



Jungle Book

Explore the wilderness within...

August 2016

Issue 9

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A strong pair of legs, a sharp mind, a sympathetic heart and a synergized working ability defines an ideal forester. 50 years of Indian Forest Service, a huge achievement and a perfect time to rejoice, reflect and importantly retrospect our service. To commemorate the moment, this edition of Jungle Book has a special article on the achievements of Indian Forest Service. The editors are really happy and extremely thankful to all the contributors for this Jungle Book edition. The writers have been kind enough to reflect, introspect and come out with write ups amongst the busy schedule that they are put through. The edition also carries a small exhibit of the best photographs from the accomplished and the amateur photographers of the 2015-17 batch. Rest, the boundaries are illusionary, the thoughts are limitless, our beliefs frugal, there lies an ever extending, proactive, prudent and proficient working scope for the foresters. Let us advance.....

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1. INTRODUCTION:

Native Place: MEERUT, UP

Cadre: AGMUT

Batch: 1980

Edu. Qualification: M.Sc., AIFC, PGD (FS), Ph.D

2. FAVORITES:

Dish: Aaloo Parantha with curd

Movies /TV Shows: Ashoka

Holiday Destination: Havelock Island

Sports personality: Steffi Graf

Actor & Actress: Dharmendra, Hema Malini

What do you do at your leisure: Watching TV & Reading News Papers

3. GENERAL QUESTIONS:

What inspired you to join Indian Forest Service?

Ecology & Ecosystems

One most memorable moment during your training at IGNFA

P.T. & Games

The Most testing moment in the service till now

Public dealing in A.P.

The best thing is the academy is

Regular schedules

How is the average day of an IFS officer in the present time?

Combination of conservation & development

According to you, how important is introspection is the life of a civil servant? What can be done to inculcate this habit in or probationers?

Five minutes every evening for what should have been done and what needs to be attended tomorrow.

What is the importance of Leisure in the upcoming life for IFS officers?

As applicable to theirs.

There basic fronts of life - career, family and personal.

How should one maintain balance among these and allocate time to these? Are we right in our understanding that three fronts exist?

All three needs to be attended appropriately.

Had you been Minister of MoEF, what would be the first three changes introduced by you in the system?

- ❖ Strengthening the front line staff
- ❖ Proper recruitment for subordinate services with proper facilities.
- ❖ Parity among AIs.



According to you, what changes should be made to our training program to prepare us better for future life?

Current emerging issues based on case studies.

4. RAPID FIRE

One habit your wife likes in you:

None

One habit your wife dislikes in you:

Anger

A character in a movie you identify yourself with:

Caring elders & weaker sectors

High point of your life?

Winning the confidence of heads of Govt. and Administration

One thing that you want to change in yourself.

Facial expression.

If not an IFS officer what would you have been?

Air force officer

One word that best describes you:

Honesty

5. YOUR TAKE ON PROBATIONERS (BOTH BATCHES)

Quality you like:

Following the schedules

Quality you dislike:

Back biting

1966 was an eventful year in the history of India. The year started with Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri signing the Tashkent accord and very suddenly he succumbed to massive heart attack while abroad. Smt Indira Gandhi was then elected as the new Prime Minister. While the new prime minister of the country was busy in dealing with the new responsibilities and the country was riveted on the political events unfolding, another All India Service- Indian Forest Service was born. The legal notifications were published in later part of the year to be made effective from 1st of July 1966. It took another year for the first batch of IFS officers to join the academy for the training. The first IFS officers were selected from the existing Superior Forest Service. The young gentlemen of the first batch of IFS arrived in the erstwhile IFC for the training in 1968. They were fondly called as being born with the Silver Spoon as their salary and emoluments were considerable higher than the other fellow trainees from Superior Forest Service at that time.

Fifty long years have passed since the creation of the service- which is usually considered as a milestone in the life of any individual, institution or nation. Celebrations are in order and also customary is the stocktaking about the successes or failures, opportunities utilized or missed. Did we succeed in meeting the expectations of the nation? To cut the long story short- The question is what are the achievement of the service so far?

At any given time about 2750 IFS officers are working in the state forest departments and with the Central Government in the forestry or other sectors. These talented and motivated officers work with utmost dedication to make a difference in their sphere of work. Many do succeed. The micro level success stories are therefore too many to be enumerated here. Periyar in south to Corbett in north, Gir in west to Kaziranga in the east and innumerable places in between have many a success stories to tell. The various efforts must coalesce



towards the larger vision of making Indian Forests healthy, most productive and sustainable. I therefore think the achievements of the service can be best appraised through comparing the status of the Indian forestry sector in 1966, at the inception of the service to the present status.

The officers who were envied as born with the silver spoons had many daunting tasks and challenges before them. The officers belonging to many initial batches, when they went to join the work place, after completion of the training, the welcome they received was frosty in many states of the country. These states felt that they were alien to the local culture and were a symbol of the intrusion of the Central Government in the powers of the provinces to manage their own resources. Many of the states were even reluctant to even declare the correct number of vacancies. The work culture on the field level was not very conducive for the young recruits and they had to work hard to assimilate themselves and finally to make them acceptable in the local milieu.

To describe baseline scenario of 1966- the forests of India at that time were not in the best of the condition. The second world war, in which India being not independent was dragged in to unwillingly, required enormous quantities of raw material in form of timber, which was extracted from the forests

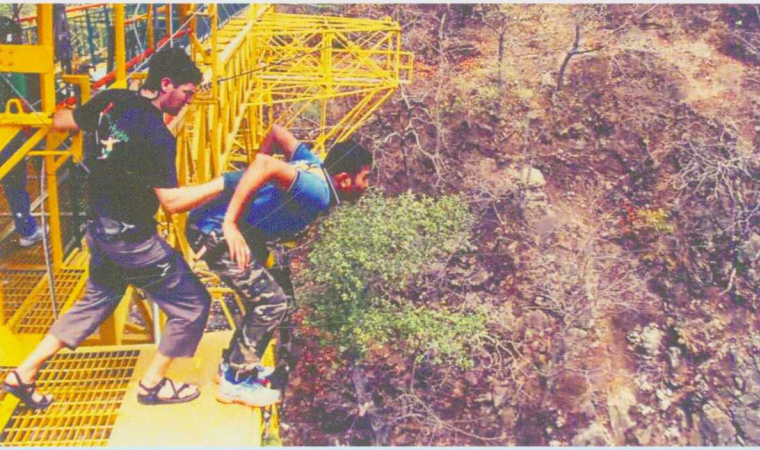
without any regard to the scientific productive capability. This led to the widespread degradation and forests are still recovering from the onslaught. After the independence, the forests were ordered to serve industries and again the forests were worked heavily to supply raw material at ridiculously low costs. Since the industry was getting the raw material very much subsidized and cheap they did not have any incentives to become more efficient. To meet the insatiable appetite of the industry, majestic natural forests were felled and anemic plantations of the raw material demanded by the industries were raised. The expansion of agriculture on forestland was encouraged. The diversion of the forestland to the other uses was heaviest at this time. The scientific management and conservation of wildlife was not initiated- this started only when the tiger crisis hit the country in 1970 and in response Wildlife (Protection) Act was passed and Project Tiger was launched.

Slowly the narrative began to change- Young officers posted in newly created tiger reserves worked day and night and despite many setbacks periodically, the number of all major fauna (Tigers, Elephant, Rhinos etc) are on the rise. In fact India can claim to be among the world leaders in wildlife management since the largest viable populations of these majestic animals are found in our country. Five percent of the geographical area of the country is now marked as Protected Areas. The stupendous success of Agroforestry, which was dependent on the much improved tree productivity unleashed by forest research institutions and state forest department, ensures that most of the raw material requirements of the industry is met from the trees outside the forests thereby reducing the pressure on the forests. The Joint Forest Management Programme has covered more than 110000 villages e m p o w e r i n g t h e communities which were

feeling alienated from the forestry sector. India is one of the leading countries in the use of modern technology in forestry. Indian forests have begun to heal and in the last decade we were one of the few major countries in the tropics to record an increase in the tree cover of the country. The biomass in the forests is growing steadily and the last decadal analysis (1994-2004) shows that Indian Forests are net sink of Carbon dioxide to the tune of 210 MT equivalents. This is comparable to carbon emitted by services sector. In the last few decades forest service is increasingly working with the rural communities and created many successful micro enterprise ventures based on NTFP, Ecotourism and other products and services thereby augmenting the rural economy and helping the most disadvantaged sections of the societies. The officers of the service also contributed in many other sectors in state and central government and have made a significant difference.

Things in the forestry sector have changed for the better in the last fifty years. Forestry is a sector where maintaining a status quo can itself be a great achievement- most of the countries in the world are struggling to maintain the current level of forest. The turn around for the better is a great achievement for the service and is a matter for great pride for all of us. Of course many challenges still remain and many problems are still to be solved but the talent pool in the service, the motivation in the young officers generate only the hope and optimism for the forestry sector of the country.





