



**MAHATMA GANDHI MEDICAL COLLEGE & HOSPITAL, JAIPUR**

# प्रतिबिंब

## *Wall Magazine*

### *Faculty Member & Students*



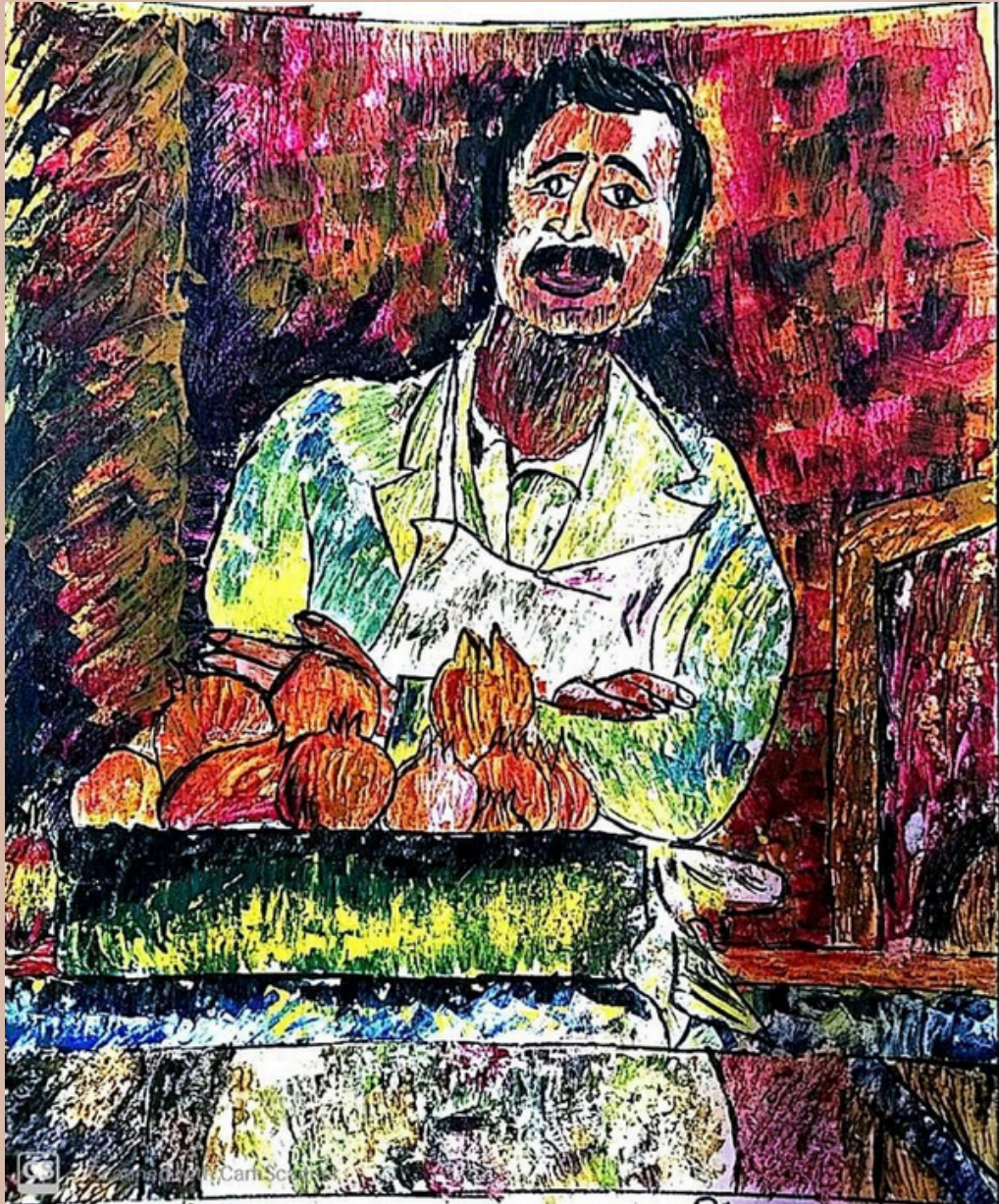
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Captured By :  
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Painted By :  
Dr. Shweta Mangal Professor, Community Medicine



## सिंदूर उछालेंगे

देख ले दुनिया सारी हम  
सिंदूर उछालेंगे।  
रंग जाए दुश्मन की धरा हम  
भरपूर उछालेंगे।

