



ONE वन 111

A tale of 111 probationers...



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IFS 2024
The 56th RR Family



Mid-Term Journal

The first IFS batch to witness the grandeur of Cheetah in wilderness



Rajat Kumar Singh

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A photograph of a winding asphalt road at night. The road curves to the right, with a white line marking its edge. On the right side of the road, there are tall, dark evergreen trees. In the upper left corner, a bright light source, possibly the moon or a low sun, creates a lens flare against a dark blue sky. The overall scene is dark and atmospheric.

TIPS FROM THE TOP



FROM THE DIRECTOR'S CHAIR

It gives me immense pleasure to see that the fourth edition of the journal prepared by our senior probationers is ready for the release. I would like to take this opportunity to thank them for their commendable efforts in bringing out the earlier editions of this journal, besides the current one.

It is truly encouraging that they have explored subjects extending far beyond forestry and wildlife engaging with themes from society, art and culture and have maintained their tempo of publishing that reflects their creativity, curiosity, and commitment. The effort, teamwork and imagination that have gone into making of this journal speak volumes about their enthusiasm and sense of purpose.

I congratulate all contributors and the editorial team for their dedication in bringing this edition to life. May this spirit of reflection, learning and engagement continue to guide them throughout their careers. As they move to their respective cadres in the coming months for their OJT, I wish them the very best and hope they continue to nurture their creativity, exploring new hobbies and skills in their journey ahead.

With best wishes

**Bharati IFS
Sikkim, 1992**



FROM THE HELM : FORMER DIRECTOR'S VIEW

1. Sir, may I kindly request your reflections on the 56th RR batch? How do you perceive its character and potential?

The 56th RR Batch is a cohort of bright and formally qualified officers. This Batch handsomely brings in the traditional and cultural knowledge, ethos and diversity of the country. Their range of skills and constructive attitude are striking and a valuable ingredient beneficial for discharging the duties as members of higher civil services. The Batch bears high potential for innovation and technological advancement. Their zeal and quality of engagement with the training give me the confidence that they are appropriately gearing to drive the change necessary to achieve the goal of a Viksit Bharat by 2047.

2. In your view, how has the training of Indian Forest Service probationers evolved since the time of your own induction into the Service?

To put the question in context, let me start from the early days of formalised societies. Societies have utilised forests in much the same way they have utilised other fundamental life resources - air or water. These three resources together form the basis of human life. They are everyday utilities, but mostly used mechanically and as a given, and without caring for their being. In the East, air, water, and forests also evoke reverence and have been sanctified as gods. In the West, they have evoked no such emotions.

The difference between these resources is that water and air flow and move places and purify and get purified; forests do not. Air and water are indestructible but degradable. Forests are both destructible and degradable. They are a non-locomotory superorganism with autonomous capabilities to regenerate, reorganise, and restore from disturbances.

With industrialisation, as the exploitation of forest resources at a rate and extent beyond their capacity to auto-regenerate overwhelmed, the negative implications of their degradation and loss for the welfare of proximate (and gradually distant) societies became noticeable, and the need for action arose. Large-scale forest loss in Europe may even predate industrialisation. Such issues with air or water resources arose only in the 20th century. The history of forest management, therefore, predates that of air or water management.

Institutions in the West have offered training in forestry science since the 18th century. Until about 1980, the focus of forestry training remained primarily on forest harvesting and regeneration, as well as allied activities such as word processing. Thereafter, the forestry training gradually began to include inputs on the role of forests in maintaining the overall natural environment within a landscape/region. Additionally, since the 1990s, forestry training has aimed to increasingly inform trainees about the interface between forestry and the mainstream economy, governance, sustainable development, and climate change adaptation and mitigation.

3. Do you have any plans or aspirations you intend to pursue post-superannuation?

Post-superannuation, I will continue to engage with myself. Reflecting on the experiences I have undergone, I aim to evolve my future engagements with society (specifically the forest sector), my family, and my inner self. Reflecting on what engagements I undertake will help me evolve the next steps towards the sunset. Available, I should remain, for the things and people who seek me. Should I have the capability to serve the needs of society or a needy: I must do so.

