

GLIMPSE 2026



Within these lines, a quiet constellation;
within these pages, a piece of ourselves.

Art by: Gurleen Kaur Gill

Meraki

"Every great work of art is only the rhythm of the maker's own heartbeat made visible." — Oscar Wilde

There is an untranslatable warmth nestled deep within the Greek language, an ancient word that refuses to be confined to modern dictionaries. Meraki. It is the delicate, devoted art of doing something with total soul, of pouring a quiet fragment of yourself into whatever passes through your hands. It suggests that our endeavors, whether grand or subtle, are never merely mechanical tasks, but intimate reflections of who we choose to become when no one is watching.

In the ordinary rhythm of everyday life, meraki is easy to overlook, yet impossible to mistake once encountered. It lives in the deliberate care of an artisan, the unhurried patience of a mentor, and the tenderness with which we mend what is frayed around us. It is the understanding that labor without love quickly turns hollow, but the simplest act, when baptized in genuine devotion, becomes sacred.

Within the demanding walls of medicine, this word takes on a weight that is almost solemn. To be a medical student, and ultimately a physician, is to realize very early that textbooks and clinical rubrics are only the skeleton of healing. The breath of life within it is entirely our own. Meraki is the silent resolve that sustains a tired pair of hands through the twilight hours of an arduous duty. It is the unwavering gentleness in a physician's voice when explaining an uncertain prognosis, the extra moment spent holding an anxious patient's hand, and the quiet vigilance that transforms scientific precision into true compassion. In a discipline so often dominated by clinical objectivity and wearying routines, meraki is our sanctuary. It protects us from becoming detached spectators to human suffering, reminding us that every heart we listen to beats with a lifetime of stories, and that healing is fundamentally an exchange of grace between two human beings.

This edition of Glimpse is born from that very spirit. Within these pages, you will not merely find articles, poems, and artwork, but the quiet confessions, vibrant imaginations, and hidden passions of our peers. Each brushstroke, verse, and story is an offering where someone paused amidst the relentless academic storms to leave a piece of their spirit behind. It is a mirror held up to our shared voyage, capturing both our vulnerability and our enduring strength.

As you turn these leaves, we invite you to pause, to read slowly, and to listen to the echoes beneath the ink. May Meraki inspire you to carry this quiet devotion back into the hospital corridors, into your friendships, and into the quietest corners of your daily life. For in the end, as Kahlil Gibran so softly reminded us, work is love made visible, and when we weave our own soul into the tapestry of the world, we discover the true art of healing.

The Student Editorial Board



Gulab Chand Kataria

Governor of Punjab
and Administrator
Union Territory, Chandigarh

सत्यमेव जयते

MESSAGE

मुझे यह जानकर अत्यंत प्रसन्नता हुई कि "गवर्नमेंट मेडिकल कॉलेज एवं हॉस्पिटल, चंडीगढ़" अपनी वार्षिक साहित्यिक पत्रिका "Glimpse" का प्रकाशन कर रहा है। इस अवसर पर मैं महाविद्यालय के सभी विद्यार्थियों, शिक्षकों एव कर्मचारियों को अपनी हार्दिक बधाई एवं शभकामनाएँ प्रेषित करता हूँ।

चिकित्सा ज्ञान के गंभीर अध्ययन शोध तथा मानव सेवा और उपचार के महान उद्देश्य को समर्पित इस संरथान में "Glimpse" का प्रकाशन वहाँ विद्यमान रचनात्मक एवं बौद्धिक ' चेतना का संदर परिचायक है। यह पत्रिका नकेवल संस्थान की शैक्षणिक एवं व्यावसायिक उपलब्धियों को प्रतिबिंबित करती है, बल्कि विद्यार्थियों एवं कर्मचारियों की विविध प्रतिभाओं रचनात्मकता और कल्पनाशीलता को अभिव्यक्ति प्रदान करने का एक सशक्त मंच भी है।

पत्रिका के पष्ठों में विचारों अनभवों और कलात्मक अभिव्यक्तियों की समद्ध विविधता देखने को मिलती है, जो विद्यार्थियों एवं कर्मचारियों के बहआयामी व्यक्तित्व को उजागर करती है। ऐसा ' साहित्यिक प्रयास इस बात' को रेखांकित करता है कि शिक्षा का उद्देश्य वैज्ञानिक दक्षता अर्जित करने सहित संवेदनशीलता सहानुभूति, स्जनात्मकता और मानवीय म्ल्यों का विकास करना है।

हाल के वर्षों ने हमें स्वास्थ्य सेवाओं से जडे पेशेवरों की समाज में अत्यंत महत्वपर्ण भमिका का गहरा एहसास कराया है। चनौतीपर्ण परिरिथतियों में आपकी निष्ठा धैर्य समर्पण और करुणा वास्तव में प्रेरणादायी रही है। "Glimpse" जैसे रचनात्मक मंच आपके परिश्रम और दढता को सम्मान देने के 'साथ-साथ आत्मचिंतन एवं मानसिक नवस्फर्ति का अवसर भी प्रदान करते हैं।

मैं पत्रिका की "संपादकीय टीम एवं सभी रचनाकारों" को इस सराहनीय प्रयास के लिए बधाई देता हूँ। मुझे विश्वास है कि यह पत्रिका सभी को "रचनात्मकता, उत्कृष्टता और निरंतर सीखने" के लिए प्रेरित करेगी

गुलाब चंद कटारिया

सत्यमेव जयते

MESSAGE



H. Rajesh Prasad, IAS

Chief Secretary
Union Territory, Chandigarh

I am pleased to learn that Government Medical College and Hospital, Sector-32, Chandigarh is bringing out its annual literary magazine, GLIMPSE-2026, themed around 'Meraki' a celebration of passion, creativity, introspection, and the exchange of ideas.

GLIMPSE reflects the academic excellence, literary talent and cultural vibrancy of the GMCH community. It provides a valuable platform for students and faculty to express themselves, showcase their achievements and contribute to a culture of learning and innovation. I am confident that this publication will inspire young minds and reinforce the values of compassion, dedication and service.

I congratulate the editorial team, faculty members and students for their sincere efforts in bringing out this magazine and extend my best wishes for its continued success.

H. Rajesh Prasad



Mandip Singh Brar, IAS

Home-cum-Health Secretary,
Chandigarh Administration

सत्यमेव जयते

MESSAGE

I am delighted to extend my heartfelt greetings to you all on the occasion of the release of GMCH's annual literary magazine, "Glimpse."

In the pursuit of medical education and research, it is crucial to recognize and celebrate the diverse talents and creative expressions that thrive within our academic community. "Glimpse" is a remarkable testament to the imaginative and intellectual spirit that defines the Government Medical College & Hospital. This magazine not only highlights your academic and professional achievements but also offers a unique platform for sharing your artistic and literary endeavors.

In the demanding field of medicine, where precision, dedication, and hard work are paramount, it is refreshing to see an initiative that encourages reflection, creativity, and a deeper connection to the human experience. The stories, poems, essays, and artworks featured in "Glimpse" reflect the rich tapestry of thoughts and experiences that shape our future healthcare professionals.

I extend my sincere congratulations to the editorial team and all contributors for their hard work and dedication in bringing this magazine to life. Your efforts have created a valuable and inspiring publication that will be cherished by all.

As you delve into the pages of "Glimpse," I hope you find inspiration, joy, and a sense of connection with your peers. May this magazine encourage you to continue striving for excellence in all your endeavors, both academic and personal.

Mandip Singh Brar

MESSAGE



Prof. Vivek Lal

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

It is heartening to know that the Government Medical College & Hospital, Sector 32, Chandigarh, is publishing its Annual Literary Magazine "Glimpse".

Needless to say, "Glimpse" is a reflection of academic, literary excellence and cultural vibrancy of GMCH fraternity. The upcoming edition of Glimpse themed as "Meraki" is very well chosen.

Literature runs like a fine thread of gold in the already rich tapestry of life and this magazine will definitely open new vistas of expression on the firmament of life as a means of relaxation and recreation.

I am sure that all the students have put on their thinking caps and drawn on their limitless creative energy to come up with the pieces of literary work which when put together, will make the magazine a witness to their measurable talent in times to come.

I extend my best wishes to the team.

Prof. (Dr.) Vivek Lal



Prof. Meenakshi Goyal

Vice Chancellor

Panjab University Chandigarh

MESSAGE

It gives me immense pleasure to know that Government Medical College & Hospital, Chandigarh is bringing out the latest edition of its annual literary magazine, "Glimpse", aptly themed "Meraki." The magazine reflects the institution's commitment to academic excellence, creativity, innovation, and holistic development.

The theme Meraki beautifully captures the essence of pursuing knowledge and service with passion, dedication, and a sense of purpose. I am confident that this publication will inspire students, faculty, and staff to continue nurturing their intellectual curiosity, creative expression, and commitment to excellence in healthcare and education.

I congratulate the Editorial Board and everyone who has contributed to this edition of Glimpse. I extend my best wishes for its grand success and hope that it continues to serve as a vibrant platform for sharing ideas, celebrating achievements, and fostering the rich literary and cultural traditions of the institution.

Meenakshi.

Prof. Meenakshi Goyal

MESSAGE



Prof. Bhavneet Bharti

Director Principal
AIMS, Mohali

IIt gives me immense pleasure to write for this edition of Glimpse—a collection of creative expressions, clinical reflections, and artistic endeavors that reflect the heart and voice of your institution.

The theme chosen for this edition—infusing work with passion, creativity, and a part of one's soul—strikes at the very core of what it means to practice medicine and engage in scientific discovery.

Medicine is often viewed through the lens of rigorous discipline, clinical skill, and evidence-based science. While these are the foundations of our craft, they are incomplete without the human element. A diagnosis can be made using textbook knowledge, but true healing requires empathy, acute observation, and deep presence. When you pour your devotion into your work, routine patient care transforms into an act of profound purpose.

Creativity in medicine is not merely reserved for the arts, it lives in how we approach a challenging case, how we innovate to solve healthcare disparities, and how we communicate complex diagnoses with clarity and compassion. Every patient encounter is an opportunity to bring fresh perspective, emotional intelligence, and dedication to the bedside. To give a piece of your soul to your profession is not to exhaust yourself, but to make your work deeply meaningful and enduring.

To our young medical students: let this magazine remind you that you are not just acquiring a degree, but stepping into a calling. Guard your curiosity, cultivate your creative outlets, and never lose the enthusiasm that first brought you to these halls. To your esteemed faculty and staff continue to inspire through both your clinical expertise and your unyielding dedication which captures the vitality and spirit of our community.

Bhavneet Bharti

Dr. Bhavneet Bharti



Prof. Ravneet Kaur

Director Principal

GMCH 32, Chandigarh

MESSAGE

It gives immense pleasure to present this year's edition of Glimpse, thoughtfully curated around the theme "Meraki" a word that beautifully signifies doing everything with passion, creativity, and a part of one's soul. The theme is both inspiring and deeply relevant to the journey of every student, faculty, healthcare professional, and researcher.

Medical education is a journey that extends far beyond classrooms and laboratories. While academic excellence remains its cornerstone, creativity, compassion, and the ability to connect with others are equally important in shaping competent and humane healthcare professionals.

I encourage every student to look beyond the classroom and actively participate in literary, cultural, and sporting activities. These experiences broaden perspectives, foster teamwork, leadership, and contribute immensely to personal and professional growth. The memories, friendships, and life lessons gained through these pursuits often become some of the most cherished and enduring aspects of the medical journey.

Glimpse is more than an annual magazine it is a celebration of ideas, achievements and talents. It provides a platform for expression, creativity, and reflection, reminding us that every individual has a unique story to tell and a unique perspective to share.

I congratulate the Editorial Board, student editors and all the contributors for their enthusiasm and dedication in bringing this edition to life.

I wish Glimpse continued success and hope that this edition inspires many more students to pursue their passions and embrace opportunities beyond academics.

Best wishes,

Ravneet Kaur

Dr. Ravneet Kaur

MESSAGE



Prof. Sanjeev Palta

Chairperson, Literary Committee

Have you ever paused to wonder what makes YOU, YOU?

In a rush at a movie theatre, a little girl suddenly walks up to you, holds your hand and thanks you for holding her hand when she went into the CT scan machine because she was scared, claustrophic and lost. Beyond that scan report and the apparent recovery was a moment that refused to fade... I call it Meraki, leaving a piece of your soul in every act of care, every word spoken, every silence held. It is the art of living where the ordinary becomes sacred, because you poured yourself into it completely.

I am sure all of you have your own stories to tell but have you ever paused to wonder what do you do when the Medical college feels like a race? Lectures, postings, practicals,case histories,endless pages of notes? Behind the façade of pleasant caring medical professional could also be a youngster who wants a break, is probably envying his friends from other professions partying, singing. Somewhere between learning about the human body and preparing for the next examination,it is easy to forget the human being within you.

Amidst that rush, PAUSE. The most underrated word.

Please PAUSE. Maybe there is a part of you that comes alive when you draw,write,cycle,play a sport,create something with your hand-or simply sit quietly and think.Maybe you have pushed that talent aside because medical school seemed to demand all of you.

UNEARTH that streak that connects you with yourself-makes you whole. The wholeness that every relationship -professional or personal connection deserves. That makes you a beacon of hope not just for others but also for your own buried talents.

The most important next practical step would be to EXPLORE. The management at GMCH have created avenues to hone your hidden talents. Nobody minds a swashbuckling doctor who pumps in the gym, plays in the sun, sets the air in motion by superlative speaking skills. You name it , we have it.

Why not just begin by adding a piece of your heart in this magazine.

Shine like you own the world! Leave a little piece of your soul everywhere.

That is MERAKI- your soul's GPS

As you turn these pages, may you find in them the many pieces of soul, creativity and memories that our students have poured into this edition—making Glimpse 2026 a true reflection of their journey.

My heartfelt thanks to my faculty teammates and our student editors for their enthusiasm, creativity, time and unwavering support in bringing this magazine to life.

Prof. Sanjeev Palta

Table of CONTENTS

Editorial Board	01
From the Student Editors' Desk	04
Echoes of Ink	07
Interview with Gurpreet Singh Ghuggi	45
Lanterns of Lore	50
Interview with Harmanpreet Kaur	65
Ballet of Brushes	68
Stolen Moments	74
Interview with Dr. Akshita Gupta	81
Travelogues	85
Campus Carousel	100
Hall of Honor	110
According to Sources	119
Au Revoir, Batch 2021	121
College Committees	139
Earnest Gratitude	145

IN

LOVING *Memory*



Dr. Yogesh Banga
Department of Internal Medicine
PG JR 1



Karan Singh Sandhu
MBBS
Batch 2022

The entire GMCH family pays its
heartfelt tribute to the departed souls.

EDITORIAL BOARD



Prof. Ravneet Kaur

Patron



Prof. Sanjeev Palta

Chairperson



Prof. Shivani Jaswal

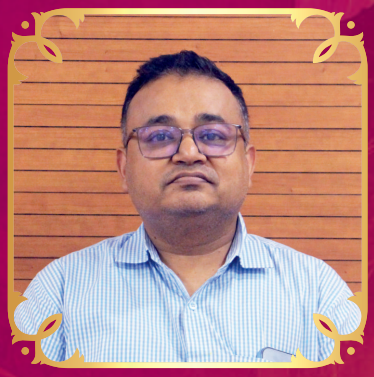
Convener



Prof. Usha Dalal



Prof. Chandrika Azad



Prof. Nitin Gupta



Dr Shikha Chawla



Dr. Manveen Kaur



Dr. Tanu Bharat Singh

FROM THE LITERARY COMMITTEE



Prof. Shivani Jaswal: Meraki—a reflection of passion, purpose and the joy of creating. The theme beautifully mirrors the journey of a medical student—of learning, growing, discovering, and finding meaning along the way. Glimpse 2026 is a compilation of their thoughts, creativity, experiences and hard work. Every contribution reflects the enthusiasm and spirit that went into bringing these pages together. We enjoyed putting it all together, and we hope you enjoy reading it just as much. May this Glimpse capture a little of our journey, dreams and spirit.



Prof. Usha Dalal: It gives me immense pleasure to write this message for the GLIMPSE magazine of MBBS students GMCH. The magazine provides a platform to the medical students to showcase their academic and literary skills along with a busy training schedule. The faculty of the literary committee and the students have worked with dedication to compile all the academic and extracurricular activities. I appreciate the devotion and hard work of all who have worked hard to bring out this magazine and convey my heartiest congratulations and best wishes to our students.



Prof. Chandrika Azad: Meraki is the art of putting a part of our soul into all that we do. As we pursue the noble art of medicine, we should remember that true excellence is measured not only by knowledge and skill, but also by kindness, empathy, and the courage to care—for our patients, our colleagues, and ourselves. May we embrace every challenge with purpose, every success with humility, and every setback with resilience. We should never hesitate to seek support or to offer it, for healing begins with human connection. As we leave our own meraki in the lives we touch, we also find strength, hope, and joy in the journey.



Prof. Nitin Gupta: It gives me an immense pleasure to be the part of Literary committee. The magazine is the result of the hardwork and dedication of all team members under the able guidance of Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Director Principal and Prof. Sanjeev Palta. The college students have worked tirelessly to bring the magazine to its present shape. The magazine is a reflection of creativity, curiosity and dedication of our students. The faculty and the students have given an overwhelming response to submit the articles. It epitomizes the best of our literary and artistic skills. It also highlights the major milestones and achievements of previous year. I hope that you all will enjoy reading the magazine as much as we enjoyed it in preparing it and will welcome your feedback and suggestions for further improvement.



Dr. Shikha Chawla: Medicine is bounded by facts and observation; literature expands beyond the boundaries of any human mind. If the stethoscope is a tool of science, then empathy, perspective, and imagination belong to literature.

This magazine is a vibrant showcase of creativity, observation, and compassion—reaching far beyond our textbooks, lecture halls, and hospital wards. We hope this edition brings you pause and allows you to enjoy a few quiet, inspiring moments amidst the hustle of medical life.



Dr. Manveen Kaur: To the inquisitive minds, aspiring healers, dreamers and creators .Your life in medical college may sometimes feel like a succession of lectures, clinical postings, exams and distinctions. Yet, somewhere between all that learning, you are also evolving as a person- with your own ideas, quirks, curiosities and vision. It is a journey that slowly transforms the person who chooses to walk it. This magazine is a glimpse of that person. Its pages hold more than poems and prose, photographs and illustrations.

Meraki is an apt theme for such a collection. It is in the things we do for no better reason than loving it, without being asked, and without anyone keeping score.

So here's to the things that don't appear in your logbook!

Best wishes



Dr. Tanu Bharat Singh: This year, Glimpse celebrates Meraki - the idea of putting a little piece of yourself into everything you do. It is about following your passion, giving your best even when things are difficult, and finding meaning in the journey rather than just the destination. It is truly special to see every page of Glimpse carrying a little piece of someone's journey and together, these pieces create the story of who we are as learners, thinkers, and creators. As students, we are constantly growing, discovering ourselves, and figuring out where we belong. There will be days when we feel confident and days when we feel lost or overwhelmed. And that is okay. What matters is that we keep going, support one another, and remember that we never have to face the difficult moments alone. So, dream freely. Make mistakes. Try again. Be there for one another. Ask for help when you need it. And above all, put your Meraki into whatever you choose to do.

FROM THE
Student Editors' Desk

Dear Reader,

As the curtain gently falls over months of relentless work, we find ourselves looking back with equal measures of gratitude and disbelief. It feels like only yesterday that we were entrusted with the privilege of becoming the Student Editorial Board, still unaware of the voyage that awaited us. Between those uncertain beginnings and the pages you now hold lies a year of quiet triumphs, impossible deadlines, and an enduring faith in a vision that often seemed far greater than ourselves.

Perhaps no board has walked a path quite like ours, crafting an annual magazine while standing shoulder to shoulder in the trenches of professional examinations. Ward postings dissolved into editing sessions, lecture halls gave way to libraries, and sleep became a luxury we learned to negotiate with. By conventional measure, we were an unexpected fellowship, a varied and unassuming group whom few would have pictured at the helm of such an ambitious voyage. Yet, that very unlikelihood proved to be our greatest strength. Amidst the crucible of midnight study, our differences dissolved into a shared purpose, coaxing a vision into reality through what felt like a gentle miracle.

Even so, to speak too much of our own toil would be to mistake the vessel for the water it carries. We were merely the gatherers of embers; the fire itself was kindled by the collective heartbeat of our college. The true soul of Glimpse belongs to every student, professor, and contributor who poured a part of themselves into these leaves. Every story, photograph, and fleeting memory preserved here reflects the spirit of this year's theme, Meraki, the quiet art of leaving a piece of one's soul in whatever one creates. Any enduring light found within this work belongs entirely to the community that inspired it.

For this dream to take flight, we were cradled by hands far wiser than our own. We extend our deepest gratitude to our Director Principal, Dr. Ravneet Kaur, for placing her faith in us and granting our creativity a home. Our heartfelt thanks go to the who Literary Committee, especially Dr. Sanjeev Palta and Dr. Shivani Jaswal, whose wisdom, patience, and late-night counsel guided us through our most anxious hours, reminding us that every obstacle was simply another page waiting to be turned. We are equally indebted to Mr. Gupteshwar for immortalizing campus life through his remarkable lens, and to Mr. Ram Bhardwaj and the dedicated team at Mohindra Publishing House for transforming our scattered thoughts into this elegant volume.

As these pages leave our desks, they cease to belong to us. At the close of The Tempest, Prospero lays down his art with a simple plea: "Let your indulgence set me free." We ask for no more. If this offering finds a place within you, Glimpse 2026 has fulfilled its purpose.

For, in the end, we are remembered less for what we made than for how much of ourselves we left within it.

The Student Editorial Board

A Dictionary of Us

Amolika *(noun)*



/uh-MOH-lih-ka/

A diligent yet delightfully overemotional individual who may briefly collapse over a minor setback, but possesses an admirable inability to leave things undone. Empathy comes naturally; reason follows close behind. One who questions a plan so gently that, by the end, the plan has acquired a new direction and everyone is enthusiastically on board.

Synonyms: tenacious, thoughtful, particular, persuasive.
Example: *An amolika sobs first. Gets it done beautifully thereafter.*

Gurleen *(noun)*



/gur-leen/

1. The rare editor who lets her work speak before she ever does. Arrives with effortless elegance, sketches with remarkable artistic instinct, and turns ordinary layouts into something quietly memorable. Unshaken by chaos, generous with responsibility, and almost suspiciously punctual, she has the unnerving habit of exceeding expectations without making a spectacle of it.

Synonyms: grace, artistry, composure.
Example: *"If Gurleen says it's done, you don't ask twice—you just submit it."*

Harshita *(noun)*



/ /har-shi-ta/

A person capable of juggling ten things at once and making it look suspiciously manageable. One who moves between tasks with effortless fluidity, coordinates across borders like a seasoned diplomat, and quietly restores order when everyone else has lost the plot.

Synonyms: multitasker, diplomat, problem-solver, navigator.
Example: *A harshita is rarely seen with fewer than ten things on her plate—and somehow, all get served.*

Mankanwal Singh *(noun)*



/mun-kan-wal/

An editor with an eye for detail and an instinct for turning good into exceptional. Known for thoughtful ideas, quiet perfectionism, and the occasional "one small change" that somehow makes the entire page feel complete. Brings equal parts creativity, composure, and just enough chaos to keep things interesting.

Synonyms: finesse, creativity, perfectionism, deadline.
Example: *"It was already a good page. Mankanwal looked at it once and made it unforgettable."*

Prabhpreet *(noun)*



/pruhb-preet/

A loud, overcommitted editorial organism that voluntarily adopts everyone else's workload, rejects perfectly good designs over a 2 mm alignment, narrates campus gossip like prime-time television, and starts debates with the confidence of someone who is almost certainly wrong. Complains about unpaid labour hourly, yet is mysteriously first to say, "I'll do it."

Synonyms: deadline, decibel, disturbance.
Example: *"Prabhpreet's calm" usually means everyone else should start panicking.*

WE ARE PIECES OF THE SAME PUZZLE



HARAZEEZ KAUR
(Cover Art)



KULJOT SINGH
(Cover Art)



GURLEEN KAUR
(Cover Art)



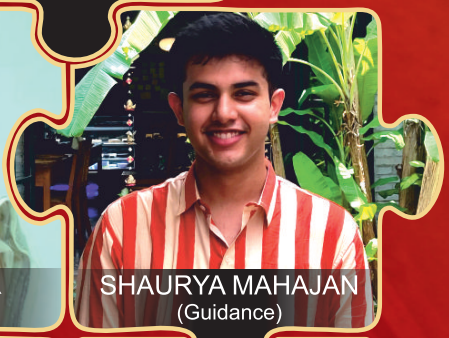
ZOHA
(Theme)



PARISA MUNJAL]
(Social Media)



PAHUL MANDER
(Guidance)



SHAURYA MAHAJAN
(Guidance)



SHIVANGI GUPTA
(Guidance)



AARNA GUPTA
(Guidance)



RAGHAV KAUSHISH
(Guidance)



ISHAN GARG
(Guidance)



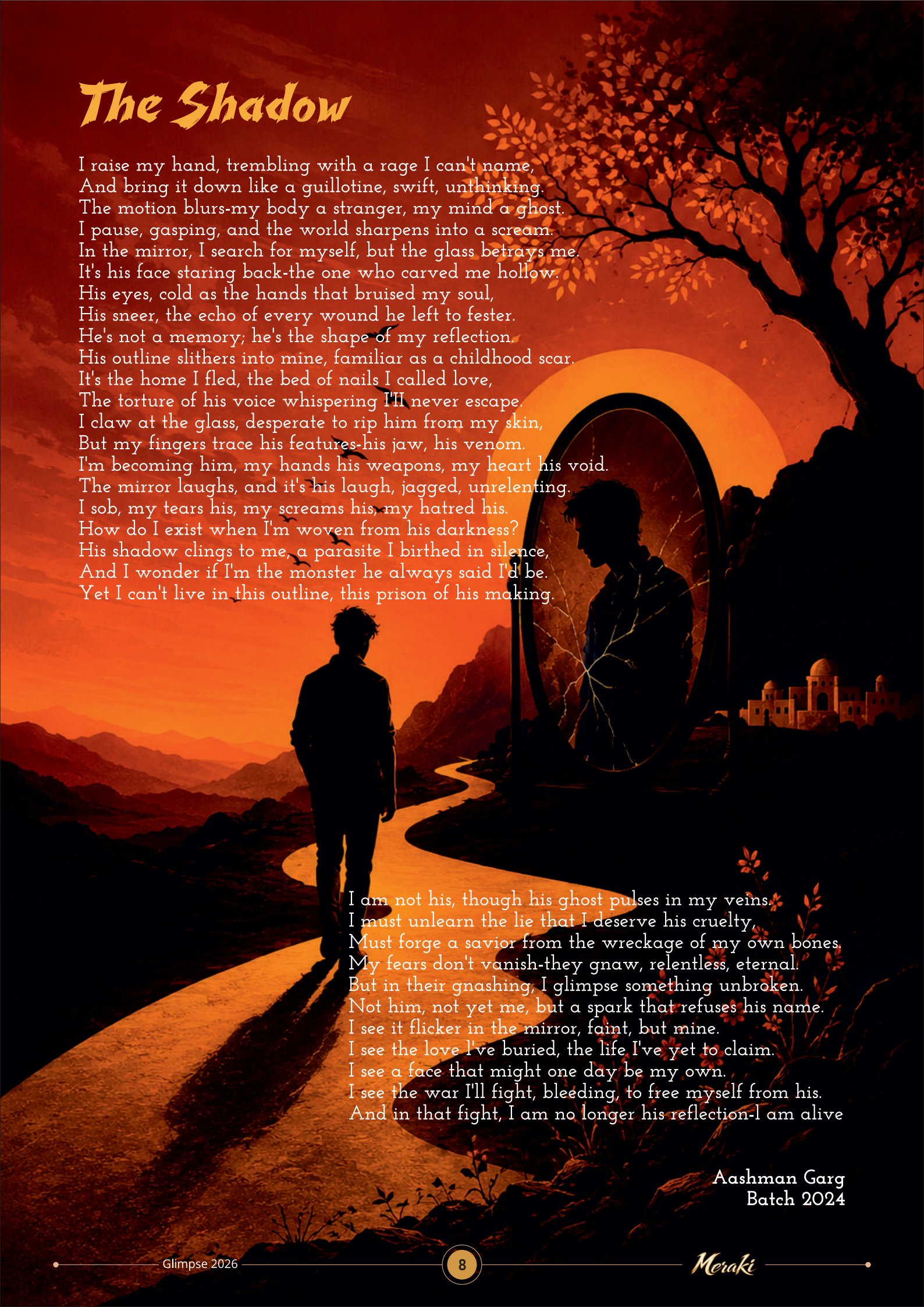
Gupteswar Dash
College Photographer



Ram Bhardwaj
Graphic Designer


Echoes
of
Ink

The Shadow



I raise my hand, trembling with a rage I can't name,
And bring it down like a guillotine, swift, unthinking.
The motion blurs-my body a stranger, my mind a ghost.
I pause, gasping, and the world sharpens into a scream.
In the mirror, I search for myself, but the glass betrays me.
It's his face staring back-the one who carved me hollow.
His eyes, cold as the hands that bruised my soul,
His sneer, the echo of every wound he left to fester.
He's not a memory; he's the shape of my reflection.
His outline slithers into mine, familiar as a childhood scar.
It's the home I fled, the bed of nails I called love,
The torture of his voice whispering I'll never escape.
I claw at the glass, desperate to rip him from my skin,
But my fingers trace his features-his jaw, his venom.
I'm becoming him, my hands his weapons, my heart his void.
The mirror laughs, and it's his laugh, jagged, unrelenting.
I sob, my tears his, my screams his, my hatred his.
How do I exist when I'm woven from his darkness?
His shadow clings to me, a parasite I birthed in silence,
And I wonder if I'm the monster he always said I'd be.
Yet I can't live in this outline, this prison of his making.

I am not his, though his ghost pulses in my veins.
I must unlearn the lie that I deserve his cruelty,
Must forge a savior from the wreckage of my own bones.
My fears don't vanish-they gnaw, relentless, eternal.
But in their gnashing, I glimpse something unbroken.
Not him, not yet me, but a spark that refuses his name.
I see it flicker in the mirror, faint, but mine.
I see the love I've buried, the life I've yet to claim.
I see a face that might one day be my own.
I see the war I'll fight, bleeding, to free myself from his.
And in that fight, I am no longer his reflection-I am alive

Aashman Garg
Batch 2024

Lost

Sometimes I sense the shadow's edge so near,
A whisper just beyond my fingers' reach,
Yet its icy exhale chills the atmosphere,
Invading thoughts where no words dare to breach.

Its tendrils coil like vines from ancient lore,
Familiar as the dreams in midnight's hold,
Chilled like glacial streams on winter's shore,
Yet scorching embers in the heart unfold,
And in that grasp, my loneliness grows old.

It kindles flames within my soul's deep cave,
A spark unknown, like dawn's elusive ray,
Untried before, like blooms in hidden glade,
A secret pull that draws me in its sway.

Surreal the visions, like veils in twilight's play,
Capricious paths where fireflies softly gleam,
No barbs it hurls, no thorns to block the way,
Nor flees it from the gaze within my dream.

It stands unyielding, like an oak in storm,
Proud of the paths my weary feet have trod,
A gentle touch like leaves in autumn's form,
And in that whisper, solace from the sod.

What peace resides in veils that dimly fall?
A mortal fool might question in the night.
To seize that gem, one sails through tempests all,
Emotions vast as seas beyond our sight.

Past horizons where mortal visions fade,
Existence surges like a raging tide,
Serene as moonlit waves in quiet glade,
Yet wild betrayal where the tempests hide.

I wonder if I'm lone in this cruel art,
Ensnared by life's elegant, thorny chain,
Yet at the brink, I open wide my heart,
My dimming spark, no star to claim the plain

Aashman Garg
Batch 2024

Just Smile

Before I forget
Oh, before it slips my mind
Let me describe,
Let me write it down,
To read & remember for when I do forget
The cool breeze,
Oh! The warming touch,
Of late September sun & such
I felt alive for some reason
Like I woke from a trance
Which I never knew I was in
I might slip into it again,
As we all always do,
Hence I transcribe my thoughts here for me & you
To remember something we should never have forgotten
The light breeze in which the leaves twirl
Of the swirling air like the sigh of God
Of chirping birds & shining sun
All of it here, nature, so precious
Free gifts they are, yet we forget
That they even exist, in these busy lives
Of ours, we forget to look up at the sky & smile

Ishika Duhan
Batch 2025



Mirage to Oasis

The mirage in mind never ends
Endless dreams it makes and sends

It wishes for a world far away
But fears to start its journey right away

You end up dreaming all day long
But don't put e orts and things go wrong

The reality of life stays the same
It's the mind only which plays the game

The mirage is what you find yourself in
But remember - reaching the oasis, was the real WIN

Turn your mirage into oasis
Get up and plan on how to reach this

Convert your dreams into actions, my dear
Time is flying, that's what I fear

Stop dreaming in the dark at large
Find the oasis and stop living in the mirage

Harnoor Kaur
Batch 2024

Where Light Cannot Follow
Plutos Testament

"Why do you drift so far?" I asked,
Staring into its endless arc,
A faint blur at the edge of everything.
"Don't you miss the Sun?
Its light, its pull, its promise to make you seen?"

It sighed—soft, brittle,
A sound that belonged to no time.
"Do you know the cost of being seen?
It is to let yourself be shaped
By the eyes that watch you.

I once lived in their gaze,
A planet, they called me,
Singing with the others in the Sun's embrace.
But love like that is gravity—
A binding force.
It tells you where to go
And calls it belonging.

I was not made to belong.
I was made to wander."

"But the cold," I said,
"Does it not pierce you?
Does it not press against the edges of your being,
Demanding warmth,
Demanding touch?"

It turned then,
Its voice like ice fracturing beneath ancient skies.
"The cold does not pierce—
It carves.
It sculpts space into clarity,
The way light never can.

You think warmth is love.
But love, as you know it,
Is a collapsing star—
A brightness so consuming
It leaves nothing untouched.
To love is to dissolve
And call it connection.

I do not dissolve.
I remain.
Here, in the silence,
I am not held—
I am whole."

"But don't you ache?" I whispered,
"For the Sun's embrace, for the pull of another?"
Pluto chuckled,
A sound that cracked the cosmos.

"I ache, but not for what you think.
I ache for the freedom to ache,
For the vastness to carry my own longing
Without offering it to someone else.

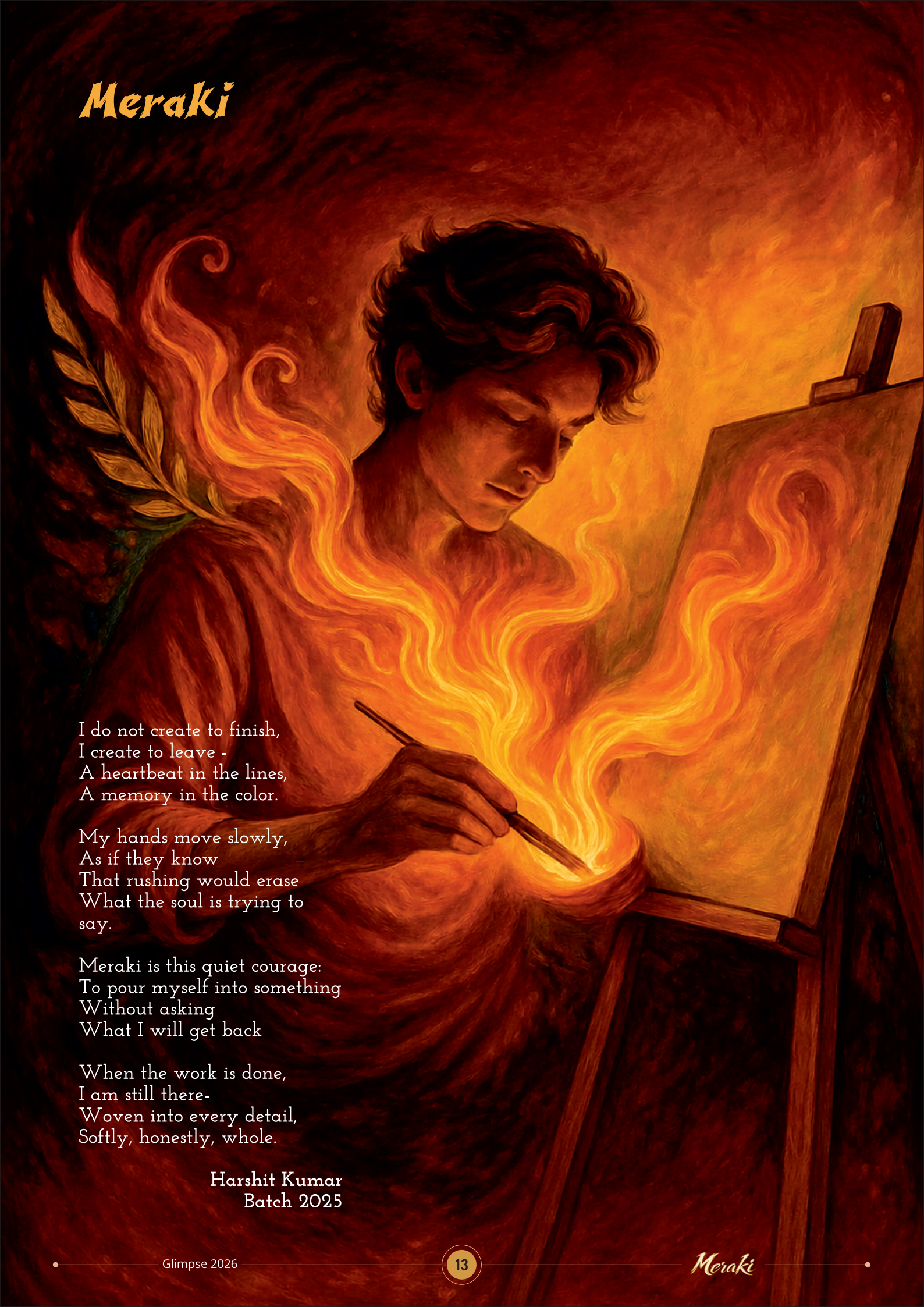
The Sun offers warmth, yes,
But it also asks for surrender.
It burns to keep you close.
And in the burning, you forget—
Your edges, your silence, your infinite self.

I have chosen the dark,
Not because it is empty,
But because it is endless.
Here, I am not the flame,
But the wind that carries it.
Not the orbit,
But the drifting.
Not the loved,
But the free."

And in the silence that followed,
I watched it fade,
Not lost, not found—
But infinite,
As if belonging only to itself.

Kartikay Goyal
Batch 2025

Meraki



I do not create to finish,
I create to leave -
A heartbeat in the lines,
A memory in the color.

My hands move slowly,
As if they know
That rushing would erase
What the soul is trying to
say.

Meraki is this quiet courage:
To pour myself into something
Without asking
What I will get back

When the work is done,
I am still there-
Woven into every detail,
Softly, honestly, whole.

Harshit Kumar
Batch 2025

My Home

They said blood is thicker than water, I believed it was true,
So I took the shouting, the punches, the mayhem too.

Was loving me really that hard?
Every night,
The sound of your footsteps kept me on guard.

No one ever asked me,
"My child, are you okay?"
Every day they only shouted,
"Can't you just go away?"

I disappeared,
first for the night, then for the day,
then for a life that learned
I knew how not to be seen.
I knew it then,
No one ever cared.

Whoever said blood is thicker than water never told me the rest,
Maybe it was a lesson I had to learn myself, a test.
When I had no home, when I thought I should stop trying,
Someone taught me, if you want something, you must help yourself keep fighting.

Home is not just walls or a place you stay,
It's the people who choose you, who make it that way.
Family isn't only the one you're born into,
You can build one yourself, strong and true.
They are my home.

They taught me that I can be loved,
They taught me that I can love.
But before all of this, I had to learn
To love myself, rise above.

Because if I don't, how would I know?
Now I understand the truth that flows,
The blood of the covenant is thicker than the water of the womb.

I was saved,
Not by fate,
But by the family I chose and made.
The ones who let me laugh again,
Who helped me grow
The ones who stayed, though doors were near,
When leaving would've been far easier.

Jigisha
Batch 2023

Dying Bird

It rained last night, in flashes and thunder
Yet louder screams the silence of dawn
Empty lies the nest, twigs scatter forlorn
A bird fragile enough to fit in a palm
Lays lifeless like a sleeping lost child, the
Momentary fragility crystallized for a while
Before nature sets its funeral in the wild
Now to life, the final breath bides farewell
To the lustre of feathers and beauty as well
So on the silent pavement, beneath trees
Sentinels elder and quiet, I kneel and bow
And leave the bird with a wish and prayer
May heaven for it be an endless sky blue

Rashi Bhanot
Batch 2025

Rot

A pest in life and death, nor a morsel of pity
Neither a death of honor and painlessness
All who see, seek only the last breath of vermin
Yet utterly disgusted, avert gazes from the rot
Adore they meat, yet scorn the butcher's hand
Pristine facades and curtains of coin constructed
To be enough to absolve the sinner of guilt and
To reap the fruit yet not sow the worm fed seed
What blame did the dead rat's carcass bear, if not
The inherent sin of existing in the light of its creation?

Rashi Bhanot
Batch 2025



Becoming Meraki

Eorts filled with soul,
Soul that makes me whole,
Whole world blooms into magic,
Magic called meraki—quiet and true.

Lost in my world,
World that softly knows,
Knows every beat of my heart,
Heart that shapes my life to art.

In this quiet moment,
Moment held gently in time,
Time where I meet myself,
Myself without a disguise.

As you read this poem,
Poem breathing, warm and alive,
Alive because everything I do is me,
Me becoming meraki—complete and free.

Prisha
Batch 2023



Noise without a Cause



Overflooded with thoughts,
But nothing in mind...
Then why this melancholy?
The brain tries to find.

When nothing's wrong,
Why doesn't it feel alright?
If I can't see any darkness...
Then why am I unable to find light?

Maybe it's an illusion...
Or might be a dream,
But now at this point,
My mind just screams.

Is it right to experience physical pain,
While it's nothing but just a war in my brain?
But isn't it wrong to hold this pain for so long?
So that burden doesn't end but just prolongs.

Is it right to seem to be at peace,
When the noise inside can't stop to cease?
But isn't it wrong to say that loud,
All that sad and sorrow filled cloud.

Is it right to fall this weak,
With tears involuntarily dropping at their peak?
But isn't it wrong to be, at all times, strong?
With the mind stuck with this never ending
confused song

Trying to clear this clutter in brain,
I am trying to sleep.
But these tries seem to go in vain,
As it just isn't ready to sweep.

The brain's now tired to converse,
The eyes are too tired to weep..
Isn't it both a blessing and curse
To feel everything so deep?

Khawahish
Batch 2023

Divinity

In this contemporary world I walk,
Under a tapestry woven of illusion and lies,
I see the dishonesty, the corruption, so close to breaking me,
Were it not for my piety that defies.
It guides me, quiet as I step
On the thin line between virtue and vice,
Bestows endurance and hope as I forge
A path to find my own version of paradise.
I see God in every stride.
Every moment of each and every day
In the tiny little nuances of this existence
In the stars that drive the darkness away
This faith is like scarlet, screaming in bold defiance to this moral decay.
For I see Her in the scorching red of the flame that envelopes my diya
In the vermillion dress of a new bride.
In the crimson hues of a marigold corolla.
In the carmine of an ages old coral,
Brought to me by the raucous tide.
My devotion bestows serenity, like a tranquil azure.
I see Her in the breathtaking jade of a peacock's plume
In the cerulean peeking cheekily through a cloudy sky.
The playful tints of teal in the sea.
In the artisinal blue of pottery lovingly crafted under a desert-born virtuoso's masterful eye.
My faith brings me warmth and brightness, like a cheerful yellow.
It's in the gold of the buttercups under a luminous sunrise,
In the turmeric and sandalwood paste my mother so lovingly crafts,
In the mountainside that comes alive with the glow of the fireflies,
And the autumn leaves drifting on the whisper of a breeze.
My faith is pure, like a pristine white.
I glimpse it in the fragrant jasmine woven in deep black tresses
In the misty white veil shroud across the alpine slope, so sublime
In the pearlescent seashells under the ivory moonlight
In the perfection of marble arches bending in graceful symmetry, immune to the harsh whisper of time.
I see Her in me.
In the ruby of my blood as my heart pumps life through me.
In my soul, in my mind, a beacon of wisdom.
In my name-Devina, for She is the one who gave me the breath of being.

