज़े को बढ़ावा देने, शुरू हुई बारिश हलकी-हलकी।
 अब होगी आज की सर्वश्रेष्ठ प्रस्तुति, ऐसा आया पैगाम,
 'एक सपना ऐसा भी' शुरू होते ही, सब बैठ गए दिल को थाम।
 लड़के भी यहाँ होते तो क्या होता, यही था सबके मन में सवाल,
 पर हंसी-मज़ाक में सभी समझ गए, कि ऐसे में हाल होता बेहाल।
 लेडी हार्डिंग की छात्राएँ होने पर सदा नाज़ करेंगे, यह किया खुद से वादा,
 साथ ही ये हाथ दुआ में उठे, करने ऊपर वाले को शुक्रिया अदा।
 तालियों की गड़गड़ाहट जब शांत हुई, तो खयाल आया इस पापी पेट और पेट पूजा का,
 तभी चिकन बिरयानी की खुशबू लिए आया हवा का झोंका।
 साथ ही खेले गए बहुत से खेल,
 बालिवुड के संवादों और हैरी पॉटर से बैठाया मेल।
 आज और कुछ सीखा हो या ना हो, ये ज़रूर जाना है,
 जो लेडी हार्डिंग में त्योहार मनाने का मौका दे, सही हर वो बहाना है।

Shruti Pahwa
 Batch 2019



रात का वक़्त

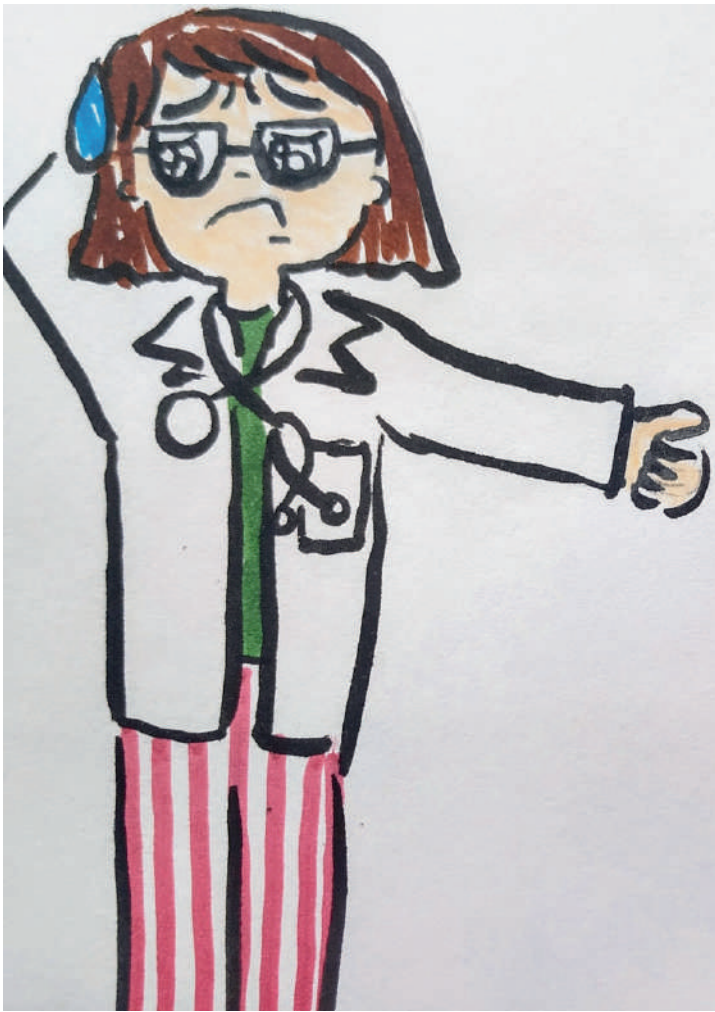
खामोशी से घिरा, तन्हाई में सिमटा
 सच्चाई से रूबरू करता हुआ
 पुराने ज़ख्मों को कुरेदता हुआ
 बीते लम्हों को जीता हुआ
 जिस ज़िन्दगी की दरकार में सौ बरस काटे
 उन बरसों का हिसाब गिनता हुआ
 अच्छा और बुरा भी
 अनमना और ख्वाहिशों से भरा भी
 दिल का जाल और दिमाग की धूल साफ करता हुआ
 नफरतें बढ़ाता भी कभी, फिर भी पछतावे में पड़ा
 रख जाता बाकी कई सवाल
 कर जाता नई मुश्किलें पैदा
 गुमान इतना है इसे खुदपे
 की कहता है ये मुझसे
 आज भी है वैसा जैसा था बरसों से साथ मेरे
 ये.....

रात का वक़्त
 है मेरे हमसफ़र के जैसा ।

Dr. Darshita Singh
 P.G. 2nd Year, Anatomy



शिगूफा



मैं अपनी जुबाँ से फरमाने
 बयाँ न कर पाया ।
 लाख कोशिश की मगर
 लव खुल नहीं पाया
 उड़ गई मेरी नींदे,
 मेरा सारा चैन खोया
 मैं रात भर उसके
 गम में रोया ।
 कोई छीन ले गया
 मेरे बसन्त को ,
 मेरे चमन को
 मैं बेतहास बैठा,
 बाँट जोहता रहा यू ही,
 बेकार पवन ,उपवनों में ,
 घूमता रहा यू ही
 कहीं ना ,उसकी ख़शबू,
 कहीं ना ,उसका नाम था
 पैरों में चुभते काटें,
 तनिक न एहसास था
 सहसा उद्दीपनो ने दिया अनुराग
 स्वप्न से जगा ,
 मैं एमबीबीएस का छात्र था
 मैं एमबीबीएस का छात्र था।

Dr. Sonu Bhardwaj
 Senior Resident, Physiology

क्या से क्या हो गया देखते देखते

वो नदियाँ कल-कल बहती थी
वो पेड़ सहारा थे धूप का
पहाड़ों की वादियाँ भी मुस्कुरा कर कुछ- कुछ कहती थी
वो क्या नज़ारा था वातावरण के रूप का!

अब नदियाँ भी सूखी हैं
पेड़ों की टहनियाँ भी रूखी हैं
पहाड़ों में वो बात नहीं
नज़ारों की अब कोई औकात नहीं।

रौंद दिया पैरों तले वो तोड़ा हुआ फूल
फाड़ दिया मस्ती में कागज़ जाते हुए स्कूल
बस दो कदम ही चलते तो सुलझ जाती हमारी भूल
कचरे का डब्बा सामने ही था, आंखों में भरी थी धूल।

हाथ थोड़ा सा ही बढ़ाना था
या थोड़ा पीछे कदम उठाना था
बस कहीं पौधा लगाना था
और कहीं कचरा फैलाने से पीछे हट जाना था।



Vasvi Shingari
Nursing 3rd Year

बलिदान दिए है मैंने।।

बलिदान दिए है मैंने।।
बेबुनियाद उम्मीदों पर खरी उतरी हूँ मैं
अपनी से ही डरी हूँ मैं
अपना हक भी नहीं माँगा मैंने
अपने खवाबों को मार डाला मैंने
दूसरों के दुख को भी अपनाया है मैंने
दूसरों की ज़िम्मेदारी भी उठाई है मैंने
लड़की हूँ बहुत सहा है मैंने
बलिदान दिए हैं मैंने ।।

मेरी हसी की किलकारी
कब गम के आँसू बन गए
पता ही ना चला।
कब मेरे पैरों की खनखनाती पायल
कैद की बेड़ियाँ बन गईं
पता ही ना चला।
कब मेरी हाथों की चमकती चूड़ियाँ
मेरी ही हथकड़ी बन गईं
पता ही ना चला।

कभी पापा की परी
कभी माँ की दुलारी
कभी तो घर की लक्ष्मी
तुमने बुलाया मुझे।
पर कसम खुदा की
एक पल के लिए भी महसूस ना हुआ।

ज़्यादा कुछ नहीं चाहती हूँ मैं
बस एक इंसान का दर्ज़ा दे दो मुझे।
खुद के नज़रों में गिरा दिया तुमने मुझे।
कुछ करने लायक ना छोड़ा मुझे।
मेरी आवाज़ कौन बनेगा?
मेरी पहचान किससे होगी?
इसका भी फ़ैसला तुम ही लेते हो।



कब तक और डरना है मुझे?
कब तक पीछे हटना है मुझे?
कब तक ज़ुल्म सेहना है मुझे?
कब तक और आँसू बहाना है मुझे?

और कब तक?

कब तक कैद रखोगे मुझे?
कब तक रोकोगे मुझे?

अब और नहीं!

देश की बेटी हूँ मैं
शक्ति शाली हूँ मैं
हिम्मती हूँ मैं
सब पर भारी हूँ मैं

अपनी किस्मत खुद ही लिखूंगी
अपनी पहचान खुद ही बनूंगी।
सारी हठें पार करूंगी
सारी बेड़ियाँ तोड़ दूंगी।
अपनी बहनों की आँसु में पोछूंगी
अब नहीं रुकूंगी
अपने सपने पूरे करूंगी
अब नहीं सहूंगी

लड़की हूँ बहुत सहा है मैंने
बलिदान दिए है मैंने।।

Sharanya
Batch 2019

Happiness Demystified

PART- I

Tippy- tippy tap,
 An old world map...
 What would she do?
 At the tender age of two??
 Of course, a 'paper- boat', she would make,
 Rush in the rain, float it in the lake!
 She learnt it from mumma, the day before,
 Making her own boat, was indeed a score!
 She couldn't figure out that map so old,
 Excited she was and began to fold..
 With every careful move, she made,
 Her first 'paper- boat', without any aid!
 Her ecstasy level peaked in that roary rain,
 Sailing her 'first boat' in the lake down the lane...
 Then, "boat races" became customary with friends,
 Sometimes on straight paths, sometimes bends!!

PART- II

Tick-tac-toe,
 The third desk in the front row,
 What would she do now?
 It was her first geography class somehow!
 Of people, of places, she would learn,
 The wealth of knowledge, she would earn!
 Slowly, secrets of world, she unravelled,
 As she grew up, immensely travelled!
 The world map now stood unmystified,
 Her view of the world had grown so wide...
 On a rainy day once, she stood in a pause,



As with a dear old memory, she came across!
 Kids playing with their 'self- made' boats,
 In tiny rainy boots and little raincoats!
 She too ran towards her room in spirits so high,
 Picked up an old map, giving boat- making a try!
 And what followed was pain, desperation and agony,
 She cried tears in her balcony....
 She had forgotten boat making and all its steps,
 Was growing up such a bad process??
 All these years, she tried to achieve the best,
 Better than anyone, ahead of the rest!
 In a race to conquer the entire world,
 She had left behind her own happy world!

PART- III

She went outside and called for help,
 Seeing those children, went on to yelp...
 And then, she learned it from a tiny tot,
 Gifted him a full pot of chocolate, hot- hot!!
 She learned an important lesson in life,
 In this ever competitive era, there would be times of internal strife,
 Yet, never- ever forget to breathe and rejoice,
 Because growing old is mandatory but growing up is a choice!!

Shivangee Gupta
 Batch 2015

HEART BEATING GUT NEURONS

A sleepy neuron sighs
 and then yawns,
 Trying desperately
 to drag its sister neuron...
 As an unforeseen
 menace tickling its node SA;
 Her crusade will polish malice's hair grey,
 Hush the hiccupy airway
 Storming and unfailing...
 But
 Something switched
 In a split-second, oh!
 The shimmering souls whispered,
 "Both let the fertile Faith forego.
 So, we left 2 seconds ago."