So, the team set out yet another time for something Adventurous, something Exhilarating and something that will test the Guts.. Its Bungee Jumping, a feat no ordinary and make you sweat like mad. Set in the higher reaches of Rishikesh, the Bungee Jumping panel sits Majestically right in the middle of a small valley at a height of 83mtrs above the Ground Level. It takes Guts to even see someone free fall like a Slow Motion Bahubali from a height equivalent to a 10 floor building and "To Do It", it takes Some Incredible Guts and a Bit of Craziiness. A contingent of 26 IFS Officer Probationers along with the accompanying faculty were Up for the Challenge of Heights.

As we reached the Jumping site, we finished the initial formalities of form fillings and were made to sit in a small café at their office and were called to Jump One after Another. As the first man set to jump, there was a kind of Excitement in the fellow probationers as to Witness the Madness. To see people free falling was a both thrilling and horrifying experience.

As my turn came to jump, I was all nervous. Instructions were given not to see the depth below

and see straight and just let it go. After a deep breath, I just jumped without thinking twice and believe me, I felt like Near-death moments. As I took the leap, my velocity towards the ground kept on increasing. For 3-4 seconds, I actually had no idea where I was going and what I was doing. The air was breezing past my face with immense velocity. I just kept on Going Down n Down n Down with rising velocity. Even before I realized what was going on, the elastic rope tied to my legs pulled me up and I became kind of sure of Not-Dieing now.

For the next couple of swings, I decided to live the moments and started crazily shouting in the air as I kept free rolling in the air like a pendulum tied to a thread. As the swings ended, I was slowly brought down to the ground with the help of a Stick and was given a bottle of water and a badge saying "I've got Guts !!!". When I look back at the experience, I still feel like... OMG....Did I actually do it?... All in all, this is one Hell of an experience which makes you realize that Life on this Earth is actually a gift Which could be snatched away from you by almighty anytime in a matter of Seconds. So when u Live, Live it like a DREAM.

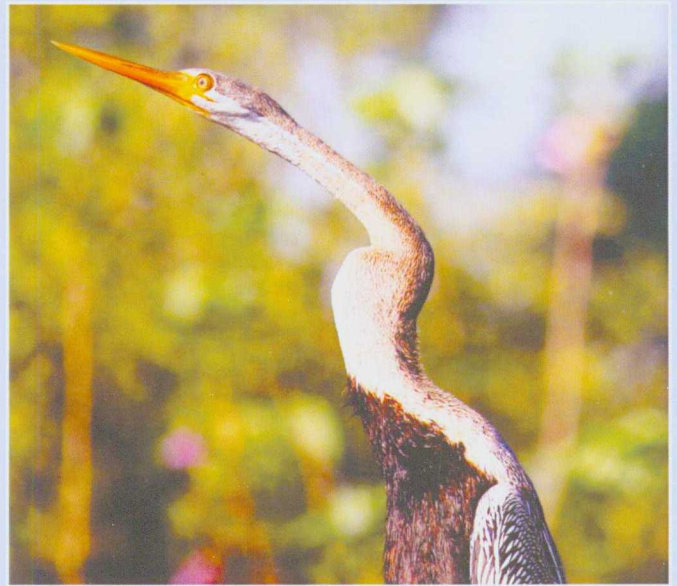


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I remember the first time I get to differentiate between a lot of birds is when I visited this place in 2012. Believe me!, till the time I got interested in birding, Only birds I knew were crows and Mynas. Birding is a wonderful hobby. It takes you close to nature. The moment you enter this park you will forget about the whole world and get immersed with the beauty of nature. The bird's chirping, misty mornings of winter, amazing Sunrise behind the bald trees, everything makes you live the life to the fullest.

This is One place which has got so many feathers in its cap is BharatpurKNP. Its a World Natural Heritage Site, It features as one of the Ramsar Wetland Site. Its a National Park. Even it has been placed on Montreaux record for some time for reasons of Habitat Conservation. The smallest park which holds high ecological Importance.

While many of India's parks have been developed from the hunting preserves of princely India, Keoladeo, popularly known as Bharatpur Wildlife Sanctuary, is perhaps the only case where the habitat has been created by a maharaja. Bharatpur was founded by Maharaja Suraj Mal in 1733 and the beginning of the wetlands can be credited to him, too, as he ordered the building of the Ajan Dam that flooded the natural depression behind it. The sanctuary derives its present name, Keoladeo, from a Shiva temple inside its boundaries. At the beginning of this century, this lake was developed, and was divided into several portions. A system of small dams, dykes, sluice gates, etc., was created to control water level in different sections. This became the hunting preserve of the Bharatpur royalty, and one of the best duck - shooting wetlands in the world. Hunting was



Darter Looks on



Common Cormorant with the Kill

prohibited by mid-60s. The area was declared a national park on 10 March 1982, and accepted as a World Heritage Site in December 1985.

Keoladeo National Park is India's premier birdwatching sanctuary – an avian wonderland that attracts vast numbers of feathered creatures thanks to its strategic location, protected status and extensive wetlands. Today the park occupies an area of roughly 29 sq. kms. and features a range of manmade wetlands and micro-habitats including low



Juvenile Bronze winged Jacana



Intermediate Egret



Painted Stork with Grey Heron in Background

lying lands completely submerged in water, grasslands and dense tree growth, where the word Ghana locally means thicket. Apart from the manmade wetlands, the park is principally dry deciduous forest, mainly medium sized trees and shrubs. Most of the trees found here are kalam or kadam (*Mitragynaparvifolia*), jamun (*Syzygiumcumini*) and babul (*Acacia nilotica*). It is also home to 50 fish species, thirteen snake, five lizard, seven amphibian, seven turtle and several other invertebrate species, making it a rich habitat in a dry state like Rajasthan.

Some 385 species have been recorded here, including around two hundred year-round residents along with 190-odd migratory species from as far afield as Tibet, China, Siberia and even Europe, who fly south to escape the northern winter. Keoladeo is probably best known for its stupendous array of aquatic birds, which descend en masse on the park's wetlands following the dramatic arrival of the monsoon in July. These include the majestic sarus crane (last sighting was way back in 2000) and a staggering two thousand painted storks, as well as snake-necked darters, spoonbills, white ibis and grey pelicans. There are also various mammals in the park,



Painted Stork in Flight

including wild boar, mongoose, antelope, jackal, jungle cat, chital, nilgai and sambar. But the most striking feature of Keoladeo National Park is its diversity in Avifauna. These graphically designed bald trees are a launching pad for our National Bird, Indian Peafowl. They are so beautiful, I love their call, and their hidden orange feathers as they fly.

Curious Case of Siberian Cranes:

These birds have not been sighted in Bharatpur National Park of Rajasthan since 2001 and it is very unlikely that they will ever come back to this part of the globe again. It has been 15 years since this bird was last sighted in this part of India. But why have these winged beauties stopped visiting us? Is it because of the water crisis in Keoladeo? "It has nothing to do with water shortage in Keoladeo because the decline of the Siberian cranes started much before the artificial water shortage in the park,"



The Migratory Route of Siberian Crane

So what is the problem? The answer lies in the migratory route of the birds. The route falls over countries like Russia, Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan, Afghanistan, Pakistan. The birds halt for a short amount of time in the Abi-I-Istada Lake in Afghanistan. "They are hunted in large numbers in this lake. Hence, the numbers reduce every year,"

The delight of watching these birds in amazing light in their natural habitat is a rejuvenating experience for anyone. I think this is the story with anyone who loves nature. Bharatpur Bird Sanctuary is magical. You have to be there to experience that magic. I must say Bharatpur Bird Sanctuary is undoubtedly the best bird sanctuary in India.

Photography Credits : Ganesh Nagarajan

IGNFA as an academy has a culture of sports and what better way to start the new season of quizzing, if not with a Sports quiz. This is 3rd quiz in the series of Ingenio quizzes conducted by Society for Contemporary Affairs (SOCA) at the academy.

The fateful day was 20th May 2016 when all the sports enthusiasts congregated in the new hostel auditorium. Unlike the past quizzes this quiz has an exclusive participation only from 2015-17 batch and the faculty. The author was the quiz master for the sports quiz and the QM was overawed by the response from the audience.

This was the first theme based quiz organized at the academy and the QM had a tough time setting questions, as the theme restricts the avenues from which the questions will come. The main goal of the quiz is "Infotainment". So the QM needs to set questions that are not too tough which makes the audience loose interest in the quiz or too easy where the quizzers can easily answer all the questions. It is the balance that a QM strives for which makes the quiz interesting.