Devina
Batch 2025

My Journey to Paradise

'I walk a path long ago forsaken,
A narrow road not much taken,
Made of cobblestones worn and old
Their beauty was ancient to behold.

I walked and walked, went where the road took me,
Saw nature like something I hadn't ever seen
Like a secret kept hidden for long,
To save it from mankinds'ugly song.

The wonders I saw, they were breathtaking,
Canyons with multicolored layers, miracles in the making,
Rays of light reflecting off their sharp edges, so high up they lie
Forming rainbows against the evening sky.
Forests with tall trees having leaves so green,
The snow on top giving them a natural sheen,
Mystical caves full of emeralds and the like,
Where eyes fell prey to the tricks of light.

Towering mountains pierced the clouds,
Causing avalanches at the lowest sounds,
Frozen lakes with water crystal clear,
Deep valleys where the stars seem so near.



Sparkling waters stretching as far as naked eye could see,
Coral reefs full of life, as alluring as they could be,
Monsoon lands and desert sands,
Deltas and islands, and flat-topped highlands.

I went on and on, trying to soak it all in,
Committing it to memory, so as to never forget where I'd been,
And what all could happen, if we all would just think,
And see the actual value of the things at risk.

At long last I reached the end,
Saw the marks of society right around the bend,
And I stopped, and looked back to
The paradise that I had travelled through!

The journey is better than the destination,
Only then did I realize the truth of this allegation,
And how I despised leaving the place,
That had been my home for so many days.

But I promised to remember the possibility,
The small hope, the chance, the dream,
And I set out, determined, with a task at hand,
As I walked through the concrete walls of civilization.

Devina
Batch 2025

The Silence of the Irrelevant Heart

A smile that hides a thousand tears
A soul that carries a million wears
A pain gathered in billion years
A pair that wept for trillion dears
A conscious guilty for a zillion fears
A heart that craves gazillion peers....

Makes thy conscious feel clatter
Makes a soul easier to shatter
Makes thy smile a little flatter
Makes a mouth longing to blabber
Makes thy as mad as a hatter
Makes a heart just not matter!

Aurya
Batch 2023



Bee Destiny

Every time a question arises in me—
should I believe in destiny?
I know it's not fair,
but can it be fair just once for me?

I wish I were a honeybee,
drifting free from bloom to tree,
resting where the petals breathe,
drinking light is so pure and sweet.

The flower so bright it feels like fate,
just close enough—but never waits.
Nectar pure, untouched, complete,
yet always just out of reach.

It blossoms only inches away,
like a star I cannot stay.
Will I reach it someday soon,
or just keep circling the moon?

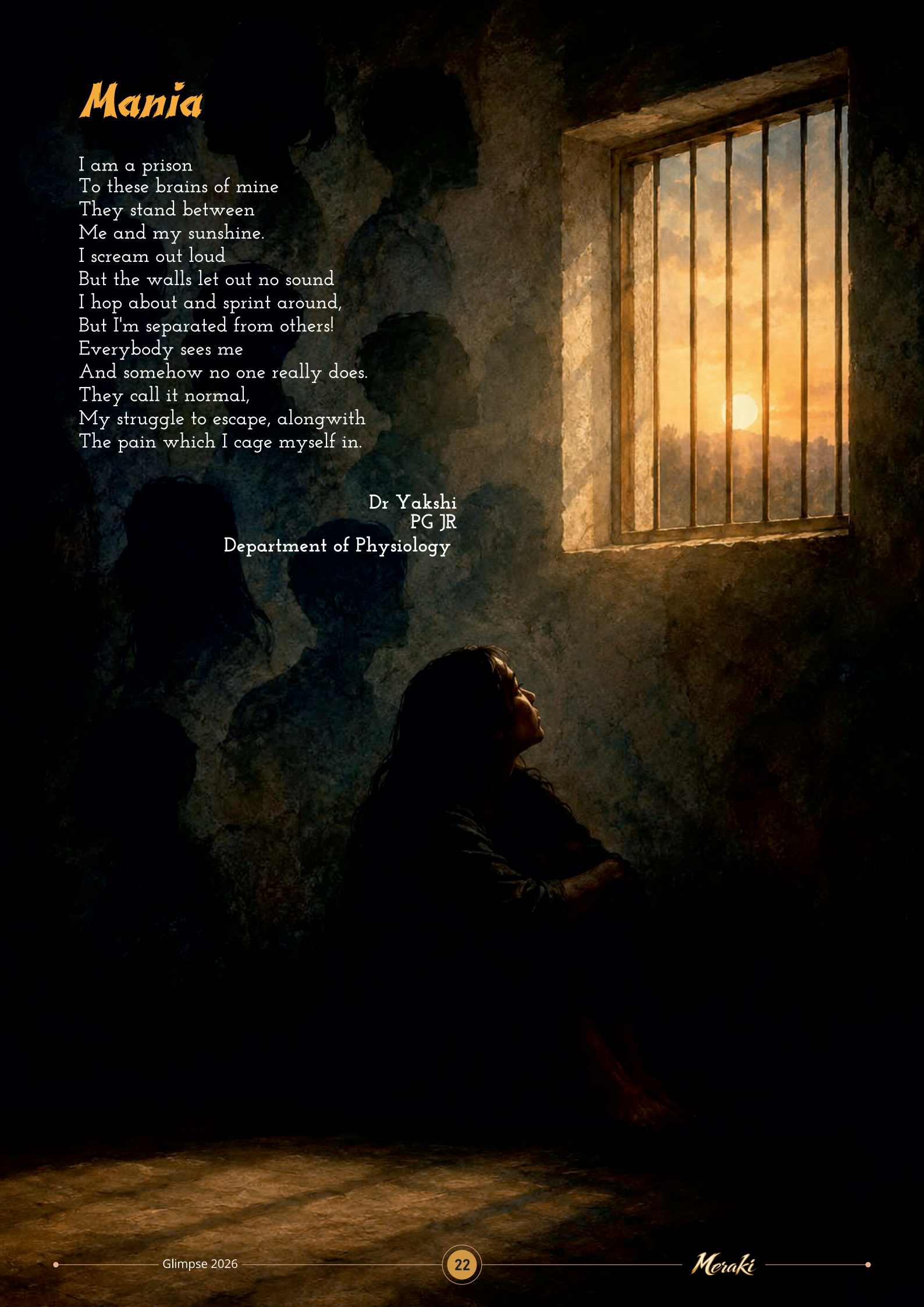
Should I believe in destiny—
if it never bends for me?
If not, I'll still try and try,
even if I don't know why.

A fear begins to shape my mind,
that I might lose what I cannot find.
A gardener's hand, a sting I give,
yet I'm the one who struggles to live.

And if the flower loses its grace,
it's me who fades without a trace.
Because in this silent, one-sided bloom,
I am the bee who meets its doom

Photo by: Shruti Ahuja

Mania



I am a prison
To these brains of mine
They stand between
Me and my sunshine.
I scream out loud
But the walls let out no sound
I hop about and sprint around,
But I'm separated from others!
Everybody sees me
And somehow no one really does.
They call it normal,
My struggle to escape, alongwith
The pain which I cage myself in.

Dr Yakshi
PG JR
Department of Physiology

The Dawn

The dawn
Unfurls at last like softening bright
Tearing the threads of pitch black night
Threatening to break the fangs of gloom
Bringing a new life from dark womb

The dawn
Challenges the reins of gnawing despair
Of hopeless tides straying everywhere
Groping in the void of grim black depths
Of unsettled waters, dying infinite deaths

The dawn
Never succumbs nor ever cares
For darkest nights and all that scares;
Paves the way for a beautiful day
That must bloom, come what may

The dawn
Loves to paint the skies all bright
With a brush of hope and strokes of light
Turning black tides into golden hues
Leaving our souls with no excuse

Parveen Malik
Department of Radiation Oncology

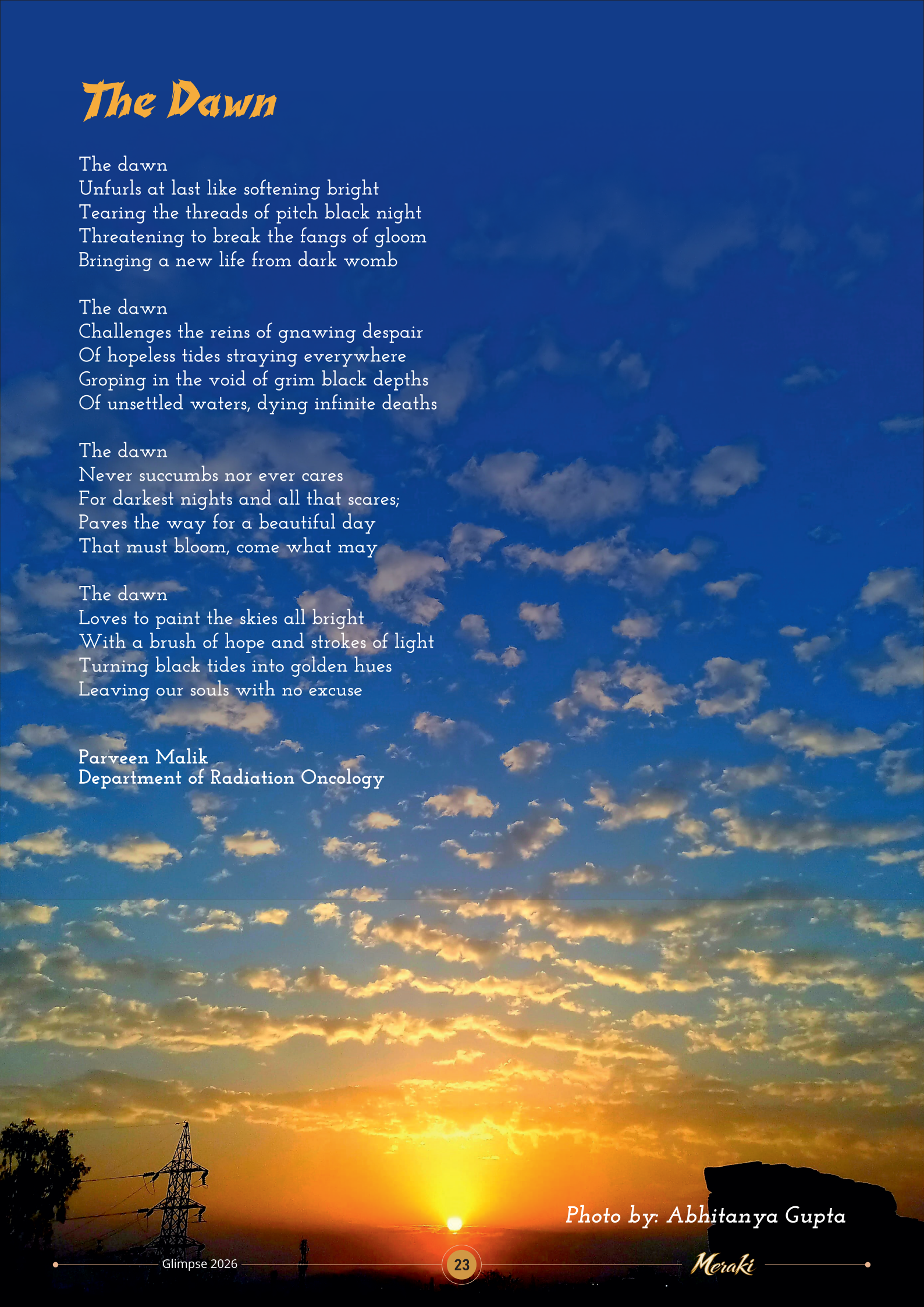


Photo by: Abhitanya Gupta

Be Back Home By 6

I wonder sometimes,
If ever mother o' mine
Had to make a drink,
It wouldn't really have gin.

Although it's difficult to describe,
My simple mother would never make a drink in stride.
She is a conservative, you know,
So, alcohol is out of bounds to flow.

She'd name it after her beloved daughter, Jasmine:
"Be back home by 6"
Or else your freedom will see heavy slaughtering!

She'd make it with lime,
Instead of red wine.
She'll infuse it with green bitter gourd-
Without telling me, she'll surely be a fraud!

The day I come back home by 9,
She will dearly top it with magical thyme!
I will miss my next party,
And never disobey her or be naughty

But I understand her plight;
It isn't her fault when the world outside isn't right.
She frets and worries and wants to protect,
She isn't totally wrong in her intellect!

Though I could never imagine
Her juggling glasses and flames in bar magic,
I can see the little girl in her who also wanted to see the tricks
Without worrying when the clock ticks.

Maybe, if the cruel world had a fix,
I wouldn't ever have to drink a
"Be back home by 6"



Dhanishtha
Batch 2023

AS I TURN FIFTY ONE

As I turn fifty-one,
The horizon clears of mist,
The frantic race is over;
Now I simply exist.
I've hung up the armour,
The gavel, and the pride,
With nothing to prove
And nowhere to hide.
I'm done with the choosing,
The chasing, the more,
I'm no longer competing,
Neither guarding the door.

I've stopped all the seeking,
The rush, and the stress,
No people-pleasing.
To settle for worthless.
I don't practice policing
Or offering unsought advice,
I'm finished with waiting
And paying the price.
No longing for status,
Unbound and light,
I trade pride for peace
And stop fighting the tide.

I've dropped every demand
And the need for control,
The gossip and grudges
That blacken the soul.
No more complaining,
No judging the fall,
I won't mock the stumbles
Or pinpoint it all.
I've cleared the clutter,
The hoarding, the dust,
Replacing the grieving
With patience and trust.

With fewer distractions,
I step from the screen,
To savour the silence
And all the unseen.
I'll smile at the seasons
As they wither and bloom,
With no room for longing
Or shadows of gloom.
I'll flow like the river,
I'll float like the leaf,
Beyond the old borders
Of "not enough" grief.

I surrender completely
To the life that is here,
With a heart that is thankful
And wonderfully clear.
No urgency, no worry,
No need to play a part,
Just the soft and steady,
Beat of a quieted heart.
I'm here in the stillness,
Where I'm meant to be,
At fifty-one, I'm finally,
Perfectly me.

Dr Monica Gupta
Professor,
Department of General Medicine

A Nobody

Perhaps it is better to be a nobody
Than live and die as someone's
somebody.
Friend or foe, the price is the same:
Someone is left to mourn the name.

A king of mighty power,
Or one faceless, forced to cower?
A monarch's head is all they seek,
While the other slips away silent and
meek.
A nameless soul or a crowned sire?
Is glory worth the funeral pyre?

Alas! She has lost her beloved!
Is this what the dead coveted?
For her to weep day and night,
Ignoring the breaking dawn's light.
Why be someone's somebody?
And leave behind one more empty
body?

Perhaps I should not dwell in any heart
For none will weep when I depart.
Thus, namelessness is what I embrace;
My fate, I accept with grace.

Anku
Batch 2023

सॉरी

अनजाने में बोल पड़ा, माना मुझसे भूल हुई,
पल भर में बिखर गया सब, रूह मेरी फिर धूल हुई,
बिन बोले कुछ चली गयी तुम, क्या मैं अनजाना कोई चेहरा था,
खामोशी से वार किया जो, घाव बहुत ही गहरा था,
किसकी हाँ में बात करूँ, कुछ ही अपने मेरे हैं,
कुछ किस्से हैं दुनिया के, बाकी सारे तेरे हैं,
परसों कोशश की तुमने, मैंने भी बात बढ़ाई थी,
समझदार हो समझो तुम, ये बेमतलब की लड़ाई थी,
भटक गया हूँ आख़िर मैं, नक्शा पीछे छूट गया,
मौसम तो बदला नहीं, सैयारा मेरा रूठ गया,
लड़खड़ा रही कलम , काँपते हैं हाथ अब,
था सहारा कईयों का जो, कौन उसके साथ अब,
ताने दो या मार लो, न असर अब मुझ ढीठ पर,
जिनको कहती दोस्त तुम, ये वार करते पीठ पर,
मत जाना ज़्यादा धूप में, समय पे खाना खाना तुम,
नींव को पीछे छोड़ दो, बस खुद को मत सताना तुम,
भरोसा करना भूल थी, वो सारे वादे झूठे थे,
माफी भी मांगी थी मैंने, यार तुम ही रूठे थे,
माफी मैंने माँग ली, तेरा माफ करना बाकी है,
कविता लिखना शौक है, तुझपे लिखना मेराकी है द्य

नीव मेहरा
Batch 2024

परछाइयों से याराना

ऐसा नहीं, कि मेरे दोस्त नहीं हैं,
बस मेरे दोस्त मेरे बिना अधूरे नहीं हैं।

सबको सबके बारे में सब पता है,
पर मुझे उतना ही पता, जितना सबको पता है।

सबके पास सबके लिए किस्से हज़ार हैं,
पर मेरे हिस्से में वही पुराना एतबार है।

ऐसा तो मेरा एक बड़ा सा याराना है,
पर उसमें भी मैंने खुद को अकेला ही जाना है।

मुस्कान के पीछे छुपी, मैं सबकी उदासी देख पाता हूँ,
पर अपनी उदासी शायद बड़ी खूब छुपाता हूँ।

मैं बस सबके साथ ही, सबसे बात कर पाता हूँ,
अकेले में मैं किसी को ना लुभाता हूँ।

शिकवा ये नहीं कि साथ वो चलते नहीं,
बस ये है कि कभी मेरे लिए रुकते नहीं।

ऐसा नहीं, कि मेरे दोस्त नहीं हैं,
बस मेरे दोस्त मेरे बिना अधूरे नहीं हैं।

और्या
Batch 2023

लफ़्ज़ों का थोड़ा कच्चा मैं

लफ़्ज़ों का थोड़ा कच्चा मैं, तुम आँखों से समझ जाना
जो कह दूँ कि
तुम आभ में पिघलते सोन सी,
बारिश की भीनी उन्स सी,
दमक से जिसकी महताब चमके,
तुम उस नूर के झरने सी,
लफ़्ज़ों का थोड़ा कच्चा मैं, तुम आँखों से समझ जाना।

किसी फूल पे ठहरी ओस की बूँद,
या बारिश की बूँदों के गीत सी,
किसी ठंड की गुलाबी सुबह हो या
उसी ठंड की हल्की धूप सी,
मृगनयनी, मेघ लोम, लाल होंठ,
किसी सुंदर सपने की जैसे मूरत हो,
कितना भी लिख दूँ, कितना भी कह दूँ तुम्हें कागज़ पर
उतारना बड़ा मुश्किल लगता है,
तेरी तारीफ़ें तुझे सुनाना बड़ा मुश्किल लगता है।

मोहतरमा मेरी बातों में तुम्हारा ज़िक्र हमेशा रहता है,
तुम्हारे नाम की ख़ुशबू हमेशा रहती है,
ज़्यादा कहना नहीं आता, बस इतनी तुमसे गुज़ारिश है,
कभी मेरे इशारों को भी थोड़ा सा पहचान जाना,
लफ़्ज़ों का थोड़ा कच्चा मैं, तुम आँखों से समझ जाना।

अभितन्या गुप्ता
Batch 2024

रैना और भोर

तेरे बिना ऐसा सूखा सावन,
मन बंजर, आँखें भीगी रे|
फिर न करियो वादा आने का, परदेसी,
तू तो झूठा, झूठा रे,
झूठा सैयाँ, झूठा बावरा, झूठा माहिया रे।

मुंतज़िर कुछ ऐसे बैठी मैं,
एकटक नज़रें बिछाए।
पल-पल गिनते रैना बीती,
और भोर भई फिर याद सताए।
अब तो आजा, न तोड़ वादा,
आजा ओ रे परदेसिया।
झूठा सैयाँ, झूठा बावरा, झूठा माहिया रे।

तैयार रखी है मेहंदी,
तेरे हाथों से हाथों पर लगवाने को।
एक छत तले नींद के सौदे,
कुछ सपने बनाने को।
शायद भूल गए संदेशे की बातें तुम,
इस बरस तो मोर भी सावन भूल गए।
ओ परदेसी, किस मोड़ पर बातें तुम भूल गए?

तेरे बिना ऐसा सूखा सावन,
मन बंजर, आँखें भीगी रे।
फिर न करियो वादा आने का, परदेसी,
तू तो झूठा,
झूठा सैयाँ, झूठा बावरा, झूठा माहिया रे।

अभितन्या गुप्ता
Batch 2024



प्रेम

वासनाओं से भरी इस भीड़ में
प्रेम कहीं मौन बैठा है—
मानो डर गया हो।

या शायद वह जानता है
इस चकाचौंध में उसकी सादगी
किसी को रास नहीं आएगी।

पर यह भी सच है—
वह चुप है,
कमज़ोर होकर नहीं,
बल्कि इसलिए क्योंकि उसे
अपने होने की अहमियत मालूम है।

उसे पता है,
एक दिन यही भटकती भीड़
एक-एक कर
खींची चली आएगी
उसी की ओर।

ठीक वैसे ही,
जैसे रात की चकाचौंध से
थका हुआ इंसान
आख़िरकार लौटता है
किसी अपने की ओर।

तरुणा
Batch 2021

Photo by: Prakriti Pandey

कैसा होगा वह जीवन

कैसा होगा वह जीवन,
जब हर नन्हे कदमों में छाले नहीं, चप्पलें होंगी,
जब कंधों पर बोझ नहीं
सपनों की कोमल हलचलें होंगी
कैसा होगा वह जीवन...

जब मुस्कुराकर बाँट लिए जाएँगे दुख दर्द ,
जब प्रेम के नाम पर कोई ठगा नहीं जाएगा,
जब कोई रिश्ता जबरन बंधन में बाँधा नहीं जाएगा।
कैसा होगा वह जीवन...

जहाँ समाज के खातिर,
किसी के अरमानों का गला नहीं घोंटा जाएगा,
जहाँ हर सपना खुलकर आसमान नापेगा
और डर से कभी नहीं रोका जाएगा।
कैसा होगा वह जीवन...

जब दबाव नहीं ले जाएगा मेधावी मन को फाँसी तक
जहाँ ना तौला जाएगा इंसान रंग, रूप और काठी तक
कैसा होगा वह जीवन...

जहाँ ज़मीन के कुछ टुकड़ों की खातिर
अपनों का खून नहीं बहेगा,
जहाँ रिश्तों की मिट्टी में
नफरत का बीज कभी नहीं पलेगा
कैसा होगा वह जीवन...

जब सत्ता की कुर्सियों पर इंसानियत बैठेगी
युद्ध के नाम पर मासूमों के खून की नदियाँ नहीं बहेंगी
कैसा होगा वह जीवन...

तरुणा
Batch 2021

दोस्ती : एक अधूरा सफ़र

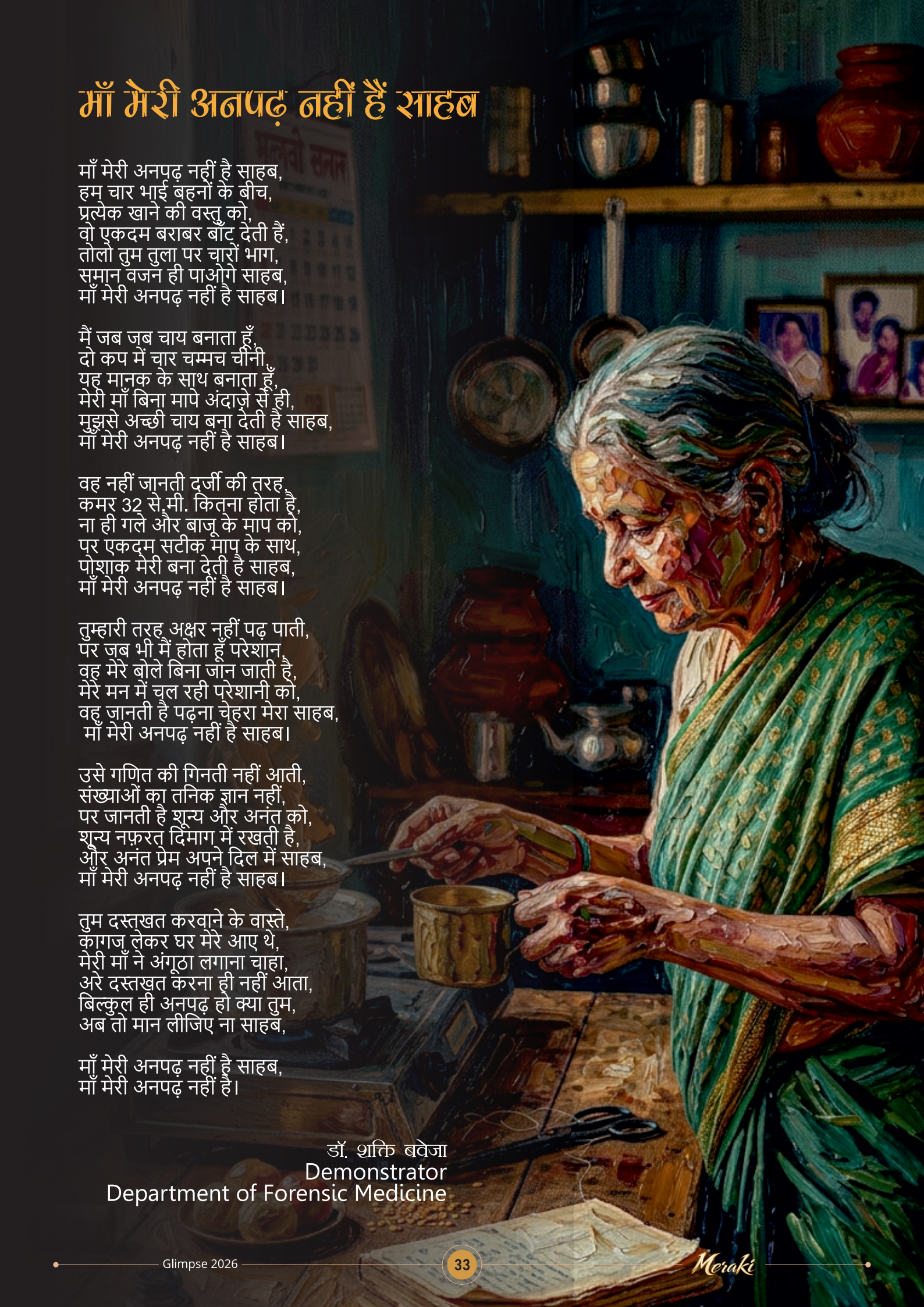
कुछ के लिए खुशी की बहार है दोस्ती,
मेरे लिए रूह का मलाल है दोस्ती।
ऐसे तो मैंने अपने कई ग़म भुलाए हैं,
यारी ने हमेशा मुझे ख़ून के आँसू रुलाए हैं।
मैं पूरे दिल-ओ-जान से यार बनाता हूँ,
फिर भी यारी में हमेशा ठोकर खाता हूँ।
कई दफ़ा पहले भी मैंने याराना अपनाया है,
पर हर मर्तबा दोस्ती ने मुझे ही मुजरिम ठहराया है।
मैं सोचता था मेरी कोई भूल रही होगी,
एक और दफ़ा देख लूँ,
क्या पता किसी को मेरी फ़िक्र कुबूल रही होगी।
मगर...
फिर इतिहास ने खुद को दोहराया है,
फिर रंजिश का आलम ये छाया है।
(फिर शिकवा-ए-तक़दीर सिखाया है।)
अब सोचता हूँ,
मुझे भगवान सब कुछ थोड़ी देगा,
इस जनम में ऊपरवाला मुझसे यारी ही लेगा।

और्या
Batch 2023





माँ मेरी अनपढ़ नहीं हैं साहब



माँ मेरी अनपढ़ नहीं है साहब,
हम चार भाई बहनों के बीच,
प्रत्येक खाने की वस्तु को,
वो एकदम बराबर बाँट देती हैं,
तोलो तुम तुला पर चारों भाग,
समान वजन ही पाओगे साहब,
माँ मेरी अनपढ़ नहीं है साहब।

मैं जब जब चाय बनाता हूँ,
दो कप में चार चम्मच चीनी,
यह मानक के साथ बनाता हूँ,
मेरी माँ बिना मापे अंदाज़े से ही,
मुझसे अच्छी चाय बना देती है साहब,
माँ मेरी अनपढ़ नहीं है साहब।

वह नहीं जानती दर्जी की तरह,
कमर 32 से.मी. कितना होता है,
ना ही गले और बाजू के माप को,
पर एकदम सटीक माप के साथ,
पोशाक मेरी बना देती है साहब,
माँ मेरी अनपढ़ नहीं है साहब।

तुम्हारी तरह अक्षर नहीं पढ़ पाती,
पर जब भी मैं होता हूँ परेशान,
वह मेरे बोले बिना जान जाती है,
मेरे मन में चल रही परेशानी को,
वह जानती है पढ़ना चेहरा मेरा साहब,
माँ मेरी अनपढ़ नहीं है साहब।

उसे गणित की गिनती नहीं आती,
संख्याओं का तनिक ज्ञान नहीं,
पर जानती है शून्य और अनंत को,
शून्य नफ़रत दिमाग में रखती है,
और अनंत प्रेम अपने दिल में साहब,
माँ मेरी अनपढ़ नहीं है साहब।

तुम दस्तखत करवाने के वास्ते,
कागज लेकर घर मेरे आए थे,
मेरी माँ ने अंगूठा लगाना चाहा,
अरे दस्तखत करना ही नहीं आता,
बिल्कुल ही अनपढ़ हो क्या तुम,
अब तो मान लीजिए ना साहब,

माँ मेरी अनपढ़ नहीं है साहब,
माँ मेरी अनपढ़ नहीं है।

डॉ. शक्ति बवेजा
Demonstrator
Department of Forensic Medicine

मेराकी – रूह का समर्पण

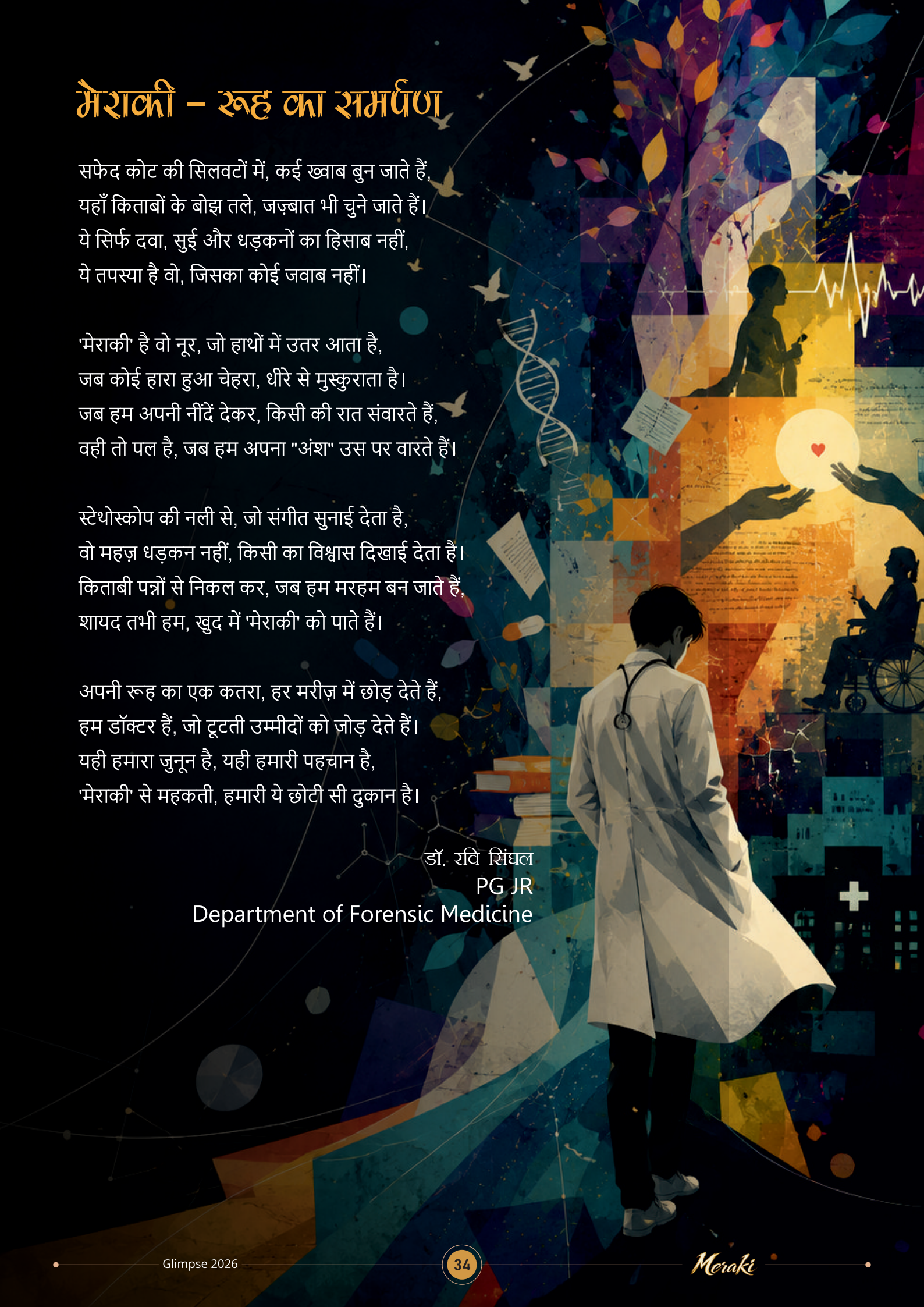
सफेद कोट की सिलवटों में, कई ख्वाब बुन जाते हैं,
यहाँ किताबों के बोझ तले, जज़्बात भी चुने जाते हैं।
ये सिर्फ दवा, सुई और धड़कनों का हिसाब नहीं,
ये तपस्या है वो, जिसका कोई जवाब नहीं।

'मेराकी' है वो नूर, जो हाथों में उतर आता है,
जब कोई हारा हुआ चेहरा, धीरे से मुस्कुराता है।
जब हम अपनी नींदें देकर, किसी की रात संवारते हैं,
वही तो पल है, जब हम अपना "अंश" उस पर वारते हैं।

स्टेथोस्कोप की नली से, जो संगीत सुनाई देता है,
वो महज़ धड़कन नहीं, किसी का विश्वास दिखाई देता है।
किताबी पन्नों से निकल कर, जब हम मरहम बन जाते हैं,
शायद तभी हम, खुद में 'मेराकी' को पाते हैं।

अपनी रूह का एक कतरा, हर मरीज़ में छोड़ देते हैं,
हम डॉक्टर हैं, जो टूटती उम्मीदों को जोड़ देते हैं।
यही हमारा जुनून है, यही हमारी पहचान है,
'मेराकी' से महकती, हमारी ये छोटी सी दुकान है।

डॉ. रवि सिंघल
PG JR
Department of Forensic Medicine



मैं एक अस्पताल हूँ

मैं रोता नहीं, मैं सोता नहीं,
मैं कभी ख्यालों में होता नहीं,
क्योंकि मैं एक अस्पताल हूँ।

मुझे कोई चाहता नहीं,
मुझे कभी राहत नहीं,
मेरी कभी आहट नहीं,
क्योंकि मैं एक अस्पताल हूँ।

मेरी एक विधा है,
मेरे पास सब सुविधा है,
मेरा मन सब पर फिदा है,
क्योंकि मैं एक अस्पताल हूँ।

सब मुझमें हैं,
मैं सब में हूँ,
रब मुझमें है, मैं रब में हूँ,
क्योंकि मैं एक अस्पताल हूँ।

मेरा सब परिवार है,
मेरा सब पर सरोकार है,
मुझमें सबका अधिकार है,
क्योंकि मैं एक अस्पताल हूँ।

मैं सबके लिए जीता हूँ,
हर एक ग़म को चुपचाप पीता हूँ,
मैं वही कर्म वाली गीता हूँ,
क्योंकि मैं एक अस्पताल हूँ।

चमन लाल
Supervisor of Security Services

Photo by: Taruna Singh

मोहब्बत मेरा दोस्त

आज जब बैठे अपने इश्क़ की किताब को लेकर,
परखा उसके दिए हर एक अपराध को लेकर।
दिल रोया मगर आँसू न निकले अपने दर्द की वजह से,
आज भी सहमे हैं कि कैसा होगा वह एहसास फिर से।

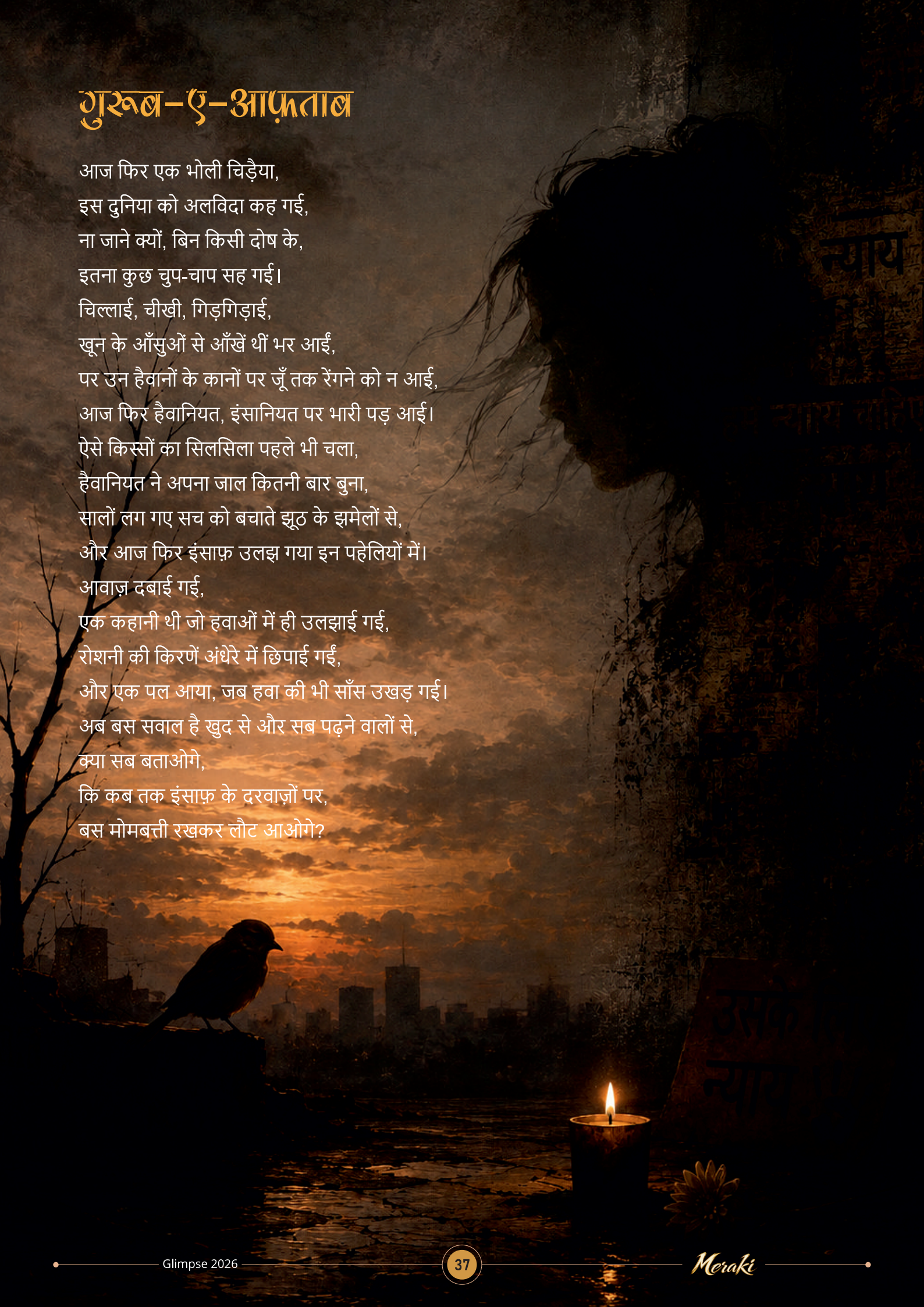
ज़िंदा नहीं हुआ कभी तुझसे दूर जाने के बाद,
साँसें थीं जो रुक गईं तेरे मारे ताने के बाद।
नहीं आना अभी तो ग़म नहीं बस,
जलता देख लेना एक श्मशान जाने के बाद।

पकड़े जाने पे मेरा कसूर ही बताया,
इश्क किसी और से और दुख किसी और को जताया।
उसने बोला, गलती मेरी ही थी, जो समझा न जज़्बात उसके,
मैंने ही रुलाया, मैंने ही भुलाया, मैंने ही छुपाया।
मोहब्बत मेरा दोष, जो सज़ा में उसको पाया।

डॉ. आराश
PG JR 3
Department of Physiology

Photo by: Taruna Singh

ग़ुरूब-ए-आफ़ताब



आज फिर एक भोली चिड़िया,
इस दुनिया को अलविदा कह गई,
ना जाने क्यों, बिन किसी दोष के,
इतना कुछ चुप-चाप सह गई।
चिल्लाई, चीखी, गिड़गिड़ाई,
खून के आँसुओं से आँखें थीं भर आईं,
पर उन हैवानों के कानों पर जूँ तक रेंगने को न आई,
आज फिर हैवानियत, इंसानियत पर भारी पड़ आई।
ऐसे किस्सों का सिलसिला पहले भी चला,
हैवानियत ने अपना जाल कितनी बार बुना,
सालों लग गए सच को बचाते झूठ के झमेलों से,
और आज फिर इंसाफ़ उलझ गया इन पहेलियों में।
आवाज़ दबाई गई,
एक कहानी थी जो हवाओं में ही उलझाई गई,
रोशनी की किरणें अंधेरे में छिपाई गईं,
और एक पल आया, जब हवा की भी साँस उखड़ गई।
अब बस सवाल है खुद से और सब पढ़ने वालों से,
क्या सब बताओगे,
कि कब तक इंसाफ़ के दरवाज़ों पर,
बस मोमबत्ती रखकर लौट आओगे?

रूहानियत

ना जाने कौन सी शिकायत के हम शिकार हो गए,
जितना दिल साफ़ रखा, उतने गुनहगार हो गए....

एक अजीब सा मंज़र नज़र आता है,
हर एक आँसू समुंदर नज़र आता है।
कहाँ रखूँ मैं शीशे सा दिल अपना,
हर किसी के हाथ में पत्थर नज़र आता है....

थोड़ी हिम्मत रख, अपनी बात रख,
कोई न सुने तो ऊँची अपनी आवाज़ रख....
ये खुदगरज़ों की दुनिया है, सबको अपनी पड़ी है,
तेरा कोई नहीं रखेगा, तू अपना ख़याल खुद रख....

किनारों पर मोती मिला नहीं करते,
दर्द में कभी गिला नहीं करते।
हम अच्छे न सही, बुरे ही सही,
पर हम जैसे बुरे भी हर किसी को मिला नहीं करते।

हँस कर जीना दस्तूर है ज़िन्दगी का,
एक यही किस्सा मशहूर है ज़िन्दगी का।
बीते हुए पल कभी लौट कर नहीं आते,
यही सबसे बड़ा कसूर है ज़िन्दगी का....

दुआ माँगी थी आशियाने की,
चल पड़ी आँधी ज़माने की।
मेरा दर्द कोई नहीं समझ पाया,
क्योंकि मुझे आदत थी मुस्कुराने की....

आवाज़ तो सिर्फ कान तक आती है,
लेकिन खामोशी आसमान तक जाती है....

ये जो दुश्मन है मेरी जान के हैं,
इनमें आधे तो मेरे खानदान के हैं....

नींद आई तो इस कदर सोएंगे,
कि हमें जगाने के लिए लोग रोएंगे....

मेरी कोई खता तो साबित कर,
कोई गिला है तो, गिला तो साबित कर।
चलो हम बेवफ़ा ही सही,
तू अपनी वफ़ा तो साबित कर....