Dr Ankita Lakhar
 2nd year PG, Physiology



Forgive Me for Forgiving You

Depression isn't my friend. I don't "choose" to feed it with the mockery, the inadequacy and the discouragement you provide me with. It lives within me, not like a companion, but like a parasite, and I'll wait patiently for the day you realise that. But maybe, I'll be waiting forever. I don't sit by windows staring at the rain trickling down the panes like they show in the movies, or maybe I do, but I wish my mind was as still as my face looks. I know you've noticed that I don't eat that favourite ice cream of mine anymore (it's alright if you surpass it as a diet I was never on). I know you've noticed the bags under my eyes (I don't mind you comparing my insomnia to your overtime caused sleep starvation which, by the way, I'm genuinely worried about).

If you choose to call my reserved nature attention seeking, I forgive you. I forgive you the same way I forgave you for drawing out my imperfections when my confidence barely had a footing. I forgive you the same way I quietly cried myself to sleep every night since you called me selfish for trying to take care of myself before I could take care of you.

I don't always stay at home. I try my best to make it to all your fancy occasions that make me feel more conscious about myself (with your comments playing on repeat within my head, reminding me that my teeth look crooked when I smile and my hair gets sticky with sweat). If I'm feeling strong enough, I shake off a shoe and try to groove to the beat, just once, but

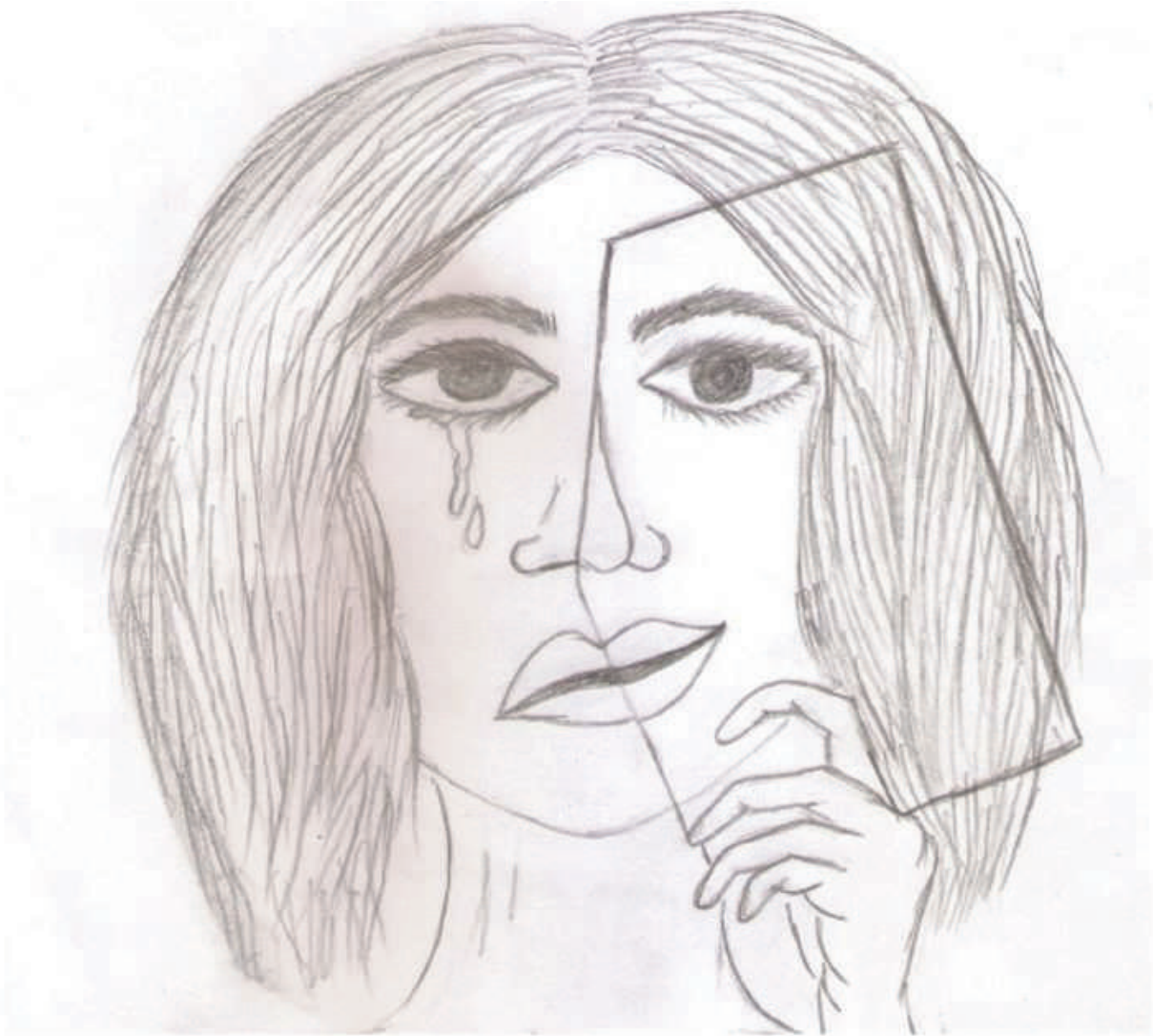
maybe you'll never know how my heartbeat plays louder than the song in my ears.

And I know that makes you feel like you've cured all my problems. After all, all a person needs to be happy is to dance with a group of people that remind them of everything they lack in themselves.

I don't deliberately fail at everything I do and I can't help but notice you ignore my victories to highlight my wounds. I know I'm unable to win at everything you want me to, and for that, I apologize. But nevertheless, I try. Your expectations from me are in a court I've never been able to play on, and you've never quite appreciated my art work. So the next time you look at me trying my best getting dressed for the game, remember I'm still playing with fractures from your ridicule.

The noose has always seemed inviting, but if I stay, it's because of you. My hands are aching from being outstretched and empty for so long, but I'm hanging on, just a little bit more. I don't doubt why you feel like I'm feigning it. A person who smiles all day, doesn't seem like an emotionally traumatized person, until you choose to see beyond it. I've stopped asking for help because maybe, just like you said, it's all in my head. But right now, my head is killing me and all I know is, that you're not there.

I am not me, I am you, most of you, some of you, but, hopefully, none of you.



The World Health Organisation describes depression as a common mental disorder, characterized by sadness, loss of interest or pleasure, feelings of guilt or low self-worth, disturbed sleep or appetite, feelings of tiredness and poor concentration.

More and more of the people surrounding us, the people we love, and the people that love us, are falling in its deadly trap. Most of us choose to look away, or cause more harm than help. Depression isn't scientifically contagious, but, it's important to understand that very easily, with the slightest trigger, we could be in their place. And to live with a disease that isn't even believed to be a disease per se, can be far more fatal than most of us realise it to be. Depression isn't a joke. The ones suffering from it, are not gaining anything out of it and unfortunately, mere tablets aren't enough of a cure for it. This monster lives off insecurities that are often contributed externally and with every kind word of love and understanding, it diminishes by and by.

Be the support system you wish you had, you could be the light at the end of someone's dark tunnel, you could be the saviour of your own self .

**Prabhleen Singh
Batch 2016**

The Story of a Pillow

I was there, sitting in a store
Along with many others. Pink and blue and
white and black.

You came in, Holding hands with a
boy. A couple of years younger than
you. The same brown hair, flecked
with blonde. The same pert noses,
the same wide eyes. His, lighter than
your brown.

You were five, he was three. Your
parents looking at you fondly, As
you dragged him over to me.

‘This one mama! Purple and black!’
‘I want it!’ you said. As your
brother, bored, stared back. ‘Are
you sure honey? We can’t return it.’
‘Yes, oh yes mama, yes!’

You picked me up. Cuddled me
close to you. And I took in, my new
owner.

She’s tall. I thought. And smells like
bubblegum. I liked you. I liked you.



Your mom bought me, and bought
sheets and comforters. All purple
and black.

Because you were just beginning,
To sleep alone. Or so you thought.

You took me home, A quaint little
house. Cozy and warm.

The sheets draped themselves, On
the bed. The comforter on top. And I
looked at them And said, ‘We’ll do
our job. The best we can.’

You were excited that night. You
were a big girl now. You were
sleeping alone.

Mom came and sat, beside you. Till
you fell asleep. Dreaming of
princes. And fairies. I held up your
head. The sheet kept your soft skin
safe. The comforter snuggled around
you.

We smiled. We were yours. Yours
to serve. We served you, night after
night. Wash after wash, listening To
your dreams.

Oh! Your dreams! Changed every
night. From princesses to Power
Puff girls. From ninjas to turtles to
sharks. And Nemo. And Beasts.
And school.

We watched as you came home.
Upset. The day of school. A new
school. No friends.

We watched as you cried. Because a
bully-called you an ugly goblin. Oh,
pretty girl, don’t listen to him.
Don’t. But you did. You cried.

And comforter snuggled tighter. The sheet turned softer. And I drank in your tears. As you cried to sleep. Sleep, pretty girl. No harm with us, here.

The next day, beaming, you came back. And chattered on, About your new friend. He had punched the bully. Hurt his arm. You thought, He was the bravest prince ever.

You played with him. Built castles and forts and caves. Princesses, soldiers and pirates. With sleepovers and games. We saw his dreams, so like yours. You grew up. That way. We were there When you decided. You'd be a painter. An artist. And we laughed to ourselves. We knew. That wouldn't last long.

I was the one, who held your tears. The diamonds from your eyes. When you broke your arm. Comforter and sheets Kept you close when you Shivering with a fever-cried out.

Christmas, your thirteenth year You and your brother, Snuck downstairs. Opening presents. Rewrapping them. And after, Content snuggling in your bed.

Straight A's. We were as happy. As you were. As your parents were. As much as an inanimate can be.

You cried when mom Forbade you from going out With your new friends.

You were hurt. You were furious. You snuck out anyway. At fourteen. We wished we could tell you. They were not worth Deceiving your mom for. But we couldn't. We couldn't.

We puffed with pride At your triumphs. And felt your sorrow, When you didn't

win. We felt you sigh resignedly. When you found your friend. Wasn't who you thought.

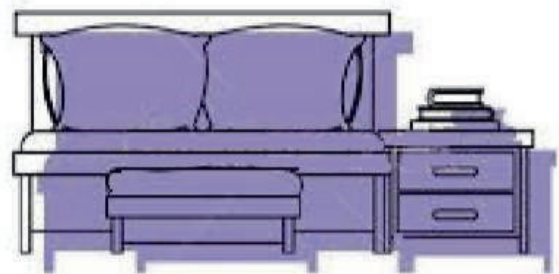
We watch over you as you lie asleep. And the moon caresses your face, With her silvery beams. And the wind makes sure, You aren't too hot. Or your room isn't too stuffy.

We know you feel lonely. You fear you will never be good enough. We know you wish you were braver.

Time passes, it flies. Until the end of the summer. It is time for college. Across the country. Away from your family. With fire in your dreams.

The night before you go. You cry. One last time. Because you're leaving. You're leaving. And then you do.

We lie there for months at a time.



Waiting for you to come home.

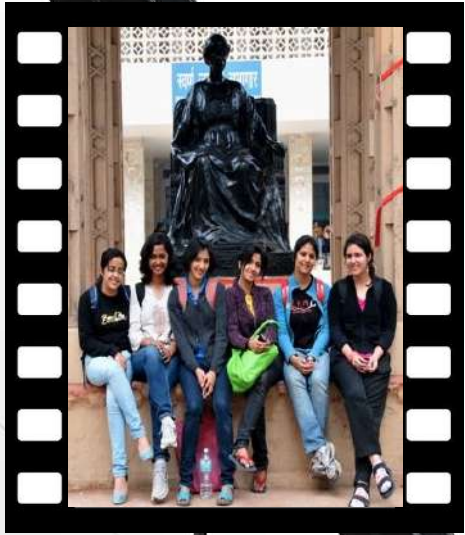
Years pass with sporadic visits. Until college is over. And then you move out for good.