This article provides me an opportunity to give an insight into the mind of a QM, usually the questions are set by reverse engineering, I decide on an answer and then think about how a question can be framed for the same. For example, the question on "Hand of



God", it can be asked through a picture, through video and through a normal question.

The questions of the quiz were not just out of the book, it required lot of lateral connections, logical thinking and more over the crucial part was most of the answers can be deduced from the questions itself. There were special goodies for the audience too.

The quiz started with prelims, in which the QM gave ample clues for the audience to crack the questions, from which top 6 teams were selected for the final rounds. Some of the sample questions were as follows.

1. Connect between Jaspal Rana and Abhinav Bindra. - Dehradun
2. Peculiarity of David Shepard – Nelson Figure





3. Circuit Diagram of LED balls

The contest was very keenly contested; especially the teams were Pouncing on the questions they knew. Pounce is a method in which the team need not wait for their turn to answer the question. They can answer the question that they know, by taking a risk of getting negative points, but the reward of the right answer is too enticing.

The infinite bounce pattern evens the odds out between teams and Pounce provides more opportunities for the teams to get ahead of the others.

The 2nd round which was an audio-visual round was the toughest nut to crack by the teams on stage, but the audience were able to crack a few with ease.

At the end of the third round, Team of Vishnu and Ranjith emerged victorious by showing their mettle in sports knowledge.

Quizzing is not about knowing the right answers, it is all about logical thinking, guessing and deducing the answers. A quizzer high is a state of mind when a tough quiz questions are cracked. Moreover it is a natural progression for the probationers who have cracked the difficult egg of UPSC.

I hope that all the participants have enjoyed the quiz, as much as I have enjoyed in preparing the questions and conducting the quiz. I hope that the tradition of quizzing will flourish at IGNFA in the time to come.

Adios Amigos, Catch you all in the Next Quiz!!



IGNFA के दिन मेरे,
येही PT के सवरे।
येही खेलता और दौड़ाना,
वो लैक्चर में सो जाना।

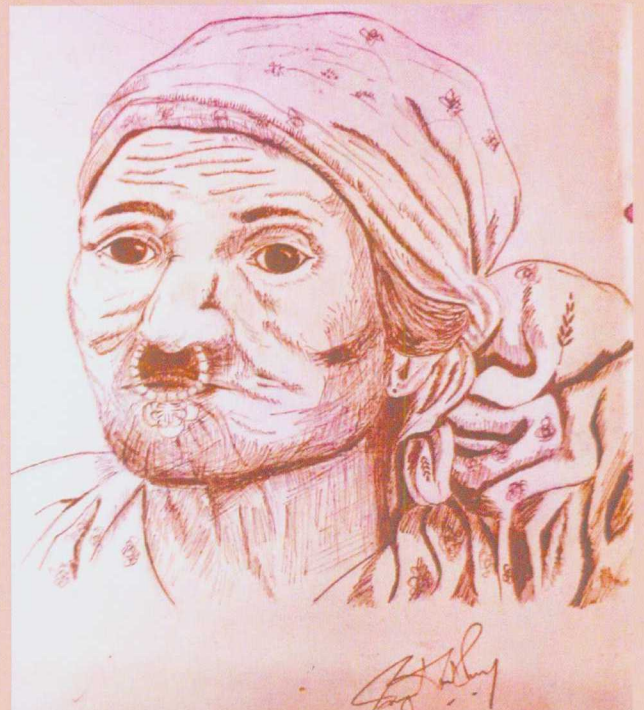
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सब को भावे दलिया, मैस की दलिया।
सब को तड़पावे की फैक्लिटयाँ।

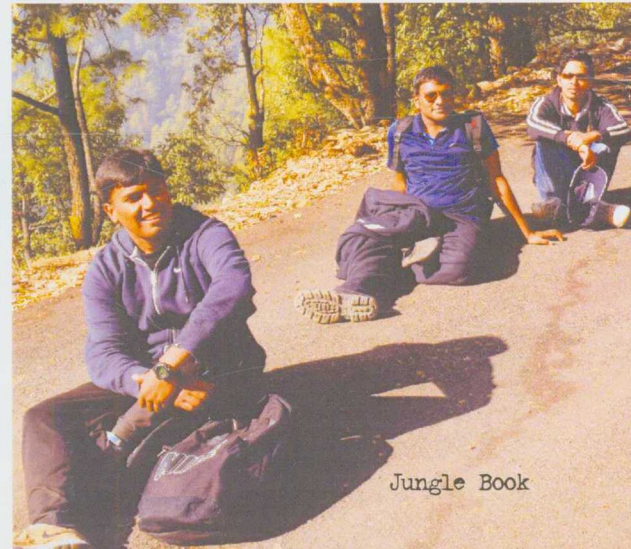
तू मेरी नींदो को तोड़ता है,
तू मुझको दिनभर भगाता है।
फ्रैंकचर का डर सा है ख्यालों में,
रिस्क नहीं है, फिर भी डर तो होता है,
है दवा, तू मेरे दर्द का।
मेरे दिल की कठिनाईयाँ हैं।

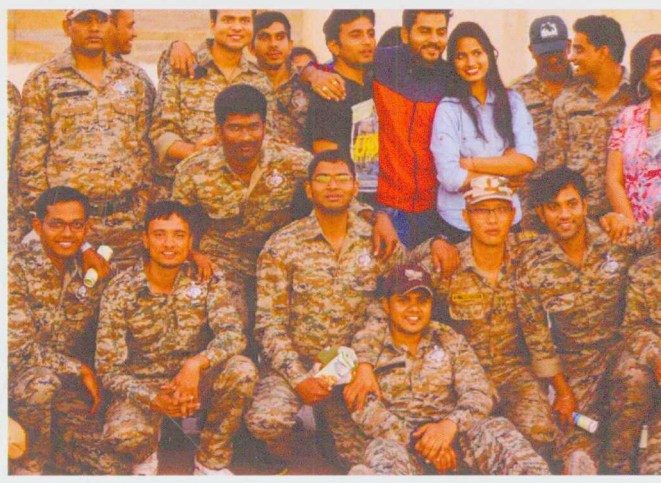
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कैसा है रिश्ता तेरा मेरा,
डर तेरा, फिर भी कितना गहरा,
ये लमहे, लमहे ये बेशर्म से,
खो जायें, खो न जायें हमसे,
काफिला प्रवेशन का रोक ले,
इतनी जल्दी खत्म न हो,

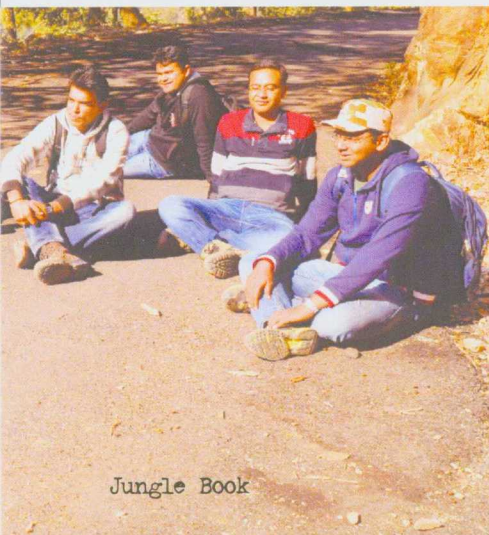
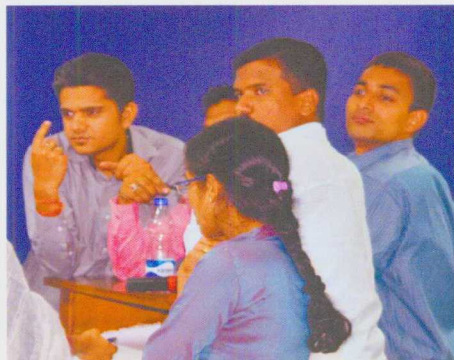
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On the fifteenth of march 2016, few days ahead of the Asian ministerial meet on tiger conservation, the special task force (STF) of Uttarakhand police has confiscated the skins of five tigers from a gang of poachers. The STF also seized tiger skulls, bones, jaw and nails weighing over 125kg and arrested one poacher. The black market value of this consignment is around Rs 80 lakh to Rs 1 crore.

The arrested poacher, Ram Chandra, alias Chandar, is a member of the notorious Bawaria gang. Describing the modus operandi, he revealed that the members would camp in the forest and place metal foot traps at various locations. These locations are decided after following the trail of a tiger, usually by detecting pug marks.

Once trapped, they beat the cats with sticks and rods till it dies! There is no demand for either bones or skin in the Indian market, so what drives this poaching? This thrives on the market for bones from wild tigers being used in traditional oriental medicine, coupled with international trade in tiger skins. This, in turn, can be attributed to a couple of factors. First, the lack of international laws/treaties to deal with crossborder trade.

