



March 2014

Jungle Book

Explore the wilderness within...



*As life progresses in the Academy and we move on, we sit down one fine day, with that symbolical tea in hand and start thinking as to how much our lives have changed. We have actually become not only the “Jack of all trades” but also, the “masters in many”. One such expertise we have acquired (and urgently need to, if not yet) is in the art of showing up in the proper attire for the right occasion. Knowing what to wear when is not only a formidable part of being a Probationer but intelligent forecasting and interpretation, along with strict adherence to the “Dress code” may just save you from a “show-cause”. The hero of Kipling’s original *The Jungle Book*, Mowgli, leads us through the winding roads of the confusing dress codes in this issue themed on **Attires and Dresses**. Besides, we have also added in features which, we are sure, will make this Newsletter unputdownable.*

*Welcome to the Second Issue of the **Jungle Book!***

The Editorial Team : Ajeeta, Dheeraj, Sajid & Ravikiran

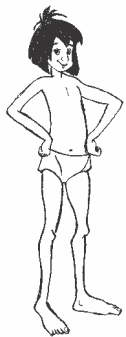


It's a fine morning. The sun is brightly reclaiming the territory it had ceded to the winters. The birds are enjoying the weather, chirping away to prove it. On an impulse, I insert a CD with rock music tracks. My children and I scream our guts out at appropriate places in "Child in time...". Feeling generally better, we make short work of our breakfast and intensely meditate on what to do with the rest of the day.

Driving to the Mall, I think of the liberating music that got us started earlier and wondered. These guys and some others that I have heard can be so liberating. Back in college days, some of these tracks were like anthems. Nothing short of genius could have inspired these numbers. Each band created music for itself and brought everyone else so much joy. My thoughts are interrupted by a call from a Probationer (which term I find more endearing than the stuffy OT), asking for a room in the Guest House. Having taken care of it, my thoughts were suddenly a potpourri of Ian Gillian, IFS (P) and the man on the road. The mind is a funny place, I can tell you that. Would you believe it- I actually thought of each of them as rock-stars in their own right (no, not the man on the road!). What Browning might have perceived as "grave old plodders, gay young friskers (with) cocking tails and pricking whiskers", I saw young, focused, courageous and discerning minds, each with their own genre of music. The soloists, the choir, the fiddlers and the live-wire – all destined to play their parts in their own brilliant ways.

I thank you all for helping me improve as a person in your company, and I wish you well.
Rock on!





"Look at this! Its beautiful..I'm sure it's an interesting book!" "Oh come on ...dont be shallow... how can you judge a book just by its cover?"

This may be true as far as books and library talks are concerned in the Academy but the same cannot be said when it comes to the clothes of the Probationers, as wearing the proper attire at the proper time is one of the "major" requirements of their day-to-day life. Many may well think they are entitled to whatever clothes they want to wear, at whatever time they want but unfortunately, this is hardly the truth. For, the more civilised the society that we belong to, the more the requirement there is, for a proper turnout, quality and quantity wise. This, however, does not at all mean keeping up with the latest fashion of the day. Many might have thought that they got independence from the "uniform" when they pass out from high school and broke into College, unaware that the uniform had other plans, lying in wait for that opportune entry. The thing with uniforms, the Field Dress, is that they are nice and all but there seems to be only a few available sizes and yes, size does matter. Probationers often find themselves and the uniforms too small or too big.

The day begins with physical training where they are required to wear a collared white tee with white trek pant for the ladies and white shorts for the men in the summers and blue trek suit with white collar of the tee peeking at the collar in winter. This outfit is completed with white socks and white sport shoes. Any deviation from these combinations and you better prepare yourself to get what you deserved from Mr. Bisht. The trek suit seems to be the favourite of the Probationers at all times. If permitted, most of them would wear it at all places and on all occasions. It is also their best and most reliable friend during the tours, so much so that sometimes the accompanying faculty has to place in special requests with the Probationers not to wear the trek suit on certain occasions.

On most working days, the dress code is sober colored formals for attending lectures. Interestingly, here also, the seasons get to have a say on what you can and cannot wear, with almost ceremonious notifications. Gents winter – Formals, blazers, no sweater, tie compulsory! Gents summer – Formals, tie optional, full sleeved shirts not to be folded. Ladies winter – Sweaters, no shawls with the formal wear. Ladies summer – Sober formals!