I stay there unused, except for occasional guests. Whose dreams are nothing, nowhere as fine as yours.

The moon shines on an empty bed. The wind ruffles the flat covers and I wait, for dreams after midnight.

Manjari Jha
Batch 2016

TALES OF HARDINGE



We are trapped in the past as much as the future is trapped in us. Hardinge, our alma-mater has undergone so many changes in the past 104 years. With the 6th edition of Verve, our cover story 'Tales of Hardinge' aims to take you back in the time to reminiscence of glory and legacy of our college.

LIVES OF YOUTHS IN HARDINGE

I joined Lady Hardinge Medical College in 1975, and graduated in 1979. Later, I joined as a faculty member in 1991.

In those days, eating out meant a plate of two gulab jamuns at Bangla Sweets, and even that was shared among 4-5 friends. Featuring in any big celebration was Nirula's banana split.

There was no pizza, no pasta. The maximum that we had were burgers from the staff canteen. When the girls used to go out for movies to Rivoli at night, the darbaans (gatekeepers) escorted them. For the morning shows, the students missed their postings and went to Rachna theatre in Patel Nagar.



I joined the hostel late, which was sometime during my 3rd year, so I escaped the initial friendly ragging.

We met the seniors only during functions, and had to complete their files, of course. The mess was totally run by the students

and everyone had to get their own cutlery. Once in a year, the staff organised a 'chaat party' for the students. There used to be 'tonga' and 'ghoda' rides as well. The girls of the college met boys only during fairs and other events. There were not even any male patients at Hardinge. In my 2nd year, the staff social was semi-official and in association with MAMC.



The others too saw glimpses of Kashmir in Pishi Kapoor's movie 'Bobby', and the whole world was introduced to "Prem naam hai mera, Prem Chopra."

My fondest memories are those of a trip to Kashmir in 1976. We stayed in a guest house which had a beautiful cherry tree. All of us used to pluck cherries and hide them in the drawers of our dressing tables. We also went for a night show of a movie starring Rajesh Khanna. At night we faced a conveyance problem and ultimately had to return in a truck.

When there were National Conferences, the students appointed as volunteers were supposed to escort the spouses of the delegates to markets and show them around. For me, the most exciting part was PSM Department's two month long Najafagarh posting. For a month the students had to reside there. We had fun in the fields in the good weather, and were fed farm-fresh vegetables prepared into exquisite dishes by an excellent cook.

During our internship, at night, when the Senior Residents came on rounds, there used to be bedside discussions which were very nice and informative. I remember

there was also a strike regarding the number of working hours of interns in those days.

Being in this college, I went through a lot to achieve what I have today. This preparation, this will to survive gave me the strength to work hard and know what all I can do. As I did my best, my conscience never pricked me.



**Dr. Anju Jain
(Batch 1975)**

THE GRANDEUR OF HARDINGE

"Babumoshai, zindagi badi honi
chahiye, sambhi nahi."



Convocation 1980

Back when I first stepped in here, Hardinge was a majestic place.

The campus was grand with Mughal Gardens making it all the more enchanting. When the sun set, the gardens were lit up, making LHMC a romantic set-up in the heart of Delhi. All through the years, the campus has seen a lot of developments and rearrangements. Our library was situated at the site of the current examination hall. Convocation was held in the open and the college block was just one storey tall.



We had a proper sports ground, sports period and an appointed sports teacher for the same. This was accommodated in the daily schedule itself.

Another vivid memory of mine is the whole experience of 'Cottage Block.' There were small cottages allotted to the patients and all the healthcare was provided there itself. The best part was that the family members of the patient could stay there as well. It provided our patients with the much needed emotional support during the treatment. This, I guess was unheard of before.

There used to be an event called the Staff Social. All the departments participated with full gusto and it was a treat for the eyes! The programme commenced from 5pm, so all the students lined up in front of the resident's block to catch the first glimpse of their professors' dresses. It was a complete makeover; from strict professors before 4 p.m. to fun and friendly people after 5 p.m. Staff Social served as an opportunity for us all to interact with them and those entertaining memories are still fresh in my mind.

Lastly, Hardinge was very formative for my personality development. Being an all girls' medical college, it has only made me much more confident. I learned the fine balance between taking a stand for myself and ignoring some issues. It is an absolute joy to see young Hardonians sitting in the corridor, furiously scribbling something in their files before the next lecture... exactly the way I used to do it back when I was a student here! Hardinge is a legacy and you are the future of the college. Take it forward.



Recitation at Annual function



Kawwali group photo 1974-75

**Dr. Usha Saha
(Batch 1974)**

HARDINGE- A PLACE I PROUDLY CALL HOME



I came here in 1975 as a first year MBBS student and today after almost four decades of being a Hardonian, each corridor, staircase, and corner of this magnificent campus is my home. When one thinks about college, then the idea of getting to some place automatically comes to mind- colleges and institutes of learning are stepping stones. But to me Hardinge transformed into a destination itself. Today, in the many roles I play, I walk by the same halls and passages which now feel like home. The first time I climbed these stairs was as a young girl in her teens who came to these corridors to become a doctor.

During my M.B.B.S. training, the many nooks and corners became my go to place to sit and study before exams and lectures and sometimes these allowed me to form friendships with my classmates, friendships I cherish till date. Each reunion of our batch is incomplete without a photo of all of us standing against the backdrop of the magnificent statue of Lady Hardinge.

Walking by the administrative and college block and watching the students, interns and resident doctors sitting on the steps, eating quick meals or discussing cases or sometimes just talking to each other makes me wonder about all the stories and secrets these quiet steps hold within them. And of course sometimes it reminds me of my own days as a student or as a young intern, when the auditorium did not exist.

These buildings have not only bore witness to my journey as a student of medicine but also my growth in this institute and in the department of Radiodiagnosis. I have been climbing the same staircases for over four decades now and with each passing year of my journey, this institution and its people continue to amaze me with their talent, dedication, hard work and determination.

"With inspiring friendships like that of Jai and Veeru being the talk of the town, friendships bloomed in the premises of LHMC too."

Lady Hardinge Medical College has been so many things for me - a place to learn, to train, to teach and to grow. Everyday spent at Hardinge is an opportunity to add more memories to cherish and celebrate. These buildings are unique in how they become exactly what we need them to be. They turn into stepping stones allowing us to rush past patients to reach the wards in time for morning rounds when we have to and then turn into makeshift canteens where students can be found eating their lunches at the end of lectures. This is an aspect that has always been the most touching and has now become a potent feeling that I associate with the many staircases, stairwells and steps in this prestigious college that is both my home and my pride.



**Dr Rama Anand
(Batch 1975)**



THE HARDINGE OF MY TIME

I belong to the batch of 1986- the first batch whose convocation took place in the 'Swarn Jayanti Auditorium'. We have witnessed the construction of the auditorium. It was bittersweet, considering that there used to be the picturesque Mughal Gardens in it's place. Needless to say, it was everyone's favourite hangout spot. Back in those days, the campus was greener and more spartan in contrast to today's conglomerate of buildings. We could see Bangla Sweets down the straight road from the famous black statue.

The horrors of first year are still quite fresh! We had to dissect frogs in Physiology practicals, which is now banned. Anatomy was a mammoth subject! However, learning was fun since we had a better student-teacher ratio. There would be only 4-5 girls per table in DH which allowed for better interaction.

A delightful memory is the 'Staff Social'. Students would simply sit back and enjoy the cultural extravaganza organized by the faculty. Right opposite the college gates stood the popular Clock Tower restaurant. It served as a hot spot for various meet-and-greets.

Unlike today, CP had limited options back then!

That time, we had no gates guarding our hostel. So monkeys could easily enter and create a menace. I remember being a part of the 'Mashal Rally' although, I don't remember why! We had strikes every now and then for water crisis, for privatization of mess, increasing library hours and many other issues. Needless to say, some things never change!

We were a close-knit family of medicos and this fraternity feeling was enriched by annual picnics involving students of LHMC, MAMC and UCMS. This not only encouraged inter college interactions but also forged stronger ties between us which went on to last a lifetime.

In 1982, computers and mobiles didn't exist in India. Having cameras was expensive, and there were negative rolls to be developed at shops which costed a lot.

The swimming pool was very active at that time with active utilization by students, residents and faculty alike.

**Dr Ritu Singh
(Batch 1986)**

FUN AND LIFE AT HARDINGE

You may enter Hardinge as a mouse but you will surely grow into a lioness. That is the magic of Hardinge. It moulds you into a stronger and braver person. Imagine being 25 years at a place! It will not only become your home, but also a part of your soul.

I am proud to belong to the batch of 1988. Our senior batches and ours included, were the pioneers of SPLASH! The first SPLASH was organized in 1989. We made it a norm to keep the dates between 13th to 15th February. Since the entry to our inter-college fest was purely based on ID card, we had to convince the gatekeepers to let in male medicos on Valentine's Day. The florist across the street would set up a stall free of cost,



While Mr. India used the invisibility formula for good, the students found it hard to come up with algorithms to manage the syllabus.

knowing that the sales would skyrocket on the special occasion. 'Parikrama' and Palash Sen's band 'Euphoria' performed at a nominal cost since we didn't have big

sponsors back then and they too were rising stars. A running joke amongst us was "The Rendezvous at IIT- Delhi creates a huge SPLASH in LHMC which produces Ripples in UCMS."

We had Annual Sports Day in the grounds adjacent to Kalawati Hospital. All students and even professors participated in races and march-pasts. I distinctly remember the Anatomy Department to be the most enthusiastic about this event.

We even had an intra-college festival called 'COBWEB'. Hardinge had a vibrant and lively atmosphere.

Another fond memory is that of the 24-hour student library. A small boy used to run it and charged everyone a mere 5 rupees to become a member. One could donate old novels and storybooks for others to read. Since it was fully air-conditioned, it became a great retreat for hostellers during summer. To supplement this, a 24-hour student canteen was opened where now the Medical Education Unit stands. Another great savior for our pangs of hunger during late night duties was 'Lalaki shop'. Located on Panchkuian Road, this shop was famous for Samosas and Gulab Jamuns. Inside the campus, Kamal ki Dukaan, now known as KKD, also catered to our needs.

Being a Hardonian has made me what I am today. If given a chance, I would go back in a jiffy and relive those beautiful days.



With Dr. C Anand

***Dr Anita Nangia
(Batch 1988)***



Splash 1990

REMINISCENCES OF A HARDONION

Our batch was referred to as the '89 batch - around 150 girls; give or take a few - coming from all over the country and even beyond borders, a heterogeneous collection of day scholars and hostellers. Most of us were arranged roll number-wise in alphabetical order. However, a bunch of us, roll numbers 1, 99 and 118 to 132 (if I remember correctly) were known as the CBSE batch (in fact we were still called that by a few

batchmates last year in our 25th reunion). What was the genesis of this name? That year students who had got admission in through the CBSE medical colleges whether they exam were asked their college in semester due to many vacancies. wanted to change the second the availability of conditional to the This was and the rank. I don't number of vacancies exactly remember the whys and the wherefores, but this unexpected opportunity resulted in my managing to transfer from GSVM Medical college, Kanpur back to my home



base, Delhi, in January 1990. A month of staying in a hostel in Uttar Pradesh, being ragged every day and being targeted as a 'Dilliwaali' (the Gurgaon and Noida girls very conveniently became Haryana and UP 'waalis' when we were forced into ragging 'lines' at night) had quickly converted my zeal to become an independent adult into a desire to stay closer to the nest. Unfortunately, I was forced to stay in the nest as being a resident of Delhi, I did not get hostel accommodation.