Secondly, the lacuna in national laws of south eastern countries to stop usage of animal parts in medicine and as luxury items and lastly, the inability to stop animal farming.

But only international environment could not be driving poaching; it requires favourable local conditions too. It parasites upon lopsided socioeconomic structure and loopholes in the security environment. Here are few such local (national) conditions:

- Socio/economic marginalization of tribes esp. after Wild Life (Protection) Act, 1972.
- Involvement of Naxals (in red corridor) and insurgents (in NE India) in poaching.
- Porous boundaries with Nepal, Southeast Asia.
- Human Resource problem: strength/skill problem with the human resource of forest department, Wildlife crime control bureau, nonestablishment of tiger protection force in vulnerable parks like Corbett.

In this write up we will focus on the socioeconomic angle to poaching. Let us understand this through one of the cases which we came across during our west India tour as IFS probationers. We visited sloth bear rescue centre of an NGO: Wildlife SOS. And memories of childhood came raining. Can you recollect memories of



dancing bear shows from childhood? I can; that was the only circus for us back then. To our amazement bears used to walk as though they are drunk, dance on their hind legs, or limp like an elderly person. These artists who could make bear dance on their tune were from Kalandar tribe, this was their traditional occupation since ages. They used to camp outside villages, males used to go in villages to showcase bear dance, and females used to make handicrafts/articles out of metal sheets. I as a child always enjoyed these bear shows and never missed giving wheat flour. Many times I got scolding from my aunt that why I take tiffin full of flour every time and that too so tightly packed to these people.

But then one day they stopped coming just like snake charmers. Actually, under Wildlife Act 1972, these activities were declared illegal and with time when the law got implemented properly. For us, this entertainment stopped and for kalandars their traditional occupation got closed. In 2000's we got dish channels for our entertainment but for kalandars there was no alternative; the only skill they had was to catch wild bears and train them to dance. But why did government do that to them?

To understand that why this stopped, let's go in details of the work of kalandars. They used to poach bear as cubs and kill mother bear. They pierce cub's nose when its age is about 3 months. A heated metal rod was thrust into its muzzle, through the upper palate. A thick rope was put through the hole. The cub's teeth were shaved by metallic file or knocked out using a hammer. After that, the bears underwent training. Initially wound in pierced nose is very raw. So, as a result, when the

Kalandar trained the bear to move, to warn it, a stick was lifted and the rope was pulled – which caused pain. Hence, beast danced!

But what kalandars have to do with tiger poaching? India is a land of diversity where dwell hundreds of tribes; it is also land of unity, that is to say that many tribes have met the same fate as that of kalandars. But we missed one important point that these tribes still have skills which can be used in poaching and they are already on socioeconomic margins of society, from where the option to collude with international poachers and their suppliers is quite tempting.

Let's go back from where we started: observations made during west indiatour. We came to know that in ranthambore area 'Mongia' tribe and in Madhya Pradesh 'Pardi' tribe are infamous for tiger poaching as 'kalandar' tribe is for poaching of sloth bear. And there are similar numerous infamous tribes living on fringes of the economic spectrum, so they are the target of poaching groups like bawaria. Poaching groups come to their area and befriend them. These tribes have knowledge of forest area and how to track these animals. Poachers camp in the forest, follow tiger trail with help of local tribals and place metal foot traps at various locations.

Once the tiger is trapped, it tries to break free and injures itself. It's cries signals that the beast has been trapped.

Once trapped, they beat the cats with sticks and rods till it dies! So what can be the solution to this?

Skilling and educating tribal children is definitely one way out of this problem. This would provide them alternate job opportunity, take them out of impoverishment, and sensitize a whole new generation and generations to come. Panna tiger reserve offers an

interesting case study. Pardis lived in this area. Their villages were relocated from the core area of the park and their crops were many times damaged by wild animals. They used to be dependent on the forest for firewood and herbs, which took a beating after it was banned. It had become necessary to take them into confidence. So the park provided them alternate employment by arranging training in the hospitality industry for their children.

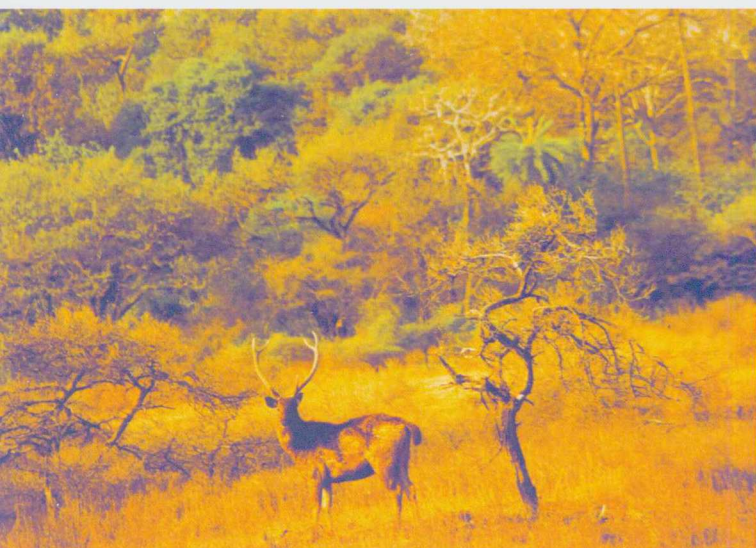
Forest department faced a stiff challenge in convincing them as parents did not want to send their children outside their villages. The training was organised with the help of an NGO: Pratham Education Foundation. Earlier, the park arranged for formal education for their children with the help of World Wide Fund for nature (WWF). In addition to that 'Residential bridge courses' around Panna, under the state government supported 'Sarva Shiksha Abhiyaan' is being conducted. This bridge course prepares thesepardi kids to enter the formal education system.

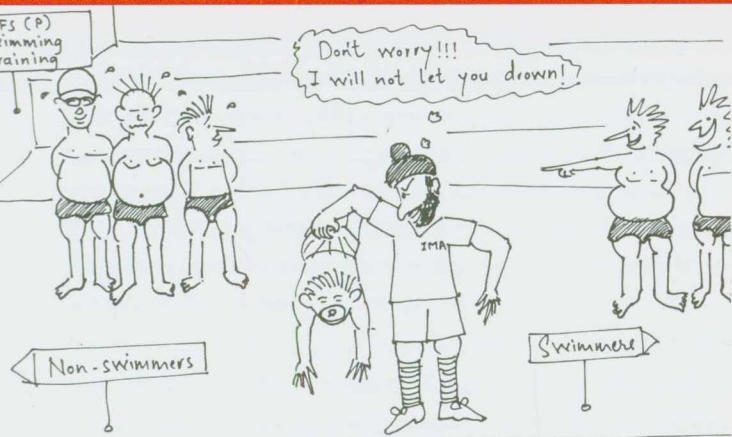
Similar is being tried with mongia tribe in ranthambore area but such initiatives need to be scaled up and stakeholders like state government, forest department and NGOs need to converge their efforts.

EcoTourism is another step that negates Poaching. This generates alternate avenues for livelihood directly and indirectly. If this tourism is stopped even temporarily then livelihood of locals will get adversely affected. The locals, guides, shopkeepers, local guards and gypsy owners will face losses as their business will be hit. The gypsy owners will find it burdensome to pay the EMIs of their vehicles. In such a case, there are chances that they might indulge in illegal activities, including helping poachers. So wildlife tourism is very helpful for wildlife conservation & protection. But before this article paints the picture too gloomy and doomy, let me reiterate what has been written so many times that if tigers have got any hope then India is surname to that. India's tiger headcount has gone up by more than 30 percent in the past four years, according to the latest survey on tiger population which was released in 2015. The survey records headcount to be 2,226, up from 1,706 in 2010. India now is home to about 70 percent of tigers in the world. But still there are a lot of areas to cover and work to do, let's gear up and get back to work.

Jai Hind.

Reference: observations in west India tour as IFS Probationer, newspaper articles, WPSI articles, wildtrails articles, other web materials.





Kindling the inquisitive innovativeness among the Officers

(Short Story writing competition):

Whilst organizing the short story writing competition, a rave wave of unseen and deeply hidden talent was unearthed from the Probationers. Both the probationers belonging to the 2014 and the 2015 batch participated in the event and came out with flamboyant stories. The jury had difficulty in adjudging the best stories and finally Shri Deepak Mishra IFS who headed the jury decided the best story based on the plot, depth of the character and the expressive ability of the writer. The winning short stories would be published in the forthcoming issues. The following stories were adjudged as the winners

First Prize : **'She'** Sundar S, IFS 2014

Second Prize: **'The Hundred Rupee Note'** T Venkatesan, IFS 2015

Third Prize : Shared among **'WORLD IS STILL BEAUTIFUL'** Pradeep Mirase, IFS 2015

'The Grapes' S Vysak, 2015 IFS

Appu had loved the first monsoon rains, always. Every year, when his classes ended and he came back home, these rains would hit the parched red soil. What followed always amazed him. How the scent of the rain hitting the ground picked him up and threw him straight at heaven's gates – Oh! That smell.