For special occasions, special instructions to wear a sober colored saree and bandgalas are received. Honestly, it takes about an hour to properly drape a saree and just about a minute or two to button up that bandgala, but you should hear how people complain for hours about the discomfort of wearing a bandgala.

However after all the drama and chaos, probationers, both the ladies and the gentlemen, end up looking like an officer, not that they don't look like one in other dresses. Talking about sober colours, there seems to be difference in opinion about what these colours actually are. Most of the time it is interpreted as your favourite colour. For me, my favourite colour is black, so my sober colour is black. See, that simple! Like wise, for my fellow probationers sober colour could be pink, yellow, or orange??

The most interesting dress the probationers owns is the olive green field dress with those dashing nameplates and most amazingly, the tailor manages to make the dress in such a way that every one has one complaint or the other. This is worn when the probationers are out in the "field" – the forest, on outdoor visits or when they are on tours. They sometimes get mistakenly identified as a security guard or a parking attendant but definitely not as a forester when they are attired in this green! And the durability and the life span of this particular dress is mind boggling. It is even dust resistant. Beat that! During the tours, the "dress code" is one big headache as one has to fit in a month long supply of clothes in a small travelling bag. Also, during the tours, "Jeans" is the hot favourite of the probationers and "no jeans" is definitely the hot favourite of the Faculties. One dress code that I am still trying to figure out is "smart casuals, no jeans."

So I guess it can safely be concluded that the first impression that people will make of you is from the dress you wear and whether you want it or not, you are going to be judged, on what you finally turn up wearing!



Q. Looking back, what would you say you miss the most about your Probation years?

A. The full on masti I used to have with my fellow probationers was something which I always long for.

Q. How, according to you, has Training in the Academy, evolved since your times?

A. The level and openness of interaction between probationers and the faculty has truly gone miles ahead, in a real positive and encouraging sense. The probationers however, have lesser time for mutual interactions and outdoors - blame it on technology!!

Q. In your run as a faculty in the Academy, which subject have you enjoyed teaching the most? How so?

A. Teaching Mathematics for the non-maths background probationers gives real high feeling, especially when you are able to ward off the phobia from their minds – of scary maths...

Q. Which movie character would you identify with and why?

A. Anil Kapoor in 1985 hit “Meri Jung” which at every turn shows the grit and determination to conquer all odds in life to move forward. Rightly goes the title song “Zindagi Har Kadam Ek Nayi Jung Hai”.

Q. A book you think is a must read?

A. An epic book “Mritunjay” (Overcoming death) depicting a character who believes that your desire for success should be greater than your fear of failure; and is a firm believer in friendship and welfare of others. A must read for all.

Q. The magic mantra of keeping Probationers awake in the class is...?

A. No such mantra could be invented till now otherwise it could have been sold like a hot cake to the faculty members in all training institutions!!

However, keeping things very simple without any overdose, and allowing freely for questions and discussions could be a small effort in that direction...

Q. Your most memorable/challenging posting?

A. My very first posting as DFO Wildlife in the year 1994 had the markings of all types of challenges under the roof – multiple responsibilities with far away field formations in different districts, perennial pressure from staff associations, annual animal hunting by 20,000 tribals from 3 adjoining states to say the least. However, those 3 years gave me learnings for life.

Q. An animal/bird/plant that has intrigued you throughout your career and how?

A. Intelligence, cognition and communication of elephants have always been a curiosity for me...notwithstanding the fact that I had two miraculous escapes during close encounters with them.

Q. What would make for a “Dabangg” forester?

A. Equipped with laathi of rules, danda of regulations and pistol having bullets of laws with a tough bent of mind would be a smooth sailing in that direction.

Q. Which aspect of nature inspires you?

A. The booming flowers...I strongly believe that there are always flowers for those who want to see them.

Q. I love the Academy because.....

A. Where else can I get an opportunity to interact with around 300 senior officers every year to share their experiences and 150 young dynamic probationers to share my experiences!!!

Q. Your most memorable tour as a faculty.

A. My very first tour as a faculty -the East India Tour with 2010 batch when we had a lot of fun in travelling and learning together. The bonfire in Sunderbans had numerous hidden talents coming out in the front...