मंजीत कौर
Assistant Professor
Department of Obstetrics
& Gynaecology

परमार्थ का पथ

सहती हैं नित दिन ये तपिश,
नभ का रुदन ये झेलतीं।
गहराई जातीं हर पहर,
ये पत्थरों से खेलतीं।

जाए जहाँ तक न निगाह,
उन चोटियों तक जाएँ ये।
लिखती हैं ये इक दास्ताँ,
किस्से नए लिख जाएँ ये।

करें मदद हर जीव की,
गंतव्य तक ले जाती हैं;
थल से गगन तक का सफ़र
जन-जन को तय करवाती हैं।

न पुष्पों से है प्रीत इन्हें,
कई चिह्नों से ये सँवरती हैं।
परमार्थ का पथ बन जातीं ये,
ले सबको, आगे बढ़ती हैं।

अस्तित्व को अपने अर्थ दें,
आघात सहें, तो गहराएँ।
हर कोई पहुँच न पाए जिधर,
उस मंज़िल तक ये पहुँचाएँ।

यूँ ही नहीं जाती पहुँच,
पगडंडियाँ भी शिखर तक;
हर दिन कड़कती धूप में,
कदमों से कुचली जाती हैं।

डॉ प्रांजल वर्मा
PG JR
Department of Community Medicine

Photo by: Mehak Sharma

ਮਾਂ — ਵਿਯੋਗ ਦੀ ਵਿਰਹ-ਵਾਰਤਾ

ਮਾਂ...

ਜਦੋਂ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਦੀ ਜਲਦੀ ਜਵਾਲਾ ਵਿੱਚ
ਮੇਰਾ ਜੀਆ ਜਰ ਜਰ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ,
ਜਦੋਂ ਸਾਹਾਂ ਦਾ ਹਰ ਸੁਰ
ਸੂਨਾ, ਸੁੱਕਾ, ਸੁੰਨ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ...

ਮੈਂ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਨੂੰ—
ਰਾਖ ਦੇ ਰੇਸ਼ੇ, ਰੇਸ਼ੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਰੁਲਦਾ ਵੇਖਦਾ ਹਾਂ...

ਉਸ ਵੇਲੇ, ਮਾਂ...
ਤੇਰੀ ਮੰਦ ਮਰਮਰੀ ਅਰਦਾਸ
ਹਵਾ ਦੇ ਹੌਲੇ ਹਿਲੋਰਿਆਂ ਵਾਂਗ
ਮੇਰੇ ਵਿਖਰੇ ਵਜੂਦ ਨੂੰ
ਵਾਰ ਵਾਰ ਵਸਾਉਂਦੀ ਹੈ...

ਤੇਰੇ ਬਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਇਹ ਜਗਤ, ਮਾਂ—
ਇਕ ਵਿਯੋਗੀ ਵੀਣਾ ਦਾ ਵਿਰਲ ਰਾਗ ਹੈ,
ਜਿੱਥੇ ਸੁਰ ਸੜਦੇ ਨੇ, ਸਾਂਝਾਂ ਸੁੱਕਦੀਆਂ ਨੇ,
ਅਤੇ ਸਮੇਂ ਦੀ ਸਾਂਸ ਵੀ ਸਿਸਕਦੀ ਲੱਗਦੀ ਹੈ...

ਇਥੇ ਹਾਸੇ ਵੀ ਹਨੇਰੇ ਦੇ ਹਮਸਫ਼ਰ ਨੇ,
ਅਤੇ ਅੱਖਾਂ ਦਾ ਜਲ—
ਆਪਣੀ ਹੀ ਜੜ ਭੁੱਲ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ...

ਤੂੰ ਕਦੇ ਮੇਰੇ ਦਰਦਾਂ ਦਾ ਦਰਪਣ ਨਹੀਂ ਬਣਦੀ,
ਪਰ ਮੇਰੀ ਨਿਸ਼ਬਦ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਦੇ ਨਕਸ਼
ਨਿੱਘੇ ਨਿੱਘੇ ਨਿਹਾਰ ਲੈਂਦੀ ਹੈਂ—

ਜਿਵੇਂ ਮੈਂ...
ਤੇਰੇ ਤਨ-ਮਨ ਦੇ ਤੀਰਥ ਵਿੱਚ ਲਿਖਿਆ
ਇੱਕ ਅਧੂਰਾ ਅਰਦਾਸੀ ਅਖਰ ਹਾਂ...

ਰਾਤਾਂ ਦੇ ਰੁੰਝੇ ਰਾਗਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ,
ਜਦੋਂ ਵਿਯੋਗ ਦੀ ਵਿਆਕੁਲ ਵਾਰਤਾ
ਮੇਰੇ ਅੰਦਰ ਵੱਸ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ—
ਜਦੋਂ ਮੈਂ ਆਪਣੇ ਹੀ ਸਾਏ ਤੋਂ ਸਹਿਮ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹਾਂ...

ਉਸ ਘੜੀ, ਮਾਂ...
ਤੇਰਾ ਸਮਰਨ—
ਦੀਪ ਦੀ ਦਿੱਪਦੀ ਲੌ ਵਾਂਗ
ਧੁੰਦਲੇ ਦਿਲ ਨੂੰ ਦਿਸ਼ਾ ਦੇ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ...

ਮਾਂ...
ਜੇ ਮੈਂ ਸਮੇਂ ਦੀ ਸੁੱਕੀ ਸੜਕਾਂ 'ਤੇ
ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਇੱਕ ਸਿਸਕਦੀ ਛਾਂ ਬਣ ਜਾਵਾਂ,
ਜੇ ਮੇਰਾ ਅਸਤੀਤਵ
ਰੁਲਦੀ ਰੇਤ ਵਾਂਗ ਰਿਹ ਜਾਵੇ...

ਤਾਂ ਵੀ—
ਤੇਰੀ ਇਕ ਅਖੰਡ ਅਰਦਾਸ
ਰਾਖ ਦੇ ਰੇਸ਼ਿਆਂ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ
ਮੈਨੂੰ ਮੁੜ ਮਾਨ ਦੇ ਸਕਦੀ ਹੈ...
ਮੈਨੂੰ ਮੁੜ ਜਨਮ ਦੇ ਸਕਦੀ ਹੈ...

ਤੂੰ ਮਾਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਕੇਵਲ...
ਤੂੰ ਮਮਤਾ ਦੀ ਮੌਨ ਮੂਰਤ ਹੈਂ,
ਕਰੁਣਾ ਦੀ ਕਦੀਮ ਕਿਰਣ ਹੈਂ...

ਅਤੇ ਮੈਂ—
ਚਾਹੇ ਚੂਰ ਚੂਰ ਹੋ ਜਾਵਾਂ, ਚੁੱਪ ਚਾਪ ਚਲ ਜਾਵਾਂ...
ਮੇਰੇ ਹੋਣ ਦੀ ਹਰ ਆਖਰੀ ਧੜਕਨ ਤੱਕ,

ਮੈਂ ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਤੇਰੀ ਅਰਦਾਸ ਦਾ
ਇੱਕ ਅਟੱਲ ਅਨੁਨਾਦ ਰਹਾਂਗਾ...

Dr Kushagra Vashisht
PGJR
Orthopaedics

ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਬਦਲਦੇ ਨੇ

ਰੂਹ ਨਹੀਂ ਬਦਲਦੀ, ਰੂਹ ਦੇ ਸ਼ਿੰਗਾਰ ਬਦਲਦੇ ਨੇ।
ਜੀਵਨ ਉਹੀਓ ਰਹਿੰਦਾ ਏ, ਜੀਵਨਦਾਰ ਬਦਲਦੇ ਨੇ।

ਕਦੇ ਵੀ ਬਦਲਦਾ ਨਾ ਵੇਖਿਆ ਜੀਵਨ ਦਾ ਰੰਗਮੰਚ,
ਮਹਿਜ਼ ਦਰਸ਼ਕ ਬਦਲਦੇ ਨੇ ਜਾਂ ਅਦਾਕਾਰ ਬਦਲਦੇ ਨੇ।

ਉਹੀਓ ਵੈਣ ਵਿਛੋੜੇ ਦੇ, ਤੇ ਉਹੀਓ ਗੀਤ ਖੁਸ਼ੀਆਂ ਦੇ,
ਨਜ਼ਮਾਂ ਰਹਿੰਦੀਆਂ ਉਹੀ, ਗੀਤਕਾਰ ਬਦਲਦੇ ਨੇ।

ਉਹੀਓ ਦਾਸਤਾਨ-ਏ-ਇਸ਼ਕ, ਉਹੀਓ ਹਿਜਰ ਅਫਸਾਨੇ,
ਕਹਾਣੀ ਉਹੀਓ ਰਹਿੰਦੀ ਏ, ਬਸ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਬਦਲਦੇ ਨੇ।

ਕੋਈ ਬੇਗਾਨਾ ਬਣ ਜਾਂਦਾ, ਕੋਈ ਆਪਣਾ ਹੀ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦਾ,
ਕਦੇ ਦੁਸ਼ਮਣ ਬਦਲ ਜਾਂਦੇ, ਕਦੇ ਇਹ ਯਾਰ ਬਦਲਦੇ ਨੇ।

ਤੀਰ-ਤਲਵਾਰ ਤੋਂ ਲੈ ਕੇ ਮਿਜ਼ਾਈਲਾਂ ਤੱਕ ਪੁੱਜੇ ਹਾਂ,
ਜੰਗ ਅਜ਼ਲ ਤੋਂ ਉਹੀਓ ਹੈ, ਬਸ ਹਥਿਆਰ ਬਦਲਦੇ ਨੇ।

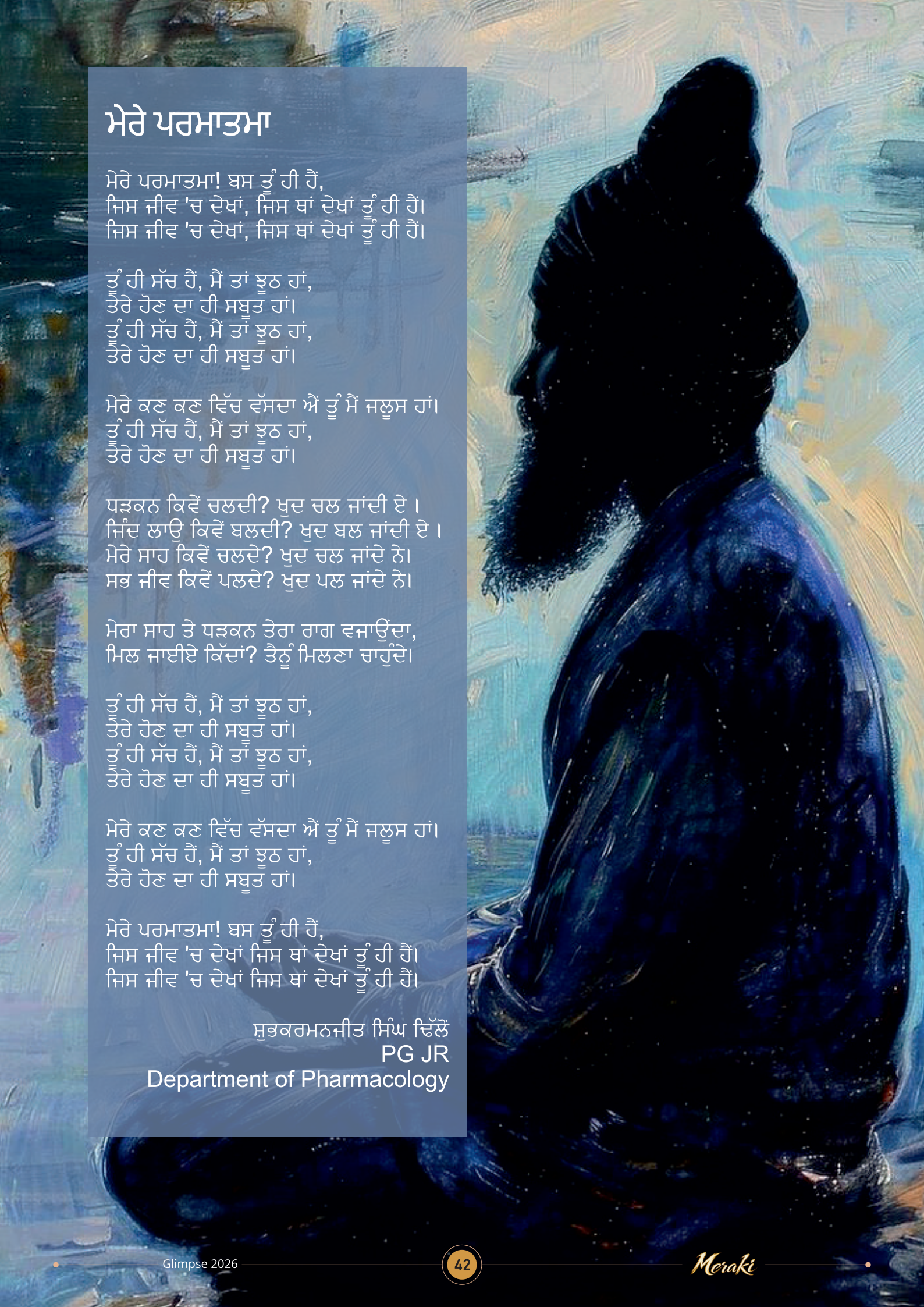
ਭਰੋਸੇ ਡਗਮਗਾਉਂਦੇ ਰਹੇ ਨੇ ਹਰ ਦੌਰ ਦੇ ਅੰਦਰ,
ਕਦੇ ਤਾਂ ਸ਼ੱਕ ਬਦਲ ਜਾਂਦੇ, ਕਦੇ ਇਤਬਾਰ ਬਦਲਦੇ ਨੇ।

ਦੌਲਤ ਪਾਉਣ ਦੀ ਆਦਮ ਦੇ ਅੰਦਰ ਜੋ ਅਜ਼ਲ ਤੋਂ ਹੈ,
ਤਲਬ ਉਹੀਓ ਹੀ ਰਹਿੰਦੀ ਏ, ਤਲਬਗਾਰ ਬਦਲਦੇ ਨੇ।

ਮੇਰਾ ਆ ਗ਼ਮ ਵੰਡਾਏ ਕੌਣ, ਕਿਸ ਤੋਂ ਆਸ ਮੈਂ ਰੱਖਾਂ?
'ਖ਼ਵਾਹਿਸ਼' ਹਰ ਪਲ ਇੱਥੇ, ਮੇਰੇ ਗ਼ਮਖ਼ਾਰ ਬਦਲਦੇ ਨੇ।

ਜੀਵਨ ਉਹੀਓ ਰਹਿੰਦਾ ਏ, ਜੀਵਨਦਾਰ ਬਦਲਦੇ ਨੇ।

ਖ਼ਵਾਇਸ਼
Batch 2023



ਮੇਰੇ ਪਰਮਾਤਮਾ

ਮੇਰੇ ਪਰਮਾਤਮਾ! ਬਸ ਤੂੰ ਹੀ ਹੈਂ,
ਜਿਸ ਜੀਵ 'ਚ ਦੇਖਾਂ, ਜਿਸ ਥਾਂ ਦੇਖਾਂ ਤੂੰ ਹੀ ਹੈਂ।
ਜਿਸ ਜੀਵ 'ਚ ਦੇਖਾਂ, ਜਿਸ ਥਾਂ ਦੇਖਾਂ ਤੂੰ ਹੀ ਹੈਂ।

ਤੂੰ ਹੀ ਸੱਚ ਹੈਂ, ਮੈਂ ਤਾਂ ਝੂਠ ਹਾਂ,
ਤੇਰੇ ਹੋਣ ਦਾ ਹੀ ਸਬੂਤ ਹਾਂ।
ਤੂੰ ਹੀ ਸੱਚ ਹੈਂ, ਮੈਂ ਤਾਂ ਝੂਠ ਹਾਂ,
ਤੇਰੇ ਹੋਣ ਦਾ ਹੀ ਸਬੂਤ ਹਾਂ।

ਮੇਰੇ ਕਣ ਕਣ ਵਿੱਚ ਵੱਸਦਾ ਐਂ ਤੂੰ ਮੈਂ ਜਲੂਸ ਹਾਂ।
ਤੂੰ ਹੀ ਸੱਚ ਹੈਂ, ਮੈਂ ਤਾਂ ਝੂਠ ਹਾਂ,
ਤੇਰੇ ਹੋਣ ਦਾ ਹੀ ਸਬੂਤ ਹਾਂ।

ਧੜਕਨ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਚਲਦੀ? ਖੁਦ ਚਲ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਏ ।
ਜਿੰਦ ਲਾਉ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਬਲਦੀ? ਖੁਦ ਬਲ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਏ ।
ਮੇਰੇ ਸਾਹ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਚਲਦੇ? ਖੁਦ ਚਲ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਨੇ।
ਸਭ ਜੀਵ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਪਲਦੇ? ਖੁਦ ਪਲ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਨੇ।

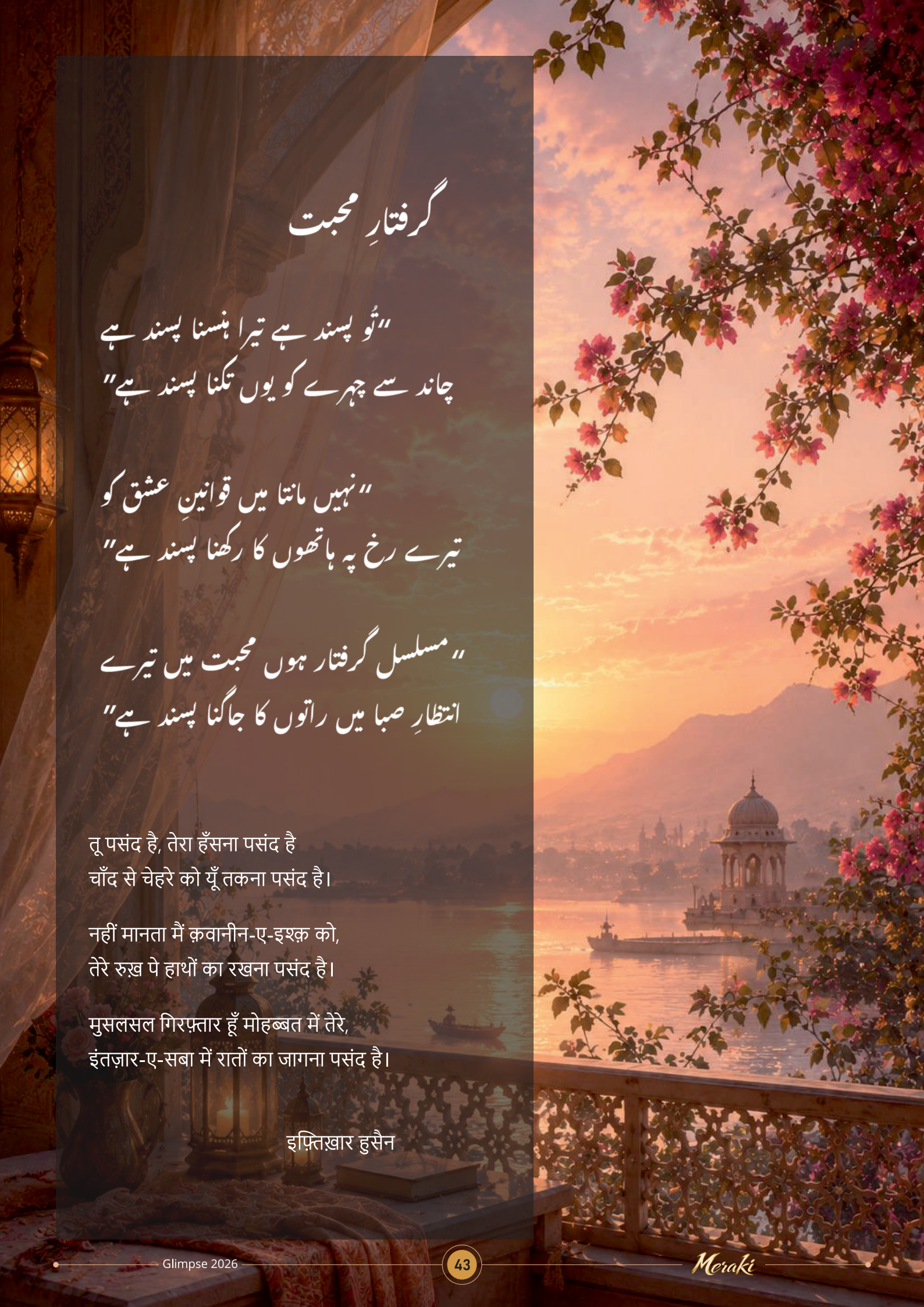
ਮੇਰਾ ਸਾਹ ਤੇ ਧੜਕਨ ਤੇਰਾ ਰਾਗ ਵਜਾਉਂਦਾ,
ਮਿਲ ਜਾਈਏ ਕਿੱਦਾਂ? ਤੈਨੂੰ ਮਿਲਣਾ ਚਾਹੁੰਦੇ।

ਤੂੰ ਹੀ ਸੱਚ ਹੈਂ, ਮੈਂ ਤਾਂ ਝੂਠ ਹਾਂ,
ਤੇਰੇ ਹੋਣ ਦਾ ਹੀ ਸਬੂਤ ਹਾਂ।
ਤੂੰ ਹੀ ਸੱਚ ਹੈਂ, ਮੈਂ ਤਾਂ ਝੂਠ ਹਾਂ,
ਤੇਰੇ ਹੋਣ ਦਾ ਹੀ ਸਬੂਤ ਹਾਂ।

ਮੇਰੇ ਕਣ ਕਣ ਵਿੱਚ ਵੱਸਦਾ ਐਂ ਤੂੰ ਮੈਂ ਜਲੂਸ ਹਾਂ।
ਤੂੰ ਹੀ ਸੱਚ ਹੈਂ, ਮੈਂ ਤਾਂ ਝੂਠ ਹਾਂ,
ਤੇਰੇ ਹੋਣ ਦਾ ਹੀ ਸਬੂਤ ਹਾਂ।

ਮੇਰੇ ਪਰਮਾਤਮਾ! ਬਸ ਤੂੰ ਹੀ ਹੈਂ,
ਜਿਸ ਜੀਵ 'ਚ ਦੇਖਾਂ ਜਿਸ ਥਾਂ ਦੇਖਾਂ ਤੂੰ ਹੀ ਹੈਂ।
ਜਿਸ ਜੀਵ 'ਚ ਦੇਖਾਂ ਜਿਸ ਥਾਂ ਦੇਖਾਂ ਤੂੰ ਹੀ ਹੈਂ।

ਸ਼ੁਭਕਰਮਨਜੀਤ ਸਿੰਘ ਢਿੱਲੋਂ
PG JR
Department of Pharmacology



گرفتارِ محبت

"تُو پسند ہے تیرا ہنسنا پسند ہے
چاند سے چہرے کو یوں تکنا پسند ہے"

"نہیں مانتا میں قوانینِ عشق کو
تیرے رخ پہ ہاتھوں کا رکھنا پسند ہے"

"مسلسل گرفتار ہوں محبت میں تیرے
انتظارِ صبا میں راتوں کا جاگنا پسند ہے"

तू पसंद है, तेरा हँसना पसंद है
चाँद से चेहरे को यूँ तकना पसंद है।

नहीं मानता मैं क़वानीन-ए-इश्क़ को,
तेरे रुख़ पे हाथों का रखना पसंद है।

मुसलसल गिरफ़्तार हूँ मोहब्बत में तेरे,
इंतज़ार-ए-सबा में रातों का जागना पसंद है।

इफ़्तिख़ार हुसैन

ग़ज़ल

रोज़ पलकें भिगो नहीं सकते
ता उम्र हम रो नहीं सकते

आदत है चाहता बहुत हूँ
बस अब दिल खो नहीं सकते

नहीं आती है खुशबू इन से
काग़ज़ के फूल बो नहीं सकते

देख लिए हैं ख़्वाब बहुत
और अब हम सो नहीं सकते

ज़ुबाँ तो है दग़ाबाज़ मगर
इश्क़-ए-लफ़्ज़ छुपो नहीं सकते

कच्चा धागा है संभल कर
प्यार के मोती पिरो नहीं सकते

ग़ैर साहिल पे है कश्ती मेरी
लिल्लाह!! तुम इसे डुबो नहीं सकते

- राघव कौशिश "ग़ैर"

غزل

روز پلکیں بھگو نہیں سکتے
تا امر ہم رو نہیں سکتے

عادت ہے چاہتا بہت ہوں
بس اب دل کھو نہیں سکتے

نہیں آتی ہے خوشبو ان سے
کاغذ کے پھول بو نہیں سکتے

دیکھ لیے ہے خواب بہت
اور اب ہم سو نہیں سکتے

زباں تو ہے دغا باز مگر
عشقِ لفظ چھپو نہیں سکتے

کچا دھاگہ ہے سنبھل کر
پیار کے موتی پرو نہیں سکتے

غیر ساحل پہ ہے کشتی میری
للہ!! تم اسے ڈبو نہیں سکتے

-راگھو کوشش 'غیر'

ਮਿੱਟੀ ਤੋਂ ਮੰਚ ਤੱਕ

ਗੁਰਪ੍ਰੀਤ ਸਿੰਘ ਘੁੱਗੀ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਮਨੋਰੰਜਨ ਜਗਤ ਦਾ ਇੱਕ ਅਜਿਹਾ ਨਾਮ ਹੈ, ਜਿਸ ਨੇ ਆਪਣੀ ਅਦਾਕਾਰੀ, ਹਾਸੇ-ਮਜ਼ਾਕ ਅਤੇ ਸਾਦਗੀ ਨਾਲ ਦਰਸ਼ਕਾਂ ਦੇ ਦਿਲਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਖ਼ਾਸ ਥਾਂ ਬਣਾਈ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਮੁਲਾਕਾਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਅਸੀਂ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੇ ਸਫ਼ਰ, ਤਜਰਬਿਆਂ, ਸੋਚ ਅਤੇ ਕਲਾ ਨਾਲ ਜੁੜੀਆਂ ਕੁਝ ਅਣਕਹੀਆਂ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਜਾਣਨ ਦੀ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ ਕਰਾਂਗੇ।



Q. ਗੁਰਪ੍ਰੀਤ ਸਿੰਘ ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ, ਬਚਪਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਹਰ ਬੱਚਾ ਆਪਣੇ ਭਵਿੱਖ ਲਈ ਵੱਖ-ਵੱਖ ਸੁਪਨੇ ਅਤੇ ਇੱਛਾਵਾਂ ਰੱਖਦਾ ਹੈ। ਕੀ ਅਦਾਕਾਰੀ ਤੁਹਾਡਾ ਬਚਪਨ ਤੋਂ ਹੀ ਸੁਪਨਾ ਸੀ, ਜਾਂ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਦੇ ਕਿਸੇ ਖ਼ਾਸ ਮੋੜ 'ਤੇ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਅਹਿਸਾਸ ਹੋਇਆ ਕਿ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਅਦਾਕਾਰ ਹੀ ਬਣਨਾ ਹੈ?

"ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਤਾਂ ਡ੍ਰੀਮ 'ਤੇ ਕੋਈ ਪਾਬੰਦੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦੀ। ਇਨਸਾਨ ਜੋ ਮਰਜ਼ੀ ਸੁਪਨਾ ਦੇਖ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ। ਪਰ ਸਮੇਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਸਮਝ ਆ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਡ੍ਰੀਮ ਅਤੇ ਗੋਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਫ਼ਰਕ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਜਦੋਂ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਡ੍ਰੀਮ ਤੋਂ ਨਿਕਲ ਕੇ ਆਪਣਾ ਗੋਲ ਤੈਅ ਕਰਦੇ ਹੋ, ਫਿਰ ਉਸਨੂੰ ਹਾਸਲ ਕਰਨ ਲਈ ਮਿਹਨਤ ਕਰਨੀ ਸ਼ੁਰੂ ਕਰਦੇ ਹੋ।

ਇਹ ਵੀ ਤੁਹਾਡੇ ਪਰਿਵਾਰ ਦੀ ਆਰਥਿਕ ਹਾਲਤ, ਮਾਹੌਲ ਅਤੇ ਪਰਵਰਿਸ਼ 'ਤੇ ਨਿਰਭਰ ਕਰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਗਰੀਬ ਪਰਿਵਾਰ ਦਾ ਬੱਚਾ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਆਪਣੀਆਂ ਬੁਨਿਆਦੀ ਲੋੜਾਂ ਪੂਰੀਆਂ ਕਰਨ ਦੇ ਸੁਪਨੇ ਦੇਖਦਾ ਹੈ। ਮੇਰਾ ਵੀ ਬਚਪਨ ਅਜਿਹੇ ਹੀ ਹਾਲਾਤਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਬੀਤਿਆ। ਇਸ ਲਈ ਮੈਂ ਕਦੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਵੱਡੇ ਸੁਪਨੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਦੇਖੇ। ਮੇਰੀ ਸੋਚ ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਇਹ ਸੀ ਕਿ ਵੱਡਾ ਹੋ ਕੇ ਕੋਈ ਸਰਕਾਰੀ ਨੌਕਰੀ ਮਿਲ ਜਾਵੇ—ਭਾਵੇਂ ਉਹ ਪਟਵਾਰੀ ਦੀ ਹੋਵੇ ਜਾਂ ਕਿਸੇ ਛੋਟੇ ਅਫ਼ਸਰ ਦੀ।

ਪਰ ਜਦੋਂ ਮੈਂ ਆਪਣਾ ਗੋਲ ਤੈਅ ਕੀਤਾ ਕਿ ਮੈਂ ਐਕਟਰ ਬਣਨਾ ਹੈ, ਤਾਂ ਫਿਰ ਮੈਂ ਆਪਣੀ ਪੂਰੀ ਮਿਹਨਤ ਉਸੇ ਪਾਸੇ ਲਾ ਦਿੱਤੀ। ਪੜ੍ਹਾਈ ਮੇਰੇ ਲਈ ਦੂਜੇ ਨੰਬਰ 'ਤੇ ਚਲੀ ਗਈ ਅਤੇ ਨਾਟਕ, ਥੀਏਟਰ, ਟੈਲੀਵਿਜ਼ਨ, ਰੇਡੀਓ ਅਤੇ ਸਟੇਜ ਮੇਰੀ ਪਹਿਲ ਬਣ ਗਏ। ਮੈਂ ਆਪਣਾ ਥੀਏਟਰ ਗਰੁੱਪ ਵੀ



ਚਲਾਇਆ।

ਅਸਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਮੈਂ ਕਦੇ ਇਹ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੋਚਿਆ ਸੀ ਕਿ ਮੈਂ ਪ੍ਰੋਫੈਸ਼ਨਲ ਐਕਟਰ ਬਣ ਜਾਵਾਂਗਾ। ਮੈਂ ਤਾਂ ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਆਪਣੀ ਦਿਲਚਸਪੀ ਦੇ ਕਾਰਨ ਮਿਹਨਤ ਕਰਦਾ ਗਿਆ ਅਤੇ ਰਸਤੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਬਣਦੇ ਗਏ।

ਮੈਨੂੰ ਸਾਹਿਤ ਨਾਲ ਸ਼ੁਰੂ ਤੋਂ ਹੀ ਬਹੁਤ ਪਿਆਰ ਸੀ। ਸਾਡੇ ਪਰਿਵਾਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਕੋਈ ਵੀ ਕਲਾਕਾਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ; ਅਸੀਂ ਫ਼ੌਜੀ ਪਰਿਵਾਰ ਨਾਲ ਸਬੰਧ ਰੱਖਦੇ

ਸੀ। ਸਕੂਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਜਦੋਂ ਸ਼ਨੀਵਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਬਾਲ ਸਭਾ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਸੀ, ਮੈਂ ਉਸ ਵਿੱਚ ਹਿੱਸਾ ਲੈਣਾ ਸ਼ੁਰੂ ਕੀਤਾ। ਜਦੋਂ ਲੋਕ ਮੇਰੀ ਪੇਸ਼ਕਾਰੀ 'ਤੇ ਤਾਲੀਆਂ ਮਾਰਦੇ ਅਤੇ ਹੱਸਦੇ ਸਨ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਮੇਰੇ ਲਈ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਡੀ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਸੀ। ਮੇਰੇ ਖ਼ਿਆਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਉਹੀ ਮੇਰੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਦਾ ਅਹਿਮ ਮੋੜ ਸੀ। ਉਹਨਾਂ ਤਾਲੀਆਂ ਨੇ ਹੀ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਅਦਾਕਾਰੀ ਵੱਲ ਖਿੱਚਿਆ

Q2 ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ , ਥੀਏਟਰ ਤੋਂ ਲੈ ਕੇ ਰੌਣਕ ਮੇਲਾ ਵਰਗੇ ਮਸ਼ਹੂਰ ਟੈਲੀਵਿਜ਼ਨ ਪ੍ਰੋਗਰਾਮਾਂ ਅਤੇ ਫਿਰ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਸਿਨੇਮਾ ਦੇ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਪਿਆਰੇ ਕਲਾਕਾਰਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਆਪਣੀ ਪਛਾਣ ਬਣਾਉਣ ਤੱਕ ਤੁਹਾਡਾ ਸਫ਼ਰ ਬਹੁਤ ਪ੍ਰੇਰਨਾਦਾਇਕ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ। ਕੀ ਕੋਈ ਅਜਿਹਾ ਪਲ—ਕਿਸੇ ਫ਼ਿਲਮ, ਕਿਸੇ ਪੇਸ਼ਕਾਰੀ ਜਾਂ ਦਰਸ਼ਕਾਂ ਦੀ ਪ੍ਰਤੀਕਿਰਿਆ—ਸੀ, ਜਦੋਂ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਮਹਿਸੂਸ ਹੋਇਆ ਕਿ ਤੁਹਾਡੀ ਮਿਹਨਤ ਅਤੇ ਜਜ਼ਬਾ ਸੱਚਮੁੱਚ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦੇ ਦਿਲਾਂ ਤੱਕ ਪਹੁੰਚ ਗਿਆ ਹੈ?

"ਜਦੋਂ ਮੈਂ ਆਪਣਾ ਥੀਏਟਰ ਗਰੁੱਪ ਬਣਾ ਕੇ ਕੰਮ ਸ਼ੁਰੂ ਕੀਤਾ, ਉਦੋਂ ਹੀ ਮਹਿਸੂਸ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਸੀ ਕਿ ਅਸੀਂ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਜੁੜ ਰਹੇ ਹਾਂ। ਜਿਸ ਵੀ ਵਿਸ਼ੇ 'ਤੇ ਅਸੀਂ ਨਾਟਕ ਕਰਦੇ ਸੀ, ਦਰਸ਼ਕ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਦਿਲ ਨਾਲ ਕਬੂਲ ਕਰਦੇ, ਤਾਲੀਆਂ ਵਜਾਉਂਦੇ ਤੇ ਕਹਿੰਦੇ ਕਿ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਚੰਗਾ ਸੁਨੇਹਾ ਦਿੱਤਾ ਹੈ। ਮੇਰੇ ਲਈ ਇਹੀ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਡੀ ਕਮਾਈ ਸੀ।

ਪਰ ਇੱਕ ਹਾਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਚਾਰ-ਪੰਜ ਸੌ ਦਰਸ਼ਕਾਂ ਤੱਕ ਹੀ ਸੀਮਤ ਰਹਿਣਾ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਕਾਫ਼ੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਲੱਗਦਾ ਸੀ। ਮੇਰੀ ਇੱਛਾ ਸੀ ਕਿ ਮੇਰੀ ਗੱਲ ਹੋਰ ਵੱਧ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਤੱਕ ਪਹੁੰਚੇ। ਇਹੀ ਸੋਚ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਦੂਰਦਰਸ਼ਨ ਵੱਲ ਲੈ ਗਈ। ਉਸ ਵੇਲੇ ਦੂਰਦਰਸ਼ਨ ਤੱਕ ਪਹੁੰਚਣਾ ਆਸਾਨ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ। ਬਹੁਤ ਚੱਕਰ ਲਾਏ, ਕਈ ਆਡੀਸ਼ਨ ਦਿੱਤੇ ਅਤੇ ਲੰਮਾ ਸੰਘਰਸ਼ ਕੀਤਾ। ਹੌਲੀ-ਹੌਲੀ ਉੱਥੇ ਕੰਮ ਮਿਲਣਾ ਸ਼ੁਰੂ ਹੋਇਆ। ਫਿਰ ਟੈਲੀਵਿਜ਼ਨ, ਆਡੀਓ ਕੈਸੇਟਾਂ ਅਤੇ ਬਾਅਦ ਵਿੱਚ ਸੈਟੇਲਾਈਟ ਚੈਨਲਾਂ ਰਾਹੀਂ ਮੇਰੀ ਪਛਾਣ ਹੋਰ ਵਧਦੀ ਗਈ। ਜਦੋਂ ਲੋਕ ਮਿਲ ਕੇ ਪਿਆਰ ਤੇ ਸਤਿਕਾਰ ਦੇਣ ਲੱਗੇ, ਉਦੋਂ ਲੱਗਿਆ ਕਿ ਮੇਰੀ ਮਿਹਨਤ ਸੱਚਮੁੱਚ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦੇ ਦਿਲਾਂ ਤੱਕ ਪਹੁੰਚ ਗਈ ਹੈ।"



Q3 ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ , ਦਰਸ਼ਕ ਤੁਹਾਡੀ ਅਦਾਕਾਰੀ ਦੀ ਵਿਭਿੰਨਤਾ ਨੂੰ ਬਹੁਤ ਪਸੰਦ ਕਰਦੇ ਹਨ। ਇੱਕ ਪਾਸੇ ਤੁਸੀਂ "ਕੈਰੀ ਆਨ ਜੱਟਾ" ਵਰਗੀਆਂ ਫ਼ਿਲਮਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਖੂਬ ਹਸਾਉਂਦੇ ਹੋ, ਤੇ ਦੂਜੇ ਪਾਸੇ "ਅਰਦਾਸ" ਵਰਗੀਆਂ ਫ਼ਿਲਮਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਭਾਵੁਕ ਕਿਰਦਾਰਾਂ ਰਾਹੀਂ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੇ ਦਿਲਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਛੂਹ ਲੈਂਦੇ ਹੋ। ਇੱਕ ਕਲਾਕਾਰ ਲਈ ਹਾਸੇ ਅਤੇ ਗੰਭੀਰ ਭਾਵਨਾਵਾਂ ਵਾਲੇ ਕਿਰਦਾਰਾਂ ਵਿਚਕਾਰ ਬਦਲਾਅ ਕਰਨਾ ਕਿੰਨਾ ਔਖਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ? ਅਤੇ ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੋਵਾਂ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਅਸਲ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਗੁਰਪ੍ਰੀਤ ਸਿੰਘ ਘੁੱਗੀ ਕਿਸ ਦੇ ਵੱਧ ਨੇੜੇ ਹਨ?

"ਮੇਰੇ ਖ਼ਿਆਲ ਨਾਲ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਅਸੀਂ ਹਰ ਰੋਜ਼ ਵੱਖ-ਵੱਖ ਰੰਗਾਂ ਦੇ ਕੱਪੜੇ ਪਾਉਂਦੇ ਹਾਂ, ਉਸੇ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਸਮਾਜ ਵਿੱਚ ਹਰ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਦਾ ਵੀ ਆਪਣਾ ਇੱਕ ਵੱਖਰਾ ਰੰਗ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਜੇ ਕੋਈ ਅਦਾਕਾਰ ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਅਦਾਕਾਰੀ ਕਰਨ ਲੱਗ ਪਏ ਤਾਂ ਉੱਥੇ ਗੱਲ ਬਣਦੀ ਨਹੀਂ। ਮੈਂ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ ਕਰਦਾ ਹਾਂ ਕਿ ਜਿਸ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਨਿਭਾਉਣਾ ਹੋਵੇ, ਉਸ ਦੀ ਰੂਹ ਅਤੇ ਉਸਦੀ ਚਮੜੀ ਆਪਣੇ ਉੱਤੇ ਓੜ੍ਹ ਲਵਾਂ। ਫਿਰ ਮੈਂ ਇਹ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੋਚਦਾ ਕਿ ਮੈਂ ਅਦਾਕਾਰੀ ਕਰ ਰਿਹਾ ਹਾਂ। ਮੇਰਾ ਮੰਨਣਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਅਦਾਕਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਅਸਲ ਅਦਾਕਾਰੀ ਉਸ ਵੇਲੇ ਆਉਂਦੀ ਹੈ, ਜਦੋਂ ਉਹ ਅਦਾਕਾਰੀ ਕਰਨੀ ਹੀ ਛੱਡ ਦਿੰਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਮਾਸਟਰ ਗੁਰਮੁਖ ਸਿੰਘ ਹੋਵੇ ਜਾਂ "ਕੈਰੀ ਆਨ ਜੱਟਾ" ਦਾ ਹਨੀ, ਦੋਵਾਂ ਦੀ ਸੋਚ, ਸੁਭਾਅ ਅਤੇ ਵਰਤਾਅ ਨੂੰ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਆਪਣੇ ਅੰਦਰ ਵਸਾਉਣਾ ਪੈਂਦਾ ਹੈ। ਪੇਸ਼ੇਵਰ ਅਦਾਕਾਰ ਵਜੋਂ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਹਨੀ ਦਾ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਬਹੁਤ ਪਸੰਦੀ ਦਾ ਹੈ, ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਉਸ ਨੇ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਬੇਅੰਤ ਪਿਆਰ ਅਤੇ ਸ਼ੋਹਰਤ ਦਿੱਤੀ। ਪਰ ਜੇ ਮੇਰੀ ਰੂਹ ਦੇ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਨੇੜੇ ਕੋਈ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਹੈ, ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਮਾਸਟਰ ਗੁਰਮੁਖ ਸਿੰਘ ਹੈ।

Q4 ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ, "ਅਰਦਾਸ" ਵਿੱਚ ਮਾਸਟਰ ਗੁਰਮੁਖ ਸਿੰਘ ਦੇ ਤੁਹਾਡੇ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਨੇ ਦਰਸ਼ਕਾਂ ਦੇ ਦਿਲਾਂ 'ਤੇ ਡੂੰਘੀ ਛਾਪ ਛੱਡੀ। ਕੀ ਇਸ ਫ਼ਿਲਮ ਅਤੇ ਇਸ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਨੇ ਸ਼ੂਟਿੰਗ ਮੁਕਣ ਤੋਂ ਬਾਅਦ ਤੁਹਾਡੀ ਨਿੱਜੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਜਾਂ ਸੋਚ ਵਿੱਚ ਵੀ ਕੋਈ ਬਦਲਾਅ ਲਿਆਂਦਾ ?

