

# WOODWORDS

*Back to campus*

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AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER ISSUE



**The Literary Club, 1GNFA**

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## Disclaimer

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Kavya Chaturvedi

## Around the campus in training days

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“Back to campus” for us foresters means coming back after a four-month long corona break to the sprawling campus in Dehradun. It’s best not to say to which institution does the campus belong. In my opinion some issues are best left unresolved, at least the probationers according to me would not want to be dragged into a century’s old controversy.

When I first entered this campus, my immediate thought was that I needed a map. I even lost my way once, ending up at the Scientist hostel when I should have been at the Old Hostel. There is one map stuck on the entry of the FRI campus of which I had only a fleeting look when I came down from Mussoorie to commence my Professional Course. A digital map would go a long way. It is expected that any debates related to a digital map would include the author of this article.

The IGNTA campus means different things to different people. For the faculty it is a place of work and one where they get to interact with fresh probationers who will leave for the states of the Union



Photo: Vikas Yadav

of India after being under their able guidance. For us probationers it is more than just a training ground. The campus gives a feel of what forests are like. The labels on trees are highly informative.

For me the campus is mysterious. It’s confounding and complicated, a fertile ground, a place to paint, a place to photograph, a place to stay and a place to run from. You could lose your way after having walked the same road many times over and a few roads could stay in your memory long enough to enter your subconscious so much so that you could dream about them and also write about them in your exams. Do excuse my zero

knowledge about Freud. It is a mosaic of people, buildings and what you say, biodiversity!!

Exploring the campus is like a rite of passage. As a forester if you haven't explored the campus by foot you haven't really felt the air of it. For people like me however, who like to undergo as wide a spectrum of experiences as possible it's even better to go barefoot than the posh shoes we wear to PT. And yet, it's not a practical endeavour to go barefoot. The issue is again best left undiscussed and

untried, for the safety of the public, probationers, faculty and staff. The biodiversity by and large is most comfortable "bare feet", or "happy feet", just borrowing the tone of the presentations of some of my batchmates.

All in all, going back to campus is something I am looking forward to. Hopefully the experiences will be notches higher and richer than the ones gone through before corona break.

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## Photos by Vikas Yadav

Theme: Back to Campus



*Preparing ground to Succeed !!*



*Welcome To Academy !!*

Maria Shine

## INTO THE WILD

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*'And into the forest I go to lose my mind and find my soul' – John Muir*

Sometimes instantaneous and unplanned trips produce the best experiences of your life. I had one such unforgettable experience that brings a flash of joy in my mind till this day. My friends and I decided to go backpacking to Mekarai, a small little sleepy but picturesque village nestled in the Western Ghats situated at the Tamilnadu-Kerala border.

We had our bikes overhauled for a 3-hour ride. With a full tank and all our safety gears on, we sailed smoothly on the road. The empty roads accompanied with the pleasant morning breeze, Raja sir's (*IlaiyaRaja, a famous musician*) symphonies in the background and a small stopover for the roadside tea, oh man! it was a feeling that still remains simply unmatched.

As we reached closer with the mountains in the vicinity looking at us with a welcoming smile, we decided to have our breakfast before the ascent up to the Courtallam town.

For breakfast, we chose a cafe that provided the authentic food of the region. We relished the delicious idlis, masala dosas, pooris, mouth-watering kesari, the strong coffee and all this was extremely reasonably priced. As we further embarked on the trip, both the sides of the road were covered with glowing sunflower plantations dotted with tall coconut trees. The roads became narrower and soon came the border check post of the Achankovil forest division, Kerala. After a brief frisking, we continued onto the narrow treacherous roads curving steeply along the hills. On one hand, the pure air laden with the smell of the soil after a drizzle refreshed us, on the other, a look at the deep gorges beside the barricades made us feel as if our hearts were in our mouths.

Finally, we reached our spot, the Manalar waterfalls of the Achankovil division, also known as the VIP waterfalls. The waterfall was extremely secluded and not very easy to reach. We also had to pay a nominal fee. It was pristine, with huge trees resonating the chirping sound of the birds. The shutterbugs started capturing the scenic views. The sunrays peeping through the gaps of the branches, the glittering reflection of the tall trees, the innumerable insects on the floor, the dense undergrowth, the crystal-clear water all made me internalise the old saying, "And into the forest I go to lose my mind and find my soul".





It was a thoroughly enjoyable and soothing experience. Sitting on a perched rock, I wondered about the myriad secrets of nature, its unexplored vastness, the ecological services provided by it, the need for people to understand it and play their role in conservation. With intense rains setting in, I came back as a contented and satisfied person touched and moved by the warmth of Mother Nature. On the way back, I could see deserted narrow roads. When inquired, I learnt about the tribal hamlets. I just told myself that coexistence with nature should be the human way of life.



### Titbits:

The other things to do in the region includes homestays to enjoy the local culture, taking bath in the many waterfalls, trekking, oil massages, visit to the Mekkarai dam, trying out the variety of citrus fruits, and relishing the famous '*border parotta*'.

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## Clicks by Dhiman and Jeevan

Theme: Back to Campus



M. Ram sundar

## Series: Stories of Green Warriors

### Vezhambal Disappeared !

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He slowly climbed up the wooden table to look into the holes of the peepal tree, but he was too short to reach half of it. His sister helped him, as he was only quarter of the needed height. His sister dragged another small stool and insisted that he climb over it. "Anna put this stool over that table and stand, you shall be able to see the birds". He stood over the two tables only to see that holes of birds were closed. It was surprising for him,

"Where do these birds go?Where is the hole through which the birds were protruding their beautiful big beaks?". Manimaran, the father of both, just got down from the jeep, looking at the adventures of the duo, shouted 'Yuvi...'. Hearing the father's call, Yuvaraj fell down with the small stool over his face.

Manimaran took them back home. Mani's wife was dressing the wounds of Yuvaraj. Mani now stared at his daughter, "Were

you also involved in this mischief?". "No Pa, I told him not to climb and that you would scold, but he wanted to see those birds in the hole", came the flippant reply.

"What birds?", Mani asked her. "Vezhambal bird Pa. With long beaks and colorful feathers, the driver mama (uncle) told us about these birds. It hadn't been sighted for a few days so Yuvaraj climbed to see them." Yuvaraj was astonished by the acting and consistent lies of his sister.

"What is that bird Vezhambal? Sounds like a *saamy* (god) name", asked Mani's wife. "It's Hornbill in English, *Iruvatchi* in Tamil, *Vezhambal* in Malayalam, driver is Malayali right", Mani replied and turned towards his son, "Yuvi, listen, monsoon which is now is not a good time to disturb these birds. Did you see that hole was closed? It means you are not allowed to disturb it. The birds have been staying with us because we haven't been disturbing it."