4. As you bid farewell, what message would you wish to convey to the Academy and to the members of the 56th RR batch?

I have the following messages for the members of the 56th RR batch.

- a) Your words are remembered. So use good and positive words. They will help others remain constructive, as will you.
- b) Your worldview determines your experience. So, have a positive worldview for a good experience.
- c) Over the past three decades, adoption of technological advances has transformed the landscape of citizen service delivery in the country. Technology-facilitated governance has enabled a broader reach, increased citizen engagement and feedback, a faster pace of delivery, enhanced efficiency, and reduced pilferage. Governance in the present-day digital age demands real-time compilation of information and data. For this, assistance in the office and a personal digital data device with you are advised. Such 'Office portability' through the device will help you with ease of information sharing/reporting, work efficiency, and oversight.
- d) You are the enablers in a rising India. You are adequately empowered, knowledgeable, skilled, and have an opportunity. Go ahead, the day is yours.

**Dr Jagmohan Sharma IFS
Karnataka, 1990**

ADDITIONAL DIRECTOR



Life in FRI Campus is an amazing aesthetic experience.

The iconic building at its heart, the carefully aligned streets, the vast grassland together make a dream landscape combination of nature with culture.

The 1100-acre campus offers a strong connect with flora and fauna and brings you much closer to nature. The 450 tree species and nearly 350 bird species indicate the biodiversity richness of the arena. My family members sighted the leopard 23 times in three years!

Living in the campus, one starts appreciating the nuances of seasons, the phenology of various trees with one or the other tree in full bloom all the time, the myriad hues of the sky, the playful character of clouds especially in the backdrop of Mussoorie hills, the gorgeous sunrises and sunsets - overall one is enamoured of what bounty and beauty the nature has in store for us.

Anyone and everyone becomes a photographer here for you just have to frame and shoot - the picturesque setting ensures results are bound to be wondrous!

The 56th RR is the biggest batch of the millennium to arrive at the Academy.

Bright young minds from all across the country, every fifth Probationer a lady, and two Bhutanese officer trainees comprised the wonderful group.

They have successfully negotiated challenges pertaining to a new curriculum, new training rules, an infrastructure undergoing reconstruction, and have come out with flying colours.

I've had opportunities to interact with them in formal and informal settings - including in classroom sessions, tours, treks, exercises, excursions, club events, get-togethers at home - and found their personalities robust and charming.

Vibrant, cheerful, courteous, multi-talented, responsible, self-disciplined, confident - that's my overall impression of the batch. Their camaraderie as well as bonhomie is delightful indeed. I'm sure these attributes will take them far.

Consider every single day of your life in the Academy invaluable.

For a Probationer it's an ideal phase to make a transition from the student life to the professional life in a premium government service - in the company of some of the brightest minds of the country in arguably one of the best campuses of the world.

Never before and never again shall one get an opportunity to live for as long as two years with a family of 100+ Indians from across all the corners of our great civilization.

Make the most of all the opportunities to learn, play, create, tour; and make friends and make good habits for life.

Best wishes and blessings!

Raj Kumar Bajpai IFS
Jharkhand, 1994

STRAIGHT FROM THE SOURCE: THE COURSE DIRECTOR SPEAKS



1. How would you describe your job as the CD of 56th RR?

Like a gardener may be. Tending to the young crop.

2. What's the best thing about Batch 2024 besides giving you daily cardio through stress?

Everyday has something to look forward to & something to be proud of. The batch is very sharp & lively, has willingness to learn & has a fervor to improve things around them

3. If Netflix made a series on this batch, which incident would you pitch as the pilot episode?

Perhaps a scene from CCTV footage compilation of classroom & then the same guys leading with gusto as GLs/DOs.

4. Your favourite memory of the 56RR batch? Also, describe the 56th RR in one word!!

Too many to pick from. I like it whenever there's amazement or curiosity or delight or spark in a probationer. Experiences you guys had at various times... West India Tour, Thought-provoking questions in a session, Moot Court, Folk games during Pongal, the play Verdict, performances in Cultural's & so on..

5. One word or a name/ tagline for yourself as the CD of 56th RR.

AK 56

6. What so far has been the most challenging time, as the CD?

9-6 pm; on a serious note, issuance of penal action against a probationer always leaves a little perturbation.