Forgive me for digressing. I was talking about our roll numbers. Due to the integration of the CBSE-transfer girls into the 'primary' batch resulted in the names of roll number 1 starting with a 'Z', roll number 99 with an 'R' and all the rest of us (118 - 132) with a motley of disorderly alphabets. It was too much trouble for the administration to change the roll numbers of the girls who had been enrolled since the beginning of the semester. This sequence changed transiently during the professional exams when all our names got arranged alphabetically by Delhi University.



So, the entire first year, we spent our ward leavings and viva's together with familiar faces, forging friendships and learning to like or tolerate each other's little foibles and idiosyncrasies, knowing who was helpful during an exam and who was not. The same applied to our clinical postings. And then during the exams, we were suddenly thrust out of our comfort zone into a group of girls who had already formed their bonds. It was a bit intimidating at first, but gradually became better with each professional exam, until finally by internship the feeling disappeared completely. Five and a half years is a long time to form relationships that will eventually last a lifetime.

Another challenge that arose when we joined was that since all of us had come from



different colleges, we were way behind our batch mates by variable degrees, especially in Anatomy. The biggest problem was for those of us who had started with dissection of the lower limb in our old colleges, as in LH they were doing the upper limb. Our teachers held lots of extra classes for us so that we could catch up with the rest of the batch. We found these lessons extremely painful and felt victimized. How my perspective has changed, now that I am on the other side! I realize that it must have equally, if not more, painful for them as well. Believe me, teaching a bunch of unwilling girls is no cakewalk! I remember feeling rather disappointed as we had to miss out on quite a few events in the college festival SPLASH that was held in February.

However, we more than made up for those lost chances in successive festivals in a classic 'release' phenomenon, but those are stories for another day. All of us naturally and gradually formed select bonds of friendship with other girls of kindred spirit. I formed strong bonds with six others and we are still joint at the hip till date. My '4 am friends'. Though school friends are close, the bonds of friendship that are forged during ones MBBS days can be really strong and binding.



After all, we all go through the same 'agneepariksha' together. When all of you have howled in unison outside the DH on finding that you have flunked miserably in an 'Anat' viva and still manage to cheer each other up, you are ready to face anything that life throws at you. Then there are the shared horrors of doing labour room night duties in the fourth semester that were lightened by sneaking off to take a stroll around the 'Kaali Ma' statue at 5 am to watch the sunrise. How can I forget the torture of the biochemistry practical exams having to remember loads of seemingly irrelevant stuff (with due apologies to my biochemistry colleagues)? And those Pathology tutorials in which we had no idea what the topic was, and we prompted each other with our Robbins textbooks opened on our laps under the desk. We gave so many exams in the examination hall. In fact, that's why I am such a good invigilator. Been there, done that!



There are so many wonderful memories of great times and experiences. Sitting in the café (the present medical education unit) and attacking our tiffin boxes like a scene from 'Satte pe satta' (look it up on Netflix girls, it's a classic film), lounging on the 'Audi' steps and enjoying the scenery on the way to the library (I know you know what I mean), bunking classes to watch the morning show at Chanakya and Priya (buying 5 rupees front row seats and creeping back to the 25 rupee rear seats), dancing like crazy during rock shows, practicing till late night in the Audi foyer for the Splash choreography competition. The list is endless.

In those days the only way hostellers could contact their families was via long distance calls. There was a telephone booth near the emergency with a long queue of waiting girls, who sometimes emerged teary eyed after talking with their loved ones. These calls were pretty



expensive and the average hosteller usually couldn't afford making them more often than once a week. Local calls were by a coin operated telephone near the entrance.

There were many ways to manipulate this. This probably was one of the reasons why we became each other's families. Nowadays with mobile phones, social media, skype and more economical airfare, I expect girls probably don't feel as homesick as they used to in our days. I remember going on short trips to Simla and Manali with my gang of girls, after the professional exams. Budgeting and dividing the expenses to the smallest coin. Surprisingly, the miserable memory of our academic struggles and endless swotting has faded with time. At least it has for me.



THE ERA THE WORLD MET PREM, THAT IS, OUR BEST FRIEND, OUR VERY OWN SALMAN KHAN. HIS MOVIES WERE WORTH SNEAKING OUT OF COLLEGE FOR.

Twenty-five years has been a long time, though it actually seems to have passed by in a flash. We have a WhatsApp group (we call it LH Audi steps) for our batch, which has brought us closer. We wish each other on our birthdays and share little snippets of personal news and personal pics.

I find myself chatting with girls who I hardly knew more than by name when in college. It's amazing to discover each other again, now that we have each gone through our own personal and professional journeys.



Last year our batch celebrated our 25th reunion and that seems to have brought us even closer. More than half of the batch turned up and we had a gala time. Almost a fortnight before, a few of us who are still in Delhi, managed to get together and practiced for a skit and a couple of short Bollywood dances (our creaking joints couldn't manage anything more boisterous). You might have caught a glimpse of us in the Audi foyer. We had the official alumni ceremony and lunch in the morning, and a simply marvellous party in the evening. It ended with around twenty of us going for an 'only girls' trip to Goa. No more revelations -what happened in Goa stays in Goa! I end by simply stating that I am proud to be a Hardonian. You may not realize it now, but I assure you, a couple of decades henceforth you will understand that each batch eventually becomes a band of sisters. Three cheers for batch 89. Love you heaps.

**Dr Sharmila B. Mukherjee
(Batch 1989)**

THE OWL SAGA

It was the spring of 1992:

Everything looked magical in the campus of my college, Lady Hardinge Medical College. I was in my third year, the year of no professional exams and endless fun. It was also the



Farewell Sept. 28, 1994

year that I came to know about the "not-so-secret" groups among our seniors living in the hostel, namely- Gurung gang, artist log, garib gang, party people. Funnily enough, none of them actually lived up to their names; party people were never partying and the garib gang was actually quite rich. I was befriended by the "Garib gang", where each member had a special name: Deepti Rawat aka gypsy, Hema Malini Ayer, Anjalika aka Mona and Sumaya Kavita, all of them my seniors (in their fourth year) as well as my fellow co inhabitants of west block ground floor corridor. Unfortunately, I was the only third year there. I didn't know then, but the madness had begun; life as I knew it would never be the same again.

It was a lazy Sunday afternoon when I heard some noises coming from the room next to mine (Hema's room) so I decided to check. As usual, her room was dark. Let me paint a picture: Topper of the class, lost in her own world, surrounded by books, indulging in songs, aloof from the real world. That was Hema. She had a habit of reading in the dark and would often forget to turn the lights on. When reminded, she would often joke that she could read in dark, much like an owl. "Could read in dark," would have been her native Americans name.



Her room was never locked and as I entered calling out her name, I came across an owl perched on her table and it seemed to be reading 'Robbin's textbook of pathology.' My first thought was that Hema had somehow transformed into an owl, since she kept joking that she was like one. It would be stupid to deny the possibility that she had been hit by lightning or bitten by an owl at night (well it happens in movies all the time, biggest example: Spider-Man). My suspicion was supported by the owl/ Hema owl attempting to read a big fat pathology textbook.

Somehow logic kicked into my movie-saddled brain and I realised it was a real owl. Also, I could hear her coming towards the room, singing in her angel voice.

I had never even seen an owl, let alone be so close to one. The primary question was why there was an owl in the room; we were dissecting frogs not owls! It looked at me as if I had invaded its territory and disturbed its studies. Maybe it was there because it wanted to learn about pathology of humans and had zeroed on to the most intelligent student. Well, it is said that owls are the most intelligent creatures of nature.

I stepped back carefully and ran into the legal occupant of the room.

"Hema, there is an owl in your room!", I whispered not wanting to alert anyone and trying



not to startle the owl, "it could have attacked us."

"Yeah I know", she said.



"You know? Are you out of your mind? You have willingly put a wild bird in your room".

"But it is sick", she looked at me, perplexed.

"You have willingly put a sick wild bird in your room. What are you? Dr Doolittle?"

"Oh no, Deepti has put it there and she is off to get him something to eat," Hema said as if this statement was self-explanatory.

"Has she become an owl professional now?" I said.

Like I had previously mentioned, after meeting these people my life had not remained the same. Without gypsy and Hema, I would never have had a close encounter with an owl. I would have been so unlucky.

"We were walking outside near the swimming pool, when gypsy noticed this owl. It could not fly, it was looking sick, so we brought it in our room" Hema explained. Hema had gone back to her singing-dream-studying world. I could not make out whether she was hysterical that her best friend had put an owl in her room or she was happy to be given the opportunity and felt proud to serve a smelly owl.

It was no surprise that gypsy was involved. That girl was mad about animals, always bringing stray dogs, lizards, even rats to her room to provide them with little TLC. "But why your room, why not her own?" I asked. "My room has less stuff," Hema answered.



Now my anxiety had turned to panic: what if others found out about the owl? There already had been backlash about stray puppies roaming in our hostel and that did not sit well with some. Every time someone from the animal shelter would come to pick them up, gypsy would hide them until they left.

So, I went looking for gypsy around the campus, only to find her after an hour in the room trying to feed the owl some chicken.

Now, this was a time before Google, so we had no way of knowing what was ailing this creature. We did not know why this owl refused to fly or why it was making itself comfortable in a place that was not its natural habitat.

So the Garib gang was summoned to guess; Mona gave a look of annoying amusement and left for the library, Soumya went into a philosophical analysis, Hema sang Kishore Kumar songs to make the owl comfortable and gypsy was busy experimenting with different foods that she could coax the owl to eat. I had been transferred to a weird world where our lives revolved around the owl and I hesitantly bid my nice lazy Sunday goodbye. It seemed to me that we had formed a cult, an owl cult; all that was left for us to do was to make a throne for the wise creature, shave our heads, dance naked around it's erected statues on a full moon night and worship it for all eternity.



"I think it is dying, I mean owls are never seen in morning and they just don't fall from trees

unable to fly." I put my two pennies in the madness that was slowly unfolding in the room next to mine.

"There has to be a hospital for birds somewhere," Gypsy said.

"I will find out," and she ran to make a call.

Suddenly we all didn't know what to do, our cult leader had abandoned us for few minutes and we were all staring at the owl God helplessly.



"Ok there is a bird hospital in Darya Ganj, so let's take our owl there," said Gypsy, returning after sometime.

"But how are we going to carry this owl in a DTC bus? Everyone will think we are a bunch of lunatics," Soumya said, to which I agreed. Again this was the time before Uber and Ola and our pocket money didn't stretch to travelling in an auto or a taxi.

Well, the rest of the events are a little blurred for me, but all of us, even Mona, somehow managed to reach this well known bird sanctuary/hospital. The most prominent memory till date is all of us being bitten by the very owl we were trying to save.

Unfortunately, they refused to take in the owl.

"You see we are in the Jain temple premises and we only keep vegetarian birds overnight, owls are not vegetarians and they are violent and may attack other birds harboured here, so we are sorry," said the person, who was our only hope to get rid of ungrateful owl.

"What? But all birds panicking," Early Aren't worms And birds eat

"No," said the bird condescendingly at feed worms to our provide it with the meal it



are non-vegetarians," I said, bird gets a worm. That's the saying! some kind of invertebrate animals? them."

personnel in charge, looking me, "Our birds eat grains. We do not birds. Owls need mice and we cannot is used to."

"Taariq pe taariq, taariq pe taariq..." was the dialogue everyone remembered as so many dates were reserved to form so many exam datesheets.

I just wanted to get rid of the owl and this was a nice place for it to move on to the bird paradise, where it will not be judged upon for being a non-vegetarian. The place was really beautiful, it had the old Delhi charm, just opposite Red Fort. I could not think of any other place for our owl to heal or leave its body for heavenly abode. I could feel the anger rising in me because of this injustice done to our owl.

"We must respect their religious wishes" Gypsy hissed in my ear, before I could say anything to offend someone.