"But why is it closed now Pa? Who closed that?", Yuvaraj asked with curiosity. "Now the female bird inside might be brooding over her egg or spooning the hatched young ones. The father hornbill may be out to collect food for the female hornbill and its kids. The mother hornbill, to stay safe covers the hole with her faeces

leaving a small slit through which male hornbill gives her the food. So if you go near the nest again, the kids and female hornbill will be frightened. Okay baby..."

"Was that faeces? Thank God... Anna didn't touch it", Abi laughed and left the place. "This wildlife curiosity in their genes is all because of you", yelled Mani's wife. "Nothing wrong with that for the children of the Director of Nagarhole National Park. Today it is World Wildlife Day, let them explore the wild. When I was child, I climbed up neem trees in Theni to see whether a crow's egg was accompanied with some cuckoo's eggs", exclaimed Mani recalling his childhood days. "Okay, did you figure that out?", asked his wife. "No.. no.. my grandfather saw me and I got beat for one whole day!". Light heartedly, they all sat together for hot lemon rice lunch with mashed spicy potatoes.

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Mani got a call from a ranger informing him about a fire in the south of Nagarhole, "Sir, it looks like a minor fire, we will look into it and report back to you". "This doesn't seem to be a minor one, this is the monsoon season as well. I will visit soon, send me the exact location", Mani replied and rushed to his vehicle. The jeep hurried in the rusty

roads lined by sandalwood and silver oak. The browsing chital paused and turned to look to find out as to who was in the jeep. A small Indian civet waited for the speedy jeep to cross its path . The civet might have guessed that the Director of the park was rushing for some important work.

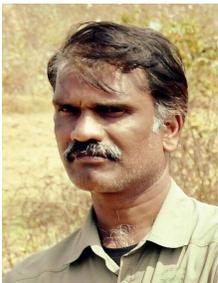
His team was already there taking photos of the burnt area. "Any idea?", Mani questioned the guards. "Sir, it might not be Kuruba tribes, possibility must be the poachers." "It was very near to the stream of Kabini and some poachers might be traversing the Nagarhole along streams", guessed Mani.

He was looking at the streams for clues. Suddenly he heard the sound of a ranger screaming. He turned back to see the ranger coiled down in the ground with

wounds and howls. Next to him, some six feet away a lone elephant was looking straight into his eyes. Mani understood that the elephant might have tossed him up. Mani also looked into the eyes of the lone tusker, it was enraged, ill-tempered and insane.

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A week later, Yuvaraj was standing over the stool holding her sister at her hip and raising her above his head. Little Abi had few fig fruits in her hand. She tried to put that in the slit of the faecal door. Suddenly the sharp yellow beak came outside and picked up the fruits. The duo were extremely ecstatic. Yuvaraj dropped her sister down and said, "Seems like their father also didn't return



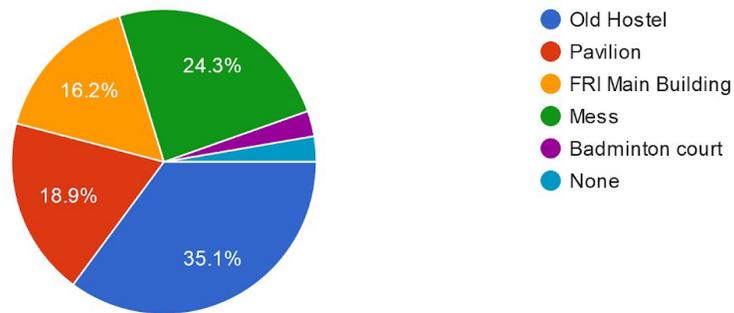
*This story is a fictionalized account of a real life incident of late Mr. Manikandan IFS (2001 batch). He hailed from Theni district in Tamil Nadu, which is also my home district. The officer, S Manikandan, who was the Field Director of Nagarahole Tiger Reserve, had gone to the area to assess damage caused by a "mild" fire. After getting down from the jeep, they had walked for a while when an elephant attacked them from behind. While others managed to escape, Mr Manikandan was attacked by the elephant and he lost his life.*

# Batch Wants to Know

## Back to Campus Edition

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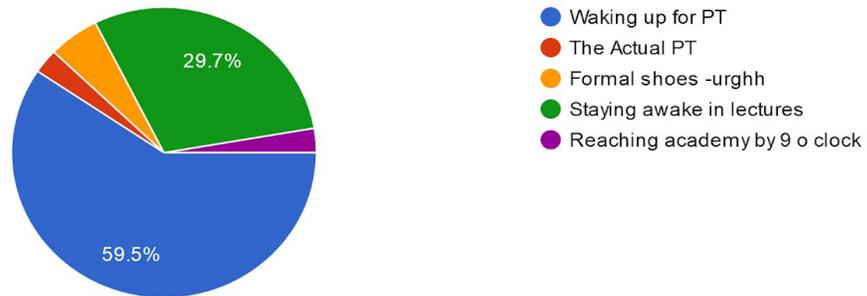
That place of the Campus you missed the most



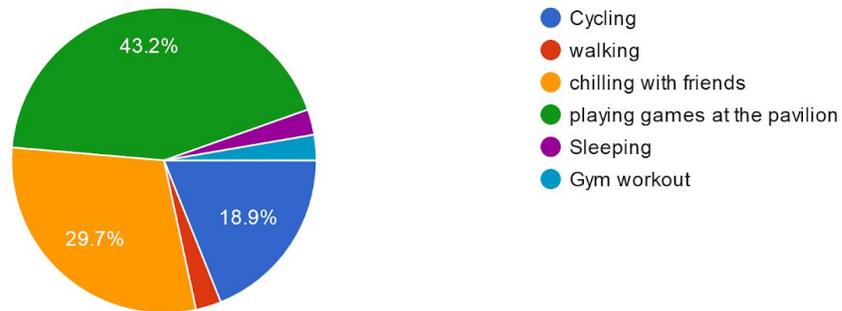
The best activity by batch in the campus