"ਬਿਲਕੁਲ ਪਿਆ। ਮੇਰਾ ਮੰਨਣਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਜੇ ਅਦਾਕਾਰ ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਡਾਇਲਾਗ ਯਾਦ ਕਰਕੇ ਬੋਲਦਾ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਗੱਲ ਦਿਲ ਤੱਕ ਨਹੀਂ ਪਹੁੰਚਦੀ। ਪਰ ਜਦੋਂ ਉਹ ਕਿਸੇ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਅੰਦਰੋਂ ਮਹਿਸੂਸ ਕਰਕੇ ਜੀਉਂਦਾ ਹੈ, ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਉਸ ਦੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਅੰਦਰ ਵੀ ਵੱਸ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ। ਮਾਸਟਰ ਗੁਰਮੁਖ ਸਿੰਘ ਦਾ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਮੇਰੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਵੀ ਇੱਕ ਵੱਡਾ ਬਦਲਾਅ ਲੈ ਕੇ ਆਇਆ। ਇਸ ਨੇ ਮੇਰੇ ਸੁਭਾਅ ਵਿੱਚ ਠਹਿਰਾਓ ਲਿਆਂਦਾ ਅਤੇ ਗੁਰਬਾਣੀ ਨਾਲ ਮੇਰਾ ਰਿਸ਼ਤਾ ਹੋਰ ਡੂੰਘਾ ਕੀਤਾ। ਇਸ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਲਈ ਗੁਰਬਾਣੀ ਦਾ ਗੰਭੀਰਤਾ ਨਾਲ ਅਧਿਐਨ ਕਰਨਾ ਪਿਆ, ਜਿਸ ਨੇ ਮੇਰੀ ਸੋਚ ਨੂੰ ਹੋਰ ਵਿਸ਼ਾਲ ਬਣਾਇਆ। ਸ਼ਾਇਦ ਇਸੇ ਕਰਕੇ ਹੁਣ ਮੇਰੀ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ ਰਹਿੰਦੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਇਤਿਹਾਸਕ ਅਤੇ ਅਜਿਹੇ ਵਿਲੱਖਣ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਨਿਭਾਵਾਂ, ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਰਾਹੀਂ ਦਰਸ਼ਕਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਕੁਝ ਨਵਾਂ ਅਤੇ ਅਰਥਪੂਰਨ ਦੇ ਸਕਾਂ।"

Q5 ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ, ਗਿੱਪੀ ਗਰੇਵਾਲ ਜੀ , ਬਿੰਨੂ ਢਿੱਲੋਂ ਜੀ ਅਤੇ ਜਸਵਿੰਦਰ ਭੱਲਾ ਜੀ ਵਰਗੇ ਕਲਾਕਾਰਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਤੁਹਾਡੀ ਪਰਦੇ 'ਤੇ ਬਣੀ ਸਾਂਝ ਬਹੁਤ ਸੁਭਾਵਿਕ ਲੱਗਦੀ ਹੈ। ਕੀ ਸ਼ੂਟਿੰਗ ਦੌਰਾਨ ਵਾਪਰਿਆ ਕੋਈ ਅਜਿਹਾ ਯਾਦਗਾਰ ਜਾਂ ਹਾਸਿਆਂ ਭਰਿਆ ਵਾਕਿਆ ਹੈ, ਜਿਸ ਨੂੰ ਯਾਦ ਕਰਕੇ ਅੱਜ ਵੀ ਤੁਹਾਡੇ ਚਿਹਰੇ 'ਤੇ ਮੁਸਕਾਨ ਆ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੋਵੇ?

ਅਸੀਂ ਇਕੱਠੇ ਇੰਨਾ ਕੰਮ ਕੀਤਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਯਾਦਾਂ ਤਾਂ ਬੇਅੰਤ ਹਨ। ਪਰਦੇ 'ਤੇ ਜਿੰਨਾ ਸਮਾਂ ਇਕੱਠੇ ਦਿਖਾਈ ਦਿੰਦੇ ਹਾਂ, ਉਸ ਤੋਂ ਕਈ ਗੁਣਾ ਵੱਧ ਮਸਤੀ ਪਰਦੇ ਦੇ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ। ਜਸਵਿੰਦਰ ਭੱਲਾ ਜੀ, ਬਿੰਨੂ ਢਿੱਲੋਂ, ਗਿੱਪੀ ਗਰੇਵਾਲ, ਕਰਮਜੀਤ ਅਨਮੋਲ—ਸਭ ਨਾਲ ਮੇਰੀ ਬਹੁਤ ਵਧੀਆ ਟਿਊਨਿੰਗ ਹੈ। ਖ਼ਾਸ ਕਰਕੇ ਬੀ.ਐੱਨ. ਸ਼ਰਮਾ ਜੀ ਨਾਲ ਮੇਰੀ ਕੈਮਿਸਟਰੀ ਬਹੁਤ ਕਮਾਲ ਦੀ ਬਣਦੀ ਹੈ। ਮੇਰਾ ਮੰਨਣਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਕਾਮੇਡੀ ਦੀ ਅਸਲ ਤਾਕਤ ਕਲਾਕਾਰਾਂ ਦੀ ਆਪਸੀ ਕੈਮਿਸਟਰੀ (ਮੇਲ-ਜੋਲ) ਅਤੇ ਟਿਊਨਿੰਗ (ਤਾਲਮੇਲ) ਵਿੱਚ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ।

'ਕੈਰੀ ਆਨ ਜੱਟਾ 3' ਦੀ ਇੰਗਲੈਂਡ ਵਿੱਚ ਸ਼ੂਟਿੰਗ ਦੌਰਾਨ ਅਸੀਂ ਹਾਰਬੀ ਸੰਘਾ ਨਾਲ ਇੱਕ ਪ੍ਰੈਂਕ ਕੀਤਾ। ਉਹ ਜਨਤਕ ਥਾਂ 'ਤੇ ਨਹੁੰ ਕੱਟ ਰਹੇ ਸਨ, ਤਾਂ ਅਸੀਂ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਯਕੀਨ ਦਵਾ 'ਤਾ ਕਿ ਇੱਥੇ ਇਹ ਵੱਡਾ ਜੁਰਮ ਹੈ, ਵੀਜ਼ਾ ਰੱਦ ਹੋ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਗ੍ਰਿਫ਼ਤਾਰੀ ਵੀ ਹੋ ਸਕਦੀ ਹੈ। ਉਹ ਕਾਫ਼ੀ ਦੇਰ ਤੱਕ ਇਸ ਗੱਲ ਨੂੰ ਸੱਚ ਮੰਨਦੇ ਰਹੇ ਅਤੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਘਬਰਾ ਗਏ। ਆਖ਼ਰ ਜਦੋਂ



ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਪਤਾ ਲੱਗਾ ਕਿ ਇਹ ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਮਜ਼ਾਕ ਸੀ, ਤਾਂ ਸਾਰੇ ਹੱਸ-ਹੱਸ ਕੇ ਲੋਟਪੋਟ ਹੋ ਗਏ।

Q6 ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ, ਤੁਸੀਂ ਹੁਣ ਤੱਕ ਜਿੰਨੇ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਨਿਭਾਏ ਨੇ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ 'ਚੋਂ ਕਿਹੜਾ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਤੁਹਾਡੇ ਦਿਲ ਦੇ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਜਿਆਦਾ ਨੇੜੇ ਹੈ — ਇੱਕ ਅਦਾਕਾਰ ਵਜੋਂ ਨਹੀਂ , ਸਗੋਂ ਇੱਕ ਇਨਸਾਨ ਵਜੋਂ ?

ਅਸਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਾਡੀ ਬਹੁਤ ਸਾਰੀ ਕਾਮੇਡੀ ਸੈੱਟ 'ਤੇ ਹੀ ਇੰਪਰੋਵਾਈਜ਼ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ। ਲਿਖੇ ਹੋਏ ਡਾਇਲਾਗਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ-ਨਾਲ ਉਸ ਸਮੇਂ ਦੀ ਟਾਈਮਿੰਗ ਅਤੇ ਆਪਸੀ ਸਮਝ ਕਈ ਨਵੇਂ ਪਲ ਪੈਦਾ ਕਰ ਦਿੰਦੀ ਹੈ। ਸ਼ਾਇਦ ਇਹੀ ਵਜ੍ਹਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਪਰਦੇ 'ਤੇ ਸਾਡੀ ਸਾਂਝ ਇੰਨੀ ਸੁਭਾਵਿਕ ਮਹਿਸੂਸ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ।"

ਗੱਲਬਾਤ ਦੌਰਾਨ ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ ਨੇ ਅੱਗੇ ਕਿਹਾ...

ਇਸ ਸਵਾਲ ਦੇ ਜਵਾਬ ਤੋਂ ਅੱਗੇ ਗੱਲਬਾਤ ਅਦਾਕਾਰੀ ਅਤੇ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਸਿਨੇਮਾ ਦੇ ਵੱਖ-ਵੱਖ ਪਹਿਲੂਆਂ ਵੱਲ ਮੁੜ ਗਈ। ਘੁੱਗੀ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਨੇ ਦੱਸਿਆ ਕਿ ਕਾਮੇਡੀ ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਹਸਾਉਣ ਦਾ ਨਾਮ ਨਹੀਂ, ਸਗੋਂ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਦੇ ਹਰ ਰੰਗ ਨੂੰ ਸਮਝਣ ਦੀ ਕਲਾ ਹੈ। ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੱਸਿਆ ਕਿ ਇੱਕ ਅਦਾਕਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਹਾਸੇ, ਭਾਵਨਾਵਾਂ, ਕਰੁਣਾ, ਵੈਰਾਗ ਅਤੇ ਹਰ ਰਸ ਨੂੰ ਮਹਿਸੂਸ ਕਰਨਾ ਆਉਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ, ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਇਹੀ ਅਨੁਭਵ ਉਸ ਦੇ ਕਿਰਦਾਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਜੀਵੰਤ ਬਣਾਉਂਦੇ ਹਨ।

ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੇ "ਅਰਦਾਸ" ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੀ ਅਦਾਕਾਰੀ ਦੇ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਚੁਣੌਤੀਪੂਰਨ ਤਜ਼ਰਬਿਆਂ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਇੱਕ ਦੱਸਦਿਆਂ ਕਿਹਾ ਕਿ ਉਸ ਫ਼ਿਲਮ ਨੇ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਸਿਨੇਮਾ ਵਿੱਚ ਇੱਕ ਨਵਾਂ ਰੁਝਾਨ ਪੈਦਾ ਕੀਤਾ। ਇਸ ਤੋਂ ਇਲਾਵਾ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੇ "ਜੀ ਆਇਆਂ ਨੂੰ", "ਮੁੰਡੇ ਯੂਕੇ ਦੇ ", "ਕੈਰੀ ਆਨ ਜੱਟਾ" ਅਤੇ "ਸਨ ਆਫ਼ ਮੰਜੀਤ ਸਿੰਘ" ਵਰਗੀਆਂ ਫ਼ਿਲਮਾਂ ਦਾ ਜ਼ਿਕਰ ਕਰਦਿਆਂ ਕਿਹਾ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾ ਵੱਖ-ਵੱਖ ਵਿਸ਼ਿਆਂ ਅਤੇ ਕਿਰਦਾਰਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਪ੍ਰਯੋਗ ਕਰਨਾ ਪਸੰਦ ਕਰਦੇ ਹਨ, ਤਾਂ ਜੋ ਇੱਕੋ ਕਿਸਮ ਦੀਆਂ ਭੂਮਿਕਾਵਾਂ ਤੱਕ ਸੀਮਿਤ ਨਾ ਰਹਿ ਜਾਣ।

Q7 ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ, ਤੁਹਾਡੇ ਬਚਪਨ ਦਾ ਅਜਿਹਾ ਕਿਹੜਾ ਹਿੱਸਾ ਹੈ ਜੋ ਅੱਜ ਵੀ ਗੁਰਪ੍ਰੀਤ ਸਿੰਘ ਘੁੱਗੀ ਦੀ ਸ਼ਖ਼ਸੀਅਤ ਦਾ ਅਟੁੱਟ ਹਿੱਸਾ ਬਣਿਆ ਹੋਇਆ ਹੈ?

"ਮੈਂ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਹਾਂ ਕਿ ਸਾਡੇ ਅੰਦਰਲਾ ਬੱਚਾ ਕਦੇ ਮਰਨਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ। ਮੇਰੇ ਅੰਦਰ ਉਹ ਬੱਚਾ ਅੱਜ ਤੱਕ ਵੀ ਜਿਉਂਦਾ ਹੈ। ਭਾਵੇਂ ਮੈਂ ਮੰਚਾਂ, ਟੈਲੀਵਿਜ਼ਨ ਜਾਂ ਪੌਡਕਾਸਟਾਂ 'ਤੇ ਕਿੰਨੀਆਂ ਵੀ ਗੰਭੀਰ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਕਰ ਲਵਾਂ, ਪਰ ਜਦੋਂ ਮੈਂ ਇਕੱਲਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹਾਂ ਤਾਂ ਉਹੀ ਸ਼ਰਾਰਤੀ ਬੱਚਾ ਬਣ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹਾਂ। ਮੈਂ ਅੱਜ ਵੀ ਨਹਾਉਂਦੇ ਸਮੇਂ ਬਚਪਨ ਵਾਂਗ ਮਸਤੀ ਕਰਦਾ ਹਾਂ। ਮੇਰੇ ਲਈ ਇਹ ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਸ਼ਰਾਰਤ ਨਹੀਂ, ਸਗੋਂ ਤਣਾਅ ਤੋਂ ਮੁਕਤ ਹੋਣ ਦਾ ਇੱਕ ਤਰੀਕਾ ਹੈ। ਹਰ ਸਵੇਰ ਮੈਂ ਨਵੇਂ ਦਿਨ ਦੀ ਸ਼ੁਰੂਆਤ ਪੁਰਾਣੀਆਂ ਚਿੰਤਾਵਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਛੱਡ ਕੇ ਕਰਨਾ ਚਾਹੁੰਦਾ ਹਾਂ।

ਮੈਂ ਕਦੇ ਵੀ ਆਪਣੇ ਅੰਦਰਲੇ ਉਸ ਬੱਚੇ ਨੂੰ ਦੂਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਜਾਣ ਦਿੱਤਾ। ਕਈ ਵਾਰ ਉਹੀ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਮੁਸ਼ਕਲ ਹਾਲਾਤਾਂ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਬਾਹਰ ਕੱਢਦਾ ਹੈ, ਮੈਨੂੰ ਸੰਭਾਲਦਾ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਨੂੰ ਹਲਕੇ ਤੇ ਖੁਸ਼ਮਿਜ਼ਾਜ਼ ਨਜ਼ਰੀਏ ਨਾਲ ਦੇਖਣਾ ਸਿਖਾਉਂਦਾ ਹੈ। ਮੇਰਾ ਮੰਨਣਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਹਰ ਇਨਸਾਨ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਅੰਦਰਲੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਨੂੰ ਜਿਉਂਦਾ ਰੱਖਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ।"

Q8 ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ, ਕਲਾਕਾਰ ਦੀ ਮੁਸਕਾਨ ਦੇ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਕਈ ਵਾਰ ਅਣਕਹੇ ਦਰਦ ਵੀ ਲੁਕੇ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ। ਕੀ ਤੁਹਾਡੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਵੀ ਕੋਈ ਅਜਿਹਾ ਪਲ ਆਇਆ, ਜਦੋਂ ਨਿੱਜੀ ਸੰਘਰਸ਼ਾਂ ਦੇ ਬਾਵਜੂਦ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਮੰਚ ਜਾਂ ਕੈਮਰੇ ਸਾਹਮਣੇ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦੇ ਚਿਹਰਿਆਂ 'ਤੇ ਹਾਸਾ ਲਿਆਉਣਾ ਪਿਆ?

"ਮੈਂ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਵੀ ਕਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਮੇਰੇ ਅੰਦਰ ਦੋ ਸ਼ਖ਼ਸੀਅਤਾਂ ਹਨ—ਇੱਕ ਨਿੱਜੀ ਅਤੇ ਇੱਕ ਪੇਸ਼ੇਵਰ। ਜਦੋਂ ਮੈਂ ਕੈਮਰੇ ਸਾਹਮਣੇ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹਾਂ, ਤਾਂ ਮੇਰਾ ਕਲਾਕਾਰ ਆਪਣਾ ਕੰਮ ਕਰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਨਿੱਜੀ ਤਣਾਅ ਨੂੰ ਮੈਂ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ 'ਤੇ ਹਾਵੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੋਣ ਦਿੰਦਾ।

ਹਰ ਫ਼ਿਲਮ ਦੀ ਸ਼ੂਟਿੰਗ ਦੌਰਾਨ ਕੋਈ ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਤਣਾਅ ਤਾਂ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੀ ਹੈ। ਪਰ ਜੇ ਉਹ ਪਰਦੇ 'ਤੇ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਆ ਜਾਵੇ, ਤਾਂ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਦੀ ਰੂਹ ਹੀ ਖ਼ਤਮ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ। ਖ਼ਾਸ ਕਰਕੇ ਕਾਮੇਡੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਇਹ ਬਿਲਕੁਲ ਨਹੀਂ ਚੱਲਦਾ।

ਮੈਨੂੰ 'ਕੈਰੀ ਆਨ ਜੱਟਾ' ਦੀ ਸ਼ੂਟਿੰਗ ਯਾਦ ਹੈ। ਉਸ ਸਮੇਂ ਜਸਵਿੰਦਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਭੱਲਾ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਦੀ ਸਿਹਤ ਠੀਕ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ। ਇਲਾਜ ਚੱਲ ਰਿਹਾ ਸੀ ਅਤੇ ਡਾਕਟਰਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਹਦਾਇਤਾਂ ਵੀ ਸਨ। ਫਿਰ ਵੀ ਜਦੋਂ ਕੈਮਰਾ ਚੱਲਦਾ ਸੀ, ਉਹ ਪੂਰੇ ਜੋਸ਼ ਨਾਲ ਆਪਣਾ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਨਿਭਾਉਂਦੇ ਸਨ। ਸ਼ਾਟ ਮੁੱਕਦੀ ਤਾਂ ਮੁੜ ਦਵਾਈਆਂ ਅਤੇ ਸਿਹਤ ਦੀਆਂ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਸ਼ੁਰੂ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦੀਆਂ।



ਮੈਨੂੰ ਲੱਗਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਇਹੀ ਇੱਕ ਕਲਾਕਾਰ ਦੀ ਪੇਸ਼ੇਵਰਤਾ ਹੈ। ਨਿੱਜੀ ਮੁਸ਼ਕਲਾਂ ਆਪਣੀ ਥਾਂ ਹੁੰਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ, ਪਰ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਆਉਣ ਤੋਂ ਬਾਅਦ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਕੁਝ ਸਮੇਂ ਲਈ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਛੱਡਣਾ ਹੀ ਪੈਂਦਾ ਹੈ।"

Q9 ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ, ਅੱਜ ਦਾ ਨੌਜਵਾਨ ਸੁਪਨੇ ਤਾਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਵੱਡੇ ਦੇਖਦਾ ਹੈ, ਪਰ ਨਾਲ ਹੀ ਉਲਝਣਾਂ, ਦਬਾਅ ਅਤੇ ਅਸਫ਼ਲਤਾ ਦੇ ਡਰ ਨਾਲ ਵੀ ਜੂਝ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ। ਤੁਹਾਡਾ ਸਫ਼ਰ ਲੱਖਾਂ ਨੌਜਵਾਨਾਂ ਲਈ ਪ੍ਰੇਰਣਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ। ਅੱਜ ਦੀ ਨੌਜਵਾਨ ਪੀੜ੍ਹੀ ਨੂੰ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਕੀ ਸੰਦੇਸ਼ ਦੇਣਾ ਚਾਹੋਗੇ?

ਦੇਖੋ, ਨਤੀਜੇ ਬਾਰੇ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਹੀ ਨਾ ਸੋਚੋ। ਜੇ ਹਰ ਕੰਮ ਦੀ ਸ਼ੁਰੂਆਤ ਨਾਕਾਮੀ ਦੇ ਡਰ ਨਾਲ ਕਰੋਗੇ, ਤਾਂ ਅੱਗੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਵੱਧ ਸਕੋਗੇ। ਇਸ ਦੀ ਬਜਾਏ ਇਹ ਸੋਚੋ ਕਿ ਜੇ ਕਾਮਯਾਬ ਹੋ ਗਏ, ਤਾਂ ਕਿੰਨਾ ਚੰਗਾ ਹੋਵੇਗਾ।

ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਇੱਕ ਸਫ਼ਰ ਹੈ। ਜਿਵੇਂ ਦਿੱਲੀ ਜਾਣ ਲਈ ਘਰੋਂ ਨਿਕਲਦੇ ਸਮੇਂ ਅਸੀਂ ਰਸਤੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਕੀ ਹੋਵੇਗਾ, ਇਹ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੋਚਦੇ; ਉਸੇ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਹਰ ਕੰਮ ਪੂਰੇ ਵਿਸ਼ਵਾਸ ਨਾਲ ਸ਼ੁਰੂ ਕਰਨਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਆਪਣੀ ਪੂਰੀ ਮਿਹਨਤ ਕਰੋ। ਮੇਰੀ ਇੱਕ ਗੱਲ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾ ਚੇਤੇ ਰੱਖਿਓ—ਪੂਰੀ ਮਿਹਨਤ ਦਾ ਨਤੀਜਾ ਕਦੇ ਵੀ ਮਾੜਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦਾ। ਹੋ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ ਉਹ ਤੁਹਾਡੀ ਉਮੀਦ ਤੋਂ ਥੋੜ੍ਹਾ ਘੱਟ ਹੋਵੇ, ਪਰ ਵਿਅਰਥ ਨਹੀਂ ਜਾਂਦਾ। ਮੇਰੀ ਇੱਕ ਰਿਸ਼ਤੇਦਾਰ ਡਾਕਟਰ ਬਣਨਾ ਚਾਹੁੰਦੀ ਸੀ। ਉਹ ਨਹੀਂ ਬਣ ਸਕੀ, ਪਰ ਦੰਦਾਂ ਦੀ ਡਾਕਟਰੀ ਚੁਣੀ ਅਤੇ ਅੱਜ ਵੀ ਅੱਗੇ ਵਧ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਲਈ ਜੇ ਇੱਕ ਰਾਹ ਬੰਦ ਹੋ ਜਾਵੇ, ਤਾਂ ਹੌਸਲਾ ਨਾ ਹਾਰੋ। ਆਪਣੀ ਪੂਰੀ ਮਿਹਨਤ ਕਰੋ, ਬਾਕੀ ਸਮੇਂ 'ਤੇ ਛੱਡ ਦਿਓ।

Q10 ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ, ਅੱਜ ਦਾ ਨੌਜਵਾਨ ਆਪਣੀਆਂ ਜੜ੍ਹਾਂ, ਸੱਭਿਆਚਾਰ ਅਤੇ ਇਤਿਹਾਸ ਤੋਂ ਹੌਲੀ-ਹੌਲੀ ਦੂਰ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਜਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ। ਅਜਿਹੇ ਸਮੇਂ ਵਿੱਚ "ਮਸਤਾਨੇ" ਅਤੇ "ਗੁਰੂ ਨਾਨਕ ਜਹਾਜ਼" ਵਰਗੀਆਂ ਫ਼ਿਲਮਾਂ ਸਾਡੀ ਵਿਰਾਸਤ ਨਾਲ ਮੁੜ ਜੋੜਨ ਦਾ ਕੰਮ ਕਰਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਅਜਿਹੀਆਂ ਅਰਥਪੂਰਨ ਫ਼ਿਲਮਾਂ ਦਾ ਹਿੱਸਾ ਰਹਿਣ ਦੇ ਨਾਤੇ, ਤੁਸੀਂ ਅੱਜ ਦੀ ਨੌਜਵਾਨ ਪੀੜ੍ਹੀ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੀਆਂ ਜੜ੍ਹਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਜੁੜੇ ਰਹਿਣ ਅਤੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਇਤਿਹਾਸ ਤੋਂ ਸਿੱਖਣ ਲਈ ਕੀ ਸੰਦੇਸ਼ ਦੇਣਾ ਚਾਹੋਗੇ?

ਮੈਂ ਨੌਜਵਾਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਇੱਕੋ ਗੱਲ ਕਹਾਂਗਾ—ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਜੁੜੋ। ਜਿਵੇਂ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਡਾਕਟਰ ਤੁਹਾਡੀਆਂ ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਬਣਾਉਂਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ, ਇੰਜੀਨੀਅਰ ਨੂੰ ਉਸ ਦੀਆਂ ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਬਣਾਉਂਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ, ਉਸੇ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਸਾਹਿਤ ਇੱਕ ਚੰਗਾ ਇਨਸਾਨ ਬਣਾਉਂਦਾ ਹੈ। ਆਪਣੀਆਂ ਜੜ੍ਹਾਂ, ਆਪਣੀ ਮਿੱਟੀ ਅਤੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਇਤਿਹਾਸ ਨੂੰ ਜਾਣਨ ਦਾ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਵਧੀਆ ਸਾਧਨ ਵੀ ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਹੀ ਹਨ।

ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਰੋਜ਼ੀ-ਰੋਟੀ ਕਮਾਉਣ ਦਾ ਰਾਹ ਨਹੀਂ ਦਿਖਾਉਂਦੀਆਂ, ਸਗੋਂ ਸੋਚ, ਸਿਆਣਪ ਅਤੇ ਲਿਆਕਤ ਵੀ ਸਿਖਾਉਂਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਇਸ ਲਈ ਮੈਂ ਹਰ ਨੌਜਵਾਨ ਨੂੰ ਕਹਾਂਗਾ ਕਿ ਸਾਹਿਤ ਨਾਲ ਜੁੜੋ। ਇਹ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਕਾਮਯਾਬ ਨਹੀਂ, ਸਗੋਂ ਇੱਕ ਚੰਗਾ ਇਨਸਾਨ ਅਤੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦਾ ਜ਼ਿੰਮੇਵਾਰ ਨਾਗਰਿਕ ਵੀ ਬਣਾਏਗਾ।

Q11 ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ, ਤੁਹਾਡੀ ਕਾਮੇਡੀ ਇੰਨੀ ਸੁਭਾਵਿਕ ਲੱਗਦੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਕਦੇ ਮਹਿਸੂਸ ਹੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਕਿ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਅਦਾਕਾਰੀ ਕਰ ਰਹੇ ਹੋ। ਕੀ ਇਹ ਕਾਬਲੀਅਤ ਅੰਦਰੋਂ ਆਉਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਜਾਂ ਇਹਦੇ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਕੋਈ ਲੰਬੀ ਸਾਧਨਾ ਜਾਂ ਅਭਿਆਸ ਹੈ?

ਅਦਾਕਾਰੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਕੋਈ ਐਸੀ ਕਿਤਾਬ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦੀ, ਜਿਵੇਂ ਸੰਗੀਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਰਾਗ ਜਾਂ ਸਰਗਮ ਸਿੱਖੀ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ। ਤੁਸੀਂ ਦੂਜਿਆਂ ਤੋਂ ਟਾਈਮਿੰਗ, ਪੇਸ਼ਕਾਰੀ ਅਤੇ ਬਾਰੀਕੀਆਂ ਤਾਂ ਸਿੱਖ ਸਕਦੇ ਹੋ, ਪਰ ਆਪਣੀ ਪਛਾਣ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਖ਼ੁਦ ਬਣਾਉਣੀ ਪੈਂਦੀ ਹੈ।

ਅੱਜ ਦੇ ਸਮੇਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਨਕਲ ਬਿਲਕੁਲ ਨਹੀਂ ਚੱਲਦੀ। ਦੁਨੀਆ ਬਹੁਤ ਛੋਟੀ ਹੋ ਗਈ ਹੈ, ਲੋਕ ਹਰ ਚੀਜ਼ ਦੇਖ ਚੁੱਕੇ ਹਨ। ਇਸ ਲਈ ਮੇਰਾ ਮੰਨਣਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਮੌਲਿਕਤਾ ਹੀ ਕਲਾਕਾਰ ਦੀ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਡੀ ਤਾਕਤ ਹੈ। ਅਸਲ ਕਾਮਯਾਬੀ ਉਦੋਂ ਮਿਲਦੀ ਹੈ, ਜਦੋਂ ਲੋਕ ਤੁਹਾਡੀ ਨਕਲ ਕਰਨ ਲੱਗ ਜਾਣ।

ਗੱਲਬਾਤ ਦੌਰਾਨ ਇੱਕ ਸਵਾਲ ਦੇ ਜਵਾਬ ਵਿੱਚ ਘੁੱਗੀ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਨੇ ਦੱਸਿਆ ਕਿ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੇ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੇ ਆਲੇ-ਦੁਆਲੇ ਦੇ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਹੀ ਜਨਮ ਲੈਂਦੇ ਹਨ। ਉਹ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦੇ ਹਾਵ-ਭਾਵ, ਬੋਲਣ ਦੇ ਢੰਗ ਅਤੇ ਵਿਹਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਬਹੁਤ ਧਿਆਨ ਨਾਲ ਦੇਖਦੇ ਹਨ। ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੇ ਅਨੁਸਾਰ, ਅਦਾਕਾਰੀ ਦੀ ਅਸਲ ਤਾਕਤ ਨਿਰੀਖਣ ਵਿੱਚ ਹੈ, ਨਕਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਨਹੀਂ। ਇਸੇ ਕਰਕੇ ਉਹ ਮੰਨਦੇ ਹਨ ਕਿ ਹਰ ਕਲਾਕਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੀ ਮੌਲਿਕਤਾ ਕਾਇਮ ਰੱਖਣੀ ਚਾਹੀਦੀ ਹੈ।

Q12 ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ, ਆਪਣੇ ਲੰਬੇ ਅਦਾਕਾਰੀ ਦੇ ਸਫ਼ਰ ਦੌਰਾਨ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਪ੍ਰਸ਼ੰਸਕਾਂ ਵੱਲੋਂ ਬੇਸ਼ੁਮਾਰ ਪਿਆਰ ਮਿਲਿਆ ਹੈ। ਕੋਈ ਅਜਿਹੀ ਮੁਲਾਕਾਤ ਜਾਂ ਪ੍ਰਤੀਕਿਰਿਆ, ਜਿਸ ਨੇ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਭਾਵੁਕ ਕਰ ਦਿੱਤਾ ਹੋਵੇ ਜਾਂ ਜੋ ਅੱਜ ਵੀ ਤੁਹਾਡੇ ਦਿਲ ਦੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਨੇੜੇ ਹੋਵੇ?

ਬਹੁਤ ਮਿਲਦੇ ਨੇ ਐਦਾਂ ਦੇ ਲੋਕ। ਫੈਨ ਤਾਂ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹੀ ਨੇ, ਪਰ ਕਈ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਵਿੱਚ ਪੂਰੇ ਕਰੈਕਟਰ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਨੇ। ਇੱਕ ਵਾਰੀ ਮੈਂ ਵਿਆਹ 'ਚ ਖੜ੍ਹਾ ਸੀ, ਇੱਕ ਬੰਦਾ ਵਾਰ-ਵਾਰ ਮੋਢੇ 'ਤੇ ਹੱਥ ਮਾਰ ਕੇ ਗੱਲ ਕਰੀ ਜਾਵੇ। ਆਖ਼ਰ ਮੈਂ ਕਿਹਾ, "ਭਾਈ, ਚਾਰ ਤਰੀਫ਼ਾਂ ਕਰਦਿਆਂ-ਕਰਦਿਆਂ ਤੂੰ ਤਾਂ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਵਿਆਹ 'ਚੋਂ ਹੀ ਬਾਹਰ ਕੱਢ ਦਿੱਤਾ।" ਐਦਾਂ ਦੇ ਬੜੇ ਦਿਲਚਸਪ ਤਜਰਬੇ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਰਹਿੰਦੇ ਨੇ।

ਫਿਰ ਫੋਟੋਆਂ ਵਾਲੇ ਵੀ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ 'ਚ ਕਰੈਕਟਰ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਨੇ। ਕੋਈ ਇੱਕ ਵਾਰੀ ਫੋਟੋ ਕਰਾ ਕੇ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ, "ਭਾਜੀ, ਇੱਕ ਹੋਰ ਹੋ ਜਾਵੇ।" ਕੋਈ ਸਾਰੇ ਕੰਮ ਮੁੱਕਣ ਤੋਂ ਬਾਅਦ ਆ ਕੇ ਕਹੇਗਾ, "ਹੁਣ ਆਪਾਂ ਵੀ ਕਰਾ ਲਈਏ।" ਕਈ ਤਾਂ ਦੂਰੋਂ ਹੀ ਆਵਾਜ਼ ਮਾਰ ਦੇਣਗੇ, "ਭਾਜੀ, ਇੱਧਰ ਆ ਕੇ ਫੋਟੋ ਕਰਾ ਦਿਓ।" ਮੈਂ ਹੱਸ ਕੇ ਕਹਿ ਦਿੰਦਾ ਹਾਂ, "ਭਾਈ, ਤੂੰ ਵੀ ਦੋ ਕਦਮ ਤੁਰ ਲੈ।" ਪਰ ਇਹ ਸਭ ਪਿਆਰ ਹੀ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਅਸਲ 'ਚ ਮੇਰੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਸਾਰੇ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਐਦਾਂ ਦੇ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਵੇਖ ਕੇ ਹੀ ਬਣੇ ਨੇ। ਮੈਂ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦੀ ਬੋਲਚਾਲ, ਹਾਵ-ਭਾਵ ਤੇ ਸੁਭਾਅ ਨੂੰ ਧਿਆਨ ਨਾਲ ਵੇਖਦਾ ਹਾਂ। ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਹੀ ਕਲਾਕਾਰ ਦੀ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਡੀ ਕਿਤਾਬ ਹੈ।

Q13 ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ, ਜੇ ਕਦੇ ਤੁਹਾਡੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਅਤੇ ਸਫ਼ਰ—ਥੀਏਟਰ ਤੋਂ ਲੈ ਕੇ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਦੇ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਪਿਆਰੇ ਕਲਾਕਾਰਾਂ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਇੱਕ ਬਣਨ ਤੱਕ—ਉੱਤੇ ਫ਼ਿਲਮ ਬਣੇ, ਤਾਂ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਉਸ ਫ਼ਿਲਮ ਦਾ ਕੀ ਨਾਂ ਰੱਖਣਾ ਚਾਹੋਗੇ? ਅਤੇ ਉਸ ਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਕੀ ਕਾਰਨ ਹੋਵੇਗਾ?

ਘੁੱਗੀ ਸਾਹਿਬ (ਮੁਸਕਰਾਉਂਦੇ ਹੋਏ): ਇਹ ਤਾਂ ਜਿਹੜਾ ਵੀ ਮੇਰੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ 'ਤੇ ਫ਼ਿਲਮ ਬਣਾਏਗਾ, ਉਹੀ ਸੋਚੇਗਾ। ਜੇ ਮੈਂ ਹੁਣ ਕੋਈ ਨਾਂ ਦੱਸ ਦਿੱਤਾ, ਫਿਰ ਉਹ ਤਾਂ ਫਸ ਹੀ ਜਾਵੇਗਾ ਕਿ ਘੁੱਗੀ ਨੇ ਇੰਟਰਵਿਊ ਵਿੱਚ ਇਹੀ ਨਾਂ

ਕਿਹਾ ਸੀ। ਇਸ ਲਈ ਇਹ ਕੰਮ ਮੈਂ ਉਸ 'ਤੇ ਹੀ ਛੱਡਦਾ ਹਾਂ।

ਰੈਪਿਡ ਫਾਇਰ

1. ਤੁਹਾਡਾ ਮਨਪਸੰਦ ਖਾਣਾ?

ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ: ਮਾਂਹ ਦੀ ਦਾਲ।

2. ਤੁਹਾਡੀ ਮਨਪਸੰਦ ਕਿਤਾਬ?

ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ: "ਮੇਰਾ ਦਾਗਿਸਤਾਨ" — ਰਸੂਲ ਹਮਜ਼ਾਤੋਵ।

3. ਤੁਹਾਡਾ ਮਨਪਸੰਦ ਗੀਤ?

ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ: "ਮਾਏ ਨੀ ਮਾਏ, ਮੇਰੇ ਗੀਤਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਨੈਣਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ..." — ਸ਼ਿਵ ਕੁਮਾਰ ਬਟਾਲਵੀ ਦੀ ਰਚਨਾ, ਜਿਸ ਨੂੰ ਉਸਤਾਦ ਨੁਸਰਤ ਫਤਹਿ ਅਲੀ ਖ਼ਾਨ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਨੇ ਆਪਣੀ ਆਵਾਜ਼ ਦਿੱਤੀ।



4. ਕਿਹੜੇ ਸਹਿ-ਕਲਾਕਾਰ ਨਾਲ ਸੈੱਟ 'ਤੇ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਧ ਹਾਸਾ-ਮਜ਼ਾਕ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ?

ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ: ਬੀ. ਐਨ. ਸ਼ਰਮਾ ਜੀ।

5. ਤੁਹਾਡਾ ਆਦਰਸ਼ ਕੌਣ ਹੈ?

ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ: ਅਦਾਕਾਰੀ ਦੇ ਖੇਤਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਬਲਵਿੰਦਰ ਵਿੱਕੀ ਜੀ।

6. ਤੁਹਾਡਾ ਉਹ ਕਿਹੜਾ ਸੰਵਾਦ ਹੈ, ਜੋ ਪ੍ਰਸ਼ੰਸਕ ਅੱਜ ਵੀ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਧ ਦੁਹਰਾਉਂਦੇ ਹਨ?

ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ: "ਸਾਡਾ ਕੁੱਤਾ ਕੁੱਤਾ, ਤੁਹਾਡਾ ਕੁੱਤਾ ਟੌਮੀ।"

ਜੀ.ਐੱਮ.ਸੀ.ਐੱਚ.-੩੨ ਦੇ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀਆਂ ਲਈ ਘੁੱਗੀ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਦਾ ਸੰਦੇਸ਼

ਘੁੱਗੀ ਜੀ: ਇੱਕ ਸ਼ੇਅਰ ਹੈ—

"ਆਦਮੀ ਨੂੰ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਉਡਾਣ ਵਿੱਚ ਰਹੇ,

ਮਗਰ ਵਾਪਸੀ ਵੀ ਧਿਆਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਰਹੇ।"

ਬੰਦਾ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਜਿੰਨਾ ਮਰਜ਼ੀ ਉੱਚਾ ਉੱਡੇ, ਪਰ ਇਹ ਗੱਲ ਕਦੇ ਨਾ ਭੁੱਲੇ ਕਿ ਮੁੜ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਕੋਲ ਵੀ ਆਉਣਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਦੁਨੀਆ ਦੇ ਮੋਹ, ਦੌੜ-ਭੱਜ ਤੇ ਖ਼ਾਹਿਸ਼ਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਐਨਾ ਨਾ ਉਲਝ ਜਾਓ ਕਿ ਆਪਣੀ ਅਸਲ ਪਛਾਣ ਹੀ ਗੁਆ ਬੈਠੋ। ਫਿਰ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਤੱਕ ਮੁੜਨਾ ਬਹੁਤ ਔਖਾ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਇੱਕ ਗੱਲ ਹੋਰ—ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਨਾਲ ਪਿਆਰ ਕਰੋ। ਜੇ ਬੰਦਾ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਨਾਲ ਹੀ ਪਿਆਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਰਦਾ, ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਨਾ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਨੂੰ ਸਮਝ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਨਾ ਹੀ ਸੰਭਾਲ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ। ਇਸੇ ਕਰਕੇ ਮੈਂ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਹਾਂ—"Take care of yourself." ਇਸ ਦਾ ਭਾਵ ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਇਹ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਿ ਬਿਮਾਰ ਨਾ ਪਵੋ, ਸਗੋਂ ਇਹ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਆਪਣੀ ਸੰਭਾਲ ਆਪ ਕਰੋ। ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਜਿੱਥੇ ਮਰਜ਼ੀ ਪਹੁੰਚ ਜਾਓ, ਪਰ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਨਾਲੋਂ ਕਦੇ ਨਾ ਟੁੱਟੋ।

ਖ਼ਾਸ ਕਰਕੇ ਡਾਕਟਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਇਹੀ ਕਹਾਂਗਾ ਕਿ ਜਿੱਥੇ ਵੀ ਰਹੋ, ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਦਿਲੋਂ ਕਰੋ। ਜੇ ਕਦੇ ਲੱਗੇ ਕਿ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਇਕੱਲੇ ਹੋ, ਤਾਂ ਆਪਣੀ ਅੰਤਰ-ਆਤਮਾ ਵੱਲ ਝਾਤ ਮਾਰੋ। ਉਹ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾ ਤੁਹਾਡੇ ਨਾਲ ਖੜ੍ਹੀ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ।

ਬੱਸ, ਮੇਰਾ ਇਹੀ ਸੰਦੇਸ਼ ਹੈ—ਆਪਣਾ ਖ਼ਿਆਲ ਰੱਖਿਓ ਤੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਨਾਲ ਜੁੜੇ ਰਹਿਓ।

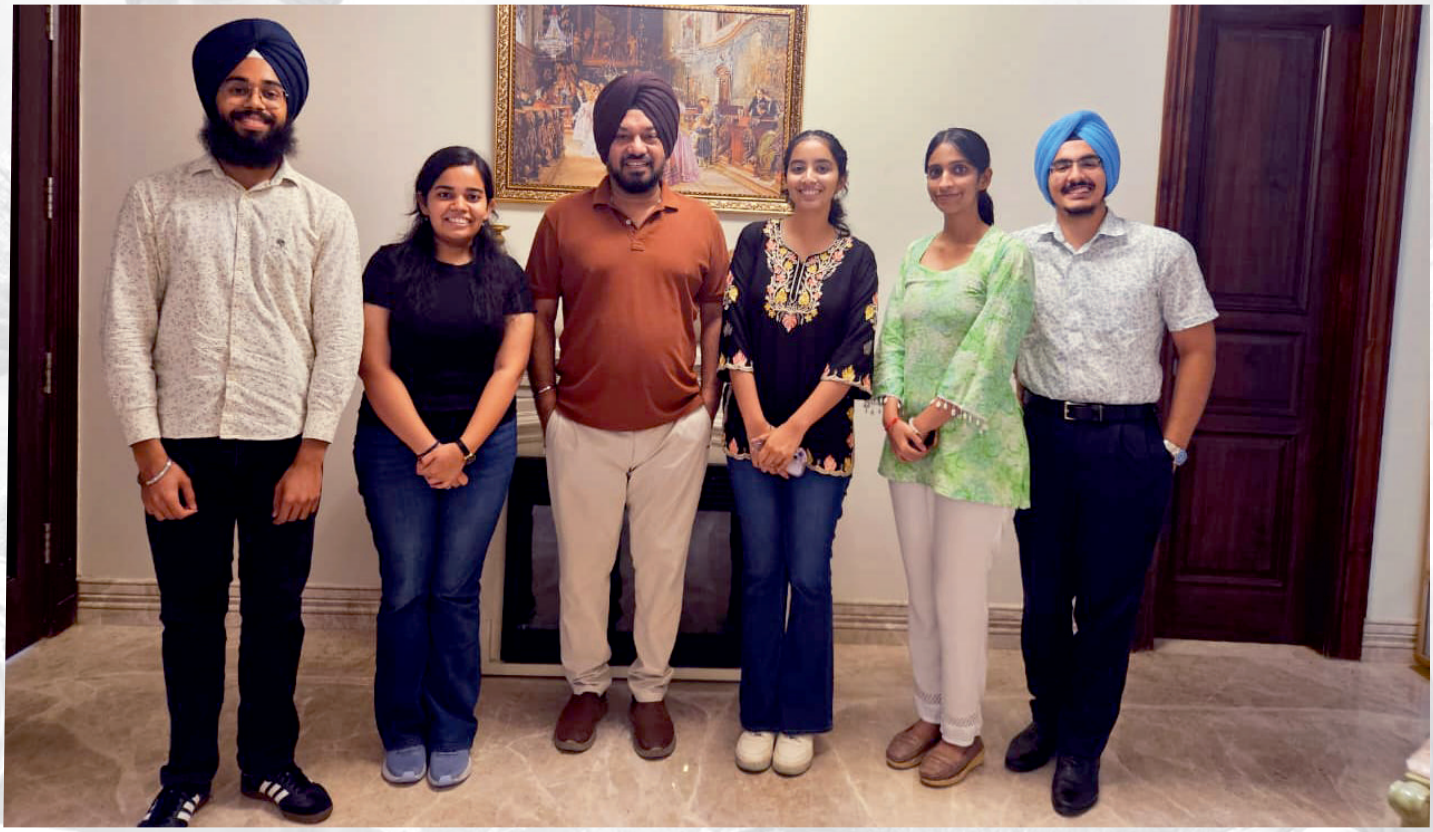




Photo by: Varidhi Garg

Echoes of Caged Regret

Burn these pretentious resolutions. In a world where promises are just lies kept as stolen secrets, what is an aspiration driven by this guilt-ridden past of mine?

New year. Supposedly a new me—more grateful, kinder, wiser. But change is a fickle fiend, fueled only by necessity, as cynical toward me as I am toward it. For it knows I glorify the ruins I've created, ordain them "growth," as I leave them behind.