"All I can say is, give it some water and try to make it eat," the bird doctor said.

"Is there any other place you can transfer it?" Mona pleaded to the doctor.

We were all desperate since we did not want it to die in our friend's room. We cared for this creature, this beautiful creation of God, who deserved to be taken from us kids so that we could be rendered carefree as we should be, in these tender years of our lives.

And I had decided that there was no way that foul smelling owl would be allowed in my room. Mona and Soumya had decided the same.



"Just give it water and try to make it eat. Sorry, nothing more can be done," the good doctor said.

And so the owl was once again back in Hema Malini's room. I knew that the owl would be treated like a king. For the next two days, our owl remained perched on the table of Hema's room, was taken out for evening walks; duties were distributed among the members of Garib group to check on it, it heard songs of Kishore Kumar, Asha Bhosle, Lata and even Jagjeet Singh thrown in, in Hema's sweet voice, I think we all did everything for the owl just to appease gypsy. It was one lucky owl to have been found by gypsy.

It proceeded with its journey to the heavenly gates on the third day, but it didn't go quietly, it had decided that in its last hours it won't be a dirty secret of scared students who feared backlash from the warden if she found out about owl in the hostel room.

It had to let its presence known to residents of this corridor of west block, so it did not hold back with its screeching and sounds.

Invitations were sent to others to visit, since no one in their living memory had ever seen an owl up close, so naturally they lined up to see the owl which was being cared for by their own Deepti Rawat. Luckily for us, none of them blabbed to the warden and some were quite sympathetic, some were amused. Words like "couple of weirdos" were used for and dismissed by us.

It left our circus and none of the authorities were aware of it.

We even held a funeral for it and buried it outside the window of room no. 145 /147 west block, in the flower bed.

I often wondered what happened to it after death.

I believe it was reborn as a participant of Indian idol or some other singing show, because it would have remembered all the songs Hema sang in the last moments of his previous life as a owl. Or it became an owl ghost flying high in the night sky of Delhi looking for gypsy and Hema, to thank them.

It is said that even today, during the spring, if one listens hard enough, one can hear the screeching of an owl outside windows of room 147, 145 west block, LHMC.

Well that is not true but the owl saga had to end somehow!

**Dr Deepti Rawat
and
Dr Geetu Gaba**



WE DANCED AND WE MADE BONDS

I belong to the batch of 1993. It is seen that after taking the medical entrance examination students generally become reticent. To help them open up and become forthcoming, the seniors (interns) rag them.

So following the same tradition, one day we were called up by the interns in their room. The room had a very peculiar horrifying setup. The lights were off. The only light coming was the light through the window. An intern was sitting on a chair with her back facing the window.

On the table in front of her, was a plate full of drug there. Alongside was a packet of cigarettes. The smell of cigarette smoke was all over



Hostel Room

peculiar horrifying off. The only light through the window. on a chair with her back facing the window.

When the intern saw us, one of us were told by them to inhale the drug from that plate. We were standing there in the room with stupefied and dead scared faces.

Seeing our stupefied faces, the intern sitting on the chair stood up and began to laugh. She told us it was a prank. They turned the lights on and said the drug was infact face powder. The cigarette packet was empty. Then we too laughed and enjoyed the prank. That was the first time we talked to seniors without feeling shy. Soft breeze coming from the window just acted the perfect catalyst in cheering up our mood. We danced and made bonds, bonds which were more than just the 'chemistry' bonds.

In those days, seniors were strict during the initial days but then they became more like family to all of us. They helped us at every step in our college years. During that time, cerebral malaria spread in our college. 4-5 deaths had happened in the hospital due to same. One of our batchmates also displayed symptoms of cerebral malaria. We hesitated to inform interns. Her condition got worse. When the interns came to know they chided us for not informing them before. They told us they are there for us when ever we need them. They explained to us that that's why senior junior interaction is established- to guide the juniors in the time of need and be there for them. The seniors are not there only to bookmark our books but also to bookmark our life i.e. what certain things to do and what to avoid. That conversation we had with our seniors left a huge impact on us and was an eye opener. After this incident whenever we had any problem, be it in studies or in life, we looked up to them for guidance. They were truly there for us. Bonds which were more than just the chemical bonds.



Graduation

Dr.Preeti Chauhan
(Batch 1993)

PER ARDUA AD ASTRA

The release year of '3 Idiots' corresponds to my joining of college (2009). When I walked through the Academic section for the first time my heart was literally singing "Aal is well". Feeling that I had now firmly set off on my trajectory to fulfilling my childhood dream of becoming a doctor, I decided to explore other interests.

My time at Hardinge coincided with the beginning of the massive renovation. The streets that existed then are now replaced by big buildings. It doesn't matter since the memories that I spent in those streets are etched in my soul even if the bricks that saw them, are broken down.



This last year marked ten years since I started at Hardinge. A decade since I walked through the Academic Section and saw the statue for the first time. Hardinge not only made me a doctor, but it also helped me realize my potential. I often thought of our college as an oasis – quite literally, as a green spot in the concrete jungle of CP, but also as a spot where I got to refuel myself in my life's journey.

I recently was at a job interview for a management consulting firm and I was asked questions about team dynamics, challenges, failures, successes – funnily so, I could think of stories for each of them from my MBBS days. Those years formed me, shaped me, and gave me stories for a lifetime.



Per ardua, ad astra, truly.

It is beautiful to see Hardinge become more vibrant with every batch that walks through the Acad Section – there is a growing sense of "collective reinvestment". Young women at Hardinge are putting in the time and the effort during their MBBS, to further strengthen the institution that is facilitating their professional goal and to leave it even more glorious than they found it.

This sense of participation bodes well not only for these individuals, because it is an ingredient for success, but also bodes well for our nation – to have young women who not only are confident doctors but are also actively engaged for welfare of their community.

*Despite the extensive syllabus,
the students always take out time
to roam around CP and be a part
of every entertaining, tricky and
daring activity happening nearby
because Zindagi Na Milegi
Dobaara!*

**Dr Ruha
(Batch 2009)**

LET'S MAKE A SPLASH!

Lady Hardinge, with its orderly trees, red knowing buildings, quiet roads, chattering squirrels and students is a world of its own. The moment you enter the old grounds, it consumes us in its world of academics, studies and the warmth of friends. It stands to reason that such a world will also make us feel many different things

My first impression of Hardinge included the regal 'Mata', the dignified red buildings and of course, the seemingly strict people of the academic section. I was nervous but settled in quickly and enjoyed the flow of college life; complaining about exams and teachers, enjoying midnight meals at Alam Bhaiya's stall, having fun with friends and taking part in different societies. However, most important feeling that I will forever associate with Hardinge is Splash 2018.

Splash'18. I, a second-year student, the Vice President (co-coordinator) of Belleza, the fashion society, found myself responsible-along with other members of Belleza, for organising and conducting Voguesta; the fashion show along with Campus Princess.

I found myself rushing everywhere, calling up sponsors, sending invites to colleges, coordinating the RSVPs, placating the members of the Campus Princess organisation and on top of it all, trying to keep up with the never-ending classes. I was basically trying to be in ten places at once and I thoroughly enjoyed it. I was consumed in this feeling-that I was capable; and I have to admit, a sense of importance even. I loved the busy hustle, I liked finding 'jugaadu' solutions to what seemed to be big kinks in our plans to make it the best Splash ever. I was flying along with my friends and in our very biased opinion, we were good at it.

**"RANCHHOD DAS CHHANCHAD
A. K. A RANCHO ALSO TAUGHT
US THE IMPORTANCE OF
EXCELLENCE, AND A PEAK INTO
THE BEST MOMENTS OF
COLLEGE LIFE. "**





**THE MOVIE WHICH SHOWED US LIFE AT
MEDICAL COLLEGE INSIDE-OUT-- WITH
COMICAL TWISTS-- MUNNA BHAJ M. B. B.
S. NOBODY GOT SO SCARED OF
DISSECTION HERE!**



Splash was often frustrating. Somehow everything would go wrong at the last moment: teams would cancel, sponsors would bring up new demands or worse, drop out and every participant seemed to develop an attitude. With the frantic preparations during the day to dancing our hearts out at night and then sleepily ironing out last wrinkles, it was no wonder that by the last day of

Splash, I was running on fumes. I was tired enough that I did not expect to enjoy the last evening at all-neither did I expect anything special but Hardinge, in all its glory, reached out and dragged me back into the fairy tale atmosphere. The

atmosphere was magical, full of excitement and happiness-if one were to bottle up the atmosphere and sell it, one could have easily earned millions; or at least that's how it felt to my tired brain. Dressed up, the students milled about, dancing, singing, flirting, the stage lights were doing their thing and the confetti could have passed for fireflies if one squinted enough. There was a sense of momentousness and magic that you'd remember for a long long time. It made you want to hold on to every moment because it was all ending. The music, ironically, was about the 'shaam' that was like a 'leher' and with a final song, the concert ended, splash'18 drew to a close and I found my prince charming, the Anakin to my Padme, the oregano to my pizza and the Romeo to my Juliet-my bed.

***Manjari Jha
(Batch 2016)***



CHANGE IN CURRICULUM (FOUNDATION COURSE)

2019 Batch is the pioneer batch of changed curriculum as per the latest guidelines of MCI. These guidelines will help students to develop clinical approach and patient centric attitude. The initiation of



to

acclimatize first year students to medical course and to provide 360-degree view of the same. Earlier in classes the explanation of a process was more at macro level without going into more details. But now the explanation is based on molecular level.



We have seen the differences in the Hardinge of earlier times and the Hardinge now. But the rule of legacy says some things are carried forward as it is while some things change. So here are some things which never change!

Mata – the black statue is constant and will always remain there. She has witnessed everything. She is the part of legacy forever.

Seeking of advice by juniors from seniors (apart from bookmarking of books).

Water crisis, dogs and rats in hostel.

“Viva ka khauf”

Highlight of test results of some students in anatomy using a highlighter

Excitement for splash

Passing of Robins, under the Exam se pehle rona in front 'i')

Envy of DU students for bags and purses.

Hostellers ka kabhi bhi Minimum sleeping time

Many have gone, many remains intact. From 12 success story to tell. Beauty maintenance. So it is our duty as



table, during pathology tutorials. of “DIDI”(with special stress on

their fancy and light-weight

jakar ke so jana.

for hostellers is midnight. will come. But the legacy students to 240 students is a of Hardinge is in its

Hardonians to maintain its beauty and to carry the legacy forward.



PANORAMIC VIEW (FROM PAST TILL PRESENT)

In this fast pace world, change is the only constant thing we know of. Established in 1916, Lady Hardinge Medical College has slowly but steadily made its way to become one of the top medical colleges of our country today.

- The first batch of young graduates had 12 girls, who became the pioneer doctors to leave a legacy for us all. The latest batch (2019) has 250 girls and our family of Hardonians continues to expand with every passing year.

- Throughout the years the campus has seen a lot of development. SJ Auditorium- the pride of Hardinge was constructed and centenary blocks of the UG hostel were inaugurated. The library was shifted from the present examination hall to its current location and Medicos' Café started. Even now we are awaiting the completion of the new buildings. With time to come, our campus will grow to accommodate for the advancements.

- From a time when Bangla Sweets and Nirulas were the only options for daily hangouts, our very own CP now has roughly 500+ cafes and several places to explore in the vicinity.

- As students increased, the cultural societies of Hardinge became functional. Today we have 10 functional societies- Viola, Aarohana, Belleza, Jjeevisha, Inklings, Podium, Perspective, Vencedor, Graffiti and Qrious (new addition). These societies put all their heart and soul in conducting events in Splash and promote the feeling of sisterhood among us all. In the recent years, Inklings has conducted Litfests and Podium has started MUNs in the college.