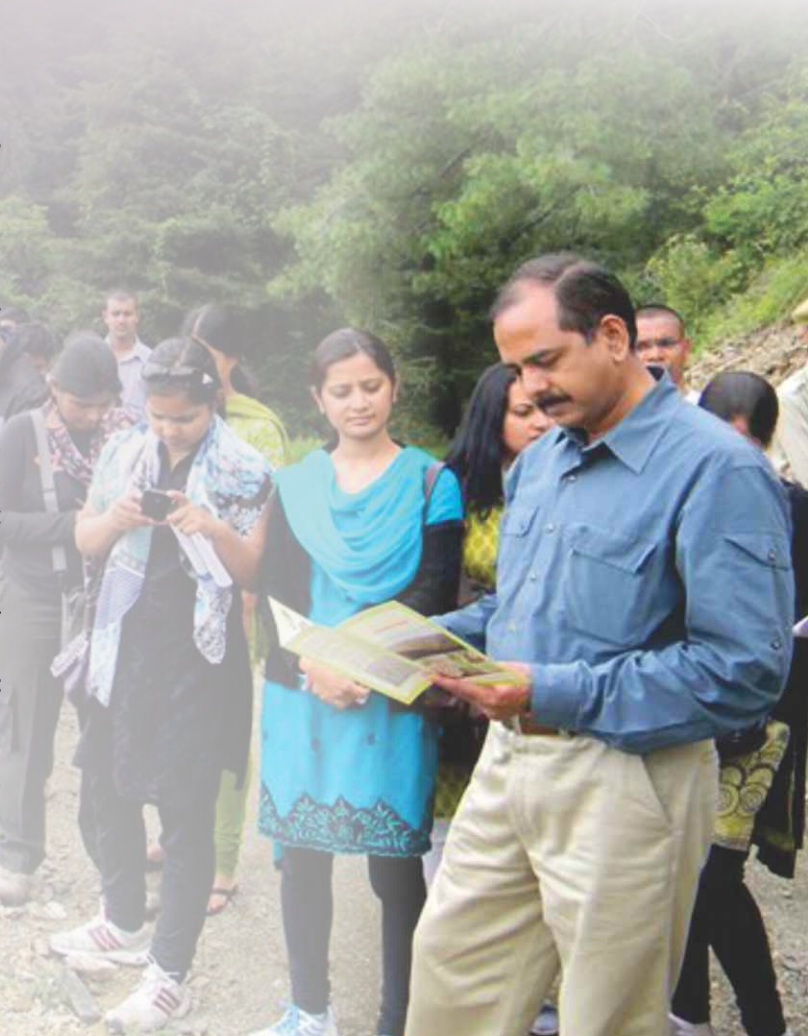
Q. The most amazing thing about Billiards is...

A. One always wonders when one would be able to learn the game!!

Q. The legacy you wish to leave behind for the Indian Forest Service...

A. “Our wisdom usually comes from our experience, and our experience comes largely from our ignorance”. So no matter how you feel, get up, dress up and show up.

Enjoy the ride. Remember that this is not Disney World and you certainly don't want a fast Pass. You only have one ride through Life so make the most of it and enjoy it.



Shades of Gray

by Suman Sivachar

The rushes of my brushes,
filled the canvas with shades of gray.
The strokes could convey,
what the heart had to say...

So cold, so beautiful,
the dark clouds of the rain...
The silver droplets had just
washed away all of my pain...

I sat there blissful
to complete my work of art...
I had to compete with the rain
to listen to the beats of my heart...

Through the drizzle I continued;
Each rush made the canvas fuller..
I continued with the music the rain played...
The droplets adding to the color...
I sat there on the benches
admiring my work of my art...
Joy of the drizzle fading and
ecstasy the experience had brought...

The sun shone through the clouds
revealing the hidden...
I sat there again,
to pour my thoughts...

The rushes of my brushes
filled the sky with blue...

The day with its blushes
felt completely true...

अजीब आदमी

- विजय शंकर दुबे

हर आदमी इस उहापोह में
ढूँढता अपनी विसात
कहता फिरता अपनी औकात
उस पर एक दूसरे की खुशियों
को छीनने की सौगात
पाता आदमी .
सुबह से शाम तक
दौड़ता भागता आदमी
शुकून की तलाश में
दुखी होता चला जाता आदमी
संसार ऐसी गद्दी हमने
गढ़ -सा खड़ा
दूर करता हमको सच्चाई से
झूठे संसार में जीता और जागता आदमी .