## The most challenging task during campus life



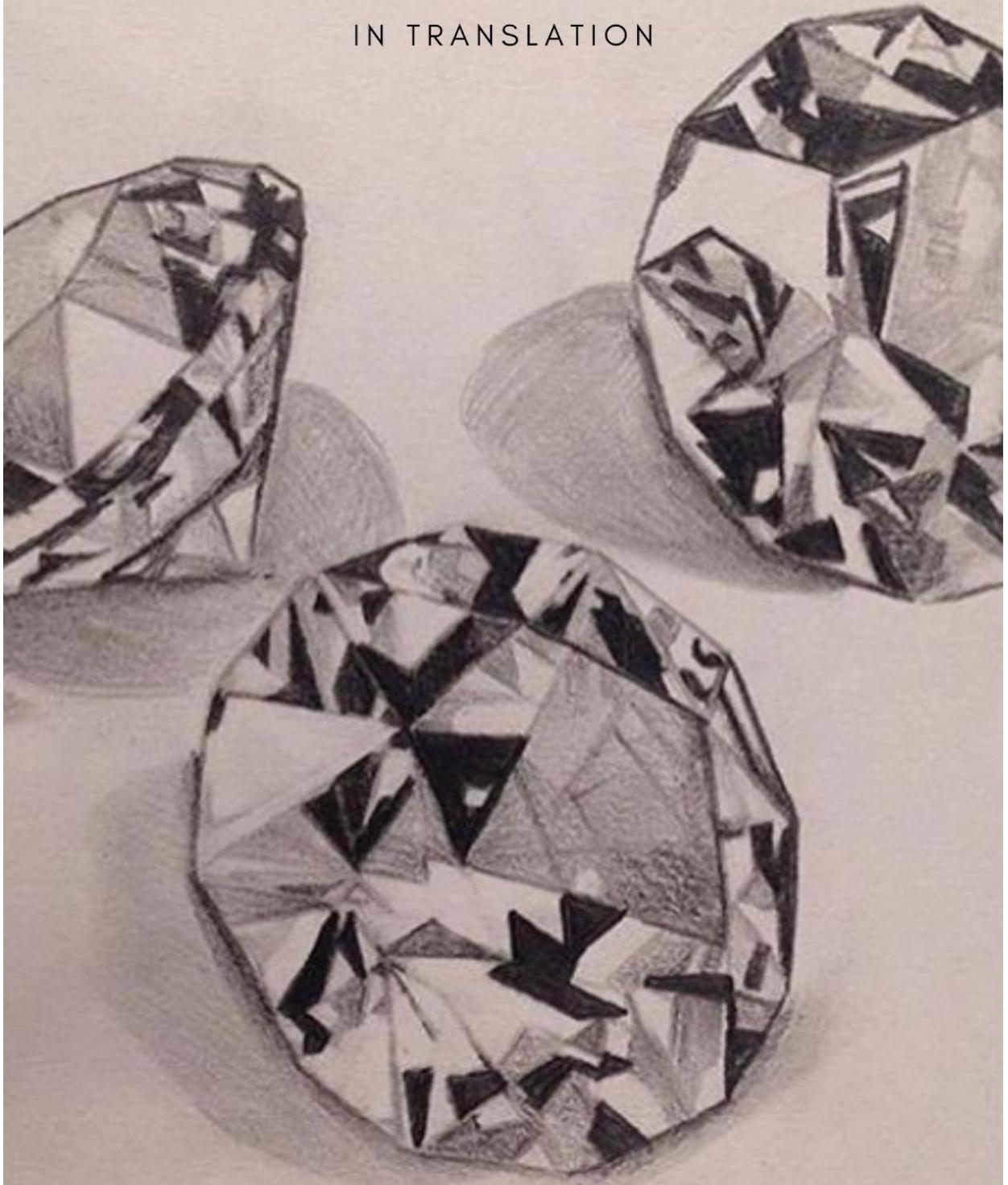
## The favourite rejuvenating activity



Who turns up first the mess: **Dwija Pratim Sen**

The entertainer batchmate: **Jeevan Dagade**

**GAINED**  
IN TRANSLATION



TEXT AND DESIGN  
**N JEYKUMARAN**



"TRANSLATION  
IS AN ACT  
THAT  
SACRIFICES  
DETAILS TO  
MEANING.  
WHILE A POET  
MOVES FROM  
LIFE TO  
LANGUAGE,  
THE  
TRANSLATOR  
MOVES FROM  
LANGUAGE TO  
LIFE. BOTH  
LIKE AN  
IMMIGRANT  
MOVING  
BETWEEN  
MEDIUMS TO  
UNDERSTAND  
THE INVISIBLE"

## AUGUST 15

### INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS AT IG NFA

Efforts to capture the moments of special days often slip into the 'Formal' world- stages set, dignities arrived, speeches delivered and ceremony documented. In such an arid world , there is no space for the probationer who comes six minutes late nor there is any mention of discomforts in singing the national anthem, while wearing a covid mask. But for a person, who is figuring the terrain of Hindi, these are the only things that he/she will end up pondering. Yes-I was one among that clueless lot which stood mute to the ceremony in 'Shuddh' Hindi.

Speakers came, untranslated speeches were given, and the arteries of patriotism were touched. Meanwhile I was still stitching the words together, to string some sense with the translations rendered by my peers. The lingual purist in me, however, was sadly sure that anything meaningful would have already been lost in translation.

**Until-**

# " आजादी अभी अधूरी है !"

I did not understand what it meant. I didn't even notice it when Director Shri. Bharat Jyoti IFS said these words. It was Ganesh, a friend and a fellow probationer, who recollected this for me. But he didn't just translate it to me verbatim- He reshaped the whole verbal landscape adding new meanings- knowing well that a faithful translation is not always the most beautiful one.

**" FREEDOM IS STILL INCOMPLETE!  
DO YOU THINK THAT FREEDOM IS FULFILLED?  
CARE TO ASK THE MAN QUENCHING HIS THIRST FROM THE GUTTERS OF BENGAL  
CARE TO ASK HIM IF HIS FREEDOM WAS COMPLETE."**

Until then, I was happily playing my part in the ritual- Clothed in a Bandhgala, clapping hands when the crowd clapped, standing erect for the national anthem and sparing a moment or two, for that proverbial citizen. But Ganesh laid bare the truth I had conveniently learnt to ignore, in the middle of career progressions and annual appraisal reports.

He opened that truth which every aspirant, including me, coveting for public service had held near his heart once; Truth, which some times slowly one pockets into a distant memory- unrecognizable. It had been so long since I had thought about the man quenching thirst from the gutters of my country. Yes, I had become ignorant of the anonymous person surviving through the trials and tribulations of my everyday India.

India? I hardly know, or cared to even ask the name of a worker who eased my everyday life in IGNOFA. I hardly even noticed them. Every day I gave my clothes to them and got my shoes shined by them. They were the ones to whom I asked for an extra omelette and they were the ones to whom I complained about a less roasted chicken. I negotiated with these invisible faces in a very convenient way- I let them enter into my world, list them my needs and happily allowed them to escape my horizon as soon as my needs were met. It was always about me. Never them.

I was tasked by the Captain of my literary club to write a piece on August 15, yes. But I choose to write this because of my everyday ignorance of the people, moving around me. I write this because of the man who came to my room the next day. He is the one who knocks at my door, polishes my shoes and leaves it clean every single day- May be he knows that he is doing a thankless job or may be he doesn't. But he never seemed to care. Even that day, he finished his ritual of helping, as he always did, and moved to the next block, as he always does. And I for once thought, I should atleast know who he was.





I didnt know Hindi, he didnt know English. आपका नाम क्या है ? , I asked him in an outsider's broken Hindi and he, for his part, struggled to spell even his name. I had to get the help of Chiranjeev, a friend who was going to be the lingual bridge, for that small conversation of ours. Once again the threat of translation was looming.