There was vigor and vitality all around. Trees were filled with liveliness; drops of water still on them, still trying to trickle down to quench the thirst of the once parched land. He was fascinated with it all. "Mother Earth," he exclaimed, "you are something extraordinary – to have the sun and clouds and the trees and the ground listen to you".

Appu loved this ritual of his – packing all his bags



immediately after his exams, while the clouds gather on top – dark and heavy; saying goodbye to his hostel while the winds blow the shutters of window left-right-center before he closes them for the next three months; walking the 'shortcut' to his madom(house), while the clouds start weeping.

You see, there was a small hill between his madom and his hostel. If you had special interest in rock-climbing a steep slope consisting of rather unsteady boulders and rocks, go for it. Godspeed! If you wanted a well-beaten path, take a right before the hill and travel along the state highway to the house. If you are an adventure seeking, nature loving, carefree, lively bloke, with lots of time to kill and had a mother who didn't mind, take a left, Sir! The 'shortcut' – an oxymoron for this route never actually saved anyone any time anytime. You would be going through the Parambikulam Reserve, or should I say 'Tiger Country'. Since this was the periphery of the reserve, the only animals that inhabited this area – up to about 1 km into the forest- were lazy, cowardly, careless creatures

with lots of time to kill, called toddy drunkards, who spent their days' earnings sitting under a tree, drunk.

Appu hated everything about them – their smell, their toddy, the way they broke the bottles and threw them away into the forest. He added another item to this list of his, this time around – their shiny new guns.

He had just passed by a small toddy group and was meandering his way through when he saw her. It was 4pm. He was stopped in his tracks by her sheer beauty. She was so lively that he laughed from within, a feeling of pure joy sweeping through him. She was sitting on the lowest branch of a mango tree, playing with a small red fruit. He stared on at her. She didn't notice him one bit – unfortunately for him. But he didn't mind it at all. He thought that if she did notice him, she'd go away, just like the girls in his class did.

Suddenly, the drunkards broke a bottle, Appu turned around hearing the sound, she noticed him and was gone. Appu cursed the drunks but his voice drowned in the sea of emotions he was in. From then on, he saw her everywhere. In the clouds, whenever they disbursed. In the water, when he saw a reflection. In songs, he heard her, Or atleast he felt he heard her for she had never spoken to him till now.

He used to shout at his mother, if she interrupted him in his thoughts about her. "You have changed a lot," mother used to scream back. His mono-syllable replies never exited his mouth, for he immersed himself in the tumult within. He searched for her everywhere throughout the village, through the shorter 'shortcuts' in the forest. No sign of her. He never asked anyone about her – for the fear that other people might look at her. He didn't understand these feelings of his. All he knew was that he wanted to be beside her, always.

Three months passed. He packed his bags, said a mono-syllable "Bye" to mother, and left. He took his radio along to listen to his favorite songs. He took the 'shortcut', knowing how he'll feel if he didn't see her this time. And then he saw her. He dropped his bags and stared on, unabashedly. She was floating towards him. He didn't know if it was a dream or real life.

It was then that he heard a sudden crack. He looked around to see the drunkards running towards him, guns raised. They passed him by and ran to the tree- the tree on which she was sitting a moment ago. He suddenly realized he had lost sight of her. He turned around to see where she was. She was gone! In the heat of the moment, the radio slipped through his hands.

The radio creaked away in the background – "Buceros Bicornis, also known as the Great Hornbill, is an endangered species. It's hunted for its head and beak which are considered 'lucky charms'. Some even believe it's flesh had 'medicinal' properties".

Everyone in the world is blessed with few extraordinary qualities. But not all are equally blessed to roam in and around this wholesome country. Yes! We, IFS Officers are totally blessed in that sense. Beginning from shivering winter inside the tents in Timli dense forests to head breaking summer in Rajasthan deserts to beautiful meadows at hill tops in Kanasar, we have roamed and stayed in all these areas in just 5 months. Bit relaxed during lectures inside the academy by making frequent visits to heaven by naps. And now all set ready to go to snow falling hilly areas in few days with fellow OTs who broke their hands while playing games even at the top of mountains. Bravoes! We are adventurous. We can jump and hang upside down even at very high altitudes. There is no dearth for fun and learning. We do not know what fear is all about. Absolutely we are blessed.

When we recount all the beautiful sightings and learning that we have got during our West India tour, many things will just walk over our mind and at times even over our heart, from roaring Tiger in Ranthambhore to innocent Great Indian bustard at Jaisalmer to beautiful Corals in Jamnagar to pride of lions at Gir. Naturally available colorful sandstones underground, add unique color to each city. Camel safari in deserts made us to feel as we were the kings of that territory for a while. There are no dearth of short term kings and Queens forever, though the territory remains almost static.

Yet the Camel safari was complemented with beautiful natural creations-“Sand dunes”. The ups and

downs made the safari really interesting, funny and memorable. I could doubt inherent problem in persons who really do not laugh during such ride. Jumping selfies flooded the mobile phones. But there lies big questions for debate. Are we enough prepared to conserve such a wonderful ecosystem? Or are we ready to face the consequences of moving sand dunes? Or are we really ready to alter the total ecosystem in an unimaginable manner which may cause the ecosystem be lost in the near future and may create unexpected problems including posing threat to national security? The debate is never ending; it seems, at least for now.

Sand dunes are mounds of sand in the desert areas which are present in some western parts of Rajasthan, particularly at Jaisalmer. The vast stretches of Thar Desert earlier had tens of thousands of sand dunes which had to move in accordance with the wind velocity and speed. Barchans are one of its types which remind us of half moon on the earth. Sand dunes are part of typical desert ecosystems and host a variety of very rare flora and fauna particularly succulent and thorny plants and beautiful singing birds. They are also the reasons for desertification of nearby agricultural fields, yellow rains in adjacent cities and other human settlements, siltation of already scarce water bodies and covering up of transport routes with sands. They remained mostly barren for the local people.

In order to nullify the negative impacts of these sand dunes, State forest department has done extensive work of sand dune stabilization. Areas were demarcated. Fencing was done. Nursery was prepared





in such a way that the plants would be ready for transplanting during monsoon. Plants such as Acacia tortilis and Sewan grass which are quick growing and drought hardy, were taken up in large scale. Mulching with brushwood was done to conserve soil and moisture and to prevent the movement of sand dunes. Artificial water tanks were created underneath. A temporary watch and ward staff was appointed to take care of the plants and to prevent grazing of the seedlings. As the monsoon is erratic and will be over in 2-3 days, entire transplanting work should have to be completed in 2-3 days so as to make the plants utilize the available moisture. Watering was done during initial stages of growth. After few years, the movement of sand dunes was arrested and thus got stabilized. Many of these plants are now fodder for animals and fuel wood for local poor people.

Here comes the biggest shock. Are we really successful in managing such ecosystem? The unique biodiversity of such desert ecosystem was lost due to introduction of species which were alien to such places. The impacts of such plantings on local fauna, particularly reptiles and birds are not thoroughly studied yet. There is a significant loss to the eco tourism in giant sand dune areas which generally give the sightings of sunrise and sunset to the tourists and thereby supported the local livelihood. As the seeds of these plants are spreading towards border areas of our country along with the moving wind, they may pose risk to the clear visibility for the security agencies to avert any attempt by antinational elements to infiltrate the border.

Finally, are we enough prepared, if there will be an urging need to restore the desert ecosystem to its original state, if at all it is found in the near future that the negative impacts of sand dune stabilization outnumber the positive benefits? Of course, we don't have the answer!