हम कृत्रिम चीजों के पीछे भाग रहे
और प्रकृति हमारे पीछे
और मैं हैरान परेशां
क्यों प्रकृति से जी
चुराता आदमी .
मैं तोतली बोली सुनने को बेकरार
और धूम धड़ाका
सुना रहा आदमी
मालुम नहीं मुफ्त में मिलने
वाली चीज से क्यों पीछा
छुड़ाता आदमी .
हम धोती कुरता पहनकर खुश थे
पर सूट बूट पहनने की होड़
मचाया आदमी

अपने विरासत में मिली चीजे
दरकिनार करके
दुखी कर देने वाला चीज
पता नहीं क्यों
अपनाता आदमी .
हम अंतरात्मा से बात न कर
एक दूसरे से बात कर
निपटाते बेहद गम्भीर विषय को
थोरी सी बाहरी आवरण में
गड़बड़ी को बड़ी बताता
अंदर की बड़ी बड़ी गड़बड़ी को
क्यों छोटा बताता आदमी .

जिधर मैं देखता हूँ
उधर विवशता दिखता
जिसके पास आशा लिए पंहुचा
समाधान हेतु
वह दूसरे पर थोपता , अपनी विवशता बताता है
हम भटकते लोग क्यों नहीं
खोज पाए एक ऐसा आशियां
जहाँ बैठ समाधान पाता
हरेक आदमी !!!!





ah West India



Gopal was sitting in his car parked on the beach with his girlfriend. He was having the best time of his life talking to her when someone started banging his car door real hard.

"Bang... Bang... Bang...". He got frightened a bit and before he could figure out anything, he found himself lying in his bed in Old Hostel.

"Bang... Bang... Bang..."

"Sir, chaaai Sir"

"@@#\$\$%*@#....", a frustrated Gopal realises his dream was literally shattered by Jokins ji

It was a pleasant spring afternoon in Old Hostel. And Jokins ji was doing a great service to the nation by making sure that no probationer slept in the afternoon. Gopal gets up to see his roomie, Archie busy with a book of "Silviculture" in one hand, a cup of tea in the other with music in his earphones, a plate full of spring rolls in front of him and watching 'Rahul Gandhi's Interview with Arnab' on YouTube. Gopal realise how the Academy has been successful in imparting the true basics of Multi-tasking - the most important OLQ - to every probationer.

The next week was scheduled for exams and the competition had begun for the "Kaun Banega KTP" contest. Here's the thing about KTP's, Not only do they study a lot, but they always give an image that other's study more and end up calling the others as a KTP.

People like Gopal were a class apart, they were one of those self-actualised people who would just say "Aal iz Well", and had full confidence, not in themselves but in the "Prashikshu Adhikari Beema Yojana", which was a Central Government Insurance Policy having a 'Pass guarantee clause' attached and in the event of any casualty, the probationer would be given a golden opportunity of repeating the 2 year training. Gopal had just walked out of his room to sit on one of the chairs in the hot sun, wondering at the same time, how the "IFC" trademark was still present on those chairs when Mukesh comes riding on his bike from the New Hostel. Mukesh, fondly known as IAS, not only because he was preparing for the civils but more importantly, for his dark complexion, he was nicknamed Invisible After Sunset (IAS).

Mukesh joins Gopal in the corridors of the Old Hostel when Jazz asks "Hey guys, have you seen these PPT's there are like 600 slides we need to look into". Gopal ponders for an instant and

comes up with an amazing reply, "Actually I and Mukesh are on our way to get some really important stuff useful for the exams, it's sold in a shop in Ballupur Chowk, we plan to depend completely on it today night". As the two drive away, Jazz speaks to Tina,

"Look at those liars, Tina! Hey, What's wrong with you? You look so tensed?"

"Ya Jazz, yesterday evening during the badminton game, my racquet hit Gautam Sir and his eye is severely injured. It really was an accident, I swear to God! I hope he does not fail me in the exam".

Jazz tries her best to calm her down when they see a pizza delivery guy move towards E-7, the room of Prajapati aka PJ Pati, for his unique PJ's which none followed. Jazz and Tina run towards his room with a greeting

"Hey PJ Pati, Wassup Man!!".