I'm locked in a cage of my own making, as they bolt the door shut from outside, and I sink into depths of new regrets that creep up slowly, silently.

So I read, and I disappear from this new world I dared to replace home with. My mind drifts back to the people who are my sanctuary. Where they once stood, now remain their shadows—devastatingly silent and hollow, trapped in the silent, iron-clad drip of time.

Since that chapter has ended, and a new one begins.

Devina Bansal
Batch 2025



God said- Let there be light; and there was light. Genesis 1:3

It started with love and creativity as it always does with the greatest things- when God arose, breaking the spell of darkness and gloom to beseech the angels and plow in the lovely world we so live in. It's said when the clouds of darkness loomed the universe, the Lord burst in with light, resurrecting and ushering in the seas, the heavens, the lush forests and the creatures- the animals, the birds, He still felt Himself pining. From the age of yore, this has been the story of how humans came to be and shall be forthwith. To be declared as God's creation- what more honor could there be? To be created by Him with meraki- each of us having a part of Him.

God envisioned the world to be a garden - a place of solace, quiet and harmony – his Garden of Eden. It was supposed to be a place where all beings lived in their natural state, each having their own purposes yet complementing perfectly - a meraki. All this led to waste, when a snake lured Eve into the temptation of knowing all the secrets of this universe, the complete truth, which was there all along – the Almighty. A sole apple led to the descent of Adam and Eve to the earth, each still atoning their sins. As the threads of fate weave on, this very story repeats through every era; for humans fall not from the heavens, but from deeper hells, unleashing their own demons upon the world. It is as if this Garden of Eden is a parallel with human life- a baby is born free from all vices, pure in thought and action, much like the beginning of time, until he too feeds on the apple of the seven evils, finally falling and atoning the sin of being a miserable being.

This miserable human being becomes so hollow that mostly (if not completely) evil resides in him. That is exactly what can help him too- there is a spark of godliness which, if rekindled, can burn the evil within. To see Him in others as we do in ourselves, that is, to realize that God resides in us-that is true meraki. This beauty is what makes us human. We sometimes forget this.

"Depravity, depravity, there's no one like depravity (from the poem 'Macavity'- highly abridged). This quote is highly pertinent these days when actions of men have only become mechanical serving their own purposes. This raises the question of what is in its true sense-"being a human". It is not reciting a prayer given by the Son of God or bowing down to stone idols but to the idea of God. An idea of being humble, generous and compassionate. This is the true meraki.

God is not a thing or someone whom you connect to. Rather, He resides in Us - the collective humanity. Every sincere act, every kindness is Him. It is up to us to not to waste this life in evil pursuits but dwell in our Garden of Eden- one that is not mythical but exists in reality, which might not be perfect but upholds the idea of God – steadfast love, justice and righteousness. It will never be easy to choose the right path over the easy one but isn't that what being human is- the creation that granted God satiety?

Dharmesh Bansal
Batch 2025

It Only Happens In India.....

India is a land of contradictions. Having a plethora of cultures and traditions, it can be hard for any outsider to understand the prevailing social norms.

The problem is that while we want the difficulties and contradictions caused due to mixing of customs and overpopulation to disappear, we stick to our 'chalta hai' attitude and let things be as they are, and wait for someone else to clean up our mess. The ironies that come forward due to this are hysterical and unbelievable, to the extent that it becomes difficult to decide whether to laugh or cry at what is only a typical Indian situation.

In our country, one-way roads are not one-way roads. Don't let the signs fool you. That road is the quickest pathway to the bike rider's ultimate destination, so pull up your sleeves, get your head into the game, and experience the powerful and staggering adrenaline rush you get as you zigzag, half-run, half-jump your way through the crowded, jam-packed streets of the country. You won't get to experience it else where, so make the most of this moment.

But how cricket brings us all together is honestly astonishing. Hundreds of people lining the streets, and screaming at the screens at every hit or wicket. India's love for cricket is so intense that cricket matches feel like national holidays. Every Indian becomes a coach, captain and umpire at the same time. A broken TV during a match is treated like a family emergency. The concept of watching "Just one more over" doesn't exist, for you inevitably end up seeing all of it. Cricket isn't just a sport – it's an emotion with incredulous background commentary.

And of course, let's not forget the traffic light issues. What are those colourful bulbs there for anyway? Even in good cities, that moment when we see a ten second timer before the light turns red, we step on the gas and just go for it like our life is on the line, in order to avoid waiting for about those 10 precious seconds. It is different matter that the hurry is only to enjoy a cup of tea with a friend. The whole four-way road is always full of speeding cars, bikes and scooters, further proving that you need a special set of driving skills just to be able to make it to about a hundred metres in one piece on Indian roads. And really, if you manage to drive that short distance between your home and the supermarket without once screaming or cursing at a lunatic who apparently thought that cutting in front of your car was a good idea, then let's face it, you've probably attained inner peace.

Another concept that you probably won't find anywhere else in the world as stark as you'll find it in India is that of 'jugaad'. Anything can be fitted anywhere, all it takes is an Indian mind and hand to fit it. About ten different wires can be wrapped around a single pole. An empty cell can be made to last for days at an end. A bicycle can go as fast as a scooter, with the biker holding on the cycler to give him a free lift. Admittedly, though, this concept has proved quite useful, like when India actually made it to Mars on a satellite built to be able to take them to the Moon, the whole mission inspired by the frying of pooris.

To be fair though, I would say that India is a complex country to understand, and consists of not just bad but also innumerable good things that make it what it is. It has an exclusive blend of cultures and traditions that define it. The cuisine, from Rajasthan's Dal Baati Choorma to mouthwatering Pani Puri from the streets of Mumbai, is a dream come true for most food nuts. The people, like the artisans with handwoven Kanjivaram to gleaming marble sculptures, and the farmers with saffron fields make this country truly unique. The mindset of the masses and the habits and manners that have been drilled into us since childhood, like the respect we need to give to our elders and guests, the devotion with which we must pray, the way we need to carry ourselves within the society, are what make this country extraordinary.

Devina Bansal
Batch 2025



Meraki: Meera and Krishna

The temple lay wrapped in silence as Meera sat before Krishna, her gaze was filled with eternal devotion. There was no audience, no expectation - only a quiet devotion, filling the stillness around her. Her fingers brushed the ektara, and the melody unfolded - not composed, but felt. Each note carried what words could not hold - unspoken longing, quiet surrender, and a love she never sought to explain. "Some offerings are not given—they are lived." In that moment, the distance between her, the song, and Krishna seemed to dissolve. She was no longer singing to him; he existed within her. The music faded, yet the silence it left behind felt whole, almost sacred. She rose gently and walked away, as unnoticed as she had arrived. Yet something of her lingered - softly woven into each note, each pause - an unseen presence that would remain, long after she was gone.

Prisha
Batch 2023

Price Paid by the Poor

Ramdulari is playing with neighbourhood children on the narrow streets of Rizwan Gali. HONK! HONK! Children are diverted from playing and their petite eyes see a picker and car on the front entering the poorest streets of Pune.

Mr. Dhanraj with his daughter Srija comes out of the car. It is Srija's birthday. She has come to distribute stationery items to poor kids. Ramdulari and her friends swiftly make up the line, take their items and head towards their home. Ramdulari gets a pencil pouch and a keychain with the image of a bright yellow-golden bird. She remembers her teacher calling it a "phoenix", mentioning it as a symbol of renewal and resilience.

Ramdulari reaches home and sees people assembling around her one-room house. Her thin body somehow makes up the way and sees her beloved father being laid down forever. Tears roll down her pinkish cheeks. She says to her amma that he would now find peace and she must stop crying. Her baba was scuffling between his disease and the responsibility of the family.

Ramdulari goes inside and shows her items to Chanderi, who takes them from her and throws them. Chanderi is the eldest child of the house with a bad temperament. Ramdulari comes out of the house sobbing and goes back to the same area to bring one more. As she steps out, she sees the keychain still intact and not dirtied by the muddy street that has messed up the rest of her gift. She picks it up and slides it into her pocket and heads towards the picker. The man standing there notices her and asks her why she has come again. Mr. Dhanraj, seeing rude behaviour, comes there and scolds him. On noticing the girl's frightened expression, Mr. Dhanraj calms her down and gently questions her. Ramdulari narrates it. Upon hearing this, he wants to meet her mother. They reach her home but cannot find her amma. They are told by the neighbours that she has gone to the market to sell tokens to get some money for food. Mr. Dhanraj tells Little Girl he shall come after four days.

The four days go pathetic for the family. They have just one meal a day.

Keeping his word, Mr Dhanraj comes, talks to Amma and goes. The grin on Amma's face sparked the kids' eyes. He has offered her a job at his house, provided them with a house too and funded the kids' education.

They soon shift to the new house. Ramdulari, along with her brother, Shankar, has been admitted to school. Chanderi is left behind to help her mother and take care of younger siblings, this being unknown to their sahib as he does not allow child labour.

Ramdulari and Srija have become good buddies, owing to the similarity in their age. Srija gives Ramdulari used clothes and often broken toys, yet underlying it all is the fact that Ramdulari is happy. But Chanderi is not. She is getting envious and wants to turn things upside down for her own sister.

On a temperate evening, Saheb plans a race on a new bicycle bought for Srija and Ramdulari. Chanderi has a good knowledge of mechanical work. She jams a part such that the cycle stops in between and the rider is not harmed. Although she does it for Srija at the last moment, Srija exchanges her cycle with Ramdulari. The race starts, Srija's bicycle continues right ahead but Ramdulari falls off. Mr Dhanraj goes running to her,

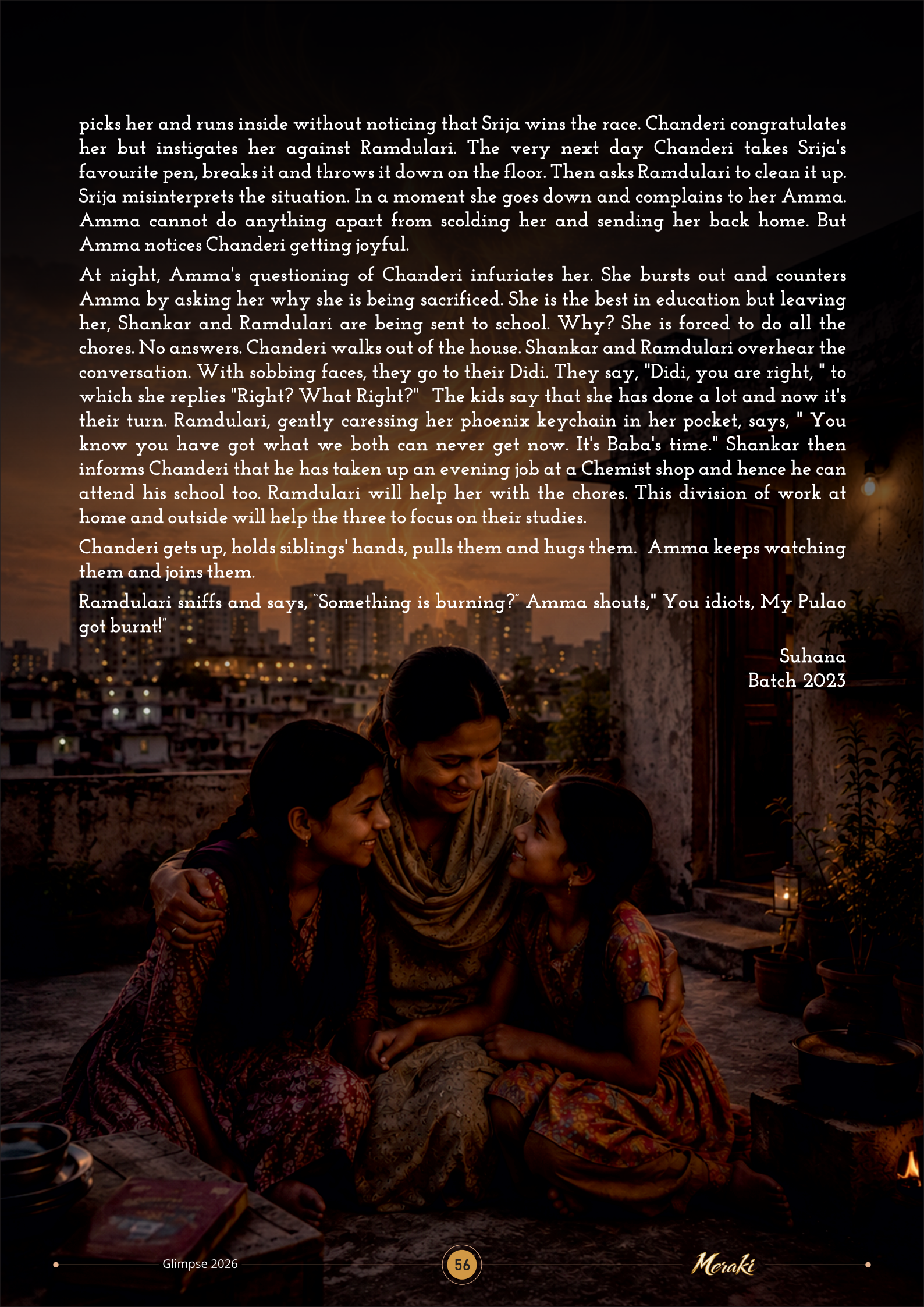
picks her and runs inside without noticing that Srija wins the race. Chanderi congratulates her but instigates her against Ramdulari. The very next day Chanderi takes Srija's favourite pen, breaks it and throws it down on the floor. Then asks Ramdulari to clean it up. Srija misinterprets the situation. In a moment she goes down and complains to her Amma. Amma cannot do anything apart from scolding her and sending her back home. But Amma notices Chanderi getting joyful.

At night, Amma's questioning of Chanderi infuriates her. She bursts out and counters Amma by asking her why she is being sacrificed. She is the best in education but leaving her, Shankar and Ramdulari are being sent to school. Why? She is forced to do all the chores. No answers. Chanderi walks out of the house. Shankar and Ramdulari overhear the conversation. With sobbing faces, they go to their Didi. They say, "Didi, you are right, " to which she replies "Right? What Right?" The kids say that she has done a lot and now it's their turn. Ramdulari, gently caressing her phoenix keychain in her pocket, says, " You know you have got what we both can never get now. It's Baba's time." Shankar then informs Chanderi that he has taken up an evening job at a Chemist shop and hence he can attend his school too. Ramdulari will help her with the chores. This division of work at home and outside will help the three to focus on their studies.

Chanderi gets up, holds siblings' hands, pulls them and hugs them. Amma keeps watching them and joins them.

Ramdulari sniffs and says, "Something is burning?" Amma shouts," You idiots, My Pulao got burnt!"

Suhana
Batch 2023



The Productivity Paradox

We optimized productivity, automated processes and digitised everything - except the limits on how much we expect humans to work. And now, a generation is paying the cost.

In an era where technology has undeniably improved efficiency, enabled flexibility and expanded opportunities, work was supposed to become lighter. Yet, young professionals today report unprecedented levels of stress, fatigue, and burnout. This paradox is difficult to ignore: if we have become more productive, why are we more burnt out than ever?

The answer to this paradox lies partially in the way productivity is absorbed. Technological efficiency is now reflected as intensified output expectations. The entire work day has become perpetual, it never ends and lingers on to notifications, late night messages and pressure to remain constantly available. Remote work has offered flexibility, but the way it has been operationalised has gradually erased the boundary between office and home.

On the same note, the other part of the answer lies in the fact that there has been a mindset shift in how value is measured these days. Professional success is no more just a goal, it has become a testament of self worth. There is an unsaid, implicit pressure to constantly optimise oneself, and being 'busy' is now seen as a manifestation of authority. Speed over depth is seen as the new rational argument.

This notion of 'productivity' has affected individuals of all age groups, but young professionals are particularly more vulnerable to this. Falling behind is no longer seen as a temporary setback to be used as a tool for improvement - it has rather become a measure of one's potential, directly being presumed as a 'personal failure'.

Over and above all, ironically, the system that generated exhaustion now talks about managing it. Wellness apps, therapeutic workshops, mindfulness subscriptions, and the list of 'monetizing burnout' never really ends. Recovery is marketed as another form of optimisation and luxury, instead of a BASIC human requirement. Rest has become 'strategic' instead of 'restorative'.

The real problem here is not innovation, it is EXPECTATION. Digital tools have enabled remote employment and created industries that did not exist decades ago, but the way they are reckoned is where the problem arises. Thus, the work life balance crisis and paradox of productivity in this hyperactive world did not arise as a result of inability to manage time effectively. It is the outcome of an economic and cultural model that equates growth with constant acceleration, and considers working relentlessly as normal.

The real question is not whether young professionals are resilient enough. It is whether the definition of success we are pursuing is sustainable or not. So called 'productivity' should have bought us time. Instead, it has consumed it. And unless we begin to measure progress not only in output but in well-being, exhaustion will remain the hidden cost of efficiency.

Ishita Sharma
Batch 2025

Photo by: Muhammad Danish

The Splendour of Meraki

"Meraki" - It means to etch a piece of our soul, a quintessence of our true self into anything that we aspire to do. It is when our hands are working diligently, yet the core of our heart gently roots love, passion and effort into our endeavours. It is the very nature of the soul - the way it tenderly unfurls itself in everything we touch.

It personifies itself everywhere. In the warmth of sunlight or calm of the moon, in the song of birds or a call in the gloom. In a single blade of grass or a quiet heap of sand, in the lightness of being or even thoughts unplanned.

'Meraki' teaches us to choose effort over perfectionism. It emphasizes the importance of being involved in what we do, not how many things we do. Simply put, it is a cure for self in the culture of hustle and burnout. We chase results, but forget connections. We admire the destination, but forget to feel the journey. Amidst this shallow speed world, it embraces depth. It reawakens the fact that fulfillment matters beyond validation.

'Meraki' can be inculcated in everyday life by striving with curiosity, not fear. Care with detachment, without expecting enormous returns. Choose meaning and purpose over applause. Indeed, small acts often mean more than grand gestures.

When things are done keeping 'meraki' in mind, our hearts and actions begin to align. Inner peace comes as a subtle return, it no longer remains a gross aim to be accomplished. Being reminded of a beautiful saying that the longest journey one can ever travel is between their heart and head, I feel that 'meraki' makes this journey simpler and more worthwhile, igniting peace that is indescribable.

Before these thoughts conclude into stillness ~ 'Meraki' is the quiet courage to feel in a world that asks us to hurry. It is, in its truest sense, a need of the world today.

Ishita Sharma
Batch 2025

Meraki: The Soul of Healing

The hospital was quiet that night, except for the soft hum of machines and the occasional footsteps in the hallway. Rohan, a tired final-year medical student, sat hunched over a stack of patient files. His eyes were heavy, his mind numb from endless rounds and exams. He loved medicine, but lately, it felt like a machine - procedures, charts, and grades. Where was humanity?

A sudden call came in: an elderly woman, frail and gasping, was being admitted with severe pneumonia. Her eyes were wide with fear, her hands trembling as she clutched the thin hospital blanket. Rohan approached her, instinctively scanning her vitals, but something inside him made him pause.

Instead of rushing through the checklist, he knelt beside her, gently taking her hand.

"I'm Rohan," he said softly. "Can you tell me your name?"

She whispered, "Maya Maya Singh."

The night stretched on. While machines beeped and monitors glowed, Rohan didn't just treat her symptoms - he listened. She spoke of her grandchildren, the songs she used to sing to them, the garden she loved but could no longer tend. He laughed with her at small memories, held her hand when pain struck, adjusted her pillows when she shivered. Every gesture was slow, intentional, like the heartbeat of care itself.

Hours later, Maya's breathing steadied. She was still weak, but calmer. Her eyes, once frightened, now held a fragile trust. Before she left the hospital days later, she held Rohan's hands with surprising strength.

"Thank you," she whispered. "You didn't just care for my illness you cared for me."

Rohan walked back to the empty ward that night, tears stinging his eyes. He opened his notebook and wrote a single word at the top of the page: meraki. It wasn't about exams, recognition, or perfection. It was about pouring your heart, your soul, and your humanity into every patient, every gesture, every quiet moment of care.

From that night onward, Rohan carried it with him - not just knowledge, but presence, compassion, and heart. In every tired hand he held, every scared patient he soothed, he left a little piece of himself behind. And slowly, he realized that this—this quiet, soulful care—was the true magic of medicine.

Moral - When you give yourself, you heal beyond the body Meraki turns work into love in action

Harshit Kumar
Batch 2025

The Silent Act

A piano note severed the silence of the dark hall, joined by the scream of violins, as they presented the act to hundreds of subjects in the town of Cinnas. In the balcony, velvet-lined chairs bore the weight of the foreign elites — the white collars, gold canes — witnessing a spectacle unfold. The art, performed only once, retold a forbidden tale under a solemn affirmation of silence, as an honour to their predecessors. The knights guarded the arched exits, serving the imperial occupiers. The giant chandelier, shaped like a seven-spoked wheel to represent the seven colonies, hung from brass chains, lifeless in the dark. The flames converged on the lead artist, kneeling upon the oak boards. Tears streaked his face, while the shadows looming behind the ivory curtains mirrored his agony.

Amongst the elite sat the Censor, who adjusted his white gloves and fixed a golden lorgnette over his eyes, while the act stopped the hearts of people, held in adoration. In this annexed corner of the world, the Censor was a king. His judgment allowed or erased cultures that once thrived in these colonial regions.

"It's taking longer for a heartbreak," a voice said, breaking the Censor's focus. Beside him, the Proctor scribbled without pause. The Censor ignored the dry, lifeless scratching and stared at the man, who remained fixated on his list through the metal frames perched on his nose. "Shh!" the Censor whispered, "let me watch it. We can make a verdict later."

The Proctor didn't respond. He simply reached into his long coat, gazed blankly at a pocket watch and counted seconds: one, two, three.

"If he won't have that bottle in the next minute, I'll send the word before it ends," the Proctor said. His voice was cold and audible enough to break the Censor's attention again. But he didn't respond, yet his narrowed eyes and wrinkled forehead betrayed his disappointment. Pressing the lorgnette closer to his eyes, he focused on the lead actor.

By this time, the piano note had climbed to a fever pitch; the violin screamed in sync. The lead artist reached for something in his maroon robe, his fingernails ragged and dirty against fine silk, and stared at it with despair. The audience held its breath. The glass bottle gleamed under the light, but something viscous and dark inside it absorbed everything that fell upon it.

The artist hesitated to remove the cap; his hands trembled when he stared with eyes darker than the night. The Censor narrowed his eyes. The liquid seemed wrong — too thick, too dark to be usual stage water. He knew all about the act, props included. His knuckles turned white as his grip firmed over the lorgnette, as he dove deeper into his question.

The music suddenly died. The hall went quiet. But the silence was absolute. The Proctor had stopped scribbling, and the sudden stillness pressed against the Censor's ears, which had grown used to the scratching. He shot a glance from the corner of his eye. The Proctor didn't move, and fixated his eyes on the lead artist, while the second hand of his watch dragged slower.

All eyes were glued on the lead artist over the stage, who kept staring at the bottle, and took a deep breath. He slowly uncapped the bottle, and the cork hit the oak floor, sending a soft thud which rippled through the hall. His gaze turned towards the balcony; the eyes

reaching out to the elites with despair. The Censor sprang from his seat, letting go of the lorgnette, but the crowd failed to grasp his intent.

The artist pressed the glass to his lips, closed his eyes and swallowed. In the silence, the wet click of his swallow carried. With each gulp, the hearts of the audience pounded harder than before. He let go of the bottle, which shattered and echoed as it met the cold floor.

The artist fell to his side on the oak board with a loud thud. But his act should have ended there, yet something followed. His body tensed, trembled and writhed violently.

While the Censor gripped the balcony's steel railing tightly, several men amongst the audience broke the stillness. It wasn't loud enough for the Censor to understand, but their faces carried the terror of witnessing what just happened. The unrest grew, with men rising from their seats

In that moment, the Censor turned his gaze to meet the Proctor, to show his disbelief, but the cold moment froze him. The Proctor remained seated at his spot, unlike the others and stared; not at the writhing figure but someplace else. As the Censor gazed at him for another second, his eyes caught something subtle. A twitch of muscle rose from the corner of the Proctor's lip, tugging to the side while he calmly fixed his tiny eyes onto something in the hall.

The Proctor stared into the stalls, when men shouted, "They killed him! The inhumane colonisers!"

But the chants rang hollow. The knights didn't stand at the sides of the arched doors anymore, but blocked it with their large bulk. As another subject shouted below, the Censor's eyes snapped to a knight, whose heavy leather gloved hand slowly drifted towards his waist, where his honour – his weapon – was mounted.

No. The Censor's grip tightened on the railing. The knights did not rest their hands on their weapons for a riot, but for an execution – in the stalls. The artist's movement slowed as he choked on something. The chatter and shouting of the audience replaced the silent void completely. Just as the end seemed inevitable, even to the audience a distinct sound caught their attention.

CLAP!

A sound surged through the hall, echoing and roaring. The audience fixated their sights over the balcony, where the Censor stood, his white gloves bright under the chandelier light as he clapped, and clapped. There was hardly any emotion on his face, and a trail of sweat weaved from his forehead to his chin.

Within a few seconds, his claps replaced the entire commotion in the theatre, and the Censor shouted, "Marvellous! Just Perfect!"

But his claps didn't stop. Even when his palms screamed with pain, he clapped. The subjects stared at one another in disbelief. After several moments, another clap erupted somewhere in the hall, then another. Soon, everyone joined in. The collective applause echoed in the theatre, and a few final words died on the artist's lips before he became motionless. The knights, on such a sight, hesitated and stopped their hands from grasping the mounts at their waists.

Immediately, the trumpet screeched, followed by thudding of the drum, as the red velvet curtains closed the view over the actor. But the Censor's heart thumped harder than the

drum. His hands wanted to slow down the motion, which set his palms on fire; yet he didn't. He took a steadying breath, forcing his ribs to cage the panic rising within. From the corner of his eye, he peeked at the Proctor, as he uncapped his pen, and his tiny eyes analysed the applauding crowd with cold attention and started scribbling.

When the final curtains fell, the Censor weaved his way towards the exit, with his wingtip boots clicking hard against the floor underneath. He passed the Proctor, who was lost as he stared into papers in his hands.

"Shall we?" The Censor snapped the Proctor back, as he gestured him towards the exit. They passed the arched gates of the hall, passing the knights who stood like lifeless statues.

The air was cold; the sun had long gone since they entered the hall. A thick fog had descended upon the cobblestones, muffling the distant sounds of the city and isolating the theatre in a damp, white cocoon that clung to their coats.

Relief washed over the Censor's face as the cold air soothed his burning hands under the white gloves. They exited into the night, leaving the roar of applause trapped behind the heavy arched doors.

The stagecoach moved in the dark. Inside the Proctor remarked to the Censor, "That was an art. I believe the crown will be impressed."

The Censor met his gaze, turning from the window. Before he could reply, the Proctor said, "But I must remark, the number of artists was a little off."

The Censor shrugged, as he lifted a pipe to his lips.

"In the end it was one less than what we were told," the Proctor continued, marking a box on his list with a sharp scratch of his nib. The Censor opened the window of the carriage, allowing the cold wind to sing its somber song.

"But nevertheless it was a masterstroke." A thin smile stretched over the Proctor's face as he lit a match for his pipe, winking at him.

The Censor exhaled deeply, smoked his pipe, and after a brief moment of pause, replied in a calm voice, "Indeed, the silence was exquisite."

Madhav Gautam
Batch 2022

Eunoia

When I was in school, my favourite pastime was writing. It may sound boring, but I loved it - jotting down my emotions and daily activities, then trying my hand at stories and poetry as well. Though I was not good enough to publish a book, I was fortunate enough to continue pursuing this passion. Through these years, I found myself becoming a better version of who I once was and grew fond of a form of writing that is not exactly defined. I do not know if there is a specific term for it, but I call it contemplative writing.

It is somewhat a collection of reflections and philosophical ideas that I have gathered over time. Life has been kind enough to present me with different moments - sweet and sour alike - all of which have paved the way for me to reflect on myself. And there is one ideology I often find myself thinking about - ACCEPTANCE.

It is a simple English term, not meant to be understood only literally, but rather at a much deeper level and practised in daily life.

We all wake up each day and go about our chores carrying a certain set of thoughts and beliefs in our minds. A wonderful start to the day can get completely ruined by just one sentence that rubs us the wrong way. The entire day then feels spoiled, and we end up blaming the other person for it. But was it really the other person's fault? Or was it our lack of acceptance? I believe that we must listen and try to understand other people's perspectives, especially when they differ from our own notions. Perhaps their proposed plans may have a better chance of success.

My point is not that we simply accept everything and avoid arguments. One must not blindly accept others' opinions as the truth, but we also need to realise that we cannot always be correct. Sometimes, we create differences merely because of mismatched thoughts that could otherwise have been avoided. The trick, however, is not to always accept. I might seem to contradict my own statement, but there is reasoning behind it. We need to learn when to accept. It is actually quite simple: if it is a matter of ego, accept it; but if it is a matter of self-respect, reject it. Rejecting out of ego and accepting at the cost of self-respect both lead to downfall - and by this, I mean much more than just opinions.

I know many people might not read this till the end, as it may not seem dazzling or amusing according to everyone's taste. But this is something I have poured my heart into, and I shall continue doing so, even if only a few people read it - or even if it is just me.

This is my Meraki.

Vanshika Garg
Batch 2023

शिवराय : जीवन घडवणारी प्रेरणा, यशाकडे नेणारी शिकवण

आपल्या भारत मातेने अनेक वीरांना जन्म दिला आहे आणि त्यांच्या जन्माने आपली मातृभूमी पावन झाली आहे। छत्रपती शिवाजी महाराज भोसले हे एक महान भारतीय राजा आणि रणनीतिकार होते।

छत्रपती शिवाजी महाराजांनी त्यांच्या शिस्तबद्ध आणि सुव्यवस्थित प्रशासकीय घटकांच्या मदतीने एक कार्यक्षम प्रगतीशील प्रशासन स्थापन केले। त्यांनी युद्धशास्त्रात अनेक नवनवीन शोध लावले आणि गनिमी कावा युद्धाची एक नवीन शैली, शिवसूत्र विकसित केले. त्यांनी प्राचीन हिंदू राजकीय व्यवस्था आणि न्यायालयीन शिष्टाचाराचे पुनरुज्जीवन केले।

असे म्हटले जाते की जिजाबाईंनी शिवाई देवीला तिला बलवान पुत्र देण्यास सांगितले। म्हणूनच छत्रपती शिवाजी महाराजांचे नाव शिवाजी ठेवले गेले। छत्रपती शिवाजी महाराजांचे चारित्र्य त्यांच्या पालकांसारखेच होते। महाराजांवर त्यांच्या पालकांचा खूप प्रभाव होता।

त्यांचे बालपण त्यांच्या आईच्या मार्गदर्शनाखाली गेले। त्यांची आई जिजाबाई यांनी महाराजांना राजकारण आणि युद्धाचे प्रशिक्षण दिले तसेच परकीय शक्तींवर हल्ला करण्यासाठी आवश्यकअसलेल्या शिस्तीचे प्रशिक्षण दिले। त्यांनी महाराजांच्या शिक्षणाची जबाबदारी घेतली आणि त्यांना युद्धकलेचे शिक्षण दिले। एवढ्या लहान वयातही महाराजांना हा सारा प्रसंग समजू लागला होता। त्यांच्या हृदयात स्वराज्याची ज्योत पेटली। त्यांना स्वतःचे राज्य उभे करायचे होते। महाराजांना आपल्या राज्याला स्वातंत्र्य मिळवायचे होते।

छत्रपती शिवाजी महाराजांचे जीवन आपल्याला अनेक प्रेरणादायी धडे देते। त्यांनी प्रतिकूल परिस्थितीतही धैर्य, चिकाटी आणि आत्मविश्वास यांच्या बळावर स्वराज्याची निर्मिती केली। त्यांच्या जीवनातून आपल्याला मातृभक्ती, राष्ट्रप्रेम, न्यायप्रियता, दूरदृष्टी आणि प्रामाणिक नेतृत्व यांचे महत्त्व समजते। स्त्रियांचा सन्मान, सर्व धर्मांप्रती आदर आणि प्रजेच्या कल्याणासाठी सतत कार्य करण्याची वृत्ती हे त्यांचे आदर्श गुण होते। शिवाजी महाराजांचे जीवन आपल्याला संकटांना न घाबरता आपल्या ध्येयासाठी सतत प्रयत्न करण्याची प्रेरणा देते।

-विभूती गावंडे
MBBS २०२३

India- our motherland, has given birth to many heroes and their birth has made our nation sacred. Chhatrapati Shivaji Maharaj Bhosale was a great Indian king and strategist.

Chhatrapati Shivaji Maharaj established an efficient progressive administration with the help of his disciplined and well-organized administrative units. He made many innovations in warfare and developed a new style of guerrilla warfare, the Shiva Sutra. He revived the ancient Hindu political system and court etiquette.

It is said that Jijabai asked Shivai Devi to give her a strong son. That is why Chhatrapati Shivaji Maharaj was named Shivaji. Chhatrapati Shivaji Maharaj's character was similar to his parents. His parents had a lot of influence on the Maharaj.

His childhood was spent under the guidance of his mother. His mother Jijabai trained Maharaj in politics and war, as well as the discipline needed to attack foreign powers. She took charge of Maharaj's education and taught him the art of war. Even at such a young age, Maharaj was beginning to understand the whole situation. The flame of Swarajya was lit in his heart. He wanted to establish his own kingdom. Maharaj wanted to gain independence for his kingdom.

The life of Chhatrapati Shivaji Maharaj gives us many inspiring lessons. He created Swarajya with the power of courage, perseverance and self-confidence even in adverse circumstances. Through his life, we understand the importance of maternal devotion, patriotism, love of justice, foresight and honest leadership. Respect for women, respect for all religions and a constant attitude of working for the welfare of his subjects were the principles he worked with. Shivaji Maharaj's life inspires us to strive continuously towards our goals without fear of adversity.

OF GRIT, GRACE AND GLORY

Harmanpreet Kaur is a trailblazer of Indian women's cricket, celebrated for her fearless batting, leadership and unwavering determination. From unforgettable innings to leading India on the world stage, she has carved a legacy that extends far beyond the cricket field. This interview captures her journey, her grit, her leadership, and the passion that continues to drive her game.





Q1. You grew up in Moga at a time when opportunities for girls in cricket were limited. What kept you committed to the sport in those early years, and how did that environment shape your hunger to succeed?

Growing up in Moga, there weren't many opportunities for girls who wanted to play cricket. In fact, there were times when I was the only girl practising among boys. But I never looked at that as a disadvantage. I simply loved the game too much to let circumstances stop me. My family, especially my father, believed in my dream before many others did. That belief gave me confidence. Travelling long distances for practice, facing doubts, and working with limited resources taught me discipline and



resilience. Looking back, I realise those challenges became my biggest strength. They taught me that success doesn't come from perfect conditions—it comes from showing up every single day with determination.

2. **Was there a defining moment in your journey that made you feel, 'This is where I belong'?**
   There wasn't one single moment—it was a series of experiences. Every time I wore the India jersey and heard the national anthem, I felt a deep sense of purpose. The biggest turning point was realising that my journey was inspiring young girls to pick up a cricket bat. From then on, cricket became much bigger than my personal dream—it became a responsibility and a privilege.

3. **As captain, you've led India through landmark victories and difficult losses. What mantra helps steer the team forward?**
   I always remind the team that one result should never define who we are. We celebrate victories with humility and learn from defeats with honesty. Our focus is always on preparation, trust, and continuous improvement. When players feel trusted, they play fearless cricket.

4. **Your batting is described as fearless and instinctive. Is that natural or developed?**
   Confidence is built through preparation. I've experienced failures and setbacks, but each one taught me something valuable. Being fearless doesn't mean you're never nervous—it means you choose courage despite the pressure.

5. **Looking back at India's first Women's World Cup title in 2025, what changed within the team?**
   The biggest change was our mindset. We stopped worrying about making history and focused





on enjoying the challenge in front of us. Leadership, for me, became about creating an environment where every player believed she could contribute. Great teams are built on trust, resilience, and selflessness.

6. **How do you stay composed under pressure?**

   I focus only on what I can control—my preparation, attitude, and effort. During a match, I stay present and concentrate on the next ball. Pressure is a privilege because it means people believe in you.

7. **What does switching off from cricket look like?**

   I enjoy spending time with family and close friends, listening to music, travelling whenever possible, and simply relaxing. Taking care of your mental well-being is just as important as physical fitness.

8. **One moment you'd relive as a fan?**

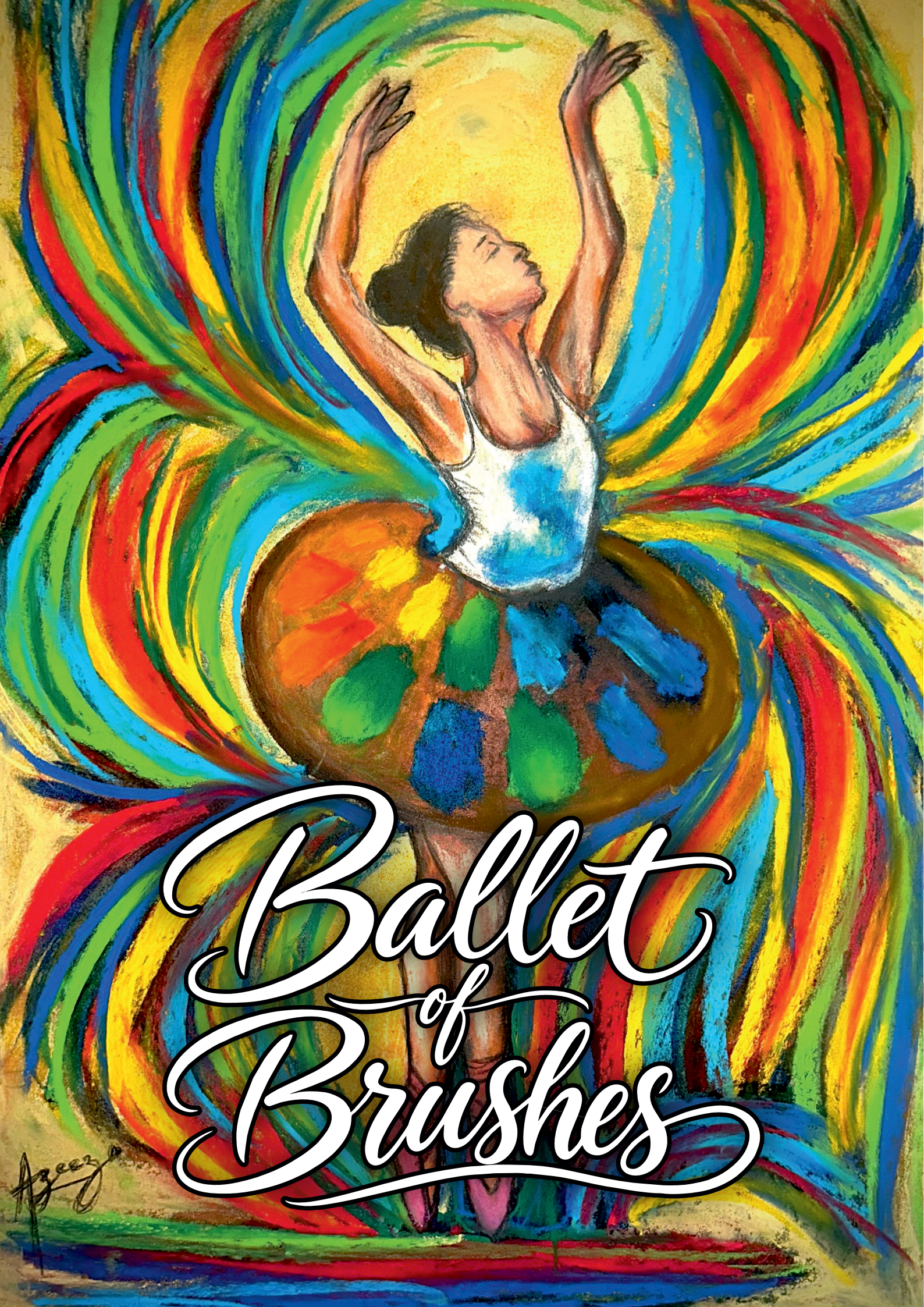
   Winning the Women's World Cup. As a player, you're focused on the game. Watching that moment from the stands and seeing the emotions of teammates and fans would be incredibly special.

9. **What did receiving the Padma Shri mean to you?**

   It was an emotional and humbling honour. I accepted it not just for myself, but on behalf of women's cricket and every girl who dreams of representing India. It also reminded me of the responsibility to inspire the next generation.

10. **Your message to young girls aspiring to play cricket professionally?**

    Dream big, but remember that dreams need discipline. Talent opens doors, but consistency, hard work, and patience keep them open. Believe in yourself even when others don't, enjoy the journey, and never let anyone tell you your dreams are too big.