वैसे अकादमी में बहुत से ऐसे लम्हे हैं, जिनको मन में समेट कर हम उनकी खुशियाँ जिन्दगी भर महसूस कर सकते हैं या फिर लोगों में बाँट सकते हैं। कुछ पल जिंदगी भर याद रखने वाले भी नहीं होते, किन्तु चंद क्षणों में पूरी जिन्दगी का मज़ा दे जाते हैं, जैसे आज की मैस में बनी मुर्गा बिर्यानी।

वैसे बिर्यानी मैस में हर रविवार बनती है इसलिए सबको उसके बारे में पहले से ही पता होता है। जो चीज पहले से ही पता हो उसका मज़ा कभी भी ज्यादा नहीं आता ये तो त्रिलोक का अनमोल नियम है, जिसको ये साधारण मनुष्य कभी बदल नहीं सकता। इसलिए जब लोग क्लास की नींद से उठकर मैस आये, तो रविवार न होने पर भी मैस में बिर्यानी देखकर दंग रह गये। विशेषतः हैदराबाद के रहने वाले प्रदीप के तो आँखों में आँसू आना ही बाकी रह गया था।

बिर्यानी तो आज की लाजवाब बनी थी, जिसका वर्णन हम डकार की भाषा में ही कर सकते हैं। रामकृष्णा नाम के युवक ने अपने एमडीओ की ड्यूटी बहुत ही अदभुत तरीके से निभाई थी। बिर्यानी बनाने के लिए एक खास हैदराबाद में रहने वाले एक अफसर ने साथ दिया था। उनका नाम मैं यहाँ पर न लूँ तो ये मेरा लिखने का प्रयास बिल्कुल अधूरा रह जायेगा। जब की प्रदीप को भी बिर्यानी बनानेवाले का नाम सुनने की बड़ी चाह मन में पैदा हुई थी।

बिर्यानी बनाने में मदद करने वाला दूसरा-तीसरा कोई नहीं, बल्कि बलगा है तो सबके मुँह खुले की खुले ही रह गये। और उसी वक्त मैंने प्रदीप के आँखों में आँसू भी देखे।

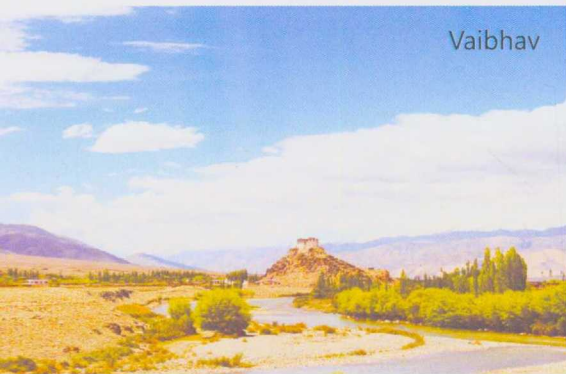
सब लागों ने बिर्यानी भरपेट खाकर कटोरे में रखे हुए प्लम पे भी दावत उडा दी। और खुशी-खुशी लोग मैस से बाहर निकलकर हिन्दी क्लास की तैयारी में जुट गये।



Vysak



Wenky



Vaibhav



Vysak



Prashanth



Punit



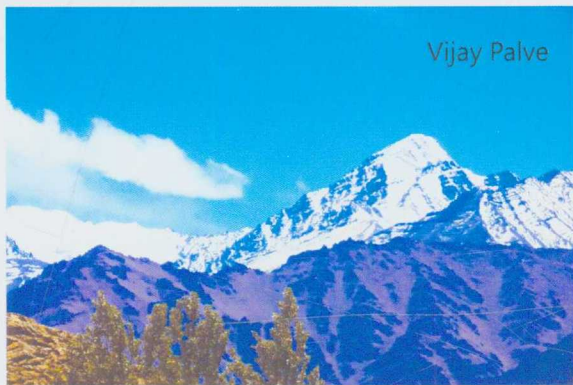
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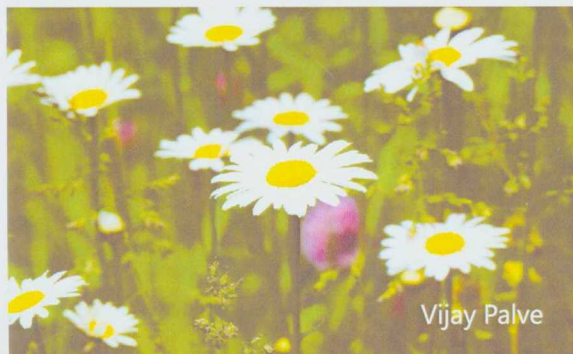
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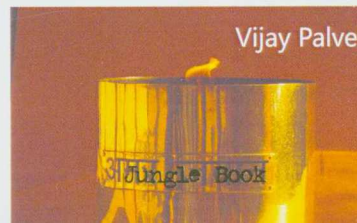
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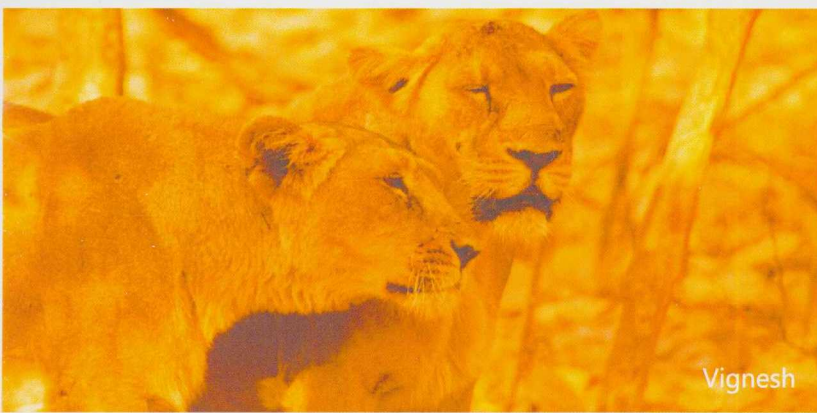
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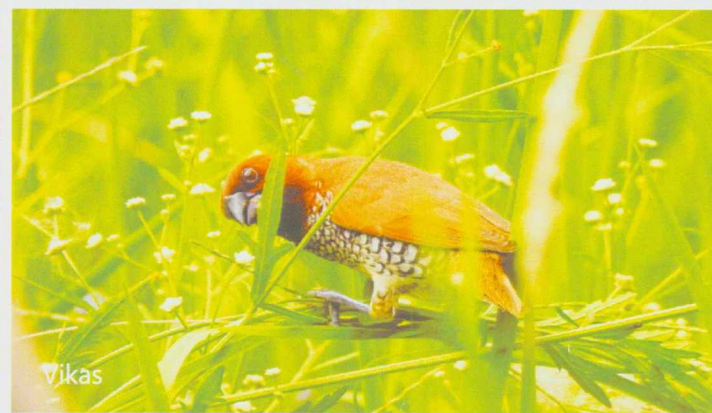
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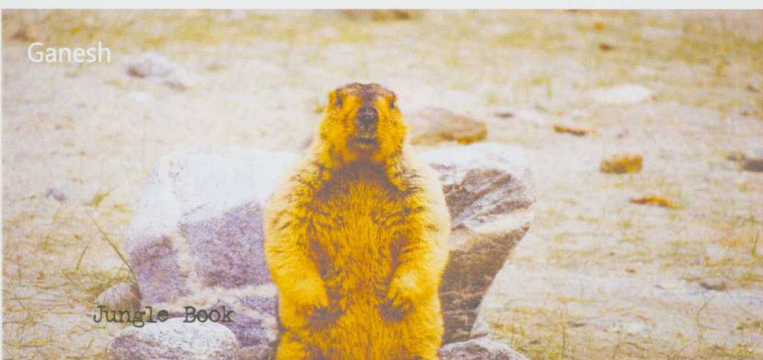
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Ganesh



Vaibhav



Ganesh

Jungle Book



Ganesh

We are living in the aegis of a materialistic civilization where every fathomable thing has a monetized value and it feels so good to belong to a clan of currencies which monopolizes every aspect of human thinking. Myself as part of this imperial elitist clan, had a life which isn't always king size, rather it had all the tantrums of a Bollywood flick and this is my story.

It was 1980, let's begin with the big bang, the creation, the birth, to be specific in my case I was printed in the India's premier Security Printing and Minting Corporation of India Limited in Nasik. It was more akin to a James Bond movie with the heavy security and encrypted passcodes. What started as a simple pulp of paper has been turned into glossy and lustrous currency note after taking a hot bath in master ink under master plates with dozens of security features all over me which only a nerd could understand. When the inspection team inspected me at the end of the printing process with the denomination 100 on my chest, I can see the smile on their face akin to the smile of a couple who has delivered a baby. There after, myself along with my fellow comrades were bundled and dispatched to banks in armored vehicles, for a newbie like me these security convoys were rather intimidating giving me a surge of adrenaline boost.

Every first person to handle a freshly minted note will be vividly remembered by our comrades. We had different terminologies to describe them some term them as owners, intermediaries, bourgeois, sloths, etc. but I always labeled them as masters. Being Master therein implies I am a slave to them but in reality these humans are slave to us and I just thrive in such oxymorons.

With faint heart and quaking breath I encountered my first master who looked like a nice well-mannered gentleman draped in executive suiting with a fitting necktie. He exuded an aura of intellect and confidence in his demeanor. He was part of the new brigade which is taking India to new highs on the global economic realm. Soon I was thrashed in to his wallet which we call as chamber. Due to inherent curiosity I was making sense out of the sounds emanating from outside. I heard couple of greetings followed by chatters. Soon the rumbling noise of bottles made its appearance followed by the loud throttle noise of a Mumbai auto.