"Let me check, a Fan", exclaims Prajapati.

"Wow! What a Perfect Joke (PJ)" exclaims the girls, greedy for a free pizza. After they have 3 extra-large sized pizzas, the three of them started walking towards the Old Mess to have their lunch. Exams do make probationers really hungry (Even when the PT and games are cancelled). They observed a new poster hung outside the Old Hostel which reads "Welcome to the Participants of the MCT course -Phase XXXIV, A Seminar On MAN-INSECT CONFLICT".

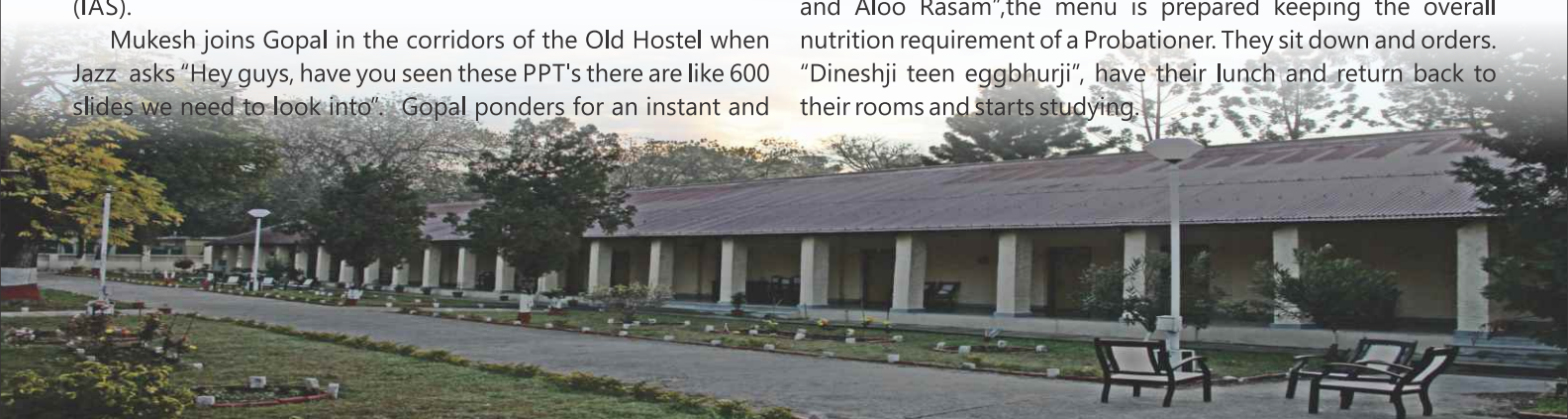
"When are our seniors coming back Jazz? Looking forward to meeting them. Need to check if I can get a better cadre", enquires PJ.

"They are coming on the 19th, one hour after we leave for the West India Tour".

"Damn!!!"

Here in this Academy, the schedules for the batches were very meticulously planned out to make sure that both the batches receive the full attention of the faculty or the other way round, whichever way works.

They take their plates and see the menu for the day, "Aloo paratha, Paneer pasanda, Aloo-paneer sabzi, Paneer Sambhar and Aloo Rasam", the menu is prepared keeping the overall nutrition requirement of a Probationer. They sit down and orders. "Dineshji teen eggbhurji", have their lunch and return back to their rooms and starts studying.



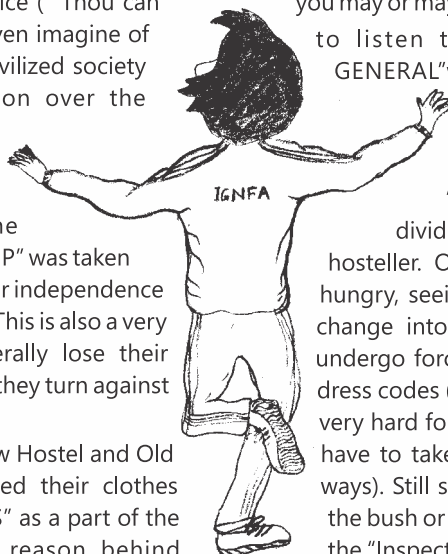


I would like to start telling this SERIOUS and REAL story by mentioning a saying "ROME WAS NOT BUILT IN A DAY" and likewise the culture and attire of our so called civilization. This may well also turn out to be a very sad story where there seems to be no ending part since the regeneration cycle is fixed at 2 years. This story begins when the "PROBATIONERS" were for the first time introduced into a very lucrative and famous service. This service is just like a one way service ("Thou can only enter but thou should not even imagine of coming out"). The elites of the civilized society