- Apart from the societies LHMC also boasts of Verve- the college magazine, Mediquest and Medicus Conventus, and various SLMs. The students have shown increased participation and dedication in keeping these functioning.

- 2019 Batch is the pioneer batch of changed curriculum as per the latest guidelines of MCI. It aims to help students develop clinical approach and patient centric attitude. The initiation of foundation course of one month is to acclimatize first year students to medical course and to provide 360-degree view of the same.

As years will pass we shall see many more changes. But some things will always stay the same in our lovely Hardinge.

- It will be crime to not mention the beloved MATA or what some people know as 'the statue' of Lady Hardinge of Penhurst. A majestic black marble stature right in the middle of the college has been the eyewitness to all the changes this college has grown through. Even after all these years she remains as the favourite meeting spot of friends, the ultimate

delivery location for all our midnight cravings and the place to have a periodic photo shoot.

- What else remains common is the stress of the huge academic load and bookmarking by the seniors a couple days before an exam. Wails of ‘DIDI help’ are common sounds during the exam season. The scare of vivas, the flurry of pages before a tutorial, checking marks from a huge list displayed by the department (with some departments highlighting low scores with a highlighter) are some things we hate and yet enjoy (provided we pass the assessment).

- Splash- our only respite from academics is something which still sees as much enthusiasm from us (and some others) as it did decades ago. The SU leaves no stone unturned and every Hardonian lives her best days, quite aptly the ‘jeene ke chaar din’.

Come what may, Hardonians have always been proud of their college. We change, we adapt and we keep a legacy going with all the oomph possible. In between the freshers’ and farewell is a life-changing roller ride. Every girl who comes to Hardinge, leaves behind her cocoon and blossoms into an exquisite butterfly. Yes, that is the magic of Hardinge!



SPECIAL FEATURE - KKD INTERVIEW

During the 1980s, when the girls were inspired by Juhi Chawla's look in 'Qayamat Se Qayamat Tak' and the youth looked up to love stories like 'Ek Dujhe Ke Liye', a small grocery shop was set up in the premises of Lady Hardinge Medical College. Since then, the shopkeepers have been here, observing the changes around in an all girls' college. A great number of alumni have fond memories of this shop, including many of our teachers. Their presence here makes them much more 'Hardonian' than many of us, even without being students.

So here's presenting, an exclusive interview featuring Kamal bhaiya and Mohan bhaiya from our very own 'KKD a.k.a Kamal Ki Dukaan'.



Q. When was this shop set up and what all did it offer then?

K: (remembering) I set up this shop in 1984, and Mohan joined me in 1988. We used to sell aloo patties back then and offered P.C.O. facility.

M: Yes, as mobile phones were not available, the students relied on the P.C.O. to call their families. After 7:30pm every evening, we reduced the rates to half and after 8:30pm, to one-third the price. Later in the night, the rates were reduced further—to one-fourth of the original price.

Q. What all used to happen in the college in those days?

K: There was no big building in the campus of Hardinge. There used to be a Mughal Garden where girls used to sit round and chat. The number of students was less. They were very close to each other and lounged about near our shop too. They used to interact with us too.

M: (smiling widely) The students used to sneak out to watch movies. Rivoli and Regal were the options available. They made arrangements with the guards well before, so as to not fall into trouble. The Movie Club organized screenings of hit Bollywood movies at the auditorium steps, at the rate of 10 rupees per person.

Q. Is there any specific incident in the college premises that you remember?

K: Yes, there had been a 'mashal' rally organized by the students for mess privatization.

Q. What changes have you seen in student life over these years?

K: (sighing) The students then led a more peaceful life. They did not run around for coaching classes. They spent a lot of time together.

M: Students today are always in a hurry- for lectures, for postings, for coaching classes. They have become more goal-oriented. We see them working around all the time and all their work requires them to use their mobile phones all the time.

Q. Do you meet with the alumni of the college often?

K: (smiling) Yes, they have become professors and faculty members now. Whenever they meet they talk as sweetly and respectfully as they used to.

M: Their cool attitude has not changed.

Q. Do you have any message for the present students of this college?

M: Yes, we do not want them to do everything in life in a hurry. The curriculum remains the same. Do take out enough time to relax.

The constant presence of this shop in the backdrop is necessary to maintain Hardinge's beauty. Like Mohan bhaiya said, we do not take out time to look around. But in this short interview of half an hour, they were delighted that someone approached them and talked to them. They were very happy to share their experiences. There is hope that they will continue to be part of the Hardinge family for many more years to come, and add on to the 'Tales of Hardinge'.





The Pride of LHMC: Our COVID Warriors

"Epidemics are stress test for a system. The issue is how much resilience is built into those systems."

This stems the country's gratitude towards the warriors against COVID-19. Our institution is extremely fortunate to have the participation and contribution of such a large number of qualified, dedicated and celebrated medical personnel, under the able direction of our Director, Dr. N N Mathur and constant encouragement by the honourable Union Health Minister, Dr. Harshvardhan.

Since 21 April, 2020, regular Infection Control Committee meetings are being held. All these meetings are held everyday at 3pm in Convocation Hall and all individual exposure incidents/ other exposure incidents of staff/ area exposure are discussed and solutions are suggested to the Director about closure/ sanitisation of area. In addition, the quarantine decisions are taken care of by HOD Medicine Dr. Gurtoo and Nodal Officer, COVID Dr. Ashok K Singh.

Dr. Harsh Vardhan visited Lady Hardinge Medical College Hospital to review the status of COVID-19 management.

"Continuously observing discipline in life during Lockdown 3.0 would reap us rich dividends in our ultimate fight against COVID-19."

"India is in debt for the heroic work being done by our Corona Warriors - the country is really grateful for their services"

"Increasing recovery rate reflects the quality of care provided by our frontline health workers in India"
: Dr. Harsh Vardhan

On 3 May, 2020, Union Minister for Health & Family Welfare, Dr. Harsh Vardhan visited Lady Hardinge Medical College (LHMC), which is one of India's oldest established medical colleges, to review the status of COVID-19 management. Keeping in view the emerging requirements for hospital preparedness, LHMC & Associated Hospitals - Smt. Sucheta Kriplani Hospital (SSKH) and Kalawati Saran Children's Hospital (KSCH), was functioning as dedicated 30-bedded COVID-19 hospital consisting of adequate isolation wards and beds.

Before the start of the visit, Director, LHMC, Dr. (Prof.) N.N.Mathur gave a detailed presentation to the Union Minister regarding the facilities available in LHMC & Associated Hospitals to the COVID-19 patients as well as the status of the patients admitted in the Hospital. It was informed that Dedicated COVID facility had 24 Isolation beds and 5 ICU

beds. The facilities for suspect patients had been identified in SSKH and KSCH with 40 and 41 beds respectively in each hospital.

During the visit, the Union Minister visited the Hospital emergency, OPD, sampling center, critical areas of COVID block, and changing facility for doctors and health workers. He was satisfied to note that the doctors and health staff manning the sample collection facility were provided special bathing, changing and spray facility for disinfecting themselves at Oncology building, the specialized COVID-19 facility. The Union Minister was informed about the facility for boarding and lodging which were provided to the health workers in few hotels nearby at walkable distances to avoid the issues of transportation and prevent the exposure to their families. He was also informed of Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA) building nearby being turned into COVID Care Centre managed by Doctors and nurses from LHMC and has 70 patients at the moment who are Asymptomatic COVID-positive and include health care workers of LHMC who became positive during discharge of their duty or otherwise.

At the COVID block, the Minister spoke through video call to two intern doctors who got infected with COVID-19, while treating patients at LHMC, and were admitted at the facility. Union Minister also interacted with two patients admitted in the COVID ward through video, who, in turn, apprised the Minister about the facilities in COVID ward. The Minister said,


“I am happy to learn that they all are hale and hearty and recuperating well at the hospital. Particularly for admitted intern doctors, it is very encouraging for me to see their high morale despite suffering from COVID.”

After a detailed review and inspection of the various wards and premises of the Hospital, he expressed satisfaction at the working of the various units. He stated: “In last few days, I have been visiting various hospitals AIIMS (Delhi), LNJP, RML, Safdarjung, AIIMS Jhajjar, Rajiv Gandhi Super Specialty and now LHMC to review the preparedness of COVID-19 and I am satisfied with the arrangements made by these hospitals to deal effectively with the outbreak”.

While commending the frontline caregivers such as nurses, doctors and other healthcare personnel for the resilience, hard work, dedication and commitment shown by them in dealing with COVID-19, Dr. Harsh Vardhan said,

“The recovery rate of COVID-19 patients has steadily increased which shows that more and more of these patients are getting better and going back to their homes. Till now around 10,000 COVID patients have recovered and have joined their normal life. Majority of patients in other hospitals are also on road to recovery. It reflects the quality of care provided by our frontline health workers in India. I congratulate them for their success. The country is grateful to you for your services in such times. It is heartening to see the high morale of our health warriors in these testing times.”





Dr. Harsh Vardhan also stated that the prevention, containment and management of COVID-19 in the country is being monitored regularly at highest levels in collaboration with the States. He said, "The rate of growth of new cases has also been steady for a while. As per the data received today, for the past three days the doubling rate is 12.0, for seven days 11.7 and for 14 days it is 10.4." He further said, " We need to adhere to strict physical distancing and basic hand hygiene etiquettes properly to take lockdown 3.0 to a logical end."

He further said there are 130 Hotspots Districts, 284 Non-hotspots Districts and 319 Non-infected Districts.

"We are aware about the numbers of our foe and we know its location and it will be systematically dealt with iron hands."

He further informed that districts are further divided into green, orange and red zones and would be opened up accordingly as per the guidelines of the Government of India.

He stated, "We have crossed over 10 lakh tests till date and are performing over 74,000 tests in a day presently." He further said that the Government has distributed around 20 lakh PPE kits all over India and supplied medicines [both Hydroxychloroquine (HCQ) and Paracetamol (PCM)] to more than 100 countries world over. He informed that India is on a better footing as compared to other countries of the world and is capable to pull off any eventuality with more than 2.5 lakh beds in Dedicated COVID Hospitals and Dedicated COVID Health Centers all over the country.

While talking about the stranded migrant laborer population, he said "As per the guidelines of the government, migrant population is being assisted to return to their homes by buses and trains while taking full precautions and adhering to physical distancing."

Talking about opening up of the various activities the Minister said, "Slowly and gradually the economic activities would be opened up one by one. There is detailed planning according to which various industries like drug, pharmaceuticals etc. are being assisted to return back to normalcy as soon as possible."

Dr. Harsh Vardhan urged the people of India to observe the extended period of lockdown 3.0 (till May 17, 2020) in letter and spirit and treat it as an effective intervention to cut down the chain of transmission of COVID-19.

"It is important to continue following hand hygiene, like washing hands with soap and water or using sanitizer; to disinfect and regularly clean all frequently touched surfaces. Everybody should wear a mask or face cover as appropriate; download the Corona tracker app "ArogyaSetu" for self-assessment of risk; and maintain physical distancing." He said by observing discipline in day-to-day life during Lockdown 3.0 would reap us rich dividends in terms of turning the tide against COVID-19. "We are on the path of success and we will win this war against COVID-19 in toto".

He urged the countrymen to not ostracize the doctors treating COVID-19 patients and to not

stigmatize the patients who have won the battle against COVID-19. He said “They are our heroes and need a worthy treatment.” He further said that “Today the Indian Air Force is acknowledging these warriors, throughout the country, by showering them with flower petals through helicopters”. He further said that “The fight of India with COVID is lauded not only by WHO but by the whole world in unison.”

Dr. Rajeev Garg, Director General of Health Services, Government of India, Dr. N. N. Mathur, Director, LHMC and other senior doctors were also present with the Union Minister during his visit to LHMC.