Chiranjeev said that his name was 'Chandramohan'. He was 44 years age and he had been working in the academy for the past 32 years. He was there when Additional Director Shri. Sushil Awasthi IFS was a probationer in the academy. Years have gone and he was still easing the lives of the probationers . I for one could not understand why I never cared to know a man who had been sweating his life for the probationers of this service. I thanked him for letting me enter his world for a very small moment in his life and I turned back to my room. As I was leaving, with the little solace of atleast having known his name, Chiranjeev stopped me to tell something which Mr.Chandramohan had said. It was in Hindi and for once, I feel it right, to leave it here, untranslated in the same

**"बचपन यही गुज़रा हैं,  
जवानी भी यही गुज़रा हैं,  
हो सकता हैं बुढ़ापा भी यही  
गुज़रेगा"**

Chiranjeev did tell me what it meant, his final act of translation, and I had to walk back, holding a thought with myself,-something for which I will remember the 15th of August 2020:

**"आजादी अभी अधूरी है !"**

A freedom yet to be achieved for my mind ,which had ignored all the invisible faces that eased my life - A Freedom incomplete

DIAMONDS ARE,  
MERE COALS THAT  
MANAGE TO HANDLE PRESSURE WELL.

WE PROBATIONERS  
WE DID GO THROUGH THAT ALL AND  
WE BECAME DIAMONDS-  
OR SO DID WE TELL,  
AND SELL OURSELVES.

BUT LESS DID WE KNOW,  
THAT THE GLOW ON US,  
AND THAT VISIBLE SHEEN,  
WERE ALL THE CRAFT OF  
THE FACES INVISIBLE.

FACES-  
THAT ALWAYS SMILE  
EVERY TIME WE LOOK AT THEM;  
FACES THAT  
NEVER SHOW THEIR DAILY STRUGGLES-  
FACES THAT  
NEVER SPELL THEIR STORIES OF HUNGRY NIGHTS;  
NOR COMPLAIN THE BURDENS OF THEIR UNPAID DUES;  
FACES THAT DO WHAT THEY DO-  
NEVER WAITING FOR PATS ON THEIR BACK  
NEVER WISHING FOR PETTY RECOGNITIONS.

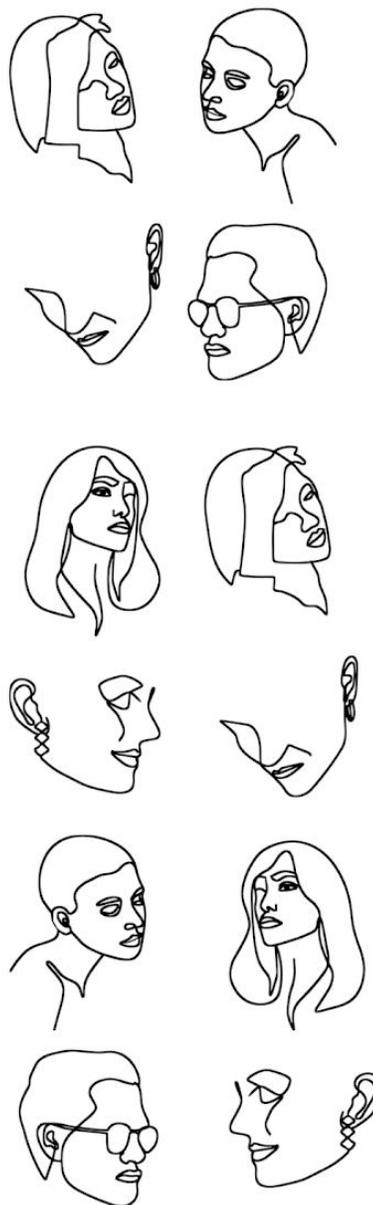
AND,  
A DAY WILL COME,  
WHEN WE WILL LEAVE THIS PLACE  
AS ACTUAL DIAMONDS-  
WITH ALL THAT GLOW AND GLEAM,  
NEVER EVER KNOWING  
THOSE INVISIBLE HANDS,  
THAT POLISHED EVERY EXPERIENCE  
OF THIS 2019 BAND.

AS WE WILL LEAVE,  
I ONLY WISH  
WE LEAVE  
WITHOUT THE REGRET-

THE REGRET OF  
NOT TELLING THOSE INVISIBLE FACES,  
AT LEAST FOR ONCE-  
THAT THEY MATTERED TO US.  
THAT WE WERE HAPPY HERE  
BECAUSE  
THEY WERE THERE.

THAT IN THE  
MEMOIRS OF EVERY PROBATIONER,  
THEIR FACES  
WILL NEVER BE  
LOST IN TRANSLATION.

## AN ODE TO THE INVISIBLE FACES



TEXT AND DESIGN

**N JEYKUMARAN**

Vipasha Parul

## Pantji: The distance between a mess and home

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### Journey to the Job at IGNA Mess

This one man, inconspicuously with the calmest of composure goes around attending tables in our mess. Pant ji, one omelette! Pant ji, Thanda doodh (cold milk). Pant ji, garam dosa, Pant ji, paratha. Pant ji, aaj meethe mein kya hai? Pant ji, ek round papad aur?

Who is this Pant ji and how has he been doing this job so tirelessly and peacefully? Let us find out.

Sri Ghananand Pant, started working for the IGNA mess in 2008. Someone from his familial relation recommended his name here after he had proved his mettle working in GMVN(Khannan), Hawkins factory in Maharashtra and several other jobs. He hails from the Garhwal region. After the creation of Uttarakhand, he was extremely happy to get this job as it was near his home town.

## Family

Panthji and his family which consists of his wife and 3 children stay within the campus facilities. His parents and siblings also live nearby close to ISBT DEHRADUN. His father is an ex-service man and he proudly says, "Pitaji Major Hawaldar hoke retire hue" .His children are 10 years, 8 years, 4years of age and are currently pursuing their studies in Guru Ramsingh School, Vasant Vihar. When asked if he gets time to sit with them and guide them he says, "No I am unable to help, but I have enrolled them into tuition classes and their school is conducting online classes as well. (Food for thought friends, we should reach out to these kids and mentor them a little whenever we get time of course, who knows what impact we might just leave on these tender souls.)

## Changes over the years in the Mess

Panth ji says, "Till 2011 there was just one mess. But after that, the recruitments started pouring in numbers such as 80 to 100s that the mess got divided into two. On the menu, we used to make several types of parathas (laccha paratha, sattu paratha) makki ki roti sarson da saag." (Mess secretaries please take note 😊) Pant ji also talked about the addition of

various kinds of utensils and the famous chimney!

## Down the Favourite Memory Lane

He has worked for so long, so we were curious about the sweetest memory that he has had. Pant ji said, "In 2012 I was suffering from kidney stones. I couldn't come to work for straight 3 months. What is memorable is that the mess secretary of that batch, Mahavir sir, did not stop my salary and that saved me from a precarious condition." On that note, as a batch we salute our seniors whose exemplary conduct is greatly inspiring to us.

## Lockdown Pains

From the smooth memories of the past to the current rock and roll thanks to covid-19, we were concerned as to what problems he might have faced. He said, "We ran out of essentials such as food grains because we weren't allowed to go outside. Even the heavy gas cylinder we had to carry from the Trevor gate to our houses. I couldn't attend my uncle's funeral. It was very difficult."