commemorated this victory of civilization over the Probationers by imposing and restricting the dress codes of these poor and helpless "PROBATIONERS". But the struggle for independence continued since the time "independence" and more importantly, "SLEEP" was taken away from all the probationers and the war for independence is still continuing inside the famous campus. This is also a very touching story of how Probationers generally lose their independence and sleep and as a result, how they turn against the dress codes.

I got reports from certain corners of New Hostel and Old Hostel that some probationers even burned their clothes except the "TRACK SUIT" and "FIELD DRESS" as a part of the "Non-cooperation Movement" and the reason behind launching this struggle as informed to me is very simple i.e. they are kept so busy in the Academic life that they don't find any occasion or time to wear the other clothes anymore. This is the sad side of the story for some "REVOLTING PROBATIONERS". But I have also seen certain sections of the society launching another way of struggle against the "RAJ" (read RULE in English) since they pretty much misuse the dress codes. One probationer was telling me "Sir, I use my field dress 24x60x60xnumber of days in a tour without even washing it as a struggle against the rule" (huh! Thank God he was not wearing that field dress when I was taking his interview). I forgot to tell an interesting story. Here it goes. Once a probationer, who was wearing the field dress, was mistakenly caught by some Bank Officials thinking that he was running away from his duty area (ATM booth) without informing them (What a tragedy!). This is not the only story to be narrated. During a train journey, some of the probationers wore the field dress and once a traveller unknowingly asked a Probationer about the food items to be served in the lunch time since the Probationer forgot to remove his name plate. I have also

seen some Probationers wearing formal dress above our Academy track suit to fight back the cold winter season since the Academy or the Dress Code Secretary doesn't provide enough warm clothes other than the track suit. Many mess workers have even reported to me that some probationers play games and sports inside the mess by wearing the T-shirts of their defunct respective houses after the Academy Game has officially been closed. Some people may want to know more of this story. So, let me add more spicy items into it which you may or may not like



to listen to. Once upon a time, one "INSPECTOR GENERAL" wanted to launch a surprise attack on probationers by checking on whether "they wear formal dresses inside the mess" as a mess etiquette. This was the story when probationers were ruled using "DIVIDE AND RULE" policy when they were divided into two caste systems viz. old hosteller and new hosteller. On that day, some probationers who were very hungry, seeing the "IG", rushed to their respective rooms to change into "ETIQUETTE DRESS CODE" but some had to undergo forced fasting as they were too late to change their dress codes (specially the poor people from New Hostel as it is very hard for them to earn their daily bread since they usually have to take "the long walk to freedom" from hunger, both ways). Still some witty probationers, like "FOX", waited inside the bush or toilet taking the advantage of darkness or smell till the "Inspector" had left the area so that like a "VULTURE" they could feed their hunger. Long live the probationers who usually undergo forced fasting on these occasions".

A probationer who always went to a fruit shop at Panditwari to buy "DRY FRUITS TO BE SOAKED IN WATER AND TO BE EATEN IN THE MORNING BEFORE PT". The shopkeeper, after seeing him wearing the same dress again and again finally questioned him with almost a cry of surprise and confusion "SIR, IS THIS THE ONLY DRESS YOU POSSESS?" From that day onwards, the DINOSAUR was never seen wearing that dress in Panditwari ever again. I have also heard that the owners of "Holy Water Shop" in Bhallupur Chowk give concession to those people who come to buy energy drinks wearing the Track Suit supplied by the Dress Code Secretary and hence, this Track Suit is always in high demand near this campus. Some Probationers have become so attached to these dress codes that they want to wear it on the day of their marriages too since they are trained very hard about these dress codes. Thus, I can safely conclude that the dress codes are fully utilized by all the Probationers every second as long as they do their "Regeneration time".