Director, LHMC tweeted about DRDO-Israel-COVID trial at LHMC recently. LHMC COVID-ONCO Centre began on 28 July,2020. RT-PCR , Voice, Saliva and Breath Samples were collected. Photographs were clicked while being sampled for voice/saliva. The camp was open to all for 10 days, the timings being 8.30 am to 6 pm.

The present conditions of COVID Positive and Suspect Beds in SSK & KSCH & YMCA:

POSITIVE BEDS (RED ZONE): 42+100

1. 24 beds in COVID Block + 18 beds in COVID EMERGENCY (anterior emergency area plus erstwhile May IV area).
2. 100 beds in YMCA for Asymptomatic or mildly symptomatic.

SUSPECT BEDS (ORANGE ZONE): 91

1. 18 beds in KSCH (SARI)
2. 73 beds in Emergency+ Disaster ward+ Mat I+Mat II.

Post COVID/ Suspect zone duty period days hotel accommodation facility was withdrawn at a later stage. Hotel accommodation will continue to be provided during duty period days.

The Red zone (COVID +ve) now includes 60 beds:

24 beds in COVID Block

36 beds in COVID Emergency (complete erstwhile emergency area) + Mat IV area

Orange zone (suspect) includes:

Mat I

Mat II

YMCA with 100 beds is run by LHMC doctors/ nurses and is Red zone for Asymptomatic COVID +ve cases.

Additionally, a serology surveillance was conducted for all the doctors to check if any of them were potential plasma donors.

Being able to fulfill so many tasks and responsibilities dutifully is unquestionably a commendable feat. We, as students, are lucky to be able to learn from these warriors while they are in action.

This battle is definitely ours to win.



SPLASH



APOCALYPSE





CABINET 2018-19



1st ROW: Shatakshi, Nivedita, Meghna, Tanya, Avnika, Supriya, Purva, Itika, Shambhavi

2nd ROW: Priya, Shreyasi, Khushboo, Prachi, Gargi, Harshita, Yamini, Rea, Yukti, Ishika, Surbhi, Aditi

3rd ROW: Prannya, Shruti, Perna, Ashima, Amulya

BATCH 2015



- ROW 1: Aditi Anand, Asha Jeenar, Vaishnavi Verma, Tanya Mudgal, Shivangi Baghel, Akanksha Verma
- ROW 2: Oshin, Aayushi Saroha, Benazeer, Divya Tanwar, Kalpana, Harshita, Gunjan, Hemashree, Ishani, Mahi, Archie Madan, Manisha Choudhary, Abhilasha, Rachiyeta, Khushboo, Geetanjali, Heena, Eshani Singh, Gauri, Asmita, Navdeep.
- ROW 3: Pankhudi, Ishmeet, Shweta Saini, Rashmi, Surbhi, Manjeet, Himanshi, Rinku, Tanya Gambhir, Swati Sharma, Parineeta, Sandhya Sharma, Shelly Verma, Aashi Jain, Khyati, Palak, Shweta Yadav.
- ROW 4: Shivangi Jawa, Aasthi, Ramya George, Tavneet, Kritika, Tanya Bansal, Anjali Sharma, Anmol, Tanvi Goel, Arushi Kumar, Arunima Gupta, Kanika, Pavitra, Sofiya
- ROW 5: Swati Goel, Preeti Kumari, Shikha Basoija, Charu, Neetika, Sowmya Ramgopal, Ishanshi, Meghna, Shivangee Gupta, Shubhangi, Vandana, Vaishali, Samikshya Suman, Swathi Sapuru, Shelly Mittal, Shikha Tanwar, Arpita, Monica, Chetali
- ROW 6: Shreyashi, Usha, Afsana, Titiksha, Neha Bharti, Aruja, Aishwarya, Mahak, Hitesha, Sheetal, Aarti, Aditi Verma, Chetna, Reetu Yadav, Bibhu, Aastha Aggarwal, Aastha Vats, Neha Sing, Shilpi

BATCH 2016



1st ROW: Disha, Himani, Fiza, K.Anju, Shiwangi, Swati Gupta, Bhavya Bhutani, Tahura, Vatsala, Harshita Sangat, Anoushka Gupta, Jaya, Isha, Parul Sankhla, Sugandha, Sonali, Ankita Soni, Simran Chahal, Deeksha Ahir, Bhavya Kejriwal, Simran Dhamjia, Simran Malhiyan, Smriti, Shruti Gupta, Riya Saini.

2nd ROW: Dakshita, Drishtui, Saumya, Muskan Bansal, Neetu, Ankita Singh, Nisha R, Navroop, Basanti, Khushman, Yogita, Deepinder, Prachi Bajpai, Vaishnavi Modi, Diksha Malhotra, Nomita, Ritika Singh, Priyasha, Parul Yadav, Archeesha, Ritika Bansal, Surabhi, Shreya.

3rd ROW: Khyati, Sanidhya, Anmol, Ashmita, Mansi Yadav, Meetika, Madhana, Lipi, Mansi Gupta, Mahima, Harshita Garg, Sanmeet, Kanvi, Shruti Agarwala, Priya Sahani, Kritika, Harshita Poonia, Vinesh, Ananya, Namrata, Amisha, Punnet, Shaivya, Prabhleen.

4th ROW: Varsha Jain, Tanya Sagar, Versha, Vardayani, Manjari, Marisha, Ishani, Niharika, Sachi, Subhashini, Aarushi Goel, Vandana, Susajjita, Grizel, Deborah, Neikese, Metevinuo, Shivangi Mahesh, Susama, Esther, Osi, Yamini, Bhakti, Nivedita.

5th ROW: Lori, Shubhi, Himanshi, Jyoti Verma, Komal, Hanni, Prashasti, Ria Bansal, Lydia, Dichen, Tenzing, Chitrangna, Dakshi.

BATCH 2017



1st row-Bhumika, Rupali, Sakshi, Monika, Bharti Gupta, Ishika Kaul, Ashima, Shristi, Komal, Kanishka, Nitiksha, Prannya, Kriti, Manushree, Himanshi, Himani, Nikita, Neha Pal, Prachi Sharma, Farha, Ayushi Singla

2nd row-Rajni, Rashmi, Swapna, Twinkle, Yukti, Sweta, Charu, Arohi, Urvashi, Sakshi, Sweta Garg, Pratibha, Nisha, Kamna, Shailani, Nibha, Ojaswi, Roopali, Ishika, Goyal, Anchal.

3rd row-Madhvi, Aakansha, Shreyasi, Varnika, Sunakshi, Shweta Kaushik, Prerna, Maheen, Yamini, Rea, Shatakshi, Shambhavi, Nivedita, Shivangi, Saumya, Vishwakarma, Shilpi, Garima Kumari, Laxmi, Akanksha, Arshi, Riya, Amulya, Bhanvi.

4th row-Nandini, Aastha, Anjali, Rubal, Yukta, Muskan, Neha Garg, Vibhuti, Nikita, Aditi, Anjali Gupta, Garima Varshney, Majida, Minal, Akansha, Shailina, Sarika, Shally, Ananya, Akshita.

5th row-Akanksha, Meghna, Mohini, Neha, Hemlata, Itika, Kritika, Divya, Mahima, Divya, K. Akshya, Anjali Kumari, Preeti, P. Kavitha, Riya, Vidushi, Sharda, Shikha, Prachi Goswami, Deepanshi, Priya Kumari, Richa.

6th row-Rigzin, Garima Negi, Lijyngbeni Humtsoe, Jem, Brenda Alanah, Megha, Ayushi

7th Row-Ritika, Khyati, Isha, Saumya Bhanot, Harsha, Aparna, Bharti Goel, Neha, Deepti, Sarah.

BATCH 2018



1st ROW: Medakar, Munya, Surbhi, Neeharika, Nidhi, Mudra, Komal, Shemaila, Anushree, Mahima, Nancy, Khushboo Garg, Navya, Mansi, Ankita, Anushka, Teena.

2nd ROW: Neetika, Mnnat, Arju, Meenakshi, Iram, Amanpreet, Payal, Rishima, Adya, Samiksha, Meghanshi, Pooja, Pooja Meena, Ishika, Arpita, Anjali, Abhilasha, Aashi Arora, Parul, Aditi Chawla, Garima, Abhisri, Anjali Trivedi, Aliya, Dipshikha, Priya, Kalpana, Devanshi, Navnita.

3rd ROW: Jyoti Garg, Jyoti Rani, Lavanya, Monika, Tamanna, Jasmine, Snehal, Akanksha, Shivika, Anjali, Yoshita, Shreya Tiwari, Anjali Rawat, Ritika Shokal, Vedika, Shweta, Anisha, Simmi, Shivani, Swarnim, Swati Modi, Ruchika, Sommya, Shania, Tonching, Philabethun, Rajluxmi, Roopa, Remsangpuli, Shreya, Preeti, Nitingale, Ayushi Panwar, Shiwani Lakra, Ritika Yadav, Chestha, Priyanka, Swati Meena, Divya, Amisha, Priyasha, Aashi Singh, Prachi Shakya, Anika, Sahajpreet, Astha Gupta, Apoorva, Vidushi Sharma, Shweta, Riya, Rafiya, Nisha Vishnoi, Komal, Nitya, Kritika, Lalita, Manvi Raman, Ritika Tatarwal.

4th ROW: Kareena, Kanak, Gayatri, Aastha, Archana, Srestha, Suman, Sushmita, Smriti, Tanuja, Vidhi, Anagha, Vismaya, Arushi, Aditi Gupta.

5th ROW: Himanshi, Mamta, Gajal, Nisha Bharti, Garima, Kirti, Ayushi, Alish, Gyalmo, Srishti, Ipshita, Jaanvi, Sugandha, Anjali, Kiran, Khushboo Goel.