सहनशक्ति को हमारी  
तुम रिवायत ही समझ बैठे।  
नहीं सहेंगे अब, ये दस्तूर उछालेंगे।

जिस आतंकवाद पे तुझे नाज़ है इतना।  
हो गया अब बहुत, तेरा गुरूर उछालेंगे।

अब तक रहे खामोश, आज गरज़ के जागे हैं।  
इस सिंहनाद को अब, हम सुदूर उछालेंगे।

झूठ के सारे अंधेरो को चीर कर रख देंगे।  
सच को तोपों से पुरनूर उछालेंगे।

देख ले दुनिया सारी हम सिन्दूर उछालेंगे.....।

—रवीन्द्र रवि

Written By :

Dr. Ravindra Kumar Sisodia, Asso. Professor, Neuro-Anaesthesia





Painted by :  
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## IN CONVERSATION WITH AN ALIEN

Me – Where are you from?

Alien – I was born on Saturn's moon – Titan. ( Marvel Comic fans- its our secret)

Me – Cool! Now, exactly why are you here.

Alien – I was told, there is a strange breed of human existence here who claim to be GOD, because they have some sort of mental aptitude to heal the diseased.

Me – Oh Yes! I am one of them, we are called DOCTORS.

Alien- How do you do that?

Me – We study Science.

Alien – What is Science and what is Study?

Me – Soo, ever since I was born, my fate was sealed because I had the audacity to be born in a family of doctors. My Homo milieu conditioned me to study hard for long hours in my early childhood, Went to a boarding school to study harder followed by a mystical place called Kota which is almost a mandate if you are to become one of “THEM”. Through endless prayers of my grandparents ( at least that is what they think), I finally got into a medical college to do 5 years of MBBS, followed by 1 year of internship.

Obviously, that's not enough and I had to pursue higher studies and unfortunately because my grandparents dint pray enough, I landed up doing a DLO for 2 years. To pay for my sins, I did senior residency for 1 year, meanwhile got married to a worthy human being because he was doing DM from AIIMS, heaven for DOCTORS ( so, they claim).

But God did not grant me forgiveness and I had to do MS ENT after my DLO for another 2 years only to do senior residency again for one year. After which, I got a job as assistant professor in a medical college.

Alien – How many lifetimes to do need for all this?

Me- Here on earth, I am 31 years old.

Alien – WOW! What now?

Me- Not sure! Still hung over about my prolific academic past. Yet to decide my future.

BTW, are you hiring Doctors at Titan?

Alien - .....

Me – Because if you are, I have my friends, their seniors, juniors and all their friends, we can club together as most of us are from different specialities, we can open our own multi-speciality hospital and hire a PRO, do camps at rural places, maybe get a government scheme like we have Ayushman Bharat here, Join a medical College to pretend that we are training junior doctors while focusing on our multispeciality hospital, losing health, quality family time and peace only to get some money at the vey end of all this.

Alien – But, are you not suppose to be GOD, who has magical powers to heal?

Me- We are the face of a project called “Healthcare,” run mostly by Governments, Pharmaceutical companies, now IT sector. The GOD is no person, it is a phenomenon so nontangible that even air seems felt. And that my dear Alien is THE MAGIC.

Alien ( while getting up ) – I need to leave, I am repeatedly getting a call, I think its an emergency.

Me – Emergency?

Alien – I am Doctor Doom ( Marvel Comic fans- it is our secret). I am a supervillain, profoundly known to be devious and malicious but after talking to you, I feel a lot better about myself.

Me- Really? Ok. But what about that multispeciality hospital plan?

Alien – Why do you think, I am here.

Me- Why?

Alien – To do a peripheral camp for the multispeciality hospital I am working with as an ENT surgeon.

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Written By :

Dr. Priyanshi Gupta, Asst. Professor, ENT & H&N Surgery



### Managing Your Hostel Room

I MBBS RESULTS ARE OUT! Yippee!! You scream. Gone are the days of ragging, the dissection hall stench and 'they all look alike' vertebra.

And then realisation, dawns. It is time to move out of the safe haven of PG digs and into the medic Hostels.

The pleading, the cajoling, the tears, the under the breath abuses, the scowls, the telephone calls from parents and finally you are allotted a room.

The girls in the PG rooms are frantic. Check out is today, says the buxom PG Aunty. But we have not even started sorting out our things, goes up the combined wail, but aunty intends to have it no other way.