What is in store for him in the future also makes him apprehensive as we are leaving for OJT in October. He says, "we will probably be put under the academy's

payroll, and our PF will get divided in three accounts. We shall be paid only for 26 days barring the Sundays.”

### **That one thing He wants**

It was only befitting to ask about his expectations from our batch. Pant ji requests, “Just that we should be put under one contractor rather than being circulated under different heads, and also if our salary for the next four months can be issued from the fund as it used to be done earlier, it would be much better.”

Well, the current Mess secretaries are tirelessly following up this issue, and hopefully it will get resolved amicably for all stakeholders.

In the end, just want to say that Pant ji, the mess is a better place very close to our mother’s kitchen because your patience never runs out into feeding the super hungry souls that we are. As a batch, we couldn’t have been luckier to have you. Thank you so much!

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## **Clicks by Jamir M. Shaikh**

Theme: Back to Campus



N Ravisankar Sarma

## Know Your Probationer Series: Ganesh U R

### A Persona of Truth

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Right from the moment we embarked on our journey to Dehradun, I have gotten the chance to understand him brick by brick, each one unique on its own and finally coming together as this colourful character, i.e. our man Ganesh. During that very journey, in which our flight never flew and we were grounded (literally and metaphorically) before reaching Dehradun, I realized he is one of the best persons to be stuck with in the worst of times.

Even in the worst of times, he keeps the humor flowing and I am often left wondering if that is really the elixir of life where one is able to find a funny bone despite the tide sweeping against one. I got to know him as being the “go to man” in crisis during my perilous journey to Delhi for the CSE Interview which fell within the raging pandemic. He

helped me immensely in untying the several knots of problems that had cropped up in my head by being an assuring, calming presence whom I was in much need of. I don't know how but he has this unique ability through which he makes you feel that he is solving his own problems rather than yours, such is the sensitivity of this man.

Such sensitivity especially in men is admirable and brave, given that it is sometimes boxed into a 'feminine' characteristic. Ganesh is so honest and true to his own emotions and of others without any apprehension that it makes him no less of a man. This is what I believe will set him apart from others in public service in times to come in forging an emotional connect with people, fellow workmen and women.

For me who comes from a corporate work culture, his ability to read the bureaucracy as it is, understand the system, it's good, bad and the ugly has been truly a wondrous insight. Coupled with this, is his virtue of honesty and righteousness which is uncompromising. Our former PM Vajpayee ji once said to one of his cabinet ministers, "I am sending you to a coal field knowing very well not a speck of dirt will come on your Kurta". Likewise, Ganesh's mundu will forever be unstained. Period. (On a lighter note, in mundu he is the 'Mohanlal of our batch' as many of my batchmates fondly call him that. His Swag avatar with shades for the Onam celebrations is much awaited).

Adding to this Swag, is his Gift of Gab which all of us have witnessed during the symposiums, vote of thanks and many other instances of public speaking. On one hand where many including me feel unnerved, Ganesh on the other hand is in the lap of the divine, just at the right place, with an arena of expressions where he goes through the modulation curves like an orchestrator going to the crescendo and back. The phrase 'coming from the land of Godavarman Thirumulpad' still resonates in our minds in his bassy voice and is testimony to his exemplary oratory skills.

All said and done, he is to me a nationalist who is honest, flowing beyond sectarian and parochial views who has successfully plunged himself into the service of nation building. His disdain towards parochial views (something that we share in common) in terms of cadre selection, his deep desire to work in Naxal affected regions of Chhattisgarh and in tribal welfare underline his Pan India Outlook. Fly high, Honest Nationalist and Compatriot. You shall be revered.

# Thank you note for Mess Team

---

Great work Team Mess! The way they rose to the occasion is really astonishing. Would like to express my sincere gratitude to everyone there!

-Balamurugan P

To our frontline staff: Marcus Aurelius Caesar, in 'Meditations', wrote — "Waste no time in arguing what a good man should be. Be one." While I argue 'what a good man should be', (our Mess Staff) they are 'good men'. उनसे मैंने सीखा, साधारण शिष्टाचार असाधारण तरीकों से प्रभावित करता है।

- Dwijaa Pratim Sen

प्रिय मेस स्टाफ, पूरे दिल से आपकी सेवाओं के लिए धन्यवाद, आपने हमारी जरूरतों का बहुत ध्यान रखा- स्वच्छता से लेकर स्वस्थ भोजन तक, आपने हमेशा हमारी सभी मांगों को शामिल किया और हमारी जरूरी जरूरतों को पूरा करने के लिए अपना सर्वश्रेष्ठ प्रयास किया। नेगी जी और पंत जी का विशेष धन्यवाद

- Sandeep Reddy

लोग कहते हैं कि जब आप बाहर जाते हैं तो आपको घर का खाना सबसे ज्यादा याद आता है। लेकिन मुझे कहना होगा कि जब मैं घर पर था तो मैंने मेस के भोजन और इसकी विविधता को याद किया। स्वादिष्ट अखिल भारतीय व्यंजन किस्मों के लिए मेस टीम का धन्यवाद।

- Harshraj Wathore

In the Academy, in the challenging covid situation, efforts of countless people including our mess team make our stay comfortable. Without much concern for themselves, mess team happily shuttled between three hostels within limited duration of time to deliver our breakfast, lunch and dinner. Along with food, their kind words- "aapka swasthya theek hai" epitomize humanism that defines us all. I wonder what drives them all! Certainly, covid changed a lot vis a vis mess, what remains unchanged is the spirit of the mess team. Their tireless efforts and dedication is commendable. My deepest gratitude and thanks to entire mess team.

- Nisha Kumari



# Thank you note for IT Team

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Dear IT team, despite the limitations, you gave us the best possible support to have a smooth experience of classes, thank you so much.

- Sandeep Reddy

It is quite easy to work when everyone are working in a same place. But this Covid19 pandemic has made your work challenging as we are located in different locations. Utham sir has also written about your hardships in the first issue of our woodwards newsletter. Even after we returned back to academy you were tirelessly helping our IT hardships with smiling faces. Thanks to those **Three Musketeers**.

-Ram sundar

Covid has brought in testing times but IT team has overcome it with its innovative solutions. Resolution of issue promptly and instantly shows the dedication of team IT. Thank you very much for that.

- Harshraj Wathore

Deepest gratitude to IT team for the efforts in making online classes a smooth affair.

- Nisha Kumari



Varun Dalia

# LAMENTS OF A PROBATIONER DURING THE QUARANTINE

---

Sitting in my room I am staring at my screen.

I would rather be outdoors n putting on sunscreen.

Chomping on the mess food, I am turning into a bear

I wanna ride my bike and breath in some fresh air

Fazing in and out of classes, I get half of what I hear,

How am I going to pass exams that's a real fear

Loneliness is a friend again, numb I have become.