BATCH 2019



1st ROW: Anshika, Ina, Priyanshi, R.Shreshtha, Muskan Pathan, R.Madhusri, Jyoti Kumari, Shreya Jain, Harshita Punia, Arshneet, Akansha Sirohi, Dhvani, KritikaGardiya, Sharanya, Shrutika, Yashika Garg, Kalpana, Eha, Jyoti Singh, Aashi Tyagi, Nimish, Khushi Singh, Ambika, Nikita.
 2nd ROW: Manisha, Homa, Divyanshi Srivastava, Kritika Gupta, Ishra, Asna, Bhawna, Apoorva, Shashi, Sanghmitra, Charu, Akriti, Suchitra, Neelam, Roopam, Ritcha, Priya Prakash, Radhika, Monika Jaiswal, Shreya Ahluwalia, Manisha, Homa, Divyanshi Srivastava, Kritika Gupta, Ishra, Asna, Bhawna, Apoorva, Shashi, Sanghmitra, Charu, Akriti, Suchitra, Chanchal, Neelam, Roopam, Richa, Priya Prakash, Radhika, Monika Jaiswal, Shreya Ahluwalia.
 3rd ROW: Varnika, Snigdha, Tanya Singh, Amisha, Garima, Vatsala, Ankita, Kashish Kundlas, Vaundhara, TarandeepKaur, Tanvi, Pratiksha, Bhavya Modi, Asiya, Farheen, Liro, Alokali, Phiban, Zenovia, Isha, Bhavya Kansal, Sweta, Gowri.
 4th ROW: Shruti Pahwa, Shubhda, Prema Budhiraja, Anu Yadav, Arya Kaushik, Sakshi Garg, Anjali Goyal, Nainsi, Gunjan, Monika, Dikchungla, Saloni, Hricha, Kanchan, Simran, Nidhi Sharma, Pankhuri Sharma.
 5th ROW: Sara Jabeen, Nidhi Yadav, Neha Meena, Priya, Jyotika, Reeni, Aahi Kumari, Akanksha Yadav, Sakshi Verma, Sangeeta Meena, Shallu, Sakshi, Anjali, K. Yasaswini, Pooja, Mahak, Sapna Maurya, Shalini Kumari, Arunima Gogoi, Ridhi, Sonali, Shubhangi, Khushi Bargujar, Dayawati, Mahima Tyagi.
 6th ROW: Namrata, Anita, Paavni, Meenakshi, Kanchan, Roshani, Pragya, Quratul Acin, Bushra Masud, Pratika, Lakshita Batar, Preeti, Nishita, Baphikor Khyriem, Anupama, Aneela, Komal, Kriti, Namrta Attri, Anjali, Maniyar Amura, Akshita Sharma, Pragya Sharma, Pooja Dahiya, Pooja Kumari, T shekhrou, Lalrinnungi Varte, Pragya Singh, Vandana Singh, Srishti Bedi, Shahina, Anjali Kumari Gond, Sonam Meena, Sonal Singh.
 7th ROW: Shreya Agarwal, Yashaswini, Zaimab, Pradhi Gupta, Gazal Gupta, Divyanshi, Tanu, Harshita Jha, Ritika, LeahJoby, Niharika Baisla, Ankita Singh, Navya Arora, Akshita Gupta, Neha Verma, Chetna, Akshika Tiwari, Ruchi, Deepsi, Sapana, Simran, Muskan Wadhwa, Sonal Aggarwal, Srishti Kaushik, Tamanna.
 8th ROW: Rashmi Gupta, Anuska Bhattacharya, Amisha, Jahanvi Sagar, Kamishka Gupta, Ritika Gami, Laxmi, Khushi Nagar, Tanisha Bansal, Ujala Sharma, Yashika Sihag, Alviya Fatima, Pranti Birla, Anjana Sehrawat, Adeela Naaz, Ramsha Haroon, Alka, Shruti Garg, Anju, Shagun Yadav, Sajana Rakshit, Shireen Singh, Nidhi Mukhi, Shreya Yadav, Shweta, Shalini, Sanjana, Jahanvi, Sakshi, Sanjana, Smruti Das, Sweeti.

VIOLA



Triumphs

1. Manifest Varchasva, IIM Lucknow: 2nd Prize
2. Revels'19, RML: 1st Prize
3. Aura'19, ACMS: 1st Prize

L to R:

1st Row: Meghna Saraswat, Kritika Handoo, Anushka, Khushboo Garg, Shivika Mittal, Pratha Gupta, Prabha, Nisha Vishnoi
 2nd Row: Surbhi Bhardwaj, Perna, Rachita Sahoo, Prannya Arora, Ayushi Singla, Ojaswi Gupta, Anisha Mittal, Sweta Garg

INKLINGS

Achievements

1. Intrasociety Haiku Competition:
 1st Prize- Prachi Shakya
 2nd Prize- Yukta Singh
 Consolation-Adya Singhal
2. Wombola- Intracollege event in Litfest:
 1st Prize- Priya Bansal
3. Story Never Ends- Intercollege fandom based competition in Splash:
 1st Prize- Sakshi Rao and Apoorva Mohlia



L to R

1st Row: Urvashi, Sunakshi, Shreyasi, Kanishka, Riya, Sakshi Rao
 2nd Row: Manvi, Adya, Priya, Meghanshi, Prachi, Nancy, Apoorva

BELLEZA



Belleza Blooms

1. NDMC Medical College: 2nd Prize
2. RML: 1st Prize

L to R

Standing: Ritika, Sharda, Yukti Singh, Arohi Maheshwari, Vibhuti Sharma, Sreshta
Sitting: Harshita Yadav, Kritika Yadav, Aashi Arora, Navpreet Kaur, Amisha Singh

PERSPECTIVE



L to R;

Standing: Prannya, Shivika Mittal, Yukti, Itika, Nivedita, Teena, Chestha, Priyasha
Sitting: Pratha, Devanshi, Adya, Apoorva, Snehal, Tamana, Amulya

JIJEEVISHA



Achievements of Jijeevisha

1. MNIT Jaipur : 1st Prize, Street Ply Competition
2. Public performance at Pink Square Mall, Jaipur
3. Inobe theatre: Public performance in Sarojini Nagar
4. Daulat Ram College: Public performance at Vishwavidhyalay Metro Station
5. Swachh Bharat Abhiyaan: Public performance at India Gate
6. Akshaypatra Foundation: Public performance in Vrindavan.
7. Performance in Nirman Bhavan, Ministry of Health

L to R:

1st Row: Payal, devanshi

2nd Row: Wagshee, Ankita, Manvi Pankaj, Prachi patel, Shristi, Ishika

3rd Row: Aditi, Divya, Navnita, Yashasvi, Rea, Manvi Gupta, Shambhavi, Shruti, Ayushi, Himani, Charu, Akanksha

PODIUM

Pleasing Performances of The Podium:

1. RML fest

-Poetry: 1st prize (Harsha Pattnaik)

-Conventional debate:

2nd prize (Harsha Pattnaik)

3rd prize (Mahima Tyagi)

-JAM: 1st prize (Deepanshi Pasrija)

2. AIIMS Parliamentary Debate

-Best team (Tanya Dahiya and Riva)

-Runner ups (Parul Daksh and Arpita)

3. LHMUN

Special mention (Priyasha Bagchi)



L to R:

1st Row: Janhavi, Supriya, Shruti, Prachi, Ashima, Deepanshi, Priya

2nd Row: Mahima Tyagi, Priyasha, Devanshi, Riva, Parul, Diksha, Teena

VENCEDOR



Success in Sports
 AIIMS fest: 1st Prize (Urvashi),
 Badminton
 Tournament

L to R:
 1st Row: Ayushi, Samiksha, Shweta, Adya, Preeti, Meghanshi, Sugandha, Mansi, Riya, Divya, Nisha, Yoshita
 2nd Row: Sakshi, Majida, Saumya, Sweta, Isha, Itika, Avnika, Sadhika.

AAROHANA

Accomplishments of Aarohana

ACMS : 1st prize, Group Singing Competition



L to R
 1st Row: Vedika Jha, Shikha Sathpathy, khyati shekhar, Krishnashree
 2nd Row: Snehal, Aditi Gaur, Nisha Bharti, Sommya, Swati, Nitya Tyagi, Harshmita Lal, Swati, Yamini, Anshu Sinha, Liyingbeni Humtsoe

GRAFFITI



L to R:

1st ROW: Anjali, Pooja, Preeti, Snehal, Ritika, Manvi, Sahajpreet, Dipshikha, Abishri, Kavya, Samiksha

2nd ROW: Neha, Nitiksha, Itika, Khushboo Jain, Sadhika, Avnika, Kritika, Deepti

Feats of Graffiti

1. AIIMS (PULSE 2018) – 1st Prize , Origami Competition
2. Hindu College (MECCA 2019) :
1st Prize ,Brush Off
A place in the Top 5 teams ,Rangrasiya (exhibition)
3. RML (2019) : 1st Prize , Poster Making Competition
4. DTU :
1st Prize , Sketching
2nd Prize, Canvas Painting
5. MAMC (SYNAPSE 2018):
2nd Prize, Best Out Of Waste
6. IIT DELHI (RENDEVOUS 2018) :
2nd Prize, Charcoal Painting
3rd Prize, Sketching
7. DELHI HAAT (CULTURAL FEST 2019) :
3rd Prize, Craft Relay

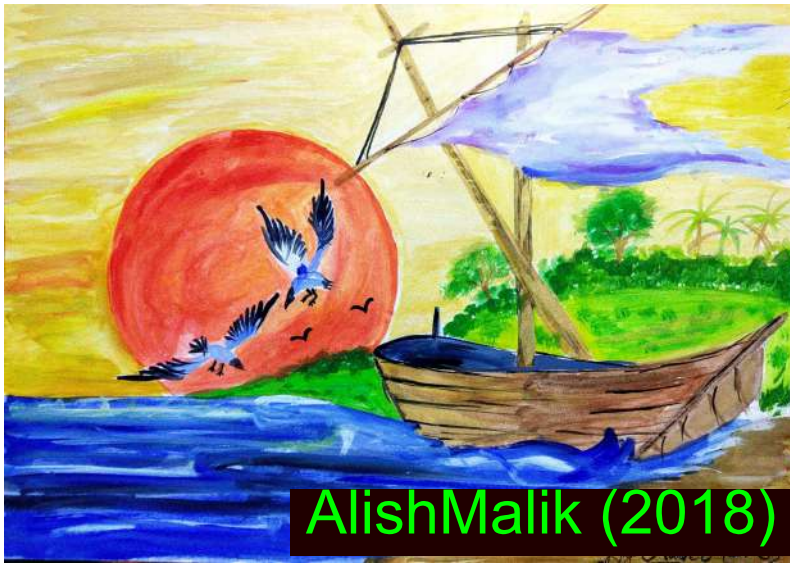
MEDICUS CONVENTUS



SITTING: Mahak Goel, Tavneet Kaur, Shruti Gupta

STANDING: Khushboo Saha, Deepanshi, Bhavya, Khushboo Jain, Ishika Kaul, Ankita, Parineeta

ART COLUMN



Alish Malik (2018)



DR. DOODLE
(Chetali Sharma, 2015)



Manvi Gupta (2018)



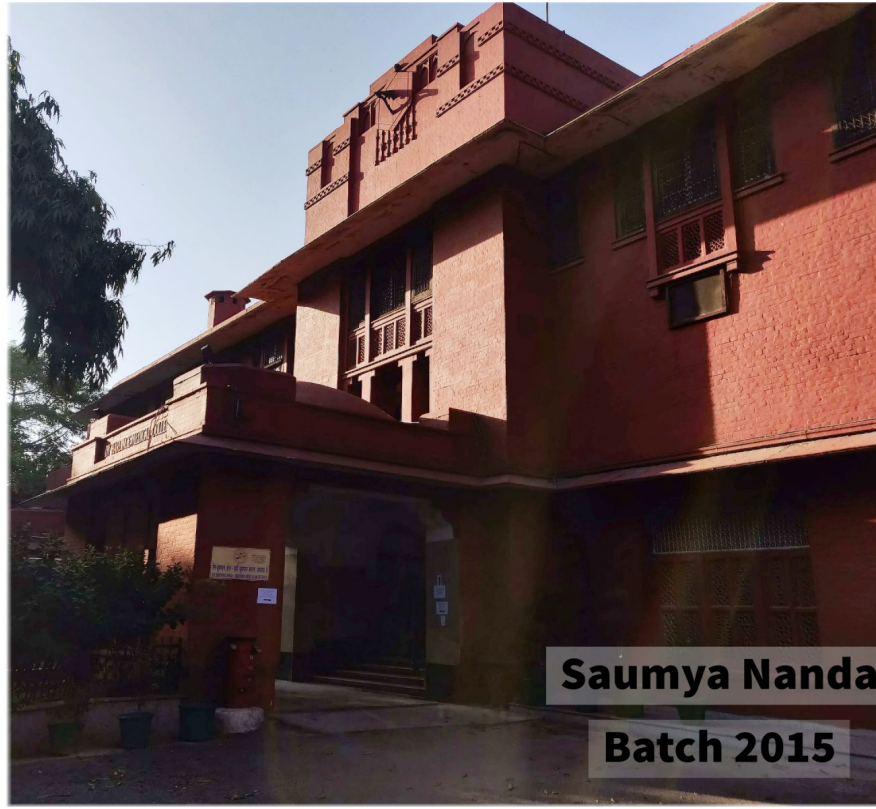
Alish Malik (2018)



Anjali Yadav (2018)

Saumya Nanda

Batch 2015



Saumya Nanda

Batch 2015



Tanya singh

Batch 2019



Shikha Tanwar

Batch 2015