I walk into my room and look around. Now where did I put away the bags and the suitcases? Priding on my self assumed meticulousness, I decide to sort out the clothes first. 18 Kurtis, twenty two T-shirts, seven pairs of Jeans, eleven coloured leggings and Eight black leggings !!!

I gasp. I swear by the almighty God, I wore those simple seven kurtis and two black leggings all through the year. When did these all pile up? Not being the type who would want to be labeled a shopaholic, I blame it all on some weird mutation in the mitosis cycle of cells of clothes and decide I need a coffee break.

Ten minutes later, I am at the CCD with all other girls in tow and then walk in the gentlemen type of boys. I shall help you move your things to the hostel, one of them offers and I grab it with both hands. I rush back, forget about meticulousness and quickly push in things in whatever bag I can get hold of. Two hours later, I am all done and ready to move out. And the goody goody guy arrives with a cycle rickshaw and two carry bags and one cardboard box.

What is that? I ask. My stuff. He says. My eyes go wide and I say explain. Well, he ventures, this box has my books, my shoes and my toiletries, and the smaller carry bag has my two clean shirts and a pair of clean trousers and the slightly bigger bag has my wear daily and wash monthly clothes for college. I roll up my eyes and point out my stuff. He counts, 1, 2, 3.....23. I said I would help you and not all the PG girls, he scowls. That is my stuff I yell and poof the good guy and the rickshaw vanish into thin air as he scoots away.

Alright, I am here now. So girls and guys, you thought MBBS was all about medicine and patient care. Wrong you need really good managerial skills. How else do you turn a rat hole( a.k.a hostel room) into a presidential suite ?

It is easy, say the boys. All you need are, a table a chair, a bed and a couple of hooks on the wall. The books go on the table. The clean clothes occupy their pride of place on the chair. The daily wear clothes are hung on the hooks and then whatever is left goes on the bed with your Royal self, and stays there till you are done with your graduation.

Er.. things are a bit different here at the girls hostel. You place all your clothes in the cupboard provided, hang all the trousers in hangars, look with pride at the beautifully arranged clothes, accidentally brush your hand against the inside wall of the cupboard and watch with utter aismay as the plaster chips off and the jingle plays in your head...putty nahi lagayega toh.....

So what do you do? Rush out, buy newspapers, spread them on the shelves and redo the arrangement.

Continue...

At the end of it, all I want to do is sprawl on the bed and forget about arranging my room. But, no, Mom's due to visit tomorrow, and I must show her how good at house keeping, I am. The books are aligned and kept neatly on the table. The refrigerator is pushed against the window, the ketchups, butter, cheese chocolates, fruits and juices are properly placed. The extra little almirah, I bought is placed next to the refrigerator and in go my countless pairs of shoes, the toiletries, the 'not to be refrigerated' eatables and various knick knacks. I place the buckets, the brooms, and the dustbin, behind the door, place the chair next to the table, plump up the cushion after a fight with it to cover it up with a beautiful cushion cover. Why can't the cushion covers be just that wee bit bigger so they easily fit into them?!! Anyway, I spread my new bedsheet and place the welcome mat outside my door and look in with pride at the good work I have done. Wait a second, I am missing something. There is something I need to put in the room but there is absolutely no space. What is it? I rack my brains and realize it is me! All this hard work and no room for me to even stand. I pull out the stuff from behind the door, kick out the chair and bawl my eyes out. I want my mommy! There is no way, I can manage in these rooms. It is mother who will come in and fit it all in. After all that is what our dearest moms are for.



Written By :  
Dr. Priya Marwah, Professor, Paediatrics



सुकून  
एकदिन...

सुकून के लम्हे ढूँढते  
यादों के ढेर को बहुत टटोला  
कई पुराने, बंधे-खुले लम्हे मिले  
हर एक को बहुत ध्यान से खोला

फुरसत के लम्हे, बरकत के लम्हे  
तन्हाई के लम्हे, जश्न के लम्हे  
कुछ ग़मगीन, कुछ खुशनुमा लम्हे  
कुछ प्यार तो कुछ तकरार के लम्हे

शैतानियों के लम्हे, नादानियों के लम्हे  
परेशानियों के लम्हे, निगेबानियों के लम्हे  
कुछ संगीन, कुछ दिलदार से लम्हे  
कुछ रंगीन तो कुछ उदासीन से लम्हे