Its been long since I hung out with friends n sipped some rum

I have made friends with the lizards in my room.

It is good to know them while chatting from morning to noon.



Search for mobile network reminds me of yesteryears,  
Running with antenna to make Doordarshan clear.



Hopes of tours are dead, in my dreams I roam.  
I discovered hidden castles and species that are gone.

It will get difficult from here when we move to the smaller rooms,  
Thinking of a pigeon hole I am filled with the gloom.



Extroverts are dying inside, asking when this solitary jail will end.  
Introverts are having time of life as they have no gatherings to attend.

Quarantine will come to an end soon this depressing period will be over  
I would have strangled this virus with own hands if I had the power.



N Ravisankar Sarma

# The Eyes of Forest God

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## Characters

*King Kshitij*

*Pacific Prashant*

*Amicable Ayush*

*Veer Balak Abhimanyu*

*Calm Saurabh and Shant  
Prashant*

*Compassionate Jamir*

*Karizmatic Kasturi*

*Autotelic Arun*

*Cheerful Chintan*

*Majestic Manas*

*Alpha Ankur*

*Spectacular Saureesh*

## Script

In his dream, King Kshitij witnesses a prophecy of the demise of his beloved FRI Kingdom, its conquest by Majestic Manas and the wrath and fury of nature and disease on his people. He is greatly troubled by the dream reaching out in sweat to a bottle of water and to summon his mantri.

**King Kshitij:** 'Oi, Cheerful Chintan'

**Cheerful Chintan** (with a characteristic smile on his face): What happened my lord, all sweating in the morning

**King Kshitij:** Can you please stop giggling now at least when I have witnessed the death of my kingdom in my dream he exclaimed explaining his nightmare to his mantri

**Cheerful Chintan:** My Lord, I think better we see a sage Shant Prashant and make sense of this prophecy. He might be able to give you a solution

**King Kshitij:** Really? Alright, let's go

King Kshitij and Cheerful Chintan enter into Shant Prashant's Asram. Shant

Prashant is so shant he sits unmoved as they enter.

**King Kshitij:** 'Guru Shantji..

**Shant Prashant:** 'Hm... Accha'

**King Kshitij:** Guruji, I witnessed a ....

**Shant Prashant:** Hm.. accha accha

Cheerful Chintan chuckles much to the irritation of his King.

**King Kshitij:** What is the solution to this Guruji

**Shant Prashant:** All problems in the world have one solution: your majesty and that is a wedding. Marry a beautiful girl and all your problems would be solved. This is not just a suggestion, it is my experience your majesty

King Kshitij turns wonder eyed to Cheerful Chintan.

**King Kshitij:** Thank you for your time Guruji. So my question was..

**Shant Prashant** (turning to Cheerful Chintan): Arey, please take him and go before I become Ashant

**Cheerful Chintan** (Smiling): Sure ji, come dear majesty. We will find a solution

King Kshitij and Cheerful Chintan walk out. The King chastises Mantri for taking him to Shant Prashant. Cheerful Chintan suggests an alternative sage - Calm Saurabh to solve the prophecy milieu.

**King Kshitij:** Now one more fraudster, where is this guy

**Cheerful Chintan:** He is from Samastipur, Bihar my lord. You don't worry, I will arrange an online meeting. He does everything online only anyway.

Cheerful Chintan calls on his phone, talks to someone at the other end and glances back at his king.

**Cheerful Chintan:** Your highness, Calm Saurabh has asked us to submit all our solutions as a google form or to create an online portal where we can submit all of our problems.

**King Kshitij:** Are you sure he is a sage?

**Cheerful Chintan:** Arey sure majesty. In these days , everything happens online only

King Kshitij and Cheerful Chintan bide the time till the online meeting schedule comes up. Once the clock strikes meeting time, they login to the platform and meet

Calm Saurabh. The sage hears their problems and responds

**Calm Saurabh:** The problems of your Kingdom is because the King's actions have led to destruction of nature and wildlife. The prophecy you saw will be true unless you take corrective action

**King Kshitij:** What is the corrective action guruji?

**Calm Saurabh:** Please the Monkey God Alpha Ankur by providing him fruits, nuts and everything nice. He is swinging between the trees of Assam, Meghalaya, Odisha and Karnataka. But for now, he is around you, he is the one with the green eyes. Find him and prosper him, your kingdom too will prosper.

King Kshitij and Cheerful Chintan wonder aloud how they can find one monkey among an army of them. Cheerful Chintan (the man of Human Resources) suggests Karizmatic Kasturi, the bird woman of FRI, as the best person to seek out the elusive monkey.

On the fateful day, she comes with her binoculars and camera to seek out those green eyes that her majesty demands. Not long do the 3 walk till Kasturi exclaims

**Karizmatic Kasturi:** Did you see that..Oh it was my dream

**King Kshitij:** What, you found it already, call someone Cheerful, we will take him down..

**Karizmatic Kasturi:** Arey no, it is the Paradise flycatcher, it is such a beauty it was my dream to see this here. See(showing the binocular) how beautiful it is

**Cheerful Chintan:** Very beautiful, my lord. You should also..

King Kshitij turns red but Cheerful Chintan pacifies him. They ask Karizmatic Kasturi to keep searching. She spots parakeets, hornbills, egrets and many more having the fun day of her life. Finally, she turns to the King and says

**Karizmatic Kasturi:** Your majesty, I am sorry I could not find what we were looking for, but I have the perfect thing to cheer you up. We have started an initiative called Know Your Campus where we detail a bird, an animal or tree in the FRI. Would you be interested in contributing a section on any of the birds we saw today. I am sure you would love to..

**King Kshitij:** Your tour is now over. Cheerful, please take her away and don't show her face to me ever again

King Kshitij sees a person giving apples to monkeys, who is that, he asks Chintan. He says it is compassionate Jamir, the one who gives everything he has.

**King Kshitij:** Do you know a monkey who has..

**Jamir** (shaking his head): No your majesty.

**King Kshitij** (turning away to Cheerful Chintan): Karna we have found, alas not Hanuman.

**Cheerful Chintan** (as usual): Majesty, I think you are getting confused between Ramayana and Mahabharat.

Spectacular Saureesh Enters the scene

**King Kshitij:** General Sahab, What brings you here.

**Spectacular Saureesh:** Bad news dear majesty. Majestic Manas is planning to launch an attack on us sir.

King Kshitij laments his nightmare coming true.

**King Kshitij** (Orders): Ready the troops- army, air force, navy- everything we will

not leave an inch of our territory open to those \*\*.

**Spectacular Saureesh** retorts: Sir with all due respect – why Navy for a kingdom that is more than 1000km from sea sir. I think you better dismiss the Navy Chief Pacific Prashant sir, any way he is not even near the Indian Ocean.

**King Kshitij:** Hm, true why didn't I think of this earlier. Alright spectacular, your opinion is well taken and will be implemented.