Finally when the light hit on my face, I can barely gauge the place. It looked like a paradise on earth, everyone's face is brimming with joy and bliss. The place is full of vibrant colours with beaming lights, scintillating music surrounded the air. But my enthusiasm soon turned into dismay when my master started to unfurl me with military precision all over the dancing girls, my cerebral brain could not comprehend what utility my master is deriving from this reckless action in dance bars, I learnt that



humans always don't behave as a rational man as economists assume. Soon I was enveloped in a thick fuzzy smoke of cocaine, taking me to a trance hyperbole and I lost my conscious for a long time.

When I woke up with a shudder, I was greeted with a stoic smile by an old timer. I can feel the reeking smell of iron metal railings and claustrophobia, hell I am in a bank locker. At times the worst of all places teaches us the best of lessons. Soon I learnt the old timer belongs to a group called as High Counsel who have never left the bank in their life time but they are full of wisdom and much respected. The old timer started to teach me lessons which I never heard of. He asked me to read the pros on my chest and I read 'I promise to pay the bearer sum of' with a mild tone he interrupted saying isn't it a fallacy, it's a simple wisdom 'don't make promise that you cannot keep' and he continued, in history there had been many economic meltdown wherein we are turned in to garbage leading to human hardship, these monetary arithmetic was controlled by an international banking cartel who have a tight snooze on the word.

He further proceeded, these bankers manipulate our value by monetary economics of supply and demand and this is their way of keeping their promise, and you are inherently not worth your chest number, it's the circumstances that matter. He further elaborated on the complex future we are inheriting. kid, he said the age of brave men fighting wars are over and it has been relegated to history, now it is the age of economic warfare and the only ammunitions used are currency, currency... and he went on to narrate the US - China currency wars. The economics of the world are so intertwined a noble laureate on economics proposed the McDonald Peace Theory, simply put it any country having a McDonald restaurant will not go war with any other country having a McDonald restaurant, but the theory crashed down during the bombardment of Yugoslavia. I learnt that all the good times don't last long

and you need to move on in your life.

After a much needed dose of scholarly gyan I bid adieu when my time came. My next pit stop was a forex exchange visit wherein I ran into green back of uncle sam who greeted me by saying 'silly you'. Due to the comrade sprit I indulged in an argument of reason , soon to be thrashed by uncle sam, he went on to narrate in his macho bully tone that we are third rate cousins ,he is worth 60 time more than me and its all about your demand in international market correlated with international trade, much to my bewilderment as this was my first encounter with a foreigner. Suddenly I heard some Russian rubble comrades parked next to me swing into action. It looked like the Russian mafia on the whole hog, they started accusing uncle sam that his dominance is maintained only because the international oil trade is denominated in US green back and this is exerted by backroom arm-twisting and coercive diplomacy. They narrated the sad tale of an Iraqi dictator who wanted to change the status quo but bit the dust. I was still in perpetual shock because of the mistreatment and learnt that you are only worth based on how much you produce, as a human's worth is based on how much money he makes. My first encounter with the uncle sam was not pleasant but it will become even worse as later events unfold.

During my journey I have been to many a chamber that of louis Vuitton, Gucci, Prada , etc. the names which will generate envy among humans. But on the contrary I have also been to a kid's underwear as he stole me from his father's wallet. Its among these places we learn many things cutting across cultures about , languages, custom, shoot story via accidental encounters with strangers.

During one such stay I was part of a south Asian gang with my brethren from Pakistan, Nepal, and Bangladesh. As usual we were indulged in some mundane conversations as our SAARC summits go, suddenly I saw

the shine on their eyes, when I turned back there entered the sleek, slim, gleaming beauty full of gorgeous colours. My gang mates started to fret that she must be from the royal closet of the Al Sauds or sultan of Brunei. But with a polite poetic voice she said ' Bon Jour" .We learnt that she is French franc , she seemed very fashionable square to the place where she hails from. We started to address her as 'madame'. Soon our acute nostrils picked up the fragrant emanating from 'madame' and my gang mates started to float weird ideas, one said that the French use fragrance security ink on their currency much to my embracement. As time went by, we had wonderful conversations about French cuisine, she even taught me how to make chèvre cheese , simply put it's made from goats milk and it goes well with bread.

But good time don't last long, in came uncle sam with his gang of cronies , of course the usual suspect the British Pound and one more new guy. He gave a stern stare at me, with gentlemanly precision he took the hand of 'Madame' and started to escort her to a corner. After few mumbles the French lady started to weep uncontrollably to our amusement. Soon we learnt that the French franc was to be decommissioned as Euro was put in to circulation, the new guy was Euro, the year was 2000 ,there after 'madame' disappeared. Soon uncle sam formed a cartel among his cronies and relegated us to second grade clan members. Much to my intriguing they would be having platonic conversations about how the evolving arithmetic will be between Euro and Green back , the fate of British Pound and the emergence of bitcoin. The British Pound seemed to stuck in a historic vortex, with much pomp he would say Britishers are proud citizens because of their heritage, ignoring the fact that the ice under his feet is melting fast and he's losing his sheen. As the British master lay beside , I just saw the imprint of Mohammed Jinnah on my Pakistani brethren and that of Gandhi on myself sitting side by side and

smiling at each other , the histo
that chamber .

I was very glad to see one among my comrade entering the chamber. I tried to start a conversation with him but he seemed to be unapproachable and he started avoiding my moves. I tried to figure out what's wrong with him and soon alarm bells started ringing on my head . I stuttered as I shouted fake... fake... counterfeit...as every one in the chamber started to take a peek at him. But he started to fumble and broke down. As he narrated his story it seemed he had a very tormented childhood. Soon the high priest uncle sam started to give lecture among the cartel, who are not used to the logic of fake currency, about how an hostile country uses counterfeit to destabilize the economy of a country, Pound and Euro listened with awe on their face. Among the cartel members only the Euro engages with us for some odd conversations at times , mostly it would revolve around health, IPR, Malnutrition among third world, much to our dismay. As the time came for demi-comrade (counterfeit) to leave he said that he was part of a legacy which has out lived its purpose, now they are a living relics of their past, since the South Asian Economic Union has been created, the year was 2030.

As the electronic transactions and plastic cards gained more concurrence our stay in the chamber has been an extended one as compared to our normal itinerary. As time went on I traveled to many more places and many a more chambers. I encountered many hippies and fashion aficionados who boosted about their fashionable layout and Polymer bodies . But we in India had the gugat technology of pasting cello tape polymers on currencies much before any country introduced polymer currencies. On my way I also took some sarcastic comment on my cello tapped body, I always took it as battle scares as an imprint of the prevailing tumultuous times between the first and the third world.

It was year 2050 when the horrible thing happened, I was as part of hawala racket and the racketeers hide their money buried underground, it looked like I was forgotten and I was left for eternity. After considerable wear and tear my comrades looked tad of their past. We have been unearthed by some odd construction activity and dumped among rubbles. A fate full fire ravaged through the rubble which consumed most of my comrades, luckily I was rescued by a numismatic, the year is 2150. The whole economic landscape has come a full circle, India is now a major economic power house.

And an important rejoinder my value is not 100 any more and if you still want to discover it, come to sotheby's at New Delhi this weekend where I am being auctioned as a precious antique.

फिर से तुम लौट आओ!....

- सत्य प्रकाश सिंह
भा.व.से. 2015-17

तड़के जब तुम आती थी।

सूरज की पहली किरणों का हमें अभ्यास कराती थी।

पुनः ऐसा आभास कराओ।

फिर से तुम लौट आओ, फिर से तुम लौट आओ।।

आँगन में जब तुम घंटो चहचहाती थी।

घर के कोने में, मानों नवऊर्जा सी भर जाती थी।

सूने आँगन को कलक से भर जाओ।

फिर से तुम लौट आओ, फिर से तुम लौट आओ।

जब माँ पूजा-अर्चना कर, अन्न दान कर जाती थी।

तुम अपने संगी संग दाना चुगने आती थी।

कुछ चुगकर, फिर कुछ दाने दबाकर उड़ जाओ।

फिर से तुम लौट आओ, फिर से तुम लौट आओ।

पहले चूजों का पूट भर, फिर कुछ खाने आती थी।

भरा वातावरण स्मरणीय कर जाती थी।

हमे भी ममता का वह पाठ पढ़ा जाओ।

फिर से तुम लौट आओ, फिर से तुम लौट आओ।

हमने पेड़ काटकर तुम्हारा घर तोड़ा।

मोबाईल टॉवर की तरंगों से मृत्यु के निकट छोड़ा।

अपनी गलती मानता हूँ, अब तो बस मान जाओ।

फिर से तुम लौट आओ, फिर से तुम लौट आओ।

Indira Gandhi National Forest Academy



Jungle Book Explore the Wilderness Within ...