लम्हों की उस भीड़ में  
पाया एक खोया वजूद,  
कई बिछड़े हुए किरदार  
जिस सुकून की तलाश थी, न मिला

अचानक कुछ हलचल सी हुई  
दिल के पास वाली जेब में  
आज ही तो पहनी थी ये क़मीज़  
ख़रीदी थी एक सालाना 'सेल' में

एहतियात से देखा  
दिल के इतने क़रीब से सुकून निकला  
नाहक समय गँवाया लम्हों के हेर-फेर में  
धड़कन और सुकून के बीच न था फ़ासला

अब...  
सुकून को हम यादों में नहीं ढूँढा करते  
जब चाहो, दिल के क़रीब है मिल जाता  
लम्हों के ढेर अब परेशान नहीं करते  
जिस से चाहो, सुकून उस लम्हे से है जुड़जाता



Written By :

Dr. Ranu Patni, Professor & Head, Gynaecological Oncology

**RESTART**

Clouds up in the oblivion  
Crackle with the unshed tears  
The raging skies  
Flailing along with all their might  
Wrath of the gods above  
Flicker down  
upon the conflicting men  
The green life grows upon the fertile earth  
Thanking the tears and the eyes upon them  
The clatter of drops on the windows  
In a steady rhythm it plays  
Washing away all the dark  
Into the labyrinth-the maze  
Tears tumble down  
The forever twirling spiral  
They melt away the pain  
As they come down to their final  
The dew-drops on the leaves  
Twinkle like a crystal  
Wetness of the muddy floor  
Giving away the petrichor  
As the light rushes to a rest  
The sun goes down  
The night takes over the day  
The darkness drapes over like a gown  
As the mother says, "goodnight, baby  
Angels are watching over you."  
The child lies down on the sheets  
To wake up to a day anew.

Written By :

Suhani Rajvanshi, MBBS 2024



**BE CALM , NEVER FRET**

Let the fears and tears go away,  
say what you want to say.  
Nobody stops you from showing your talent,  
then why to stand silent.

The wind blows,  
and the water in the stream flows,  
Why is the freedom in their expression,  
couldn't you learn a lesson?

Boats that survive the storm are rare,  
But it's the will power that sustains them there.  
Hey, get up don't feel exhausted,  
Don't let your eyes be moistened.

You can do anything,  
If you wanna fly, just open your wing.  
The sky is no limit for you,  
Just have faith in you.

Leaving all the barriers apart,  
let's begin a new start.  
Feel the confidence in yourself,  
Because god helps those who help themselves.



Written By :  
Anushka Sharma, MBBS 2024

**I AM A BLESSING ! BUT....?**

After a long gloomy night, I was born,  
But didn't want to see others mourn.  
I wanted to bring happiness and joy,  
But everybody was waiting eagerly for a boy.  
I didn't know why everyone was crying,  
But wanted to make you understand and kept on trying.  
I didn't know what I had brought,  
But I think you people had wrongly thought.  
Girl is a blessing not a curse,  
But you considered me unlucky and my situation became worse.  
It's my promise I would paint your life with colour,  
But I tell you my success will make you wonder.  
Now it's a time for a revolution,  
But for that society needs evolution.



Written By :  
Anushka Sharma, MBBS 2024

## Dissection Hall

Between the cadavars  
And the stinging smell of formalin,  
While holding that lifeless heart in my hands,  
I looked around, and saw life:  
In the babbling of my friends,  
In the scolding of my teachers,  
In the beating heart of mine.

It was amongst the dessicating dead,  
That life could be seen truly.  
From the couples forming all around us  
To the friendships blossoming everywhere,  
From the gossips we shared everyday,  
To the proxies we never got caught for,  
It was the rush of being.

This journey we started  
When we issued the clavicle,  
And now we're signing off with the bony pelvis,  
We were clueless kids  
with stars in their eyes,  
heavy aspirations on our shoulders,  
Now we're still clueless, no doubt,  
But we've morphed into something stronger,  
Passionate youth, with white coats on our backs and our hearts, zealous.

I can recall it like it was mere seconds ago,  
Rajeev sir ke chill mood se lekar  
Pankaj sir ki daanton ke beech main kaha yeh saal nikal gaya  
pata hi nahi chala.  
HOD sir ka daily "get out"  
And that ice cream treat.  
Thank you, sir, for the daant and ice cream.