**Spectacular Saureesh:** Sir, I am privileged to take this opportunity to extend a formal..

**King Kshitij:** What nonsense is this?..

**Spectacular Saureesh:** sir-vote of thanks..

**King Kshitij:** What! For the death of my kingdom and me, go and fight you \*\*

Second in command Amicable Ayush by his side- Spectacular Saureesh goes to war against Majestic Manas' troops.

After a while, they lose ground, he reports to King Kshitij-

**Spectacular Saureesh:** Majesty, Ayush switched sides. He cheated us Majesty.

**Cheerful Chintan** (laughing as always): Yes, of course that is why he is amicable- he goes along with everyone. Such a nice guy he is.

**King Kshitij** (red faced)- I always knew he was a good spin bowler, but this googly I didn't expect.

**Spectacular Saureesh:** Your Highness, we should replace Amicable with Veer Balak Abhimanyu whose legend is renowned in FRI Campus. His hockey dribbling skills makes him the only one who can get through Chakravyuha of Majestic Manas.

At least he will get us out of Chakrata if not Chakravyuh wonders aloud Chintan.

**King Kshitij:** Wise guy, what happened to Alpha Ankur- the monkey with green eyes. Unless we find him, death will be upon us.

**Cheerful Chintan:** Majesty, I have arranged a meeting with Autotelic Arun. He is an expert in tribal affairs and he will surely help us find such a monkey if it exists.

**King Kshitij:** Auto what? You didn't get any one with a better name? Whatever, let's go meet him before we die.

**Autotelic Arun:** Your highness, I am pleased to welcome you to my humble hamlet.

King Kshitij narrates the entire story.

**Autotelic Arun responds:** There is no monkey with green eyes my lord. What your saint refers to I think is the trees of your kingdom that become the green in the eyes of the Monkey God that is revered in every form. Grow the trees of fruit my lord and protect them, that is what protects your kingdom.

Spectacular Saureesh enters the scene proclaiming victory.

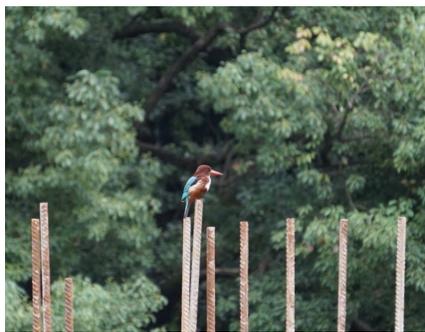
**Spectacular Saureesh:** My lord, Veer Balak breached the Chakravyuh and we trapped them in the forest and they lost their organization amidst the tall green trees and we struck a death blow on them. We have our kingdom back for now my lord.

King Kshitij exclaims he has found Alpha Ankur, thanks the forest Gods and orders to plant 1000 trees on this day every year.

**Cheerful Chintan** (wondering): Great my lord! At least one day in a year.

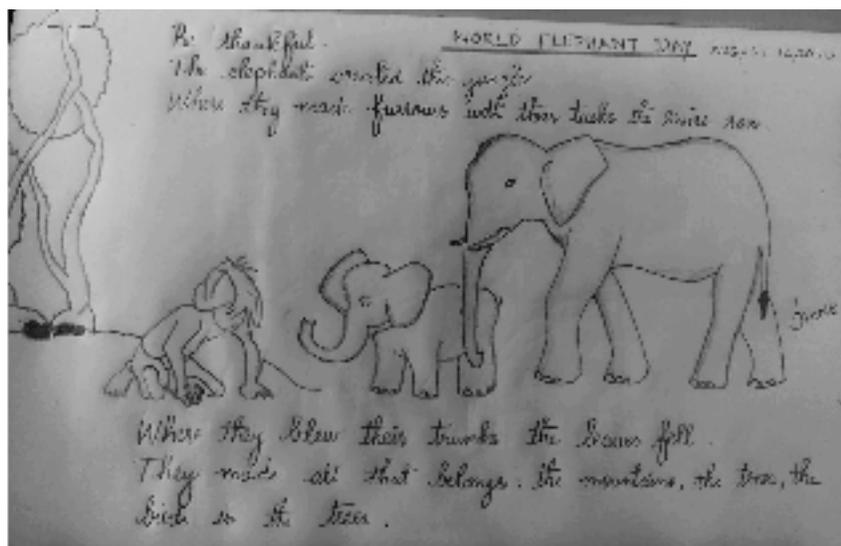
## Photos by Prashant Tomar

Theme: Back to Campus



## Art by Shine

For World Elephant Day



WILD  
**ALLEGORY**



TEXT AND DESIGN  
**N JEYKUMARAN**



After **30 years**, Liverpool FC has been crowned the champions of England, as **THE REDS** brought the Premier League cup back to Anfield



**But ever wondered about the bird that the REDS boast?**



**King John Seal**



**Cormorant**

It is the mythological **Liver bird** that is adapted from the coastal bird **Cormorant** very prominent in these areas

The Liver Bird has been a symbol of the city for over 800 years. It is thought to have originated in 1207 when King John was granted a Royal Charter to register Liverpool as a borough. He needed a unique seal to differentiate documents from his territory and chose this bird to feature.



There is a male and female pair atop the Royal liver building:  
Bella and Berie

The female looking out to sea, watching for the seamen to return safely home, and the male looking in to the city, watching over the seamen's families



**Legend holds that the birds face away from each other, for if they were to mate and fly away, the city would cease to exist**





**The flag of the Sri Lankan State sports a lion in its flag. Are there lions in the Island State? What is their story?**

There are no lions in the Sri Lankan wild today.

***Panthera leo sinhaleyus* (the Ceylonese Lion)**, was a prehistoric subspecies of lion, endemic to Sri Lanka. It appears to have become extinct prior to the arrival of culturally modern humans, c.39,000-37,000 years ago.

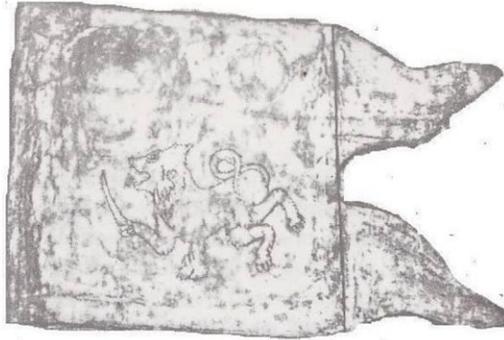


**Left lower molar of *Panthera leo sinhaleyus***

This lion is only known from two teeth found in deposits at **Kuruwita**. Based on these teeth, P. Deraniyagala proposed this subspecies in 1939.

He justified its allocation to a distinct subspecies of lion by its being "**narrower and more elongate**" than those of recent lions in the British Natural History Museum collection.

Then how did the lion then become a part of the State's identity?



**Flag with the lion (Vijaya)**



Srilankan Lore has that **Prince Vijaya**, the first recorded King of Sri Lanka came from an Indian kingdom and he reached Sri Lanka in 543 BC, and brought the island under his control .