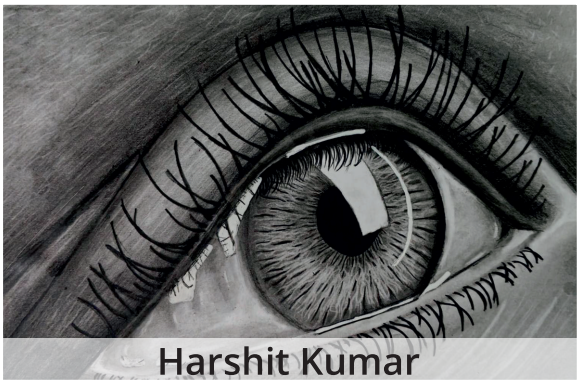

Ballet
of
Brushes



Harazeez Kaur



Abhitanya Gupta



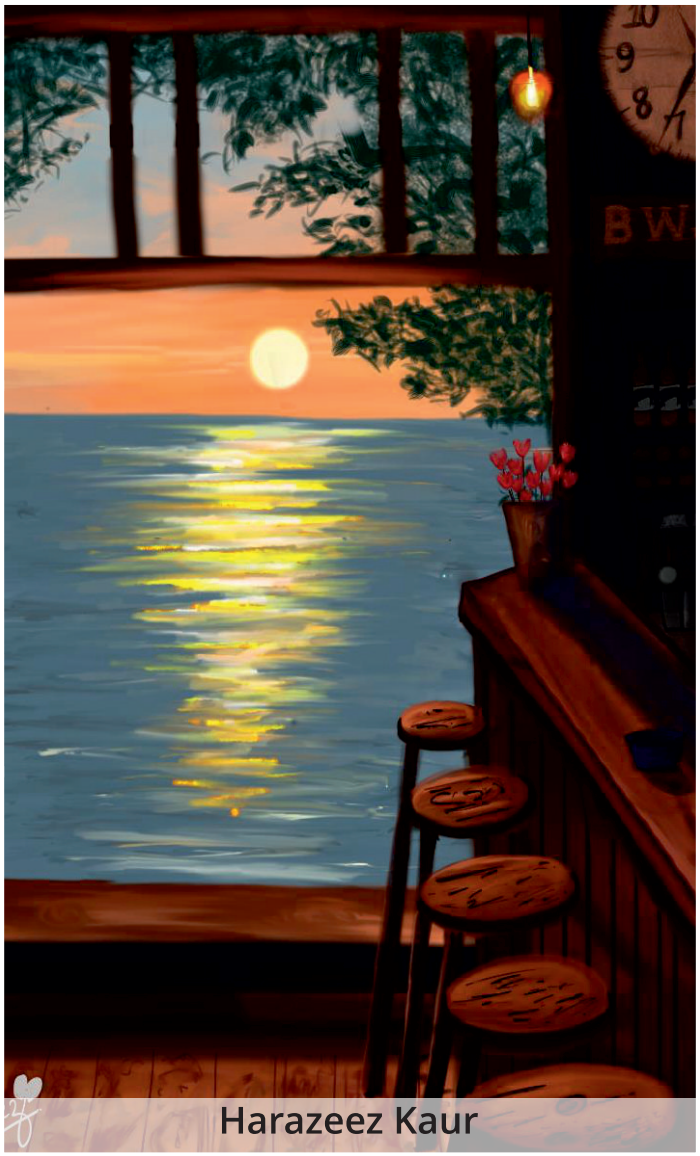
Harshit Kumar



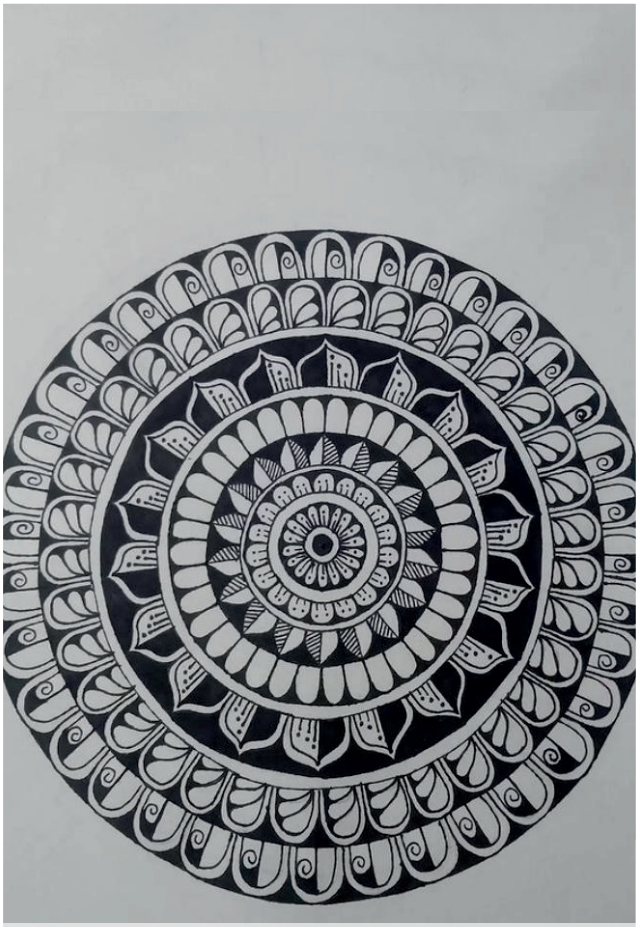
Parul Singh



Gurleen Kaur



Harazeez Kaur



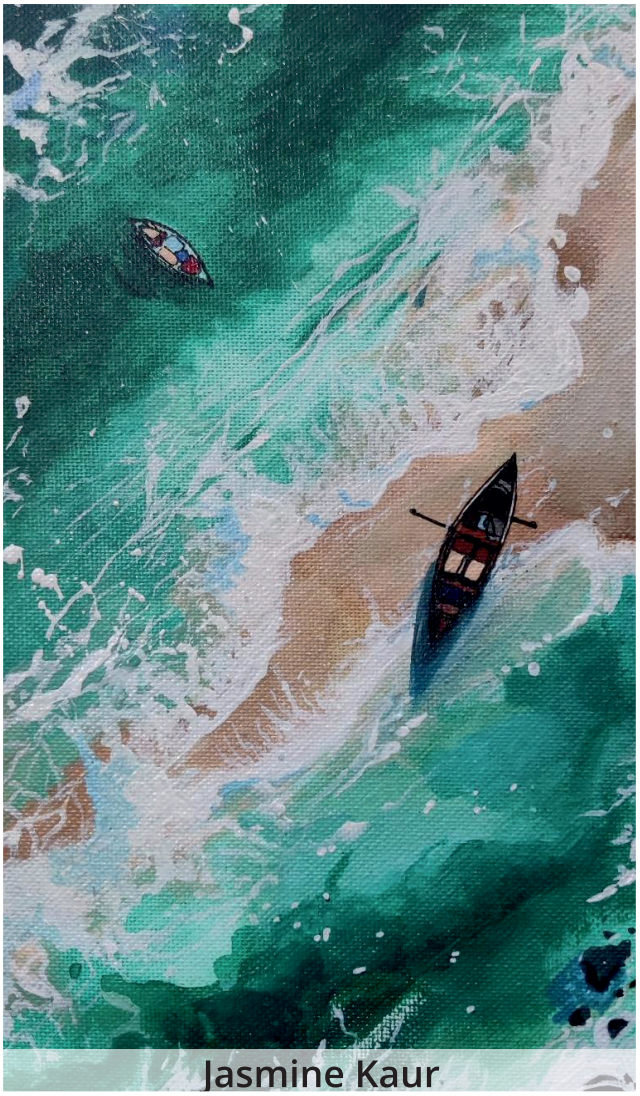
Taruna Singh



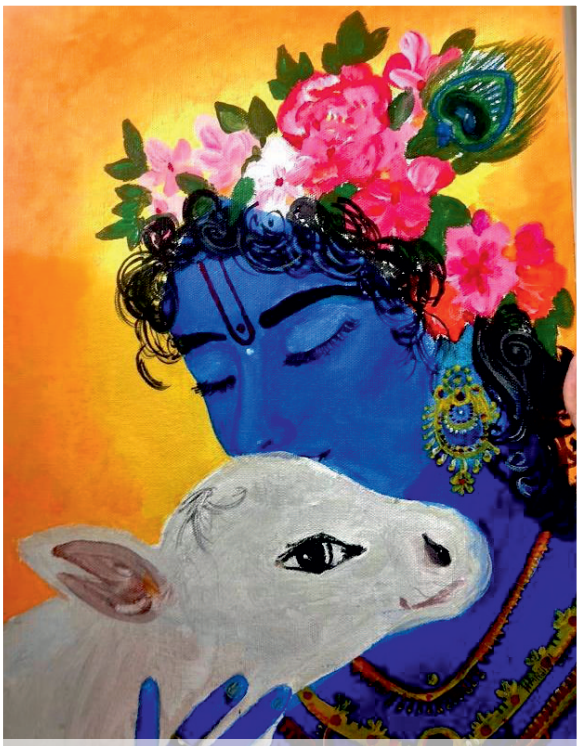
Kuljot



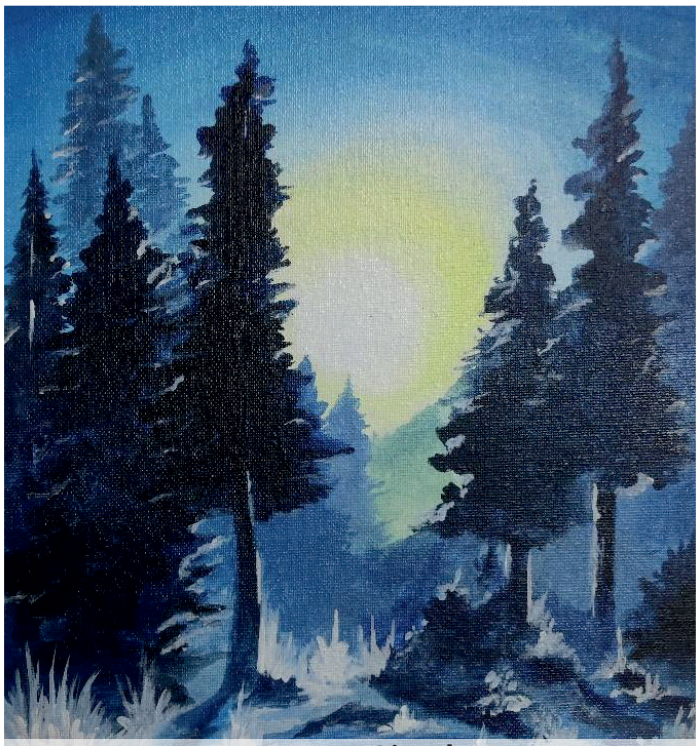
Aurya Aggarwal



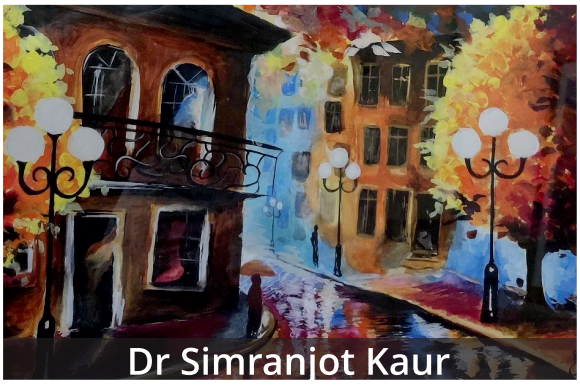
Jasmine Kaur



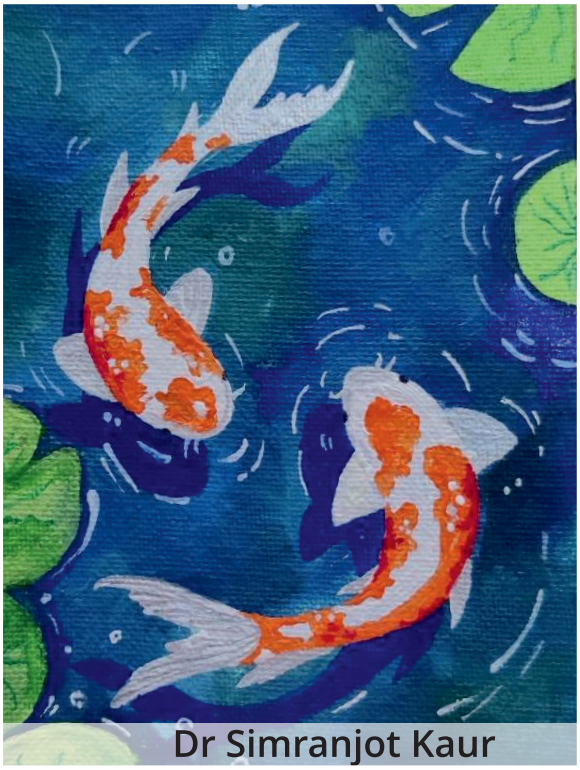
Harshil Verma



Taruna Singh



Dr Simranjot Kaur



Dr Simranjot Kaur



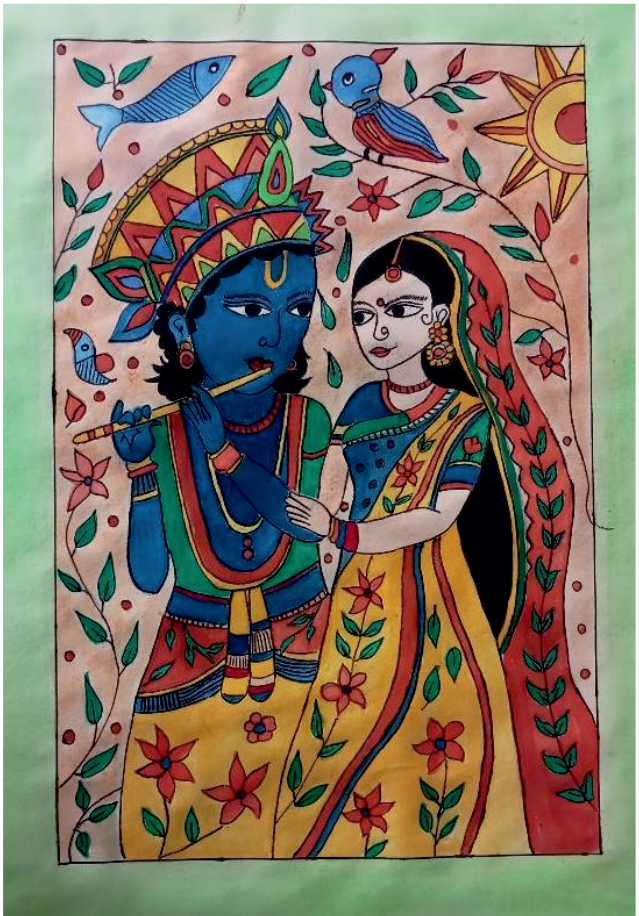
Ishika Duhan



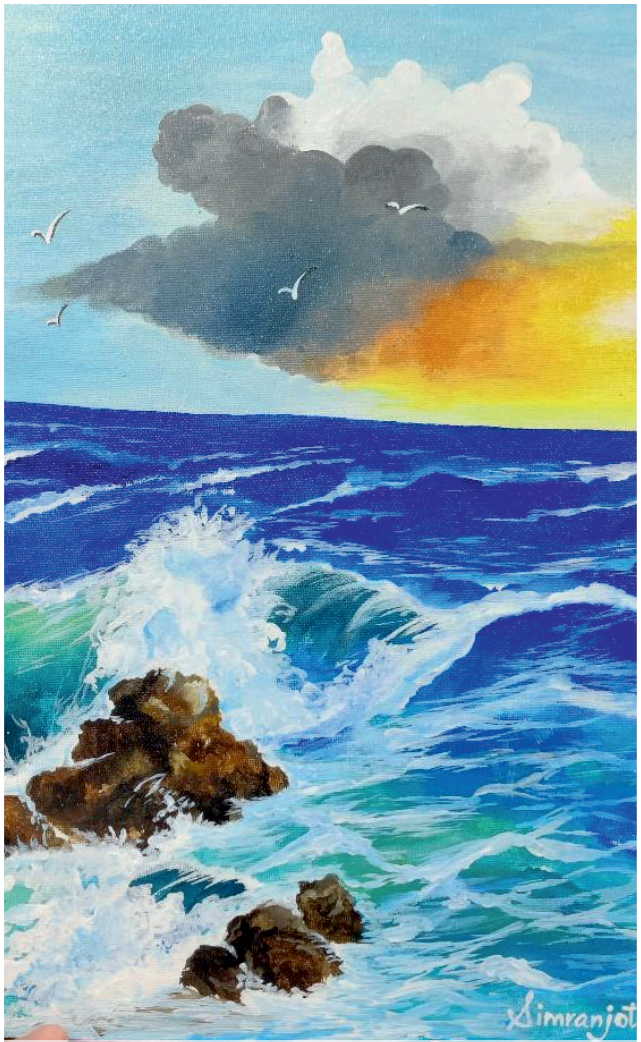
Dr. Shubhkarmanjit Singh



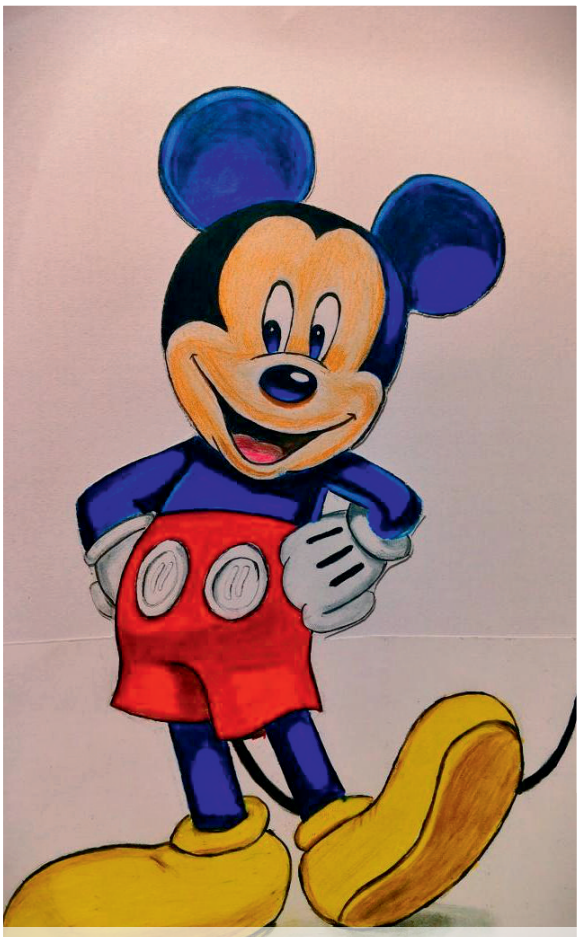
Dr. Shubhkarmanjit Singh



Suhana



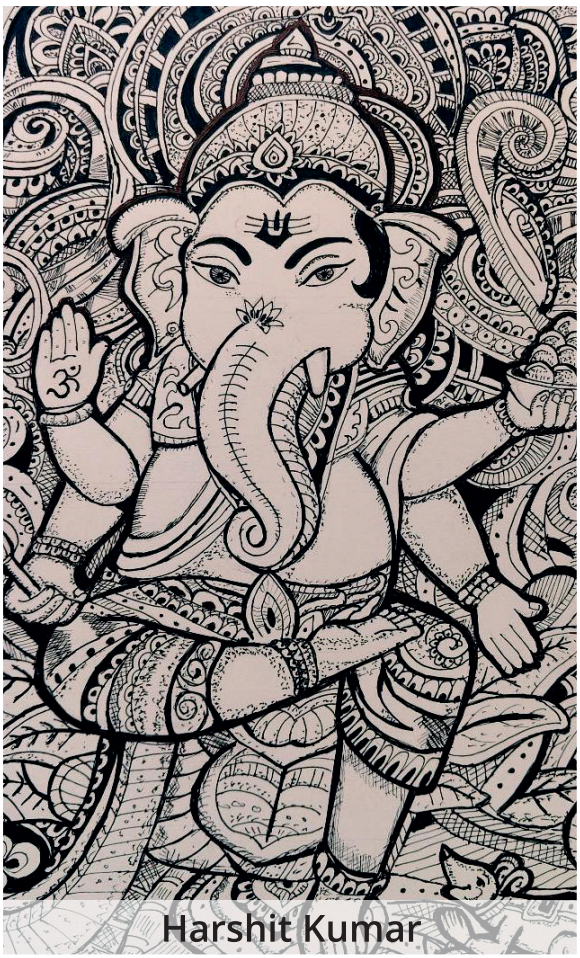
Dr. Shubhkarmanjit Singh



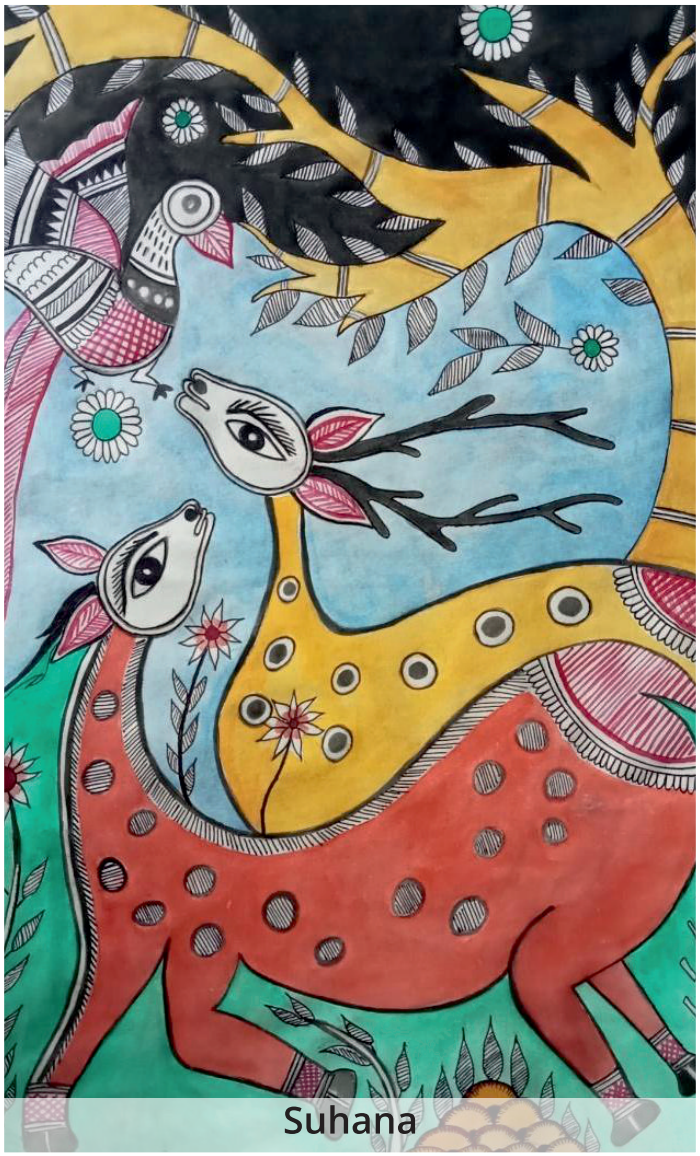
Harshit Kumar



Dr. Jasmine Kaur



Harshit Kumar

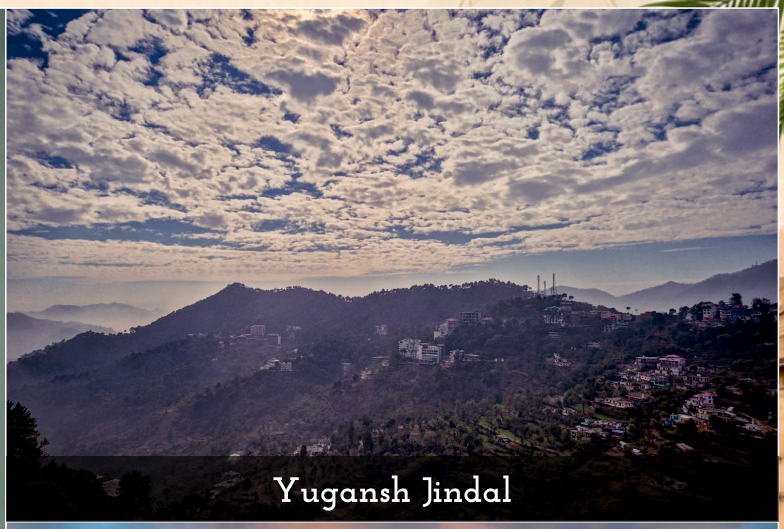


Suhana


Stolen
Moments



Mankanwal Singh



Yugansh Jindal



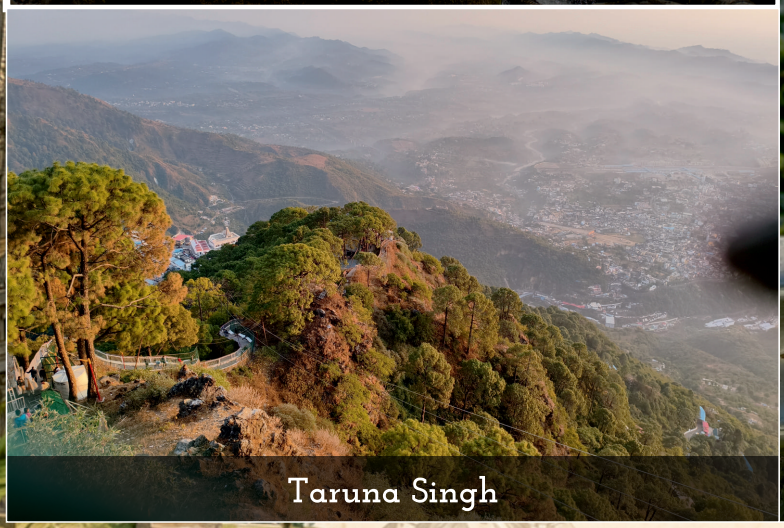
Aurya Aggarwal



Hansini Salian



Shruti Ahuja



Taruna Singh



Harshita



Abhitanya Gupta



Hansini Salian



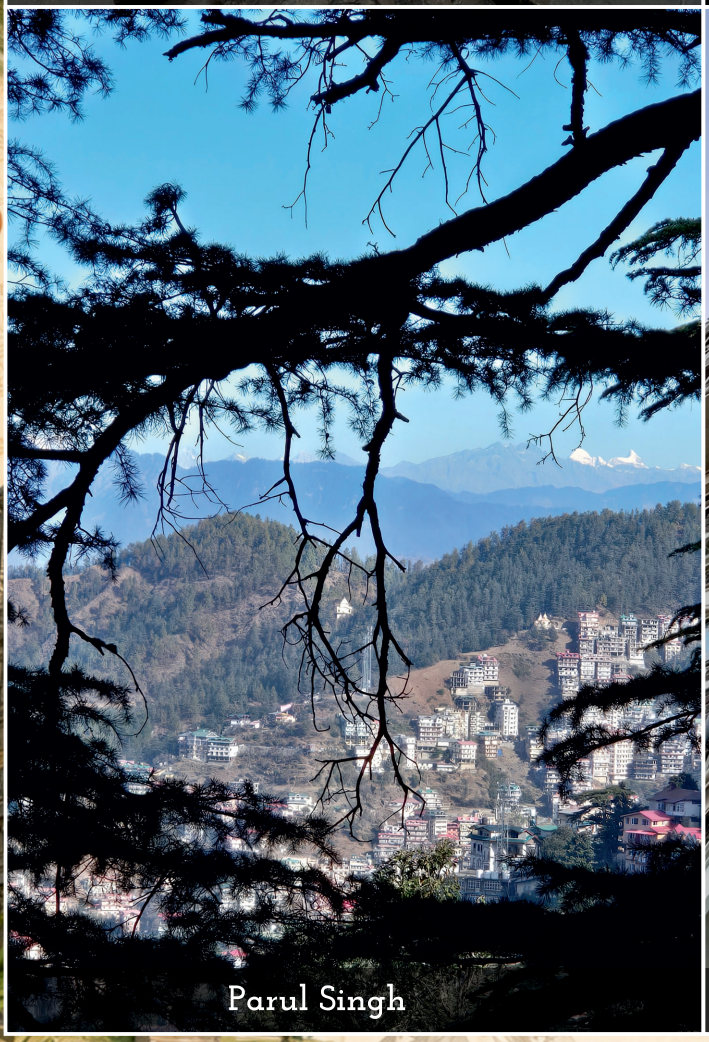
Hansini Salian



Harshita



Abhitanya Gupta



Parul Singh



Kunal Khanna



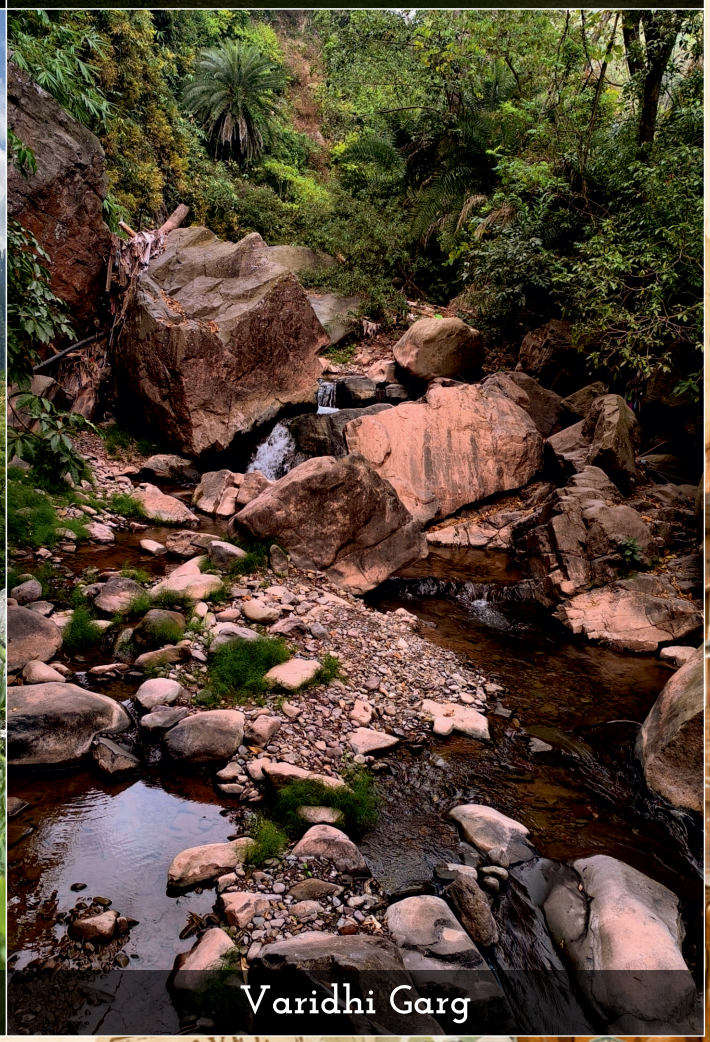
Varidhi Garg



Arman Godara



Sukhen Mandal



Varidhi Garg



Arman Godara



Sukhen Mandal



Gurleen Kaur Gill



Arman Godara



Shruti Ahuja



Varidhi Garg



Taruna Singh



Sehajit Singh

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Some journeys begin with a carefully charted course; others emerge from the courage to embrace the unexpected. Dr. Akshita Gupta, an alumna of GMCH Chandigarh (a 2020 MBBS graduate), chose the latter. Going on to secure All India Rank 69 in the UPSC Civil Services Examination 2020, she transformed an unconventional decision into an inspiring story of conviction and perseverance. Now an IAS officer of the Punjab Cadre, she has worked tirelessly to strengthen the delivery of essential public services. Yet, long before she entered the corridors of administration, she walked the same hallways, attended the same lectures, and sat in the very classrooms that today's GMCH students do. In this enriching conversation, Team Glimpse explores the motivations, dilemmas, and defining moments that shaped her transition from medicine to the Civil Services, offering readers a glimpse into the journey of an alumna whose story continues to inspire.





Q1. When did you first decide that you wanted to pursue a career in the Civil Services?

Did this idea develop during MBBS, or was it something you had always planned?

Interestingly, it was never part of my original plan. In fact, I first learned about the Civil Services during my second year of MBBS at GMCH, Chandigarh. While accompanying my younger brother to his JEE examination centre, I met Dr. Rakesh Gupta, who was then serving as the Secretary of Education, Haryana. He introduced me to the Civil Services ecosystem, and its framework and scope in governance and public service. That conversation sparked my interest. I explored the Civil Services further, and by the end of my second year, I was convinced that this was the career I wanted to pursue.

Q2. How did those around you respond to your decision, and how did you handle any doubts or discouragement along the way?

My parents were steadfast in their support. Being teachers themselves, they understood the significance and the larger impact of the Civil Services. They encouraged me to make a decision guided by my own aspirations rather than external expectations. They simply said, “It's your decision to make. Whether you succeed or fail, we are with you.” Their unwavering support gave me the confidence to pursue this path with conviction, free from the prospect of failure and fear of falling short. Friends, on the other hand, were more sceptical. They would often ask, “Why are you doing this? Many people take four to six attempts to clear UPSC. The preparation is expensive, and you'll have to venture into subjects you've never studied before.” Despite these well-intentioned reservations, my close circle of three or four friends remained resolute in their support. In stark contrast to how some people might believe that I was squandering my medical degree, I have always maintained that medical knowledge is never wasted; it stays with you for life. Many people equate medical knowledge solely with prescribing medicines, but clinical practice is only one facet of it. Medical education cultivates a far broader understanding of health, disease, and their underlying determinants. Even if I am no longer practising medicine, my training enables me to appreciate complex health issues; from anaemia and cancer pathophysiology to the significance of preventive interventions such as the HPV vaccine, all with a depth of understanding that extends well beyond clinical practice.

Q3. It seems challenging to go from wards, clinics, and core medical subjects to entirely different areas of study like History and Geography for the UPSC CSE. How did you manage this transition during your preparation?

Interest matters- it is the driving force. Once you choose a path, you have to commit to it wholeheartedly. There's no distinction between a medical student pursuing Medicine and an aspirant preparing for the Civil Services Examination, provided both are guided by genuine intellectual curiosity and an unwavering commitment to learning. Not having studied subjects such as History and Geography since the 8th standard, returning to them rekindled a profound sense of curiosity, and they gradually evolved into an intellectual pursuit alongside MBBS. I resorted to studying well enough to formulate meaningful questions and get every doubt clarified. One should strive for complete understanding rather than the mere accumulation of facts. Insofar as time management was concerned, I utilised every available opportunity to study, particularly during the relatively less demanding third year of MBBS. I didn't indulge much in leisure—I focused more on studies. Initially, it felt bad seeing others enjoy, but now it all feels worth it.

Q4. As an IAS officer, how do you perceive the difference between serving as a doctor and serving in administration?

Both are forms of public service. No one can replace a doctor's role. In administration, people come from diverse backgrounds, and roles can be interchangeable, but doctors are irreplaceable. However, even as an administrator, you can contribute immensely to society, the state, and the nation. It depends on your vision, commitment, and intent. There is no





comparison between MBBS and the IAS—they are distinct yet parallel paths. As a doctor, you dedicate yourself to a particular speciality and make a direct impact on individual lives, whereas as an IAS officer, you work across diverse sectors and address a wide range of administrative challenges. Both careers offer unique opportunities to serve society in their own way.

Q5. How do you deal with pressure in critical situations as an IAS officer, holding such an important position now, and how has your time in medical school shaped this ability?

Stress management is a key learning. The medical profession teaches you not to react impulsively, but to remain composed. You learn to deliberate, weigh the pros and cons, and then act. These are lessons I learned from medicine, and they have served me immensely in administration. Medical training also equips you to manage emergencies, so you don't panic in critical situations.

Stress tolerance varies from person to person, but during MBBS—from the first year to internship—that threshold gradually expands. MBBS helped me build that resilience. Perhaps I couldn't have handled that level of stress in my first year, but by internship, I had matured enough to manage it with composure. Even in the wards, doctors must maintain their composure irrespective of what patients say. MBBS also instilled in me a strong sense of discipline.

Q6. Was there something about yourself that you discovered only through this journey, something you perhaps hadn't recognised during your MBBS years?

I realised that my capacity to study for long hours is quite high. I didn't know this earlier, but I discovered it gradually. For example, if I decide to finish a book in a day, I can sit from morning till evening to complete it. During UPSC preparation, and even now, I've realized that I can sit consistently for 5–6 hours. Some people think they need frequent breaks every few hours, but I don't function that way. I can study continuously for long stretches.

Q7. Take us back to your UPSC CSE result day. What was going through your mind, and how did you feel when you first saw your result?

I remember that day so vividly. I don't think I could ever forget it, or the emotions my family and I experienced. Like every UPSC aspirant, I had been waiting anxiously since morning. By the afternoon, it became clear that the results would be declared around 6 p.m. Those final few hours were a whirlwind of anticipation, excitement, and nervousness. I was at home with my family, eagerly waiting. When the final list was released, I instinctively searched for my name. Seeing it appear multiple times only heightened the suspense, so I entered my roll number instead. And there it was, 'Rank 69'. Everything else faded into the background. I was overwhelmed with joy. I



remember telling my parents, “I'll finally become an IAS officer.” They broke down in tears, and within minutes, our home was flooded with calls and congratulations from family and friends. It remains one of the most unforgettable days of my life because it embodied every ounce of hard work I had put into the journey.

Q8. What is one thing you miss the most about your time at GMCH Chandigarh, be it the campus or the people?

I have countless fond memories of GMCH. I certainly miss my friends, tea breaks at the canteen, late-night hostel conversations, and college events like Euphoria and Plexus. I still remember we had conducted IHE, where we trained young students. GMCH was a very enjoyable phase of my life, so well cherished that I even miss the strict teachers from then.

Q9. On a lighter note, if your MBBS self could see where you are today, what do you think she would say to you?

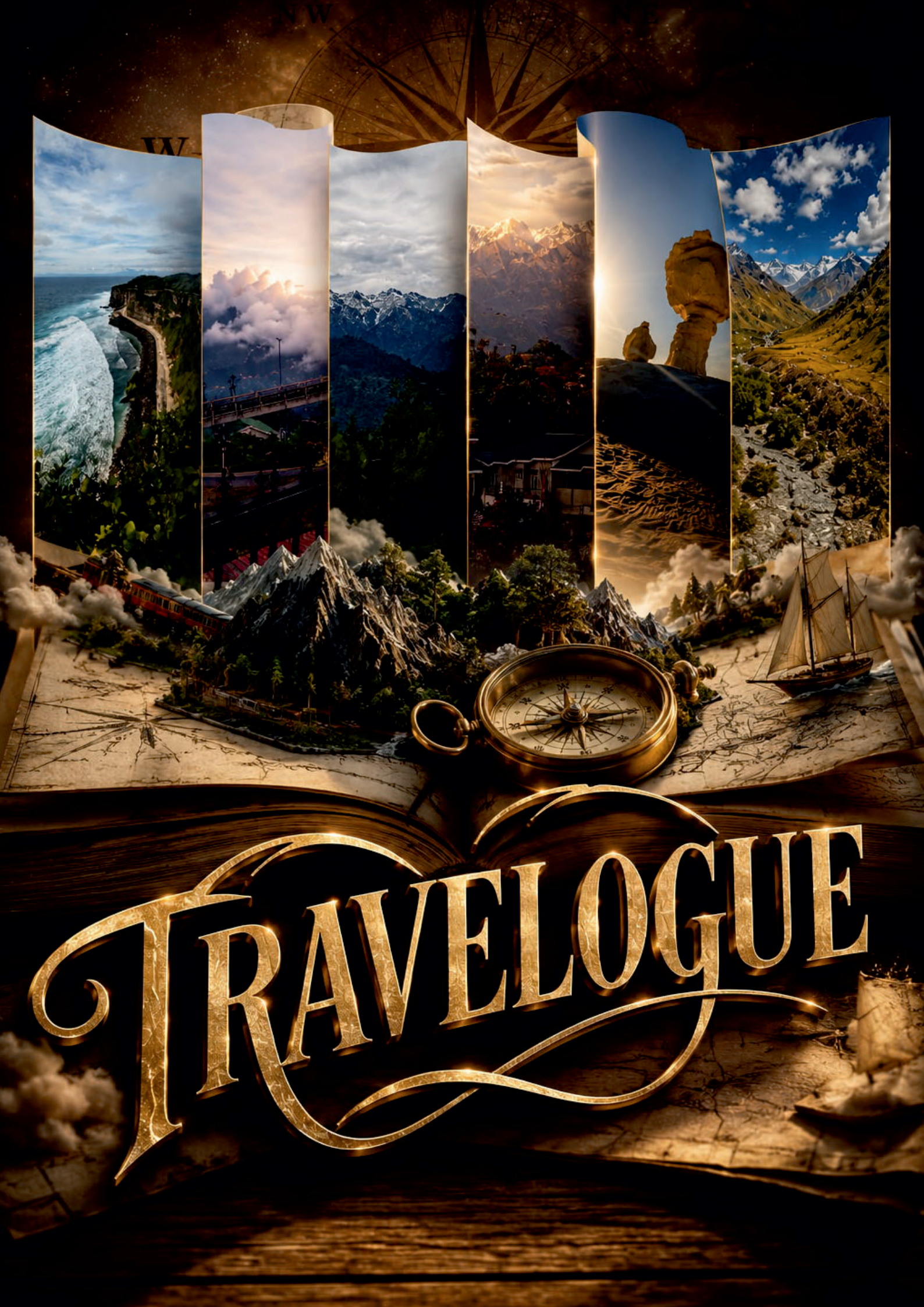
I think she would say, “Well done”, but also feel that something is missing. When I joined GMCH, I dreamed of becoming a cardiologist. I would read about cardiology, watch videos, and deeply admire the profession. So, that version of me might be a little disheartened that I didn't become what I had once aspired to be. But life has a way of unfolding differently from our plans, and ultimately, things do work out- one way or another.

Q10. What message would you like to share with the students of GMCH Chandigarh who look up to your journey with admiration and aspiration?

My message is simple: Never forget your roots.

As MBBS students, we are hardworking, resilient, and determined. Explore opportunities and give your best, but stay connected to your foundation. I've seen many MBBS graduates preparing for UPSC choose optional subjects other than Medical Science, which, in my opinion, is not the best decision. Medical Science is your greatest strength, your strongest weapon—don't abandon it. Those who wish to give it a try should certainly do so. Don't carry regrets later in life. But don't pursue it half-heartedly either—if you choose this path, do it with complete dedication. Both careers are excellent and immensely fulfilling. Whatever you choose, pursue it with both your heart and your mind, because every path comes with its own challenges.




TRAVELOGUE

A WEEK IN BALI

Saltwater, Sunburns & Stories We'll Talk About For Years

Sehajit Singh
Batch 2023

Day 1: Landing in Bali: Humidity, Chaos and First Impressions

The moment we stepped out of Denpasar Airport, Bali hit us all at once. The warm, heavy air, the constant scooter noises, people calling out taxi prices, and the smell of incense somewhere between the sea breeze and the traffic made it very clear that we were somewhere completely different. After months of college stress and countless conversations about this trip in group chats, we were finally here. It was strange to think that something we had talked about for so long had suddenly become real.

The drive towards Seminyak felt almost unreal at first. The roads were narrow and busy with scooters, little cafés glowed with warm yellow lights, beach clubs appeared one after another, and small temples seemed to sit quietly between modern buildings. Bali had this odd ability to feel chaotic and peaceful at exactly the same time. By the time we reached Kuta Paradiso Hotel, the exhaustion was beginning to catch up with us, but nobody really wanted to waste the first night. We dumped our bags, freshened up and walked outside without any real plan, which, as it turned out, was probably the right decision. There was street music, late-night cafés, convenience stores seemingly every few steps, and tourists walking around barefoot as though they had completely forgotten what shoes were. Everything felt unfamiliar in the best possible way.

Dinner became one of those long conversations that seem to happen only when you're travelling with friends. Nobody was checking their phones much. We were just eating, laughing, roasting each other and talking about everything and nothing. It was one of those meals where you don't particularly remember what you ate, but you remember exactly how you felt sitting there.



That night, Bali didn't really feel like a destination anymore. It felt like freedom.

Day 2: Saltwater, Speed and Sunburns

The next morning started early because adventure sports were waiting for us at Tanjung Benoa. From a distance, the sea looked perfectly calm, which was perhaps the most misleading part of the morning. Within minutes, we were on the banana boat, screaming, holding on for dear life and trying not to fall off like complete idiots. Every sharp turn seemed unnecessarily personal, and the instructor appeared to be having considerably more fun than the rest of us.

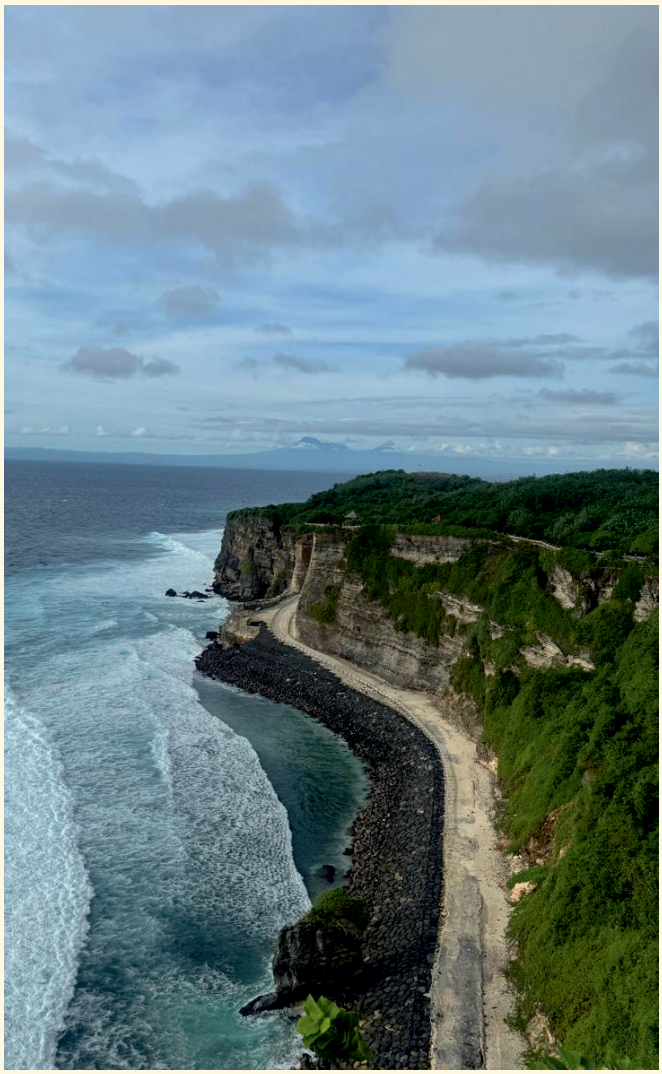
Jet skiing was a completely different feeling. For a few minutes, cutting across the open water with the wind hitting your face and nothing much around except waves made everything else disappear. There was no attendance to worry about, no exam hanging over us, no notifications demanding attention. Just speed, saltwater and the rather satisfying feeling of being temporarily unreachable.

Then came parasailing, which was probably the most surreal part of the day. As we slowly rose above the ocean, Bali became strangely quiet. The boats below looked tiny, the coastline stretched into the distance, and for a few moments it felt as if someone had turned the volume of the world down.