Sketches by Tshering





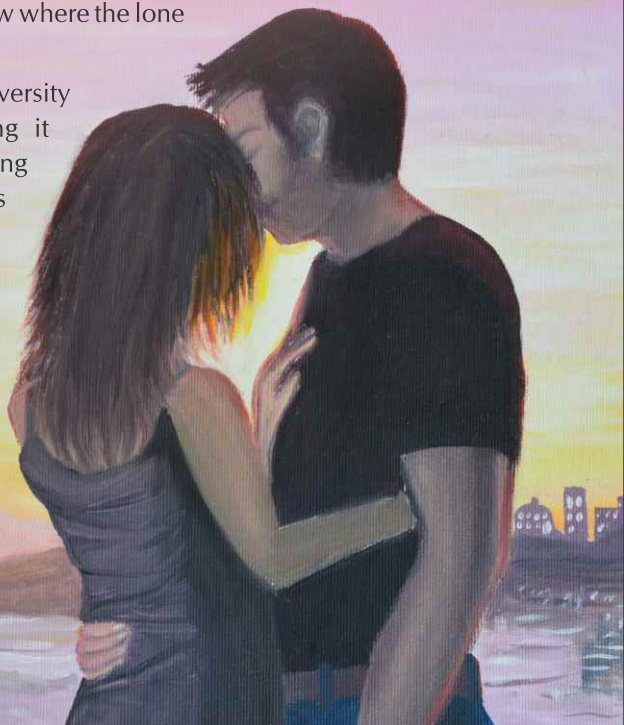
Probation is a period of coming of age. Our lives are shaped by our desires, fulfilled or unfulfilled and their pleasures and pains. There is nothing that equals the pleasure and pain associated with love. One of the basic desires of humankind is to find a soul mate and to live happily ever after. This is a dream and its grandeur lies in its simplicity and universality. Don't believe people who say they don't have such a dream. They had dropped it somewhere along the journey down the hard realities of life. As one ages, more and more people quit on this dream. Probation is the last period when the dream of love is still alive. And so we love, for love is in the age.

Legend has it that the grand FRI was raised upon the passionate blood of two young lovers. It was the time when the foundations of FRI were being laid. The girl was the daughter of a senior engineer. The boy was a supervisor of masonry work. It was love at first sight. The engineer came to know of it and decided to send her back to England before she ruined the honour of the British Empire. He removed the boy from his job and threw him out of FRI. But love as always found its path. The lovers met secretly for they knew where to find the other. They decided to elope. On the fateful day of action, her father, being a powerful and influential man, easily tracked them down. He was in a rage and could not accept the fact that his daughter was in love with a lowly Indian. He took out the pistol and aimed for the boy. The girl knowing her father well, jumped in front of her beloved before the shot fired. The bullet went straight through their hearts. They were supposed to have been buried in the open area to the right of New Hostel below where the lone Albizzia stands.



Our batch is known for its diversity in anything and everything it does and so it is the case in matters of the heart - love. The Amor-diversity among the probationers spreads over the entire spectrum of being in love and its complications. There is the budding love story not yet sure where to start to the mature ones working at it for decades waiting for a nod from parents. There is the poignant unrequited love to the ones where the partners hardly ever separate. There are those long time dads and moms to the newly married cruising over cloud nine. There are these high fidelity relationships and the fragile 'handle with care' affairs. There are the first timers to the seasoned veterans. You name it, we have it.

However we mess up in our love lives - whoever it is, whatever it is, everybody wants to be in love. The only problem in finding love seems to be that each one has his own '**' mark of 'conditions apply'. Love is a state of mind. The simpler the conditions, the lesser the complications, the easier it is to get close to that state. I hope all of us find love, conditional or unconditional, and live happily ever after.



Mystic Life

by Priyanka Gahlot

With every drop that I cried...
every smile that I smiled...
Oh.. life .. you make me feel so alive...

The pecks of the kids on cheek..
and touch of the friend when something good I did..
I remember the times..father shouting at me...
only out of care..and Mom always standing by...
Oh.. life .. you make me so feel alive...

Brother telling me how to be good..
sisters telling me how not to be bad..
and everyone trying to bring the best out of me
I dunno dancing.. but I break the floor when I Jive...

Oh.. life .. you make me feel so alive...

When I had that first love...
and I felt the warmth of the hug...
When we had to say good bye...
with the smile on the face and the tear in my eye...
Oh.. life .. you make me feel so alive...

When challenge question of existence...
I drowned and rise.. again and again...
glimmer of hope enlightened in heart...
lead to truth and courage.. on way...
Oh.. life .. you make me feel so alive...