He brought with him a flag with a symbol of a lion on it. From that time onwards, the lion symbol has become integral to the history of Sri Lanka.

**(Sinha)lese - Simha(lion)**



**Reign of Vijaya  
(Ajanta mural )**



**Arrival of Vijaya  
(Ajanta mural )**



The branching leaves holding the United Nations logo is an **Olive branch** symbolising the idea of peace.  
**But why equate Olives with peace?**



**Great Flood and Noah**  
**(Genesis 8:11)**

**Biblical** traditions have that following the Great Flood, **Noah** dispatched a dove on the 301st day. The dove returned with an olive leaf in her mouth indicating waters were abated from off the earth and the land beginning to sprout with olive leaves symbolizing peace

During **Roman** empire, poets like **Virgil** began to hold olives alongside peace

*"High on the stern Aeneas his stand,  
And held a branch of **olive** in his hand,*

*.....*

*This message bear: The Trojans and their chief  
Bring holy **peace**, and beg the king's relief.*



**Virgil**



**Athena**  
Goddess of Wisdom

### Greek Mythology

When a contest arose between Athena and Poseidon, as to who would become the protector of a newly built city of Attica- Poseidon struck a rock with his trident, creating a spring of salty water, symbolizing his gift of sea power. Athena followed by striking a rock with her spear and sprouting the **olive tree**, an offering signifying fruitfulness and **peace**.

Citizens choose Athena and olives began to metaphor peace



**Poseidon**  
God of the Sea



### Silviculture Lens

Olive's root system is robust and capable of regenerating the tree even if the above-ground structure is destroyed

**(Biblical narrative of olives after floods)**

Olive is a **very slow growing tree** and hence was not a preferred crop during war times , because tending the crop would have been very difficult.

Hence olives could have become associated with a peace time tree



The bird tracing the LBSNAA's logo is a **Yellow billed blue magpie** dotting through the Himalayan hill forests

**What story it has to say?**



The tree etched on IGNFA's logo

What species it is?

**What story it has to say?**

Symbols are the languages through which humans convey emotions inexpressible in words. So every time a tree or a tailor bird enlivens a symbol, care to know its story

TEXT AND DESIGN  
**N JEYKUMARAN**  
IFS 2019

Kasturi Sule

## A special lifer

---

It's been a year to this lovely memory. While descending on the last day of the trek, the Pushtara bugyals were left behind and the treeline came closer.

Circling in the valley were a pair of large birds. Looking down into the valley it was difficult to identify what they were. They seemed like eagles but their wing shapes were not like eagles. Neither did they look like the Griffon.

The birds royally had conquered the kingdom of the valley. It was then that excitement gripped me thinking, can it be the lammergeier? The bearded vulture? The one in my bucket list?

Before starting the trek I had studied the birds of Govind wildlife sanctuary, and yes it did have the lammergeier. I pushed my camera lens beyond its limits, a lot of unconventional shots - from top, just front view, against light. The lamest type of photography from a technical point of view, but it was the eagerness to record the bird. I could faintly make out its whitish head and yellow near the beak but unable to confirm.

When I got back to Dehradun, the first thing I did was to transfer the photos to my phone, zoom them and verify. And I almost jumped with joy. It was the lammergeier, the bearded vulture. This bird I had wanted to see for ages.

My joy knew no bounds but this was a short encounter. It was a total fan moment and like a crazy fan girl who craved to see the star more and more often.



Compiled by Nisha Kumari  
**Born in August**

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06/08



17/08



25/08



10/08



Compiled by Ramsundar, IT club

# Independence Day



IGNFA @IGNFA\_Gol · 15 Aug  
The 74th #IndependenceDay was celebrated with great pride and grandeur at #IGNFA, maintaining the social distancing norms. The Director of IGNFA hoisted the national flag and addressed the gathering. Faculties & Probationers along with employees of IGNFA took part in the event.





**Director, IGFA felicitating PTI Rana sir for maintaining highest professional standards in duty.**



**Director, IGFA felicitating Dhananjay Waybhave on behalf of the Tug of War Team that secured bronze medal at AIFSM, Odisha**

# Felicitation of Staff



IGNFA's First

# National Sports Day Celebrations



MoEF&CC @moefcc · 36m

Sport and Physical Training are an integral part of IFS training. The event marked the resumption of this crucial aspect of probationers life. #IGNFA is probably the first training institute to conduct such an event in the post COVID era.

#NationalSportsDay2020

#NationalSportsDay



PIB India and 3 others



IGNFA @IGNFA\_Gol · 13h

On #NationalSportsDay2020

celebration various sports & games events have been conducted at #IGNFA, #MoEFCC, Govt of India for the IFS (P) following all social distancing norms and SOP issued by DoPT. The Director, IGNFA distributed prizes and felicitated the sportsmen.



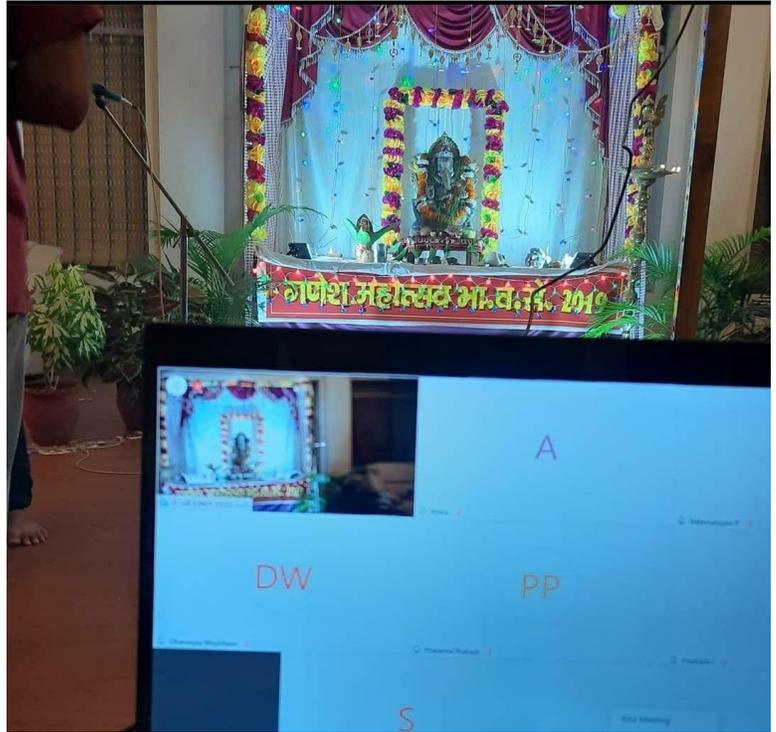
Photos: IGNFA, Vikas Yadav, Abhimanyu



In Pics

# Ganapathy Pooja

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In Pics  
**Onam**

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*When sun rises from woods after the short quarantine  
Grasses were sanitized with early morning rains,  
When the sky was masked by fluffy clouds  
Our wheels of the time got vaccinated.*

*- Ramsundar*



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