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As the autumn has set in, as the FRI and IGNSA campuses are flourishing with the intoxicatingly pleasant smell of water in mud, we are proud to bring out the 9th edition of Jungle Book. Carrying forward the legacy of Jungle Book is one thing, but meeting the standards set by the Senior IFS officers with respect to Jungle Book was arduously challenging. For the past weeks the team has had a testing time, formulating, selecting and shaping the new edition of Jungle Book.

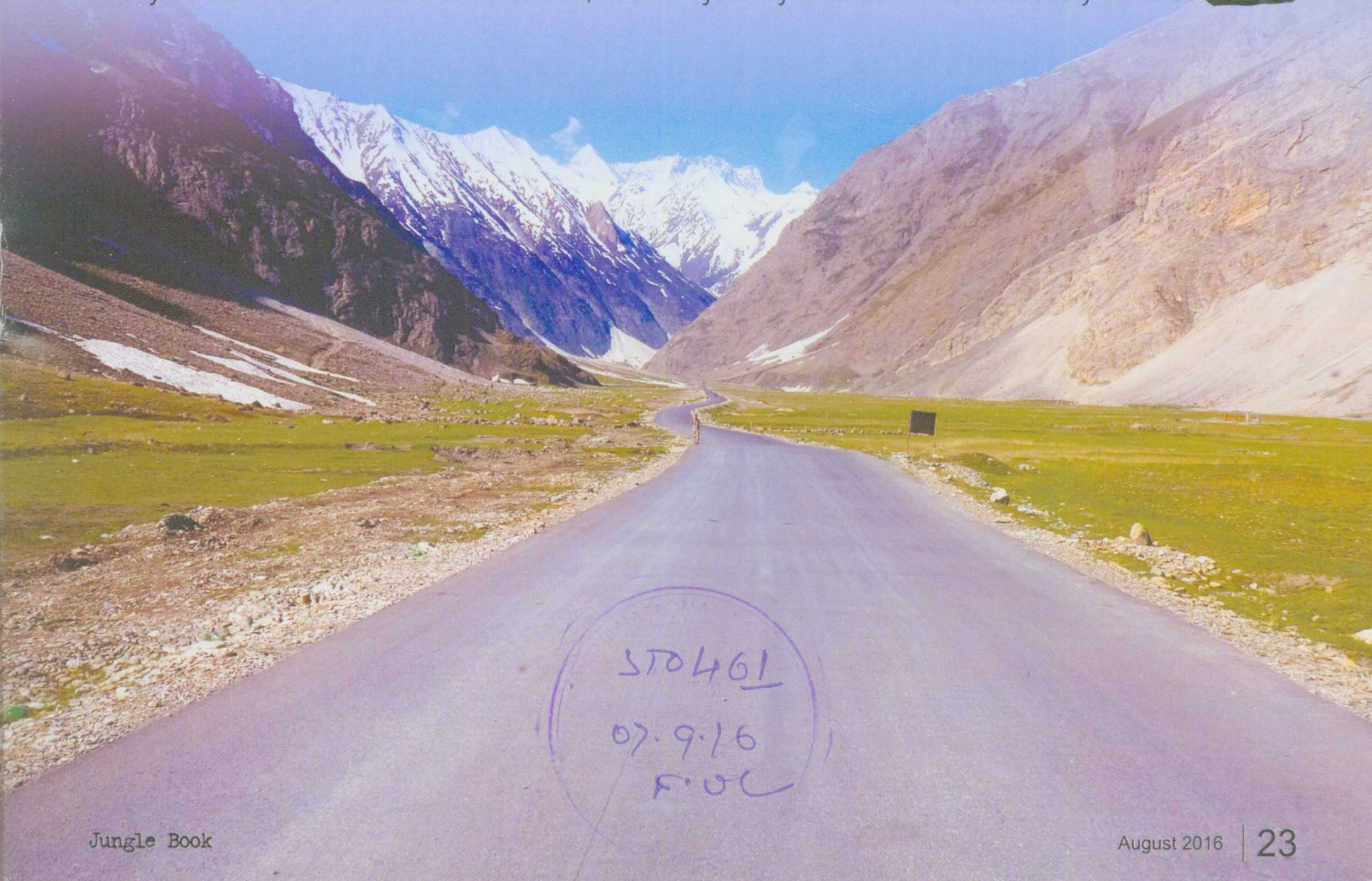
The editorial team would like to thank the Director, IGNSA, Shri Shashi Kumar, IFS for agreeing to be interviewed and finding time to answer our questions. Further we extend our thanks to Shri Deepak Mishra IFS, for presenting an insightful article about the achievements of Indian Forest Service.

Despite the busy schedule in IGNSA, we would like to express our heartfelt gratitude to all the probationers who spared time amongst their tight routine for contributing towards the Jungle Book. Finally we thank all the readers of the edition, whose

diligent support and enthusiasm, has contributed to the existence and success of our Jungle Book.

Change is the only constant, with that the Jungle Book has also made some changes to itself, with a few brand new additions. The team direly and anxiously hopes that the new edition lives up to the expectations that were set by the grand older editions of Jungle Book. The humble Jungle Book team would always be open and receptive towards any suggestions and reinforcements.

With two major tours' completion and a mesmerizing visit to Kanasar, the time is such that the probationers are already in the thick of the training, reveling among the tranquil cacophony of IGNSA. The six month journey has pulled of great feats; it has produced a new aura with new born bands of birders, wild life enthusiasts, photographers, athletes and sportspersons. There are another 9 months to go, lot more to come, these are days which are to be always remembered, relished and rejoiced. We are already amidst discovering a new self with in oneself; let our journey towards this new discovery continue **to watch**





Shri Anthony Raju, Security



"The very first month in IGNFA I saw the leopard, it was late night just near the football goal posts where you play" says Anthony Raju very excitedly. At 59 years of age, Mr. Anthony Raju is a wise man, guarding the Gym and the sports complex of IGNFA mostly in the evenings and early mornings. "My naïve is Dehradun only" says Anthony Raju, but after a bit of cajoling he points out that he is from Vijayawada, Andhra Pradesh and its been years since he settled in Dehradun. His family consists of his Wife and a son who is pursuing his degree now.

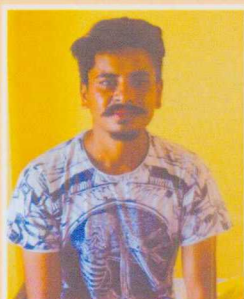
Mr. Anthony had joined the Indian Army around 40 years back and has worked in various capacities, you name a part of the country and Mr Anthony has worked there. Starting from Gujarat, Jammu and Kashmir, Tamil Nadu, Ladhak, Andamans, North East India, Mr. Anthony had served in all these regions. As a perk to the above mentioned fact he knows 6 vernacular languages! At his leisure Mr. Anthony takes long walks and watches television and spends time on newspaper. "On my younger days, I was an ardent Volleyball player and a boxer, those where my unit days" recalls Anthony with nostalgia. We do look forward to learn from your diverse experiences in life.

Shri Bishon Singh, Chief Cook

His experience in IGNFA mess is more than many of our age. The most humble Bishon Singh serving as a chief cook in our mess has been with us for more than 32 years. He was an electrical operator before he joined our mess. When I went inside mess to interview the mess staff and asked for people, everyone pointed at him. Such is his popularity among all mess workers. He is cool, composed and a down to earth personality. He loves making Butter Chicken. He is very cooperative to all new ideas in menu, which all MDOs till now could appreciate. He has three sons and stays in IGNFA Servant Quartres. He loves to travel a lot. His favorite destination is Kedarnath and Badrinath. He leads a simple life in all these years and he points out "satisfaction and contempt is the key in life". True..Isn't it? In the world of competition one would wonder how many of us will lead a peaceful life like him. He is a true inspiration with his simplicity. May almighty bless him with the ever needed peace as always.



Shri Nikhil Vidlan, House Keeping



A young chap with a bag full of energy, you can find him on the corridors of the New Hostel. Mr. Nikhil has been involved in housekeeping for the past 1 year, like his siblings and father. His ancestral city being Lahore, "Even my father was not born when we moved out of Lahore and settled in FRI, It was during my Grandfather's time" he nonchalantly says. For two generations Nikhil and his family have been associated with the peachy beauty of FRI. He stays with his Mother and Father at the FRI campus, his father Mr. Rishipal has been involved in housekeeping for many years and now is the head supervisor. He has 3 older brothers and one sister, a multifaceted family with one of his brothers an ardent photographer. Nikhil himself is a part time DJ!

At 23 years, "During peak seasons I get to organize an average of 20-30 parties a month" says Nikhil. His aim is to pursue a DJ course at DJ Akhil Talreja academy in Pune. Apart from being a part time Disc Jockey Nikhil also loves to play cricket. And that's about our DJ cum House Keeper, we wish him all the very best for all his future endeavors.