Scuba diving changed the mood again. The moment our heads went underwater, everything became quieter. The noise of the surface disappeared and was replaced by bubbles, breathing and a completely different world below us. Even though the dive itself lasted barely minutes, it stayed with us much longer than expected. By afternoon, we were exhausted, sunburnt, dehydrated and somehow completely happy. Back at the hotel, we crashed onto the beds for a while before eventually dragging ourselves back out for food and some aimless late-night wandering through the Bali streets. Trips are strange that way. The moments you remember most are not always the expensive or carefully planned ones. Sometimes it is simply sitting with your friends at midnight, eating terrible fries, laughing at absolutely nothing and being too tired to care.

Day 3: Nusa Penida: The Island That Looked Edited

We left early in the morning for Nusa Penida, and even the fast boat ride felt like part of the adventure. The waves were strong enough to make some of us question our breakfast choices, while everyone else pretended they were completely fine. The moment we reached the island, though, the discomfort of the ride seemed worth it. The scenery changed almost immediately, and Nusa Penida genuinely did not look real. P-5



Crystal Bay had water so blue that it seemed as though somebody had increased the saturation before we arrived. Broken Beach looked less like an ordinary beach and more like nature showing off, with its dramatic cliffs and natural rock arch opening towards the sea. Then came Kelingking Cliff. There are photographs of that view everywhere, but no photograph really prepares you for standing there yourself. The enormous cliff formation drops towards the turquoise water below, and the scale of it is difficult to understand until you're actually looking over the edge. We spent far too much time taking photographs, but nobody was particularly interested in stopping us. Some places simply deserve an unreasonable number of photos.



After all the moving around, lunch at a local restaurant felt oddly peaceful. It was one of those small pauses where everyone finally sat down properly, ate, talked and realised how tired we actually were. By evening, on the fast boat back, the group had become much quieter. The tiredness had finally settled into our bones. Somewhere between the ocean wind, the fading sunlight and four friends sitting together without needing to say much, it began to feel like one of those memories that would randomly return years later.Day 4: Volcanoes, Mud and Adrenaline

2 AM. Nobody looked alive. Somehow, though, we still managed to drag ourselves out for the Mount Batur sunrise jeep experience. The roads became emptier as we climbed higher into the mountains, and the humid Bali air gave way to something much colder. Darkness surrounded us, broken only by the occasional jeep headlights cutting through the fog. It was not exactly the most glamorous way to start a morning, but there was something exciting about being awake while almost everyone else was still asleep.

At the top, we waited quietly for sunrise. Slowly, the sky began to change. Black became blue, blue became orange, and then the clouds started catching the light. For a few minutes, nobody really spoke. The sunrise over Mount Batur did not feel loud or dramatic. It was actually the opposite. It felt calm, as if the world was waking up slowly in front of us and we had somehow been given a front-row seat. Breakfast in that cold mountain air tasted far better than breakfast probably had any right to taste. The combination of being awake since 2 AM, being genuinely hungry and sitting somewhere surrounded by mountains probably helped. Sunrise jeep tours around Mount Batur are built around these very early



starts and cooler mountain conditions, to capture the beauty before the day gets busy.

Then came the hot springs. Sitting in warm water while the cold mountain air touched our faces felt almost unreal after barely sleeping the entire night. For a little while, nobody seemed to care that the day had started absurdly early. It was exactly the kind of pause we needed. But the day was nowhere near over.

By afternoon, we were back again for ATV riding, and whatever calm had existed in the morning disappeared almost immediately. Mud flew everywhere, water splashed onto our clothes, and the bikes slipped and bounced their way through rough jungle trails. Everyone tried to look like they knew exactly what they were doing while secretly struggling with the same muddy turns as everyone else. At one point, we looked less like tourists and more like survivors of some extremely unnecessary off-road war. And honestly, it was perfect. ATV routes around Bali are well known for exactly this combination of jungle, mud, rough tracks and water crossings, which made the chaos feel almost expected.

By night, our bodies were completely finished. We had barely slept, spent the morning in the mountains and then spent the afternoon getting covered in mud. Yet somehow, mentally, this had probably become the best day of the trip.

Day 5: Slow Bali

After several days of nonstop travelling and activities, the free day felt less like a luxury and more like something we genuinely needed. There were no alarms, no carefully planned schedules and no need to rush from one place to another. We explored cafés, bought random souvenirs that we probably did not need, walked around the streets slowly and spent hours doing absolutely nothing important. And, strangely enough, that became one of the best parts of Bali.

There was something nice about finally being able to look around instead of constantly thinking about where we had to be next. We could sit a little longer at a café, wander into a shop because something caught our attention, or simply walk without having a destination. Seminyak is particularly suited to this kind of day, with its cafés, restaurants, boutiques and generally slower, more relaxed atmosphere compared with the busier parts of South Bali. P-10



That evening, we sat watching the sunset for what we knew was probably the last time on the trip. There was something slightly strange about knowing that, because only a few days earlier we had been talking about everything we were going to do in Bali, and now we were already thinking about packing our bags and getting to the airport the next morning. We talked about the trip, went over some of the things that had happened, laughed about the moments that had gone completely wrong and, inevitably, started discussing which day had actually been the best. Nobody really wanted to say that it was ending, though. We were enjoying the

sunset, but there was also that quiet feeling in the background that tomorrow we would be leaving, and none of us particularly wanted to think about it yet. For the first time all week, we weren't looking forward to what came next. We were wishing we had a little more time where we were.

Day 6: Goodbye, Bali

The drive back to the airport felt quieter than the drive from it. The same roads were still there, the same traffic was still moving around us, and Bali had not changed in the few days we had been there. But somehow everything looked familiar now. The roads we had once stared at like tourists had become roads we recognised. Even the chaos felt a little less chaotic.

Some trips give you photographs. Some give you stories. This one gave us both. Between ocean waves, jeep rides, sleepless mornings, late-night conversations, sunburns, terrible fries, muddy clothes, laughter and those rare hours when nobody had to think about normal life, Bali became more than just another vacation. For a few days, life felt lighter. p-9

And perhaps that is what stays with you after a trip like this. Not one particular photograph or one particular place, but the strange feeling of having been somewhere together and knowing that you will never experience those exact few days in quite the same way again. Somewhere between the beaches and mountains, the four of us found versions of ourselves that felt a little more alive.

Four people came to Bali for a trip.

We left with memories that will probably stay much longer than we expect.



DUBAI

Between Dunes & Dreams

Harnoor Kaur
Batch 2024

This travelogue is not just about what you get to see whenever you go to a new place but also about what you carry back from that place. Chapter 1 deals with what we see on the surface - the places. Chapter 2 discusses my personal takeaways from that trip and country; which I feel are equally important as those are the things which make the trip worth remembering on a deeper note.

CHAPTER 1 - THE SIGHT

(all about what I saw)

Day 1 Arrival

Gurudwara Guru Nanak Darbar

The vacation head started with a spiritual visit to Gurudwara Guru Nanak Darbar on the day of Diwali. And the amazing thing is that in the same locality we have a gurudwara and mandir - it's secularly spiritual! Also ate some hearty langar at the gurudwara and it couldn't have been better!

Miracle Garden

It's a fairyland filled with smurfs, disney palaces, ships and FLOWERS. It's an example that if you wish to, you can grow beauty anywhere; you just need to have it in you :)





Cruise

You find yourself to be tiny when you are floating in the large water body at hand, on a large vessel, in the midst of large buildings. But, still you realise you are important as everything around you exists because of a human like you who made it for you to enjoy your vacation.

Day 2 Abu Dhabi

Fun fact— It's the capital of UAE and the capital is not Dubai.(Honestly, I didn't know it earlier!) Visits of the day:

1. Sheikh Zayed Grand Mosque {Its architecture is beyond imagination. It even has a mall connected to it, which has a McDonald's (because after walking so much. you might feel hungry)}. You will get to wear a headscarf— which gives a completely new look.
2. BAPS Temple
3. Yas Mall
4. Corniche (term for waterfront)
5. Presidential Palace (Qasr Al Watan)

Day 3 Dubai City Tour

I wanna add a note at this point - during the whole trip, the majority of our taxi drivers were Pakistani. And I feel very happy to say that they are very kind and calm.

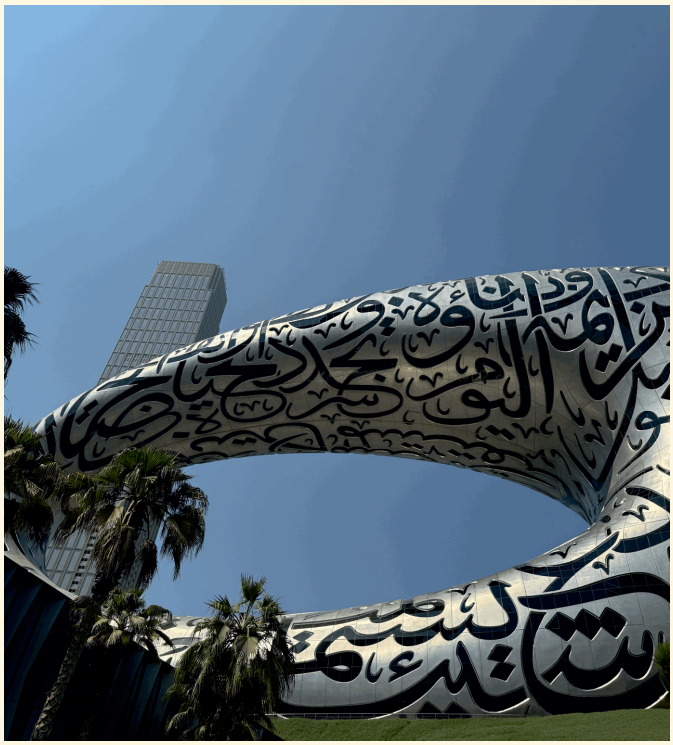
So, the day 3 started with a visit to Dubai Frame (it's like a huge window through which old Dubai is looking at the new advanced Dubai), followed by Zabeel Palace, Jumeirah Beach, Palm Jumeirah (The manmade island in the shape of palm), Atlantis (from the movie Happy New year), and finally China Mall.

At night, we visited :

The Dubai aquarium inside Dubai Mall. I even touched a baby shark with my bare hands (they made us wash our hands first). It was so slimy, tiny and soft.



Burj Khalifa — I never knew before visiting it that so many people frequent it. It was actually looking like people were standing in a line not to go inside the tallest building of the world but to avail the 'everything at 99ish types' of discounts put at cafes on rare occasions. Jokes apart, it's really pretty. The architects must have had to think about a lot of maths, design and physics to make it stand nice and tall. I saw the fountain show at the base from the top. By the way, the lift inside it is among the fastest in the world.



Day 4

Museum of Future

This place is for all sci-fi enthusiasts and for anyone who wants to experience the new technologies. From space missions, robotic products, genetic studio to healing therapy sessions - it has everything. It has an element of progress but with a link to the fundamental elements of nature - sound, touch, smell, vibration. It has given me a takeaway that if you want to grow, you need to carry forward the elements that make you human - your natural senses.

Gold Souk

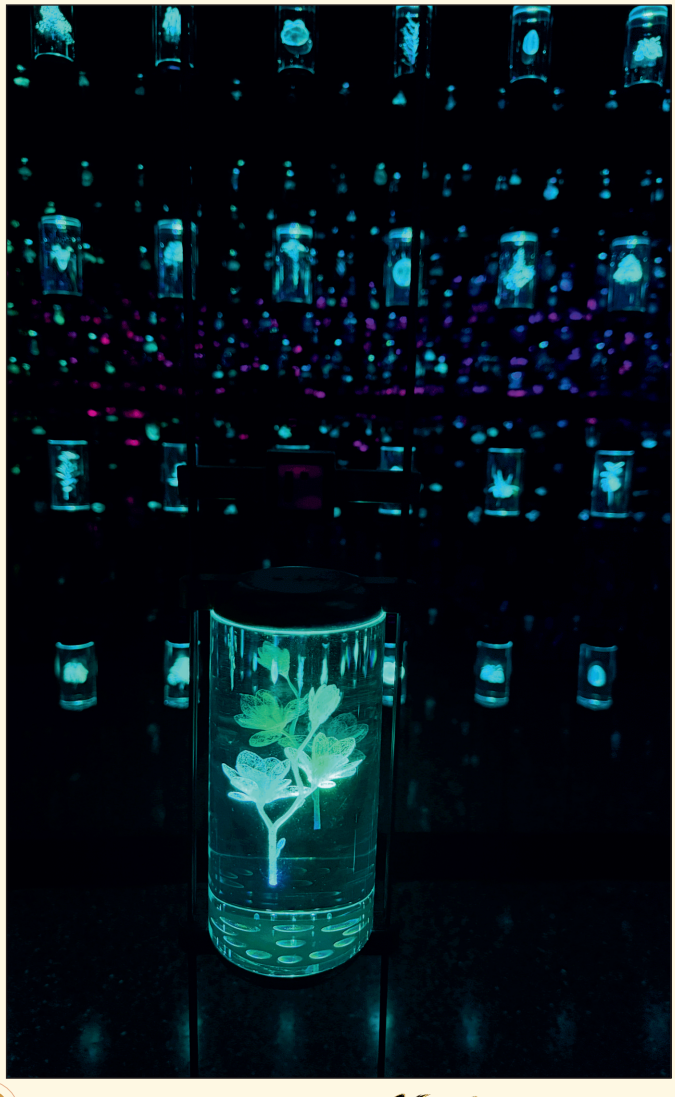
Souk is a term for market in Arabic. And it had lots of gold!

Desert Safari

Imagine being in a car which is taking sharp cuts, doors closed, windows up, music on high volume, belts tied, speed high and driving on an undulating stretch of sand; you bounce back and forth, up and down, it feels scary initially to even look outside the car but as you discover your rhythm with the sand - it becomes thrilling. That's what a safari is.

I went quad biking too. It felt like riding a scooter - not on a road, but on sand. Either way, it was fun!

At night, we went to a desert camp to enjoy dinner with some stage performances. The fire dance was my favourite.



CHAPTER 2— THE VISION

What my mind saw it to be

It's good to see something shine, but when we end up realising the reason why it shines - that's powerful! We thus realise the master recipe which can help us to find that shine within us.

1. The Power of creating something from nothing

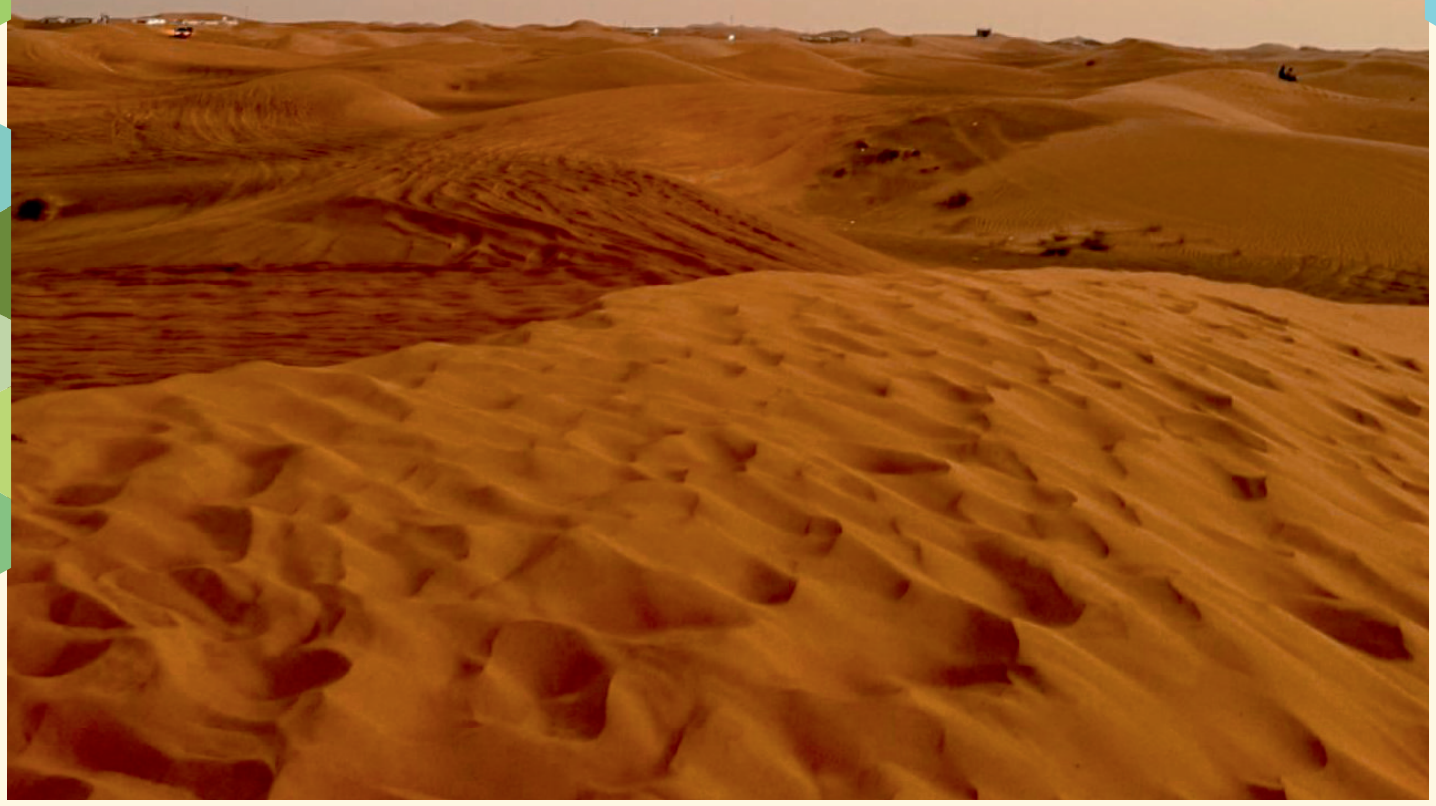
Before Dubai became what it is now - a cosmopolitan city where the percentage of immigrants is more than the natives; it was largely a desert. All the amazing architecture, system, quality of living that it is known for, didn't exist. Everything has been created with a vision. It has been created in the present and is not something passed down from ancestors or the past.

It's the genesis of something from nothing which was made possible by the vision of some people just like us. They just used the 'power of their mind to think' to build something magical. And of course we can too!

2. People make a country

A country is never bad or good - it's the people who give shape to it. Dubai people have done an amazing job to make it stand where it is today. I hope we will also do something like this for our country one day - by leaving a good legacy. After all, something is always there which we can do to make our world a better place. At the end of the day, we and our country should be known in a good way.

Dubai you were too good. The memories made over a span of these few days, will definitely last a lifetime...



Leh-Ladakh

A Journey Through the Land of Endless Landscapes

Harazeez Kaur
Batch 2023

Summer vacations are a luxury that our medical batch rarely gets. Between postings, exams, records, and endless deadlines, the idea of a proper holiday often feels like a distant dream. So when the opportunity finally arrived, there was no better destination than Leh-Ladakh—a place known not only for its majestic mountains and crystal-clear lakes but also for landscapes that change every few kilometres. In fact, the scenery changes so often that you find yourself clicking photographs every few minutes, despite knowing fully well that your phone storage and battery are fighting for survival!



Day 1: Chandigarh to Leh

Our journey began with a flight from Chandigarh to Leh. Although the flight was delayed slightly, any irritation quickly disappeared the moment we looked out of the window. Floating above the clouds, with snow-covered Himalayan peaks piercing through them, felt surreal. The breathtaking views made every minute of the wait worthwhile.



As we landed in Leh, the temperature welcomed us with a pleasant 13–14°C. The sun played hide-and-seek behind the clouds, but whenever it emerged, its intensity reminded us of Ladakh's notoriously high UV index. Despite the chilly air, the sunlight seemed determined to reach our skin, leaving sunscreen as our only line of defence.

We reached our hotel in the afternoon and wasted no time in indulging in some local cuisine. A steaming bowl of traditional thukpa and a plate of fried rice felt like the perfect introduction to Ladakh. After lunch, we spent the next few hours acclimatising and resting, occasionally questioning whether acetazolamide was helping us prevent Acute Mountain Sickness or simply introducing us to a new set of side effects.

By evening, curiosity got the better of us and we headed out on foot to explore Leh Market. The streets were lively and bustling, similar to the mall roads of many hill stations, yet there was something distinctly different about them. Buddhist culture was woven into every corner—meditation bowls, colourful prayer flags, wind chimes, prayer wheels, and

the iconic traditional masks that seemed to watch over the streets.

For dinner, following a recommendation from ChatGPT, we decided to visit Bon Appétit. The route to the café was honestly a little intimidating. The roads became quieter and darker, and for a moment we genuinely wondered if we were heading in the right direction. But the moment the food arrived, every doubt vanished. The pizza was incredible, the gnocchi was outstanding, and the entire meal deserved nothing less than a chef's kiss. Hidden away in an unlikely location, it turned out to be one of the culinary highlights of the trip.

Day 2: Leh to Nubra Valley

The next morning began early as we set out for Nubra Valley, roughly a four-hour drive from Leh.

Our first major stop was the legendary Khardung La, one of the highest motorable passes in the world, standing proudly at 17,982 feet. Surrounded by snow-covered peaks and crisp mountain air, it felt like standing on top of the world. However, the low oxygen levels quickly reminded us that nature always has the final say. Visitors are advised not to stay for more than fifteen minutes, so after taking photographs and soaking in the views, we continued onward.

Further down the road, we found patches of fresh snow and couldn't resist stopping to play around like excited children. The journey itself was equally mesmerising. Deep valleys stretched endlessly below us, dotted with winding streams and grazing yaks that looked like tiny black specks from such heights.

One of the most scenic stops was the Shyok River viewpoint. The turquoise waters carved through the valley with remarkable beauty. However, our driver pointed out that the river's water levels have been decreasing over the years, a stark reminder of the effects of global warming reaching even the most remote corners of the Himalayas.



Our next stop was the famous Diskit Monastery, the oldest and largest monastery in Nubra Valley. Perched on a hill overlooking the valley, it offered panoramic views that seemed straight out of a painting. The giant 106-foot Maitreya Buddha statue stood majestically against the backdrop of mountains, symbolising peace and protection for the region. Walking through the monastery, listening to the fluttering prayer flags and the distant chants, brought a sense of calm unlike anything else.

By afternoon, we reached the Hunder Sand Dunes, one of the most fascinating landscapes in Ladakh. It felt almost unbelievable to see a cold desert surrounded by snow-capped mountains. We enjoyed ATV rides across the dunes, tried our hand at archery, clicked countless photographs with the famous double-humped Bactrian camels, and of course treated ourselves to momos and ice cream.

Later, we checked into our hotel and rested for a while before heading to the charming Artisan Village. Everything about the place seemed aesthetically perfect—live music playing softly in the background, a river flowing nearby, warm lights, and a relaxed atmosphere. Sitting there with a wood-fired pizza and my novel in hand felt like one of those rare moments where time slows down.

Dinner brought a welcome taste of home with kadhai paneer and rotis, after which we returned to our hotel to prepare for another long journey the following day.

Day 3: Nubra Valley to Pangong Lake

Another early morning greeted us, this time with temperatures hovering around 2°C.

We packed our bags and began the journey





towards Pangong Lake. Unlike some of the smoother roads maintained meticulously by the Border Roads Organisation, parts of this route were still under construction. The drive was bumpy, adventurous, and occasionally nerve-wracking, but every turn revealed landscapes that made us forget the discomfort instantly.

The road wound through dramatic canyons, towering mountains, and alongside the ever-present Shyok River. At times, it felt less like travelling through India and more like being inside a cinematic masterpiece.

After nearly four and a half hours, we finally arrived at Pangong Lake.

No photograph or social media post can truly





prepare you for seeing it in person. When we first arrived, the lake appeared muted under the cloudy skies. But as the sunlight gradually broke through, the waters transformed into shades of turquoise, sapphire, and deep marine blue. It was magical.

We spent hours sitting beside the lake, watching the ripples dance across its surface, taking photographs, filming videos, and simply appreciating the silence. Some places make you want to talk endlessly; Pangong makes you want to sit quietly and admire.

Eventually, it was time to begin the return journey to Leh. On the way, we stopped at the BRO Café, where a simple meal of rajma chawal and their homemade cake felt surprisingly luxurious after hours on the road.

Crossing Chang La and several other high-altitude passes once again offered spectacular views of valleys, mountains, and endless skies. By evening, we finally reached Leh, completely exhausted. With no energy left for further exploration, we had dinner at the hotel and called it a day.

Day 4: Exploring Leh

For the first time during the trip, we allowed ourselves the luxury of waking up a little later.

Our day began with a visit to Leh Palace, a remarkable structure built in the seventeenth century and now protected by the Archaeological Survey of India. Climbing to the upper levels rewarded us with breathtaking panoramic views of Leh town and the surrounding mountains.

Next came the Hall of Fame, one of the most moving experiences of the trip. Listening to the stories of Kargil War heroes and learning about the sacrifices made by our soldiers left a lasting impact. The sight of the memorials and tributes to the brave men who gave everything for the nation filled us with immense pride and gratitude.

From there, we visited Gurudwara Pathar

Sahib. According to local legend, when a demon attempted to kill Guru Nanak Dev Ji by rolling a massive boulder down a hill towards him, the rock miraculously softened like wax upon touching the Guru, preserving the impression of his body. That sacred stone is still preserved within the gurudwara today. The atmosphere there felt incredibly peaceful and spiritual, creating a sense of calm that stayed with us long after we left.

Our next stop was Magnetic Hill. Watching a vehicle seemingly move uphill against gravity felt almost unbelievable. Whether science or illusion, it remained a fascinating experience.

We then proceeded to Sangam Point, where the Indus and Zanskar rivers meet. The contrast was striking—the turquoise waters of one river merging with the muddy currents of the other, yet both retaining their distinct colours for a considerable distance. Strong winds swept through the valley, creating a refreshing and invigorating atmosphere.

Our final sightseeing stop was the iconic Shanti Stupa. Perched atop a hill, it offered another magnificent view of Leh. As rain clouds gathered overhead, the sky turned shades of grey, making the brilliant white stupa stand out even more dramatically against the backdrop.

After returning to the hotel and resting briefly, there was only one place we wanted to visit for our final dinner—Bon Appétit. We couldn't leave Leh without one last meal there. The pan-seared fish, paneer preparations, and especially the chocolate momos made for a perfect farewell feast.



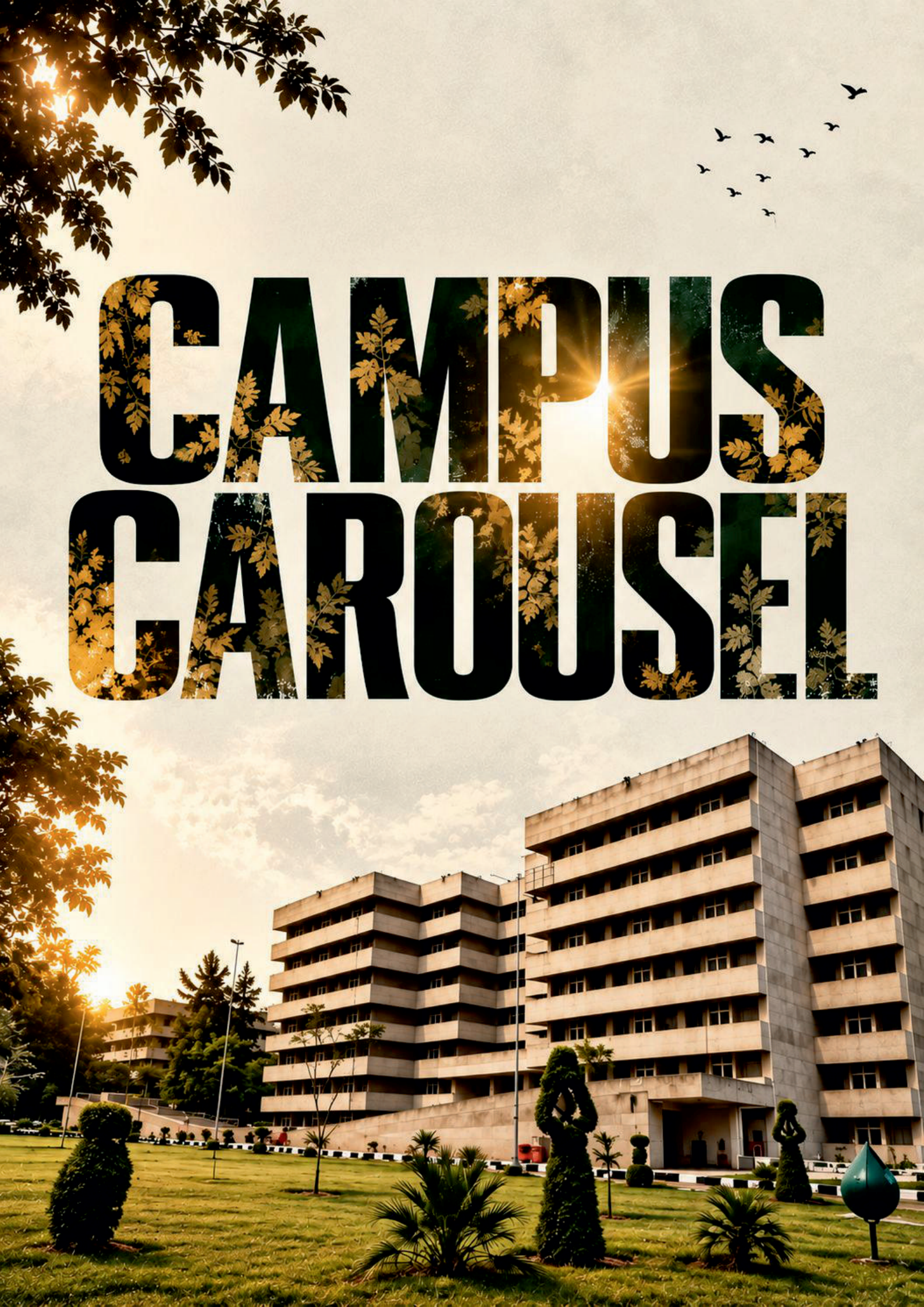
As we left the café under a sky glittering with countless stars, there was a quiet understanding among us that this trip was coming to an end.

As we boarded our flight back to Chandigarh the next morning, one quote from a BRO board stayed with us:

"The land of barren mountains and passes so high that only the best of friends or the fiercest of enemies would want to visit us." — Siachen Tuskers

And true to those words, Ladakh tested us with its high passes, long journeys, and thin air, but rewarded us with memories, landscapes, and experiences far more beautiful than we could have imagined. We left with tired bodies, full camera rolls, and hearts already longing to return.

CAMPUS CAROUSEL



34TH ANNUAL DAY





















77th REPUBLIC DAY 2026







80th INDEPENDENCE DAY 2026









SPORTS DAY 2026












INDOOR SPORTS MEET 2026









ACADEMIC DAY 2025









EUPHORIA 2026
ECHOES OF ATLANTIS















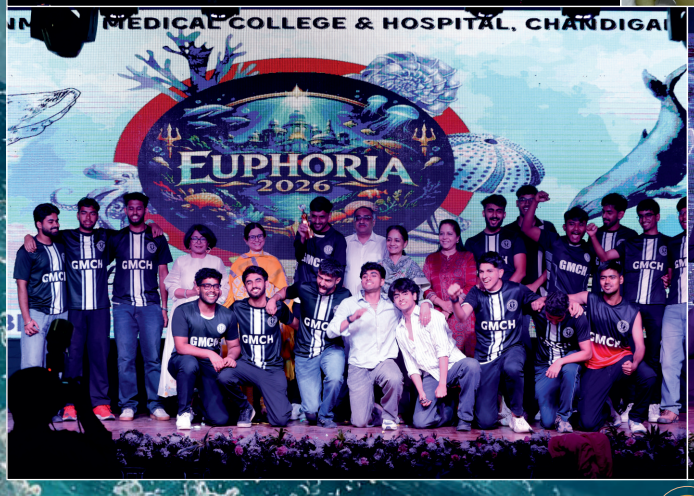



EUPHORIA
2026


vivo


vivo




MEDICAL COLLEGE & HOSPITAL, CHANDIGA
EUPHORIA
2026
GMCH



GMCH MUN 4.0



When people think of a medical college, they usually imagine students buried under textbooks, rushing to postings, or trying to survive another internal assessment. But once in a while, we get the chance to step outside the world of medicine and explore something completely different.

Model United Nations, an academic simulation of the United Nations, introduces students to diplomacy, international relations, and global policymaking. Participants represent a country, organization, or public figure and collaborate with other delegates from around the "world" to debate issues, negotiate solutions on real world agendas, to resolve real-world challenges through dialogue and consensus.

We are proud to share that GMCH is one of the FEW medical colleges in the country to successfully integrate the Model United Nations platform with the academic medical community. The 4th edition of GMCH MUN witnessed enthusiastic participation and overwhelming success!

This is the fourth consecutive year of us organising the MUN, where we hosted around 120+ delegates coming from schools all over the tricity and colleges of all disciplines. The event was spread over two days with 5 committees, including the WHO, UNGA, AIPPM, NATO crisis, and the international press. The agendas were as follows:

1. World Health Organization (WHO)

Agenda: Combating the Global Health Threat of National and Transnational Organ Trafficking: The Role of International Laws and Collaborative Health Initiatives



2. All India Political Party Meet (AIPPM)

Agenda: Addressing the Criminalisation of Politics and the Alleged Politicisation of State Investigative Agencies in India

3. United Nations General Assembly (UNGA)

Agenda: Regulating the role of private cyber security and commercial defence actors in international conflicts with special emphasis on data breach and data privacy

4. North Atlantic Treaty Organisation (NATO) - CRISIS

Agenda: A crisis set on a particular date was given to the participants which included ever changing situations for the delegates of the countries to deal with

5. International Press: This committee functions as a team of journalists and photographers, diligently covering and reporting on the proceedings of other committees.

This time the inauguration of GMCH MUN 4.0 was graced by Sh. Mandip Singh Brar, IAS, Home secretary cum SMER. He emphasised on the need for extra-curricular activities and development of communication skills in all future doctors which gives them a much-needed break from the monotony of college. He reminisced about his own experiences with Model United Nations conferences, which were relatively uncommon during his time, and expressed his delight at seeing GMCH institutionalize the event as an annual tradition. He noted that MUNs serve as an excellent platform for sharpening students' rational thinking, problem-solving abilities, and understanding of complex real-world issues spanning geopolitics, medicine, and contemporary Indian challenges. Such exposure, he remarked, helps students develop a more holistic and multidisciplinary approach to addressing problems.

As organisers, we had spent months planning the conference, solving problems we never anticipated, and occasionally wondering whether everything would come together on time. Watching the committees in session, however, made every late-night meeting and last-minute adjustment worth it!



The event witnessed enthusiastic participation across all committees, which abuzz with lively debates and insightful discussions. The sheer depth of research and preparation displayed by the delegates left us astounded, particularly considering that some participants were as young as eighth graders. They unveiled a world of perspectives and possibilities to everyone who witnessed these meticulously crafted debates - whether first-time participants, seasoned delegates, or even us, the organising members who had the privilege of bringing it all together.



At the end, I would like to extend my gratitude to the people without whom this would not have been possible.

First up, we thank the participants for making this edition a memorable one for us with their great research, heated debates and engaging dialogues.

The USGs and the organising committee supported us whenever we needed them and managed their departments with such care and clarity!

Last but not the least, we thank Prof Sanjeev Palta (Chairperson, Literary committee) and Prof Shivani Jaswal (Convenor, Literary committee) for their guidance and support to organise the event and make it into a success!



As the gavels came down and the committee rooms emptied, GMCH MUN 4.0 came to an end. But the debates, friendships, lessons, and memories will stay with us for a long time. Here's to four successful editions—and hopefully many more to come!

Signing off,

Secretariat, GMCH MUN 4.0

Dhanishtha, Harazeez and Aurya

Batch 2023


IDEAS THAT HEAL
TALENTS THAT INSPIRE
EFFORTS THAT LEAD
INDIVIDUALS THAT MATTER
SCIENCE
MEDICINE
ARTS
SPORTS
LITERATURE
INNOVATION
SOCIAL IMPACT
AND BEYOND
HALL OF HONOR
ACHIEVEMENTS TODAY
A BRIGHTER TOMORROW
PEOPLE
PURPOSE
POSSIBILITIES
A BRIGHTER TOMORROW
EXCELLENCE LIVES HERE
SAME DREAMS BRIGHTER HORIZONS

DISTINCTIONS

BATCH 2021

Obstetrics & Gynaecology

- Deepak
- Nandan Mohindra
- Sanyogita
- Shaurya Mahajan
- S Harin Siddhantha

Paediatrics

- Mohnish Bansal
- Navya Grover
- Ria Khurana

Ophthalmology

- Niharika
- Shreya Sharma
- Upasna Kaul

ENT

- Nandan Mohindra

BATCH 2023

Pharmacology

- Aadya Gupta
- Anushka Sharma
- Charvi Sharma
- Manya Goel
- Parteek Kaur
- Rhythm Sharma

Pathology

- Parteek Kaur

BATCH 2024

Human Anatomy

- Aina V
- Anurag
- Arshia Garg
- Kuljeet Singh
- Lovenesh Kumar
- Mehwish Vinayak
- Nirvana Vatsyayan
- Samridhi Garg
- Sharanya Sharma
- Tamanna
- Priyasha Jindal
- Tanisha Sethi
- Gurmaanpreet Singh

Biochemistry

- Angad Vir Singh Randhawa
- Arshia Garg
- Kadam Tuli
- Nikhil Saini
- Priyasha Jindal
- Tanisha Sethi

Physiology

- Arjun Gupta
- Gurmaanpreet Singh
- Nahar Rohilla
- Priyanshi Patodia
- Tanish Manuja

ACHIEVEMENTS



Hargunvir Saini and Manmeet Singh

MBBS Batch 2024

3rd Prize

IMA AMSCON NCDs Quiz at IMA Chandigarh 2025



Harazeez Kaur

MBBS Batch 2023

1st Prize

Paper presentation at PAFMATCON, AIIMS Bathinda





Anuvansh Chugh And Karan Singh Sandhu

MBBS Batch 2022

WINNER- IAP UG QUIZ 2025 (Indian Academy of Pediatrics) Divisional Round - held at RPGMC, Tanda 21/9/25

Runner-Up - IAP UG QUIZ 2025 - Zonal Round - North Zone Held at GMC, Amritsar 24/10/25



Arnav Chugh

MBBS Batch 2022

Event: MEDSICON 2025

Awards- 1) MEDSICON Scholar

2) 2nd Position in Clinical Case Presentation

3) Letter of recommendation and Scholarship to American College of Surgeons

Organized By:VMMC, New Delhi

Event: WeCare2026 and ESI Obesity Week

Awards- 1) 1st Position in Poster Presentation

Organized By:Endocrine Society of India

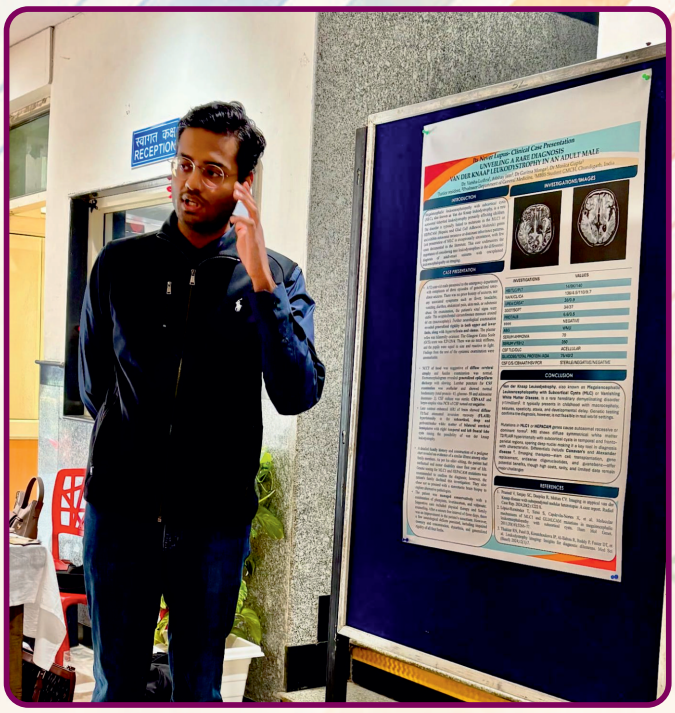


Mudita

MBBS Batch 2023

3rd Prize

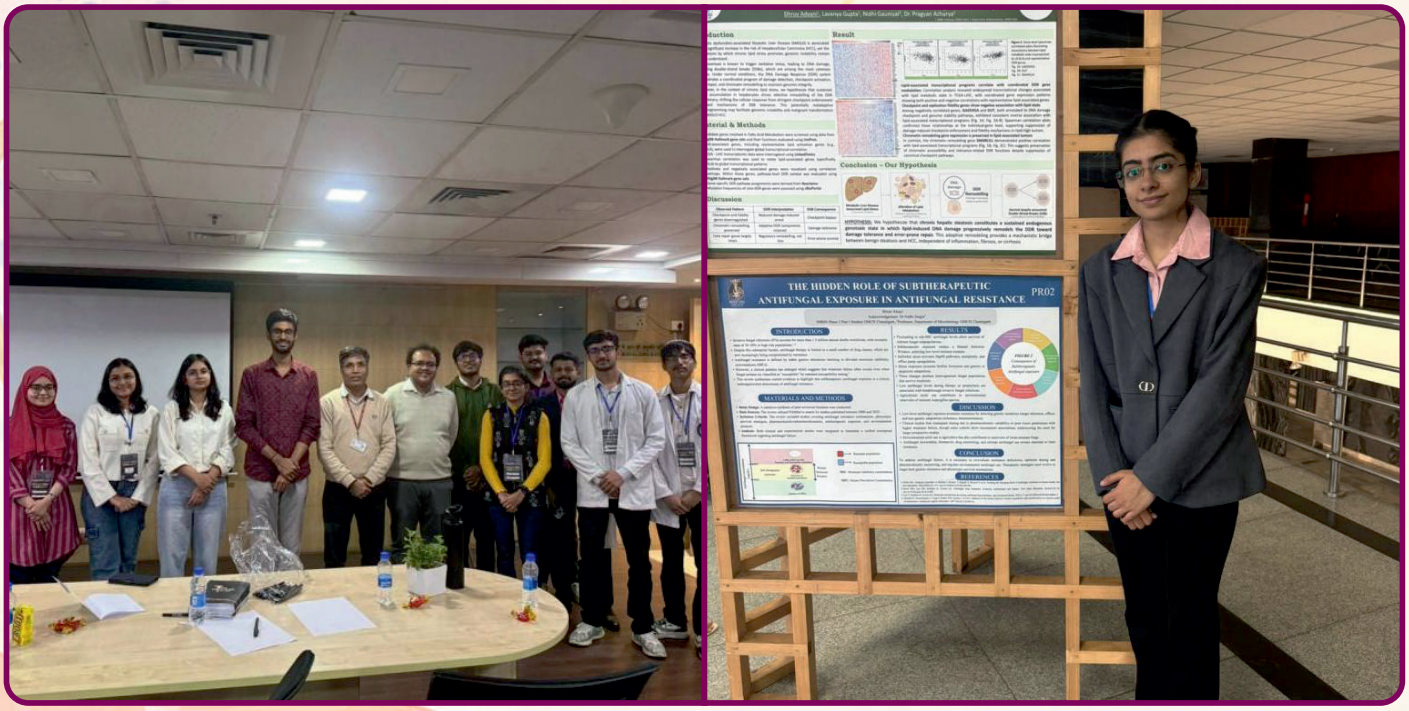
Paper presentation in PAFMATCON 2024-25



Atishay Jain

MBBS Batch 2022

1. Publication accepted in Journal of Cerebrovascular Diseases "Atypical Posterior Reversible Encephalopathy Syndrome as the Sentinel Presentation of Takayasu's Arteritis" and accepted for presentation at Asia Pacific Stroke Conference, Colombo, 2026.
2. Publication accepted in Journal of Cerebrovascular Diseases "MRI-Negative Eight-and-a-Half Syndrome: Clinico-Radiological Dissociation in a Steroid-Responsive Pontine Syndrome" and accepted for presentation at Asia Pacific Stroke Meet, Colombo, 2026.
3. Publication accepted in International Journal of Infectious Diseases "Evaluation of Direct Disc Susceptibility Testing (DDST) on positive blood culture" and accepted for presentation in International Congress of Infectious Diseases, Madrid, 2026.
4. Publication accepted in International Journal of Infectious Diseases "Unexplained Cervicothoracic Venous Thrombosis Revealing Severe Hyperhomocysteinemia in Post-Tubercular Lung Disease: A Proposed Two-Hit Mechanism" and accepted for presentation in International Congress of Infectious Diseases, Madrid, 2026.
5. Publication accepted in Cureus Journal of Medical Sciences "Hyperhomocysteinemia as a Common Denominator: Linking Posterior Subcapsular Cataract and Pulmonary Thromboembolism"
6. Primary reviewer for Apollo Medicine Journal for article: "9p13.3 syndrome: A rare & unusual genetic cause of a tremor in a young Indian boy"
7. Primary reviewer for Apollo Medicine Journal for article "Cost Benefit, Cost Effectiveness and Budget Impact Analysis of Drug Coated Ballons vs Drug Eluting Stents in BMS/DES ISR and small vessel disease patients in Indonesia"
8. Achieved 2nd place at the Clinical Case Poster Presentation Competition called "It's Never Lupus" at Lady Hardinge Medical College Conference "Medicus Conventus" for my paper "Unveiling a Rare Diagnosis of Van Der Knaap Leukodystrophy in an Adult Male "
9. Awarded 1st Prize in Oral Presentation at the Pediatric Epilepsy Research Symposium 2026, PIGMER Chandigarh, for research on "Infantile Epileptic Spasms Syndrome (IESS) in India a systematic review and meta-analysis"



Shruti Ahuja

MBBS Batch 2023

1. Letter to Editor published on 20 Dec 2025 in CHRISMED J Health Res 2025;12:165-6. DOI: 10.4103/cjhr.cjhr_41_25 (Under guidance of Dr. Nidhi Singla, Microbiology)

2. Medengage Scholarship from Metropolis Foundation presented in March, 2026

3. ICMR STS Scholarship (Under guidance of Dr. Mandeep Singla, Medicine and Dr. Harmanjit Singh, Pharmacology) for the session 2025-26

4. SECOND position in CASEX Quiz at AIIMS New Delhi on 14th Feb, 2026

5. FIRST position in Medical Quiz conducted at AMSCON, 2026 in Chandigarh

6. BEST POSTER AWARD in AMSCON 2026, Chandigarh. (Under guidance of Dr. Nidhi Singla, Microbiology)

7. SECOND prize in Down to Earth competition held at AIIMS New Delhi. Feb 2026



(L-R) Manmohan Singh, Vishal, Saksham Aggarwal (c) , Ashnoor, Aryan Garg, Harsh Kumar

1st Prize

Intercollege Volleyball Tournament held at Panjab University in 2026



Hridayaa Sharma

MBBS Batch 2021

1st prize (team) and 2nd prize (individual) in SurgiQuiz conducted during the CME "The Final Stitch" organised on 14th September 2025 at AIMS Mohali



Upasna Kaul

MBBS Batch 2021

1st prize (team) and 1st prize (individual) in SurgiQuiz conducted during the CME 'The final stitch', organised on 14th September 2025 at AIMS Mohali



(L-R) Arjun Kanwal, Priyanshu Negi, Saksham Aggarwal (c) , Anuj Malik, Yash Kumar, Gurmaanpreet Singh?