Whenever I close my eyes, I find myself close to
You.
My soul rejuvenates coming near to You.
O Mother Nature, You are within me.

Every entity around, I can see myself in them.
They are my reflections and I am Yours.
O my image, You are within me.

I can hear Your voice in the flowing streams.
I can hear Your voice in the singing birds.
O my voice, You are within me.

When I smell the fragrances around, I feel Your
presence in the flowers.
Each flower smiles and I feel blessed.
O my fragrance, You are within me.

I am Your child and You are my Mother.
You give me so much and I just 'take away'.
O my Mother, You are so selfless and I am very
selfish.

Mother Nature

by Diksha Bhandari





Rahmat Ali Khan

Rahmat Ali Khan has been working in the Academy as a ground man since 1985. He is the overall field in-charge and looks after the stores. He is instrumental in the preparation of all sports related activities in the Academy. He believes in the timely execution of activities coupled with proper responsibility. He himself is a good football and volley ball player. According to him, Sh. A K Upadhyay and Sh. Vinod Rishi made him learn the game of football. Having seen so many batches pass out every year from the Academy, he finds the new generation of the Probationer less sporting in their attitude and more into Academics. He still remembers Mr. Rajkumar of the 2002 batch as an exceptional Probationer. From the 2012 batch, he will remember Narendra Babu the most. He thinks there is a need of a permanent sports officer (on the lines of Mr. Kazmi in earlier days). In the sports facility, he highlights the need of a good turf for Basket ball court and Tennis court. He feels the dedication of Dr. Mohit Gera for sports and his involvement is exceptional. He will always remember the bronze medal for football at the Sports Meet at Goa. He thinks a swimming pool in the Academy will be a good asset.



Surendra Kumar

Surendra Kumar joined the Academy in the year 1986 and has been working in the library since then. In the library, his job includes managing the shelves, registering the entry of books, logging books, data entry, etc. Besides these things, he also puts in a hand in keeping the library clean and helps in the photocopy work of the probationers. Though he lives in and around books, he rarely reads a book. He finds that the workload has increased with time. However he easily handles the computerized system of the library and feels that this system has made the job of classification and tracking of books issued much easier. He alternatively works in the two shifts of library timings and according to him, in the evening time, probationers rarely come to use the library facility. He identifies Kalyani, Kavita and Maria Christu as the book worms of the batch. In today's world of computers and internet, he finds the lesser inclination of the probationer towards reading of books. The inverter facility in the library has helped a lot, a great initiative by Sh. A P Nagar. He thinks that there should be more interaction between the library staff and the probationers to discuss library issues for better functioning of the library.



Dinesh Singh Rawat

Dinesh Singh Rawat has been working as the Chief Cook in the New Hostel Mess since 2008. His work starts at 6 AM in the morning and besides a break from 2-5 PM, it continues till 9:30 in the night. He is very good at making South Indian dishes especially Dosa.



He also cooks Chinese cuisine and Biryani very well. He finds the interventions by the MDO good and especially the times when the MDO helps him in cooking or they cook themselves. He once prepared 26 dishes for one dinner in the Academy. He feels an oven is needed for fermentation, especially in the cold weather. His best support in the mess is Mr. Roop Singh. He will best remember Murugan and JD from our batch. His favorite dishes are Biryani and Gajar ka Halwa.

Chandra Shekhar Verma

Chandra Shekhar Verma looks after the sound system in the lecture halls, auditoriums and during official functions in the Academy. His job includes servicing of the devices, checking the technical glitches in the instruments, etc. Mr. Verma is an experienced mechanic and has been working in this field for more than 30 years. He can work with both kinds of sound systems installed in the Academy (new and old). He finds the management of these systems more challenging during functions, quizzes etc. He feels a need to have an audio system in the Academy ground for better communication and commentary. Besides his regular job in the Academy, he attends to private complaints related to sound systems, electronic appliances as part-time job. He will remember Mahendra Pratap Singh, the movie club secretary from the 2012 batch.



STARS of the issue

In our daily lives, we sometimes tend to take things for granted and often fail to appreciate the indispensable contribution of countless people. Keeping this in mind, we have made a sincere effort to dedicate this column to those silent heroes in the Academy whom we cannot do without. We have tried our best to keep the original spirit in which the replies were given to our queries.