From tears of formalin,  
To tears of happiness and nostalgia,  
This year slipped from our fingers.  
We might not be here anymore,  
But the smell of formalin and the fondness for this room,  
Will forever linger.

Years later,  
One day when we're coming out of the OT  
And removing our gloves and masks,  
It'll hit us,  
That all this,  
Everything we are today,  
Started in that DH.



Written By :  
Mansi Mahla, MBBS 2022

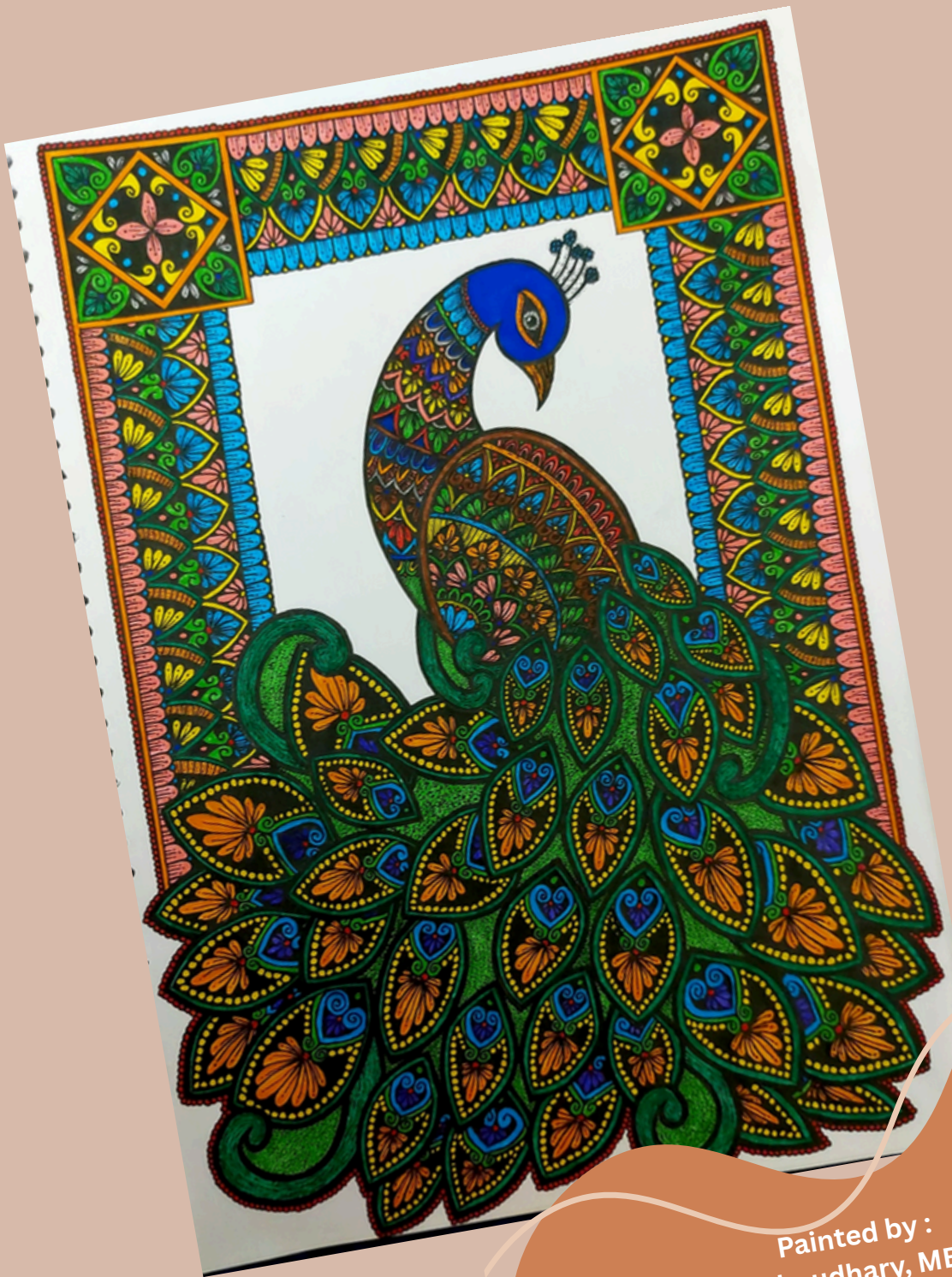




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