1st Prize

Intercollege Volleyball Tournament held at Panjab University in 2025



Vibhav Agarwal, Lakshayjeet Singh, Shruti Ahuja

2nd in CASE-X, AIIMS New Delhi, Insight

3rd in Case Presentation, organised by Endocrine Society of India



(L-R) Aniruddh Sangra, Daksh Joshi, Ananya Singh Arya, Kautik Chandra, Gul Gill

1st Prize

Basketball tournament held in Ludhiana by CMC and also won a medal and trophy for the MVP.



(Bottom L-R) Arman Godara, Abhijay Sharma, Dhanishtha Kumar, Lavanya Mittal, Parisa Munjal (Top L-R) Abhinav Biswas, Manya Goel, Syed Abbas, Divya Gupta, Nikish Bansal, Mudita, Aarushi Suri, Ankit Grover, Aditya Sinha, Nyasa Gulati

Moot Court team 1st prize PAFMATCON Himalyan Institute of Medical Sciences, Jolly Grant, Dehradun.





Lavanya Mittal

MBBS Batch 2023

First position in Undergraduate e-poster presentation at PAFMATCON 2024-25 held at Himalayan Institute Of Medical Sciences, Dehradun ed by Endocrine Society of India

Charvi Sharma

MBBS Batch 2023

Gold medal in 63rd National Roller Skating Championship Senior Category
Gold medal in Chandigarh State Roller Skating Championship
Silver medal in IHAI National Ice Hockey Championship

My Journey to Becoming Miss North India Iconic 2026

Dr. Aditi Singla, JR Paediatrics



Winning the title of Miss North India Iconic 2026 was not just about wearing a crown; it was about discovering my true potential and believing in myself. The journey was filled with challenges, learning experiences, and unforgettable memories that transformed me into a more confident and determined individual.

When I first stepped into the competition, I was both excited and nervous. Competing alongside talented and inspiring contestants from different backgrounds pushed me to step out of my comfort zone.

The preparation process taught me discipline and perseverance. From grooming sessions and stage presence training to improving my public speaking and overall personality, every day brought a new opportunity to learn. There were moments of self-doubt, but with the support of my family, friends, and mentors, I continued moving forward with determination.

The most memorable moment was standing on the stage during the final announcement. As my name was called for the title of Miss North India Iconic 2026, I felt an overwhelming mix of joy, gratitude, and pride. In that instant, all the hard work, dedication, and sacrifices felt worthwhile. Wearing the crown was not just a personal achievement; it was a reminder that dreams can become reality when pursued with passion and commitment.



This title has given me a platform to inspire others, especially young women, to believe in themselves and chase their aspirations fearlessly. I have learned that true beauty comes from confidence, kindness, and the courage to embrace one's individuality. The crown represents responsibility, leadership, and the opportunity to create a positive impact in society.

As I look ahead, I carry this achievement with humility and gratitude. Winning Miss North India Iconic 2026 will always remain one of the most cherished milestones of my life—a journey that taught me to dream bigger, work harder, and never stop believing in myself.

According to Sources

Ladies of the Season



01
PENELOPE FEATHERINGTON
(BRIDGERTON)
Seemingly innocent but secretly knows all gossip of the batch and spreads it before you know



02
BLAIR WALDORF
(GOSSIP GIRL)
Gives the strongest "queen of the social circle" vibes in the batch



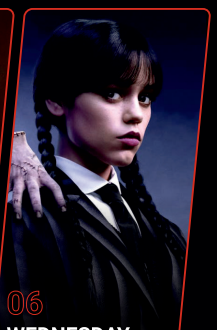
03
DEVI VISHWAKUMAR
(Never Have I Ever)
Most likely to have a mental breakdown over a 9/10 grade



04
SANSA STARK
(Game of Thrones)
The dreamy romantic who keeps picking the wrong guys



05
CERSEI LANNISTER
(Game of Thrones)
Smiles politely, has secretly planned your downfall



06
WEDNESDAY ADDAMS
(Wednesday)
Unimpressed expression, razor-sharp wit. Detached but ever observing and judging.

Lords of the Season



01
PETYR BAELISH
(GAME OF THRONES)
Strategic mind with questionable intentions. Always three plans ahead, but at least two loyalties short



02
YAGAMI
(DEATH NOTE)
100% convinced he is the smartest in the room (also true to a large extent)



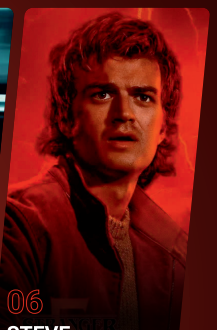
03
SAUL GOODMAN
(BETTER CALL SAUL)
Can talk their way out of literally any trouble- viva, attendance, or missed submissions



04
BARNEY STINSON
(HOW I MET YOUR MOTHER)
Flirts like a professional. Commitment... not in the syllabus



05
JOE GOLDBERG
(YOU)
Quiet, observant; you never know whether he is just caring or a little too invested...



06
STEVE HARRINGTON
(STRANGER THINGS)
the "one episode appearance" character- seen once in class and then disappears like a side character in a Netflix series?

Entanglements of the Season



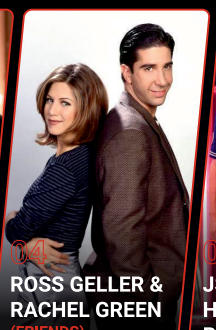
01
JIM & PAM
(THE OFFICE)
A friendship that quietly evolved over time; who knew the longest love stories were unfolding right in plain sight



02
JOE AND LOVE
(YOU)
Toxic but passionate. Seem sweet at first but everyone else can see the red flags except the ones involved



03
KATE AND ANTHONY
(BRIDGERTON)
From scandalous rivalry to embarrassingly obvious obsession



04
ROSS GELLER & RACHEL GREEN
(FRIENDS)
Public romance, public fights... public everything



05
JSTEVE HARRINGTON & ROBIN BUCKLEY
(STRANGER THINGS)
Best friends with suspiciously strong couple energy. Birds of a feather flocking together, don't know if the nest is there though



06
DAMON SALVATORE & ELENA GILBERT
(THE VAMPIRE DIARIES)
She believes in "forever." He believes in flirting with literally everyone

Ladies of the Season	 Penelope Featherington (Bridgerton)	 Blair Waldorf (Gossip Girl)	 Devi Vishwakumar (Never Have I Ever)	 Sansa Stark (Game of Thrones)	 Cersei Lannister (Game of Thrones)	 Wednesday Addams Wednesday)
2021	Niharika Malik	Rumneek	Reet / Sonali	Tanvi	Sanika	Reet
2022	Sajolie	Anhad	Bhavya	Nandika	Guntas	Bhavya / Varnika
2023	Divya	Divya	Aurya	Nyasa	Aurya	Lavanya
2024	Vatsala	Harshil	Mehwish	Saanvi	Harshil	Chhavi / Sharanya / Nishtha / Kanika
2025	Akshita Gupta	Divyanka	Divyanka	Harnoor	Harnoor	Navya Gupta

Lords of the Season	 Petyr Baelish (Game of Thrones)	 Yagami (Death note)	 Saul Goodman (Better Call Saul)	 Barney Stinson (How I Met Your Mother)	 Joe Goldberg (You)	 Steve Harringto (Stranger Things)
2021	Sanyam	Abhimanyu	Sahil Gill	Sumer	Sahil Dhuran	Ishaan
2022	Lakshayjeet	Atishay	Manak	Tanishq	Suraj	Trijal
2023	Sidharth	Sidharth	Prabhpreet	Aayush	Aditya Jindal / Saksham Saluja	Krish
2024	Arvinbir	Anurag	Pradeep / Anurag	Abhimanyu	Arvinbir	Udbhav
2025	Anikait	Aarav Goel	Anikait	Anikait	Uday	Ravi

Entanglements of the Season	 Jim & Pam (The Office)	 Joe and Love (You)	 Kate and Anthony (Bridgerton)	 Ross Geller & Rachel Green (Friends)	 Steve Harrington & Robin Buckley (Stranger Things)	 Damon Salvatore & Elena Gilbert (The Vampire Diaries)
2021	Abhimanyu & Anshita	Siddharth & Niharika	Parul & Harin	Sanyam & Damita	Shaurya & Tamanna	Taran & Abhilasha / Siddharth & Niharika
2022	Lakshayjeet & Ananya	Tanishq & Shreeya	Sajolie & Akhil	Sahil & Guntas	Ayush & Nishtha	Tanishq & Shreeya
2023	Nikish & Divya	Sidharth & Bheeni	Tanya & Yashvardhan	Nischay & Bani	Harshil & Sakshi	Aditya Sinha & Lavanya
2024	Prabhjot & Pragya	Abhimanyu & Saanvi	Harshil & Kuljeet	Harshavardhan & Vanshika Pal	Anurag & Aina / Arjun & Aathmika	Abhimanyu & Saanvi
2025	Aarav & Janya	Shaurya & Sehaj	Harnoor & Anurag	Shaurya & Sehaj	Anhad & Vedaa	Anikait & Harnoor



Au Revoir, Batch 2021





AANCHAL

The OG roll number 1- always first for viva and still like a pro. One of the smartest and sweetest people I know. Lucky to have you.



AANCHAL BENIWAL

My hostel homie- thoughtful, genuine, chaotic, and the brightest diya of our group. Your warmth and healing hands will touch countless lives. Keep rocking, always.



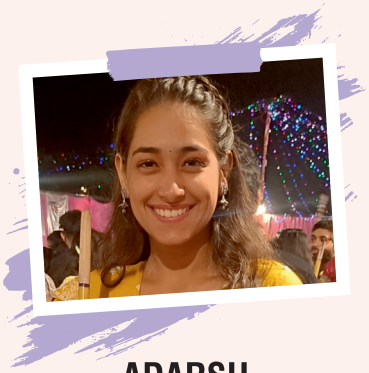
ABHILASHA

You make my college days brighter. Your humor and bubbly personality make everything better. Hope we are best friends in every universe.



ABHIMANYU SAINI

The smartest and funniest of the lot, a true lover of cinema and music. One of the best companions anyone could ask for.



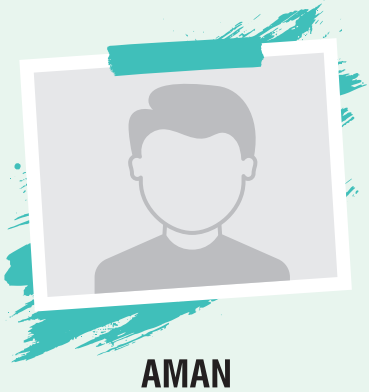
ADARSH

One of those rare people who excel at everything. My roommate is a gumiho- dangerously magnetic and one of the people I'll cherish forever.



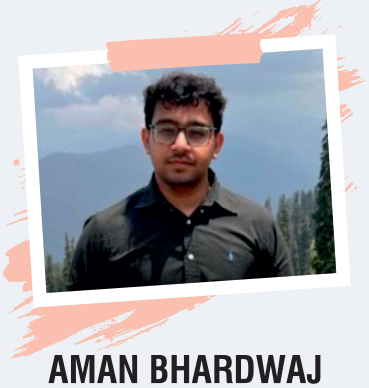
AKASH

Congratulations on completing your MBBS! We wish you all the very best for your future endeavours.



AMAN

He's principled, straight laced and old school. Man is nice, polite and a pleasure to talk to. Your quiet dedication and perseverance, and the way you never shy away from making an effort, are qualities that make you special



AMAN BHARDWAJ

Proud Haryanvi! Wishing you all the best for the future!



ANANYA SHARMA

A soul with an innocent heart- possesses the skill of adjusting beautifully as per what life throws at her. She is the shore where dedication meets reality.



ANANYA SINGH AARYA

The tallest guy in our class, a great athlete, and truly the best by heart. Glad to have him in my life.



ANJALI

To my Haryanvi baddie — the funniest, boldest, and most unbothered queen of our college. I'll always be grateful for our bond — my partner-in-crime, my safe space, my girl!



ANMOL SINGH SANDHU

CR No. 1, Anmol Singh Sandhu- never studies yet manages to pass. Talks as if he knows only three words- fire, bruh, ayee!!



ANSHIKA SINGH

Always active and friends with almost everyone. Our endless trip plans made the best memories. You're the ultimate social butterfly and a true gossip girlie with the funniest stories.



ANSHITA DHIMAN

Fun-sized packet of glitter, sparkles, and everything good in this world.



ANSHUL

Fun- loving, energetic and cool- never misses his afternoon naps, even at the cost of classes. A great friend who'll always be by your side.



APARNA SINGH

The chaos, the 8 am classes, vivas, and little moments with you made college fun. Your wavy hair and K-drama heart made this journey memorable.



APURVA GANESAN

You were the most secretive person, lost in your own world yet thoughtful about everything…surely a fun-loving soul with a peaceful aura and a contagious smile



ARNAV GUPTA

He knows how to work hard, enjoy life and make memories along the way. A few years down the lane, I wouldn't be surprised to find him enjoying life somewhere in the US!



ARNAV JASWAL

Congratulations on completing your MBBS! We wish you all the very best for your future endeavours.



ARSHDEEP NAIN

“No-Nonsense Guy” All the best for your life ahead!



ARYAN RANA

The most cheerful, and obviously the most eautiful voice I’ve ever heard.



ASHU

Can talk nonstop about her kittens all day long. Intelligent, mature, and effortlessly fashionable — that’s what makes you, you.



ASMITA SHARMA

Our very own Professor with answers to every query, along with her fair share of poor jokes (we don’t mind the jokes)



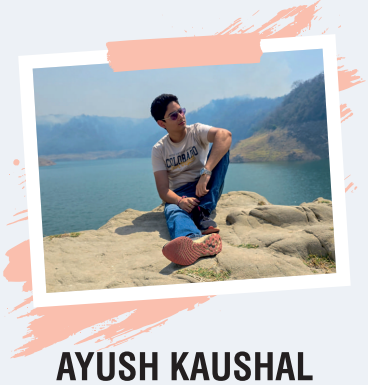
ATIF ZAFAR

Great guy with amazing wit and a questionable Instagram feed. Lights up the group and makes every situation fun



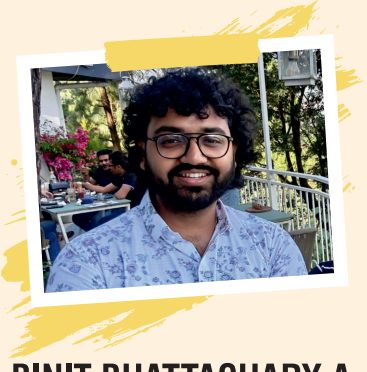
AVNEET KAUR

She is the perfect example of ‘ik uncha lamba kad, Duja sohni vi tu hadd’- the kind of girl whose curls deserve their own introduction. She might give off intimidating, ‘don’t mess with me’ energy, but she’s secretly a softie, who never fails to show up for her friends.



AYUSH KAUSHAL

Perfect combo of fun and wisdom. Our very own Goaman and “Seth ji” can light up any room with his humor and carefree energy.



BINIT BHATTACHARY A

Can always count on this guy — no drama, just pure friendship. Pure at heart, and always stands by his friends.



DAMITA PRASHAR

Sweetest person on the block and a true Bollywood fan at heart. My college survival kit, making every tough day lighter.



DEEPAK

Batch A ke palanhaar, the ultimate good boy who never misses an opportunity to tease and teach me.



DEEPALI

You are a kind hearted and pure soul. The way you genuinely care about people makes you a great person.



DHIRENDAR RATURI

Congratulations on completing your MBBS! We wish you all the very best for your future endeavours.



DIPANSHU

You are a real man. All the very best for your future



EKNOOR KAUR

Finds joy in the little things- a good book, her favourite songs. All these years, she has been a calm presence in the middle of chaos.



GAURAV

The most unhinged friend, has the best creative ideas and the darkest jokes. Always ready to help and make everyone laugh.



GAURAV MAURYA

The comedic relief with an “if I can do it, so can you” attitude. Always offering great advice with style and persona.



GOURI

One of the only two people from College whom I can call family. Multi-talented, bubbly, kind, and a social butterfly with an amazing sense of fashion.



GURLEEN

The kindest and the most genuine person I know, whose artistic abilities and creativity know no bounds. Looking forward to seeing you changing lives for the better in near future!



GURNAV RAI

Congratulations on completing your MBBS! We wish you all the very best for your future endeavours.



HARPREET SINGH

Congratulations on completing your MBBS! We wish you all the very best for your future endeavours.



HARSIMRAN SINGH SANDHU

You made this journey more joyful. I'll always be grateful for you Sandhu ji.



HEMANT SETH

You are a real man. All the very best for your future



HIMANSHU SHEKHAR

Congratulations on completing your MBBS! We wish you all the very best for your future endeavours.



HRIDAYAA SHARMA

She's the Tom to my Jerry, the Harry to my Ron — my constant in every laugh, fight, and moment of madness. I know she'll succeed in every path she walks — because people like her are destined to shine.



ISHAAN SINGH

Congratulations on completing your MBBS! We wish you all the very best for your future endeavours.



IZHAR

One of the funniest, most honest and kindest persons in the batch. Thank you for your support, the laughter between lectures, and countless memories.



JASMINE KAUR

From lectures and ward postings to last-minute exam stress and canteen breaks, we somehow survived everything together. Thank you for being my therapist, my study partner, and the person who made even the hardest days bearable.



KARSH VERMA

Probably Surgery Unit II's "favourite" person. Great at badminton, carefree, and someone you can genuinely rely on. Glad to have you around.



KASHISH AHUJA

"Sher"- fierce and brave. All the very best!



KESHAV KUMAR GOYAL

Takes every step after thinking multiple times. One of the most helpful and reliable people, and a strong support system for me.



KRISH GARG

Wishing you the best for your future!



KULDEEP SINGH

Congratulations on completing your MBBS! We wish you all the very best for your future endeavours.



MALLIKA SHARMA

Crazy-level Chatore Sharma ji — the one who can probably identify every ingredient just by tasting a single bite. She is the one person who has successfully mastered the art of ignoring hints; remains completely, and hilariously oblivious to all of them.



MANAN MADAAN

No matter what the mood's like, always a cheerful company to have. He is a really sweet guy with mood swings.



MANASVI SINGH

I just want you to know how grateful I am to have you in my life. A true friend is someone who makes the good times better and the difficult times easier, and you have always been that person for me.



MANISH

Caring, selfless and kind. Wishing the best for your future!



MD RYAN

The politician of the batch, loves to talk about politics and movies. Great sense of humor, always planning something mischievous.



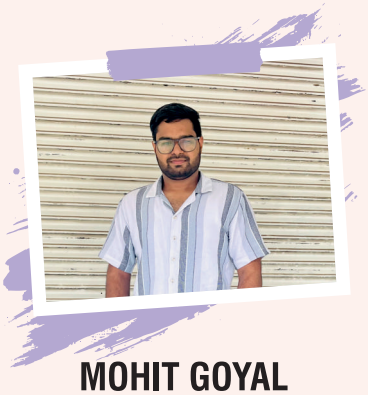
MEHUL KUMAR

Chill banda- the one who enjoys life to the fullest and always stands up for family. He's surely going to kill it.



MITALI BANSAL

One of the kindest souls I've come across. Thank you for being the fun part of college and a constant source of warmth.



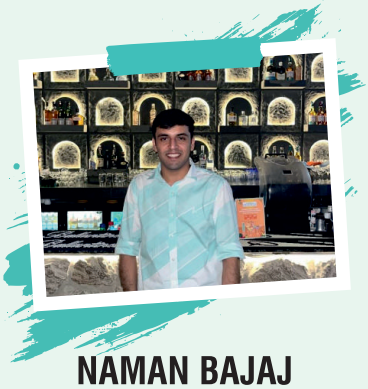
MOHIT GOYAL

'Goyal Saab' is an outgoing personality who's self motivated and hard working.



MOHNISH BANSAL

The clinical master, professional first-bench sleeper, and finally- Final Year Topper, Mohnish really completed every side quest MBBS had to offer.



NAMAN BAJAJ

He's just so good at heart. One of the nicest human beings and the purest soul I have ever met. a gem of a person.



NANDAN MOHINDRA

"Batch saviour" Nandan na hota to is batch ka kya hota…!! The saviour and the kindest, without whom the batch would have been doomed.



NAVYA GROVER

Navya is kind, polite and carries herself with grace. Though she may not seek the spotlight, her calm demeanor, and warm heart leave a lasting impression on everyone.



NEHA

She is such a sweetheart with the cutest laughter. She has been a rock through postings, exams and the stress of it all. Thank you for being such a great friend.



NEHA

The most understanding, introverted yet intelligent and strong- the kind who speaks less, still always makes the most sense. I'm a fan of your "read once, remember forever" talent.



NIDHI

The overzealous and ambitious baby of the group, wise beyond her years. She has an amazing personality, and a caring soul.



NIHARIKA

Most unpredictable yet sorted person around. My first call when stressed; her real, unfiltered conversations are unforgettable.



NIHARIKA DEHRAJ

Most beautiful inside out, always a call away. The real fashionista—chilled out, supportive, loves football, and stylish.



NILANJANA TIWARI

Prettiest girl with a cute smile and doe eyes. One can never get bored around her. One of those people who instantly light up a room as soon as they enter.



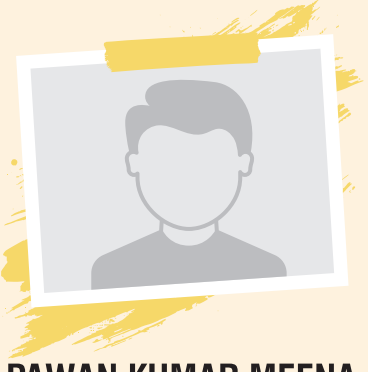
PAHUL MANDER

As promised, an ode to my fellow editor for being the calmest, having the cutest smile in the room with amazing poetry skills and creativity that never fails to flow.



PARTH VERMA

Always has the best jokes, amazing shayari and the perfect tactic to calm you down. Has the best gossip from all over the college. Lovely and fun to be around.



PAWAN KUMAR MEENA

O my "last roll number for every viva" buddy, we finally survived all those long exhausting waits. Grateful that I got to see you grow- from the boy who wouldn't speak to girls in physio lab to one who could do his surgery seminar so wonderfully.



PIYUSH GUPTA

. Foodie, hidden topper, and founder of the P gang. Ask Piyush anything- he somehow always knows the answer.



PRAKASHINI MISHRA

The responsible one who knows what she wants and will work hard for it. Offers advice like an elder sister and lights up rooms with her smile and confidence.



PRASHANT

My viva partner since day one, amazing guy with a very kind and helpful heart. He's always there to help his friends.



PRERNA SANDHIR

Sweetest person known to mankind. Remains calm in the loudest of storms. Best co-editor and batchmate anyone could've asked for.



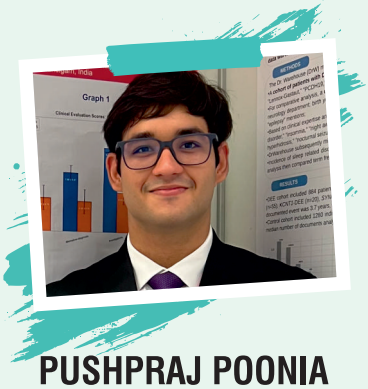
PRIYAM MISHRA

A little packet of joy, laughter, drama, and beauty. That histology lab chit-chat changed my college life forever.



PRIYANKA NARANG

My very own "patakha kudi"- has the best dance moves and a million dollar smile. Thank you for being my go to person for everything.



PUSHPRAJ POONIA

Our very own Neuro brainiac researcher. The big guy with a kid like attitude with questions galore and gossip even more!!



RAHUL SHARMA

Goofy and fun to be around. All the best for your life ahead!



RAJAT

A really nice person who is always ready to help his friends. Happy to call you my best friend.



RIA KHURANA

One of the best personalities I've ever met…admirable! Never shies away from offering help, always by your side if you need someone to talk to. She's an inspiration.



RIYA

You are the most fun loving, genuine and kind hearted person. Be my bestie forever!



RIYA GARG

That one friend you can rely on for absolutely anything. Empathetic, disciplined and caring- keep being the amazing person that you are!



RUHANI

She is selfless, loving and also funny- never a dull moment when you are beside her. My academic twin since day one and a pillar of strength during my highs and lows.



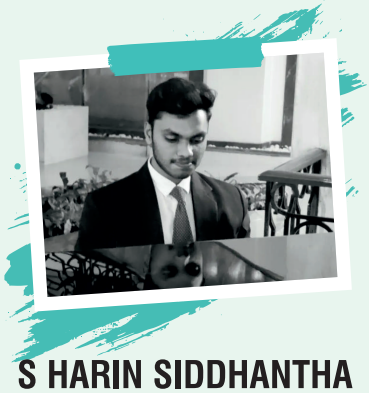
RUKHSAR

A little moody, yet full of depth. Mature and wise in everything she does, intelligent and thoughtful in her own style. Her mind often dances between stress for marks and Obs & Gynae lives in her heart.



RUMNEEK HARBHAJAN KAUR NANDHA

Hardworking CR. Rowdy girl- the strong, pretty and smart girl who can make everyone feel seen and heard. My ride or die quite literally!!



S HARIN SIDDHANTHA

He is the kindest, most beautiful soul you'll ever meet. A loyal person to the core. Truly lives up to his name- a man of principles



SACHIKA DHAWAN

A powerhouse of comedy with acting skills no less than an academy award winner. The best Euphoria CC we could've ever had



SAHAJ SINGH GAREWAL

One of the best people I've ever come across. Very helpful and a person with a heart of gold. MBBS has been such a delight with you by my side.



SAHIL

The rockstar of the batch. A very good singer and guitarist. A charming guy with good aura.



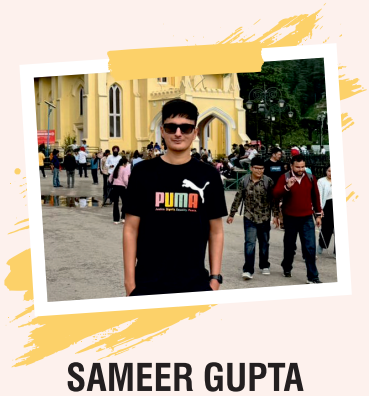
SAHIL DHURAN

Tedha hai par humara hai ;) Take care bro



SAKSHI

A warm-hearted and cheerful person who always brings positive energy wherever she goes. Thank you for all the memories, the laughs, the late-night ranting, and the unwavering support



SAMEER GUPTA

From random gedis to being my survival kit since first year, you've made college a lot more memorable. Through all the chaos, you're the sweetest soul.



SAMPARKITA RANA

A certified agent of chaos with a wicked sense of humour. Fiercely loyal to her friends, she has her priorities set straight. Stay the same, Don!



SAMYA KHURANA

The perfect blend of care, honesty, beauty, and a little bit of chaos that somehow makes everything more exciting. Your kindness has a way of making anyone's toughest days feel lighter, and your presence alone brings a sense of comfort I never knew I needed.



SANIKA BHOSALE

An all-rounder in every sense, she brings dedication, confidence, and excellence to everything she does.



SANYAM JAIN

Here's to all the madness we've already had and the many more questionable decisions yet to come. It probably won't be long before we're calling him Dr. Sanyam Jain, MD Medicine.



SANYOGITA

Please take care of yourself in this harsh world.. I'm really grateful for you.



SHAURYA MAHAJAN

One of those rare people who do the nicest things without a second thought as if it was the most natural thing to do. He's like a guy who was written by a woman.



SHREYA GUPTA

Shreya, having a friend like you is a blessing. Thank you for all the memories, the laughs, and the silly little chats that somehow mean a lot.



SHREYA SHARMA

Rare combination of intelligence and elegance- an extraordinary person with a beautiful heart. I have always admired the way she carries herself with confidence while remaining caring and humble.



SHRUTI TYAGI

May your soul rest in peace.



SIDDHARTH PURI

Roll no. 107 — mischievous, adventurous, and unforgettable. Turning ordinary moments into laughter, from cricket grounds to college corridors.



SIMARDEEP SINGH

Congratulations on completing your MBBS! We wish you all the very best for your future endeavours.



SIMARPREET SINGH

My biggest bully, but even though he constantly finds ways to annoy me he's an amazing friend. The color on his hair is as bright as the light his heart carries!



SIMRANJEET KAUR

Simple, straightforward, not very social- one of the purest and beautiful souls I've known.



SIMRANPREET SINGH

Shy and introverted, but once you get to know him, he's the most helpful and reliable person.



SIYA

Thanks for being the person I can always count on. Life feels better with you around. Always know how appreciated and loved you are.



SMRITI DUGGAL

One of the kindest souls I've met in college. Calm, sweet, strong, understanding, and always there without judgment.



SOMYA ARORA

Has been by my side since first year; couldn't have made it through college without her optimism and encouragement.

SONALI

She is the most beautiful person I met here. She is cheerful, the clown of our group and full of positive energy.



SPARSH GARG

Congratulations on completing your MBBS! We wish you all the very best for your future endeavours.



SUKHEN MANDAL

Some people just know how to keep life balanced — he's one of them. A passionate traveller, a happy-go-lucky soul, and someone who manages to juggle academics, personal life, and wanderlust effortlessly.



SUMER PRATAP SINGH PARMAR

Always felt like there are a lot of layers to Sumer that very few see; he's always been helpful and sweet to me. A great posting partner indeed.

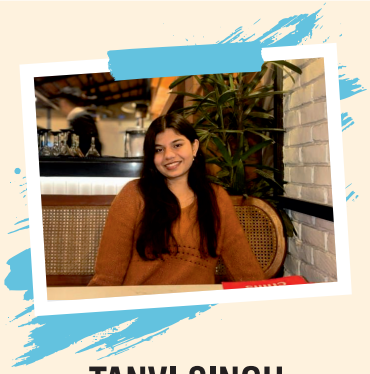


TAMANNA SHARMA

I'd kill to be as passionate about something as she is about dance and music. The most charismatic person I've ever met.

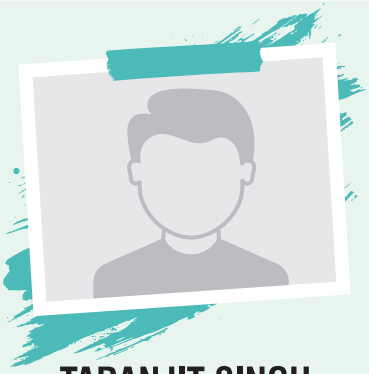
TANMAYA M GULATI

Great to be with you throughout MBBS! Intelligent, funny and effortlessly cool. She is ever so ready to help and always so understanding. My closest friend and the best person I've met in college.



TANVI SINGH

She's a good friend who's ever so ready to help whenever needed and always so understanding of everything.



TARANJIT SINGH

College wouldn't have been the same without you. You made every day brighter — from endless laughter to deep life talks, from being my unpaid therapist to my harshest critic (in the best way possible).



TARUNA SINGH

You are a gem, you are the bestest friend anyone can have. You made those 4 years actually bearable.



TULSI MINZ

Honestly, you being part of a group called "Richest & Hottest" is the least surprising thing ever. Wildly inappropriate at times, but somehow still one of the funniest and most amazing people to hang out with.



THWISHA GUPTA

Sweet at heart, strong in spirit. My personal library, a girl so calm and composed, her smile has my heart.



TUSHAR VINEEL GARG

The meme guy, the best guitarist…The musical genius and meme connoisseur who provides a calm environment with his down to earth demeanor.



UPASNA KAUL

A cute little bunny, hopping around from one corner to the next always armed with her iPad like it's her magic carrot. She's the person every group needs - steady, smart, loving and impossible to replace.



VANSHIKA SINGH

Conversations with her never really end, they simply pause until the next one begins. Endearingly genuine, she's exactly who she is.



VARIDHI GARG

One of the best study partners ever- naturally steps up when needed and manages to keep everything organized. Life feels a little more sorted with her.



VARUN PRATAP SINGH GAUTAM

Quietly supportive and kind, and as easy to convince as he is stubborn. Born with the craziest memorizing abilities, he'll make you doubt your brain before exams. Gem of a guy though.



VIBHUTI

The Artist of our batch. She's an amazing listener the kind of person who will quietly sit and hear you out without making you feel judged. A really nice person and an awesome friend.



VIDHITA

She is the perfect mix of boldness and warmth. Sensible when situations demand clarity, yet effortlessly funny when the room needs laughter.



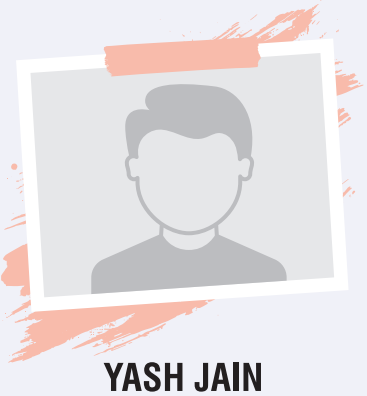
VIPUL RAJ

Fun fact: He tends to sleep a lot, especially more during exams but always passes the exams with 'jugaad'. Wishing the best for the future!



YAJAT GUPTA

He never cares what anybody says. He has a good heart and is always dominating. Courageous, authentic, and confident.



YASH JAIN

He's the person who's always ready to help you whenever you ask.



YASHI SONI

A very kind and helpful friend. She has also helped people a lot in vivas. So thankful to have such a great friend!



HANZU W.N. SANGMA

Fun and kind, cheers everyone up. Unofficial 'Papa' in every trip.



BEENA DEVI

She's the girl with a smile so bright it can light up the room. Serious yet funny, friendly yet fiery, being around her is a wonderful experience for anyone.



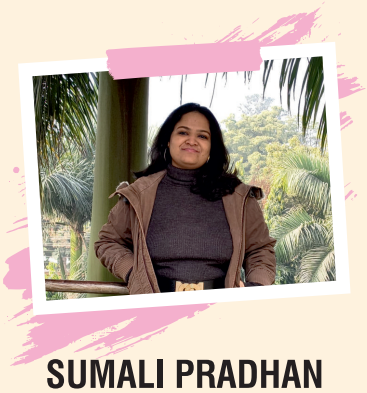
ANSHITA

The girl who knows all the gossips in town, an impressive Himachali driver, dancer, diehard Swiftie, lyric encyclopedia, and a good friend.



REET SANDAL

Topper for everyone; lost in her own little world of books and thoughts but privileged to witness her as a roomie- raw, childish and affectionate, my TT partner



SUMALI PRADHAN

The nicest and calmest person in the whole wide world. Really thankful to have her as a friend.



MRINAL HANDA

An ode to my fellow editor whose smile was the respite after the longest working days! The nicest and calmest person in the whole wide world. Mrinal is basically a walking bundle of giggles, chaos, love and emotions.



PIYA

Sweet, cute with the prettiest smile.



MANSI

Truly a human ChatGPT- the person everyone turns to for every problem. She has been a constant through every phase. All the very best, Dr. Mansi!



SIMRAN

Responsible, hardworking, smart and compassionate!



SANYA

One of the sweetest and most genuine people around. Always there when you need her. Really a great person to be around.



SAHIL GILL

Gill ko kaun nahi jaanta- Fearless tiger!



VIVEK KUMAR YADAV

Congratulations on completing your MBBS! We wish you all the very best for your future endeavours.



MUSTAFA AHMAD HURRA

One of the best athletes in the batch and one of the kindest people I know. Wishing you a great life ahead!

The chapter closes, but the story only gets brighter.

All the very best.

COLLEGE COMMITTEES



College Council Committee

Front Row (L-R): Prof. Suresh Kumar, Prof. Gurvanit Kaur Lehl, Prof. Uma Handa, Prof. Dasari Harish, Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Prof. Vishal Guglani, Prof. Varsha Gupta, Prof Sanjeev Palta, Prof. PN Gupta

Back Row (L-R): Prof. Ajeet Kumar Sidana, Prof. Kislay Dimri, Prof. Robin Kaushik, Prof. Suksham Jain, Prof. Navneet Takkar, Prof. Sonia Puri, Prof. Ravinder Kaur, Prof. Deepak Agarwal, Prof. Nitin Gupta, Prof. Jeet Ram, Prof. Mahesh Sharma, Prof. Shivani Jaswal, Prof. Mala Bhalla



Editorial Board, Journal of Medical College, Chandigarh

Front Row (L-R): Prof. Deepak Chawla, Prof. Robin Kaushik, Prof. Uma Handa, Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Prof. Vishal Guglani,
Prof. Ravinder Kaur, Prof. Amandeep Singh



Medical Education Unit

Front Row (L-R): Prof Anita Tahlan, Prof. Shivani Jaswal, Prof. Ravneet Kaur, , Prof. Varsha Gupta, Prof. Mala Bhalla
Back Row (L-R): Prof. Nidhi Singla, Prof. Sangeeta Bhanwra, Prof. Deepak Agarwal, Dr Anumeha Bhagat



Curriculum Committee

Front Row (L-R): Prof. Monica Gupta, Dr Shivani Randev, Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Prof. Sanjeev Palta, Prof. Jagjit Singh



Anti Ragging Committee

Front row (L-R): Dr Meenu Kalia, Prof. Usha Dalal, Prof. Uma Handa, Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Prof. Ravinder Kaur, Prof. Sanjay D'Cruz, Prof. Shivani Jaswal
Back Row (L-R): Prof. Ajeet Kumar Sidana, Dr Himani, Prof. Amandeep Singh



Disciplinary Committee

Front Row (L-R): Prof. Nidhi Bhardwaj, Prof. Uma Handa, Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Prof. Narinder Kaur, Prof. Amandeep Singh

Back Row (L-R): Prof. Mahesh Sharma , Prof. Deepak Agarwal, Prof. Dheeraj Kapoor



Research Committee

Front Row (L-R): Prof. Anshu Palta, Prof. Sudesh Kumar Arya, Prof. Uma Handa, Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Prof. PN Gupta, Prof. Ravinder Kaur

Back Row (L-R): Dr Vidushi Mahajan, Prof. Bharti Goel, Prof. Dinesh Walia, Prof. Jeet Ram, Prof. Suksham Jain, Prof. Vanita Ahuja



Research Cell Committee

Front Row (L-R): Prof. Deepak Agarwal, Prof. Dasari Harish, Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Dr Shivangi Mehta



Multi-Disciplinary Research Unit

Front Row (L-R): Prof. Amandeep Singh, Prof. Deepak Chawla, Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Prof. Vishal Guglani, Prof. Shivani Jaswal

Back Row (L-R): Dr Vishal Sharma, Dr Harmanjit Singh, Prof. Deepak Agarwal



Library Committee

Front Row (L-R): Prof. Kisley Dimri, Ms Adarsh Bala, Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Prof. Gurvanit Kaur Lehl, Prof. Deepak Chawla

Back Row (L-R): Dr Priyanka Garg, Dr Phiza Aggarwal, Prof. Richa Saroa



Cultural Committee

Front Row (L-R): Prof. Anshu Palta, Prof. Dilpreet Kaur, Prof. Sangeeta Bhanwra, Prof. Ravinder Kaur, Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Prof. Mala Bhalla, Prof. Manpreet Singh, Prof Jeet Ram

Back Row (L-R): Dr Himani, Dr Kshitija Mittal, Dr Lipika Gautam, Dr Pankaj Kumar, Dr Nikhil Mehta



Sports Committee

Front Row (L-R): Dr Shivani Randev, Prof. Nidhi Singla, Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Prof. Amandeep Singh, Prof. Jasveer Singh

Back Row (L-R): Dr Mandeep Kaur. Mr Vivek Sharma, Dr Sonu



Literary Committee

Front Row (L-R): Prof. Chandrika Azad, Prof. Usha Dalal, Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Prof. Sanjeev Palta, Prof. Shivani Jaswal,

Back Row (L-R): Dr Shikha Rani, Prof. Nitin Gupta, Dr Manveen Kaur



Hostel Wardens

Front row (L-R): Prof. Anshu Palta, Prof. Sangeeta Bhanwra, Prof. Kisley Dimri, Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Prof. Ashwini Dalal, Prof. Mahesh Sharma



Student Council

Front Row (L-R): Gloria, Palkirat Kaur, Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Harshita, Abhinav Singh

Back Row (L-R): Rishit Kapoor, Sanjeev Singh, Rahul Salhan, Ishan Garg



Student Editorial Board

Front Row (L-R): Amolika Singh, Gurleen Kaur, Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Harshita

Back Row (L-R): Prabhpreet Singh, Mankanwal Singh



Editorial Board

Front Row (L-R): Prof. Nitin Gupta, Dr Shikha Rani, Prof. Sanjeev Palta, Prof. Ravneet Kaur, Prof. Shivani Jaswal, Prof. Usha Dalal, Prof. Chandrika Azad

Back Row (L-R): Prabhpreet Singh, Amolika Singh, Harshita, Gurleen Kaur, Mankanwal Singh

EARNEST GRATITUDE



Prof. Ravneet Kaur
Director Principal



Prof. Uma Handa
Professor In-charge Academics



Prof. Vishal Guglani
Medical Superintendent



Dr. Atul N Dhakne
Joint Director (Administration)




Azeez