7. Who's your non-striker at IGNFA: the one you trust to rotate strike when we bowl bouncers at you?

Its a team here. But often the partnership is with Sudhagar sir. Earlier, used to bat along with Mukul Sir too.

8. If Batch 2024 were a headline tomorrow morning, what would it read?

Hundered & Eleven Reasons for a better tomorrow

9. After office hours, do you unwind like a forest stream... or explode like a forest fire?

Unwind like a forest stream, on most days

10. During your training days, which memory still makes you smile?

Many; visiting places on tours infact I sat in an airplane first time courtesy the academy, being GL on hill tour, trekking in Uttarakhand Himalaya, Law classes by Uttam Sir, Football in evening, Holi in New Hostel, Barbeque parties in old hostel.

11. Apart from forests and files, what's your happy escape?

Earlier books, these days movies.. Also trekking once in a while.

12. How different is being a CD from being any other faculty in the Academy?

Constant spotlight. Requires persistence, patience & co-ordination ability.

13. Haryana or Himachal Pradesh??

Simplicity & calm of Himachal, Humour & toughness of Haryana.

14. What according to you, is your favourite spot/ place in the academy, also in Dehradun?

My office on Saturday, Fond of IGNFA Grounds too & look forward to being there more.

15. A must watch movie for all??

Children of Heaven, Fight Club, Shawshank Redemption, Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind, Piku, Anand, Rang de Basanti... are some excellent movies.

16. Your favourite book recommendation?

Difficult to pick one; The Bhagvad Gita for Millenials by Bibek Debroy; Raag Darbari (in hindi) by Shrilal Shukla

17. What is your spirit animal?

Dog maybe, or Elephant.

18. Your tips for the 56th RR to make their training period the best part of their lives?

You are venturing on a long & important journey. Gather everything you will need. Profession-wise, Personality-wise, Friendship-wise.

19. How ready is the 56th RR for the upcoming "On job Training", according to you?

They will be more than ready by the time OJT knocks.

**Kunal Angrish IFS
Himachal Pradesh, 2014**



ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR



Dear Probationers of the 56th RR,

Thank you for thinking of me to write this message to you. It gives me so much joy and warmth. On a personal front, I always thought my deputation tenure would wrap up in Delhi, it was supposed to—but as life often reminds us, it has its own plans. Just two months before you joined the Academy, I found myself posted here instead. Looking back now, I feel like it was meant to be. Perhaps our paths were supposed to cross, to learn from each other in ways we didn't expect. And I'm so glad we did.

From the very beginning, you've been a delight to engage with—curious, sincere, and wonderfully full of life. Whether it was your sharp and thoughtful questions during the Overview of Forestry Module or the way you dived into rules and guidelines during the Forest Administration sessions, every interaction left me enriched.

I can't tell you how proud I felt watching you take on the SEA Exercise with such creativity, using nature-based designs that beautifully reflected the balance between ecology and engineering. That, to me, is the heart of what you are and what you'll become.

Some of my favourite moments, though, have been outside the classroom—during tours, when your childlike enthusiasm came through in the little complaints and playful banter. It reminded me so much of my own probation days. We were the same. And that's what makes this connection so special.

Thank you again, for thinking of me for this note. As the Literary Secretary of my own 2012 Batch, It means the world to see you keeping the spirit of documentation and storytelling alive.

I wish each of you the very best. Keep that spark alive- of curiosity, of compassion, and of service. It's what will make all the difference.

With warmth and gratitude,

Ajeeta Longjam IFS
Manipur, 2012

OFFICE BEARERS





GEN SEC WALL

THE KING OF ALL THE KINGS

I ended my pitch for General Secretary with the line: "I can't promise you the moon and the stars, but I'll do everything I can for you." At the time, I had imagined a smooth journey ahead. It turned out to be anything but a cakewalk.

Our first challenge was in the old hostel. With no washing machines and limited facilities, day-to-day routines were a struggle. After discussions with the Course Director and a formal representation, we finally got washing machines, PCs, printers, refrigerator and even a foosball table installed. It was a small but meaningful win, our first step forward as a batch.

Almost immediately after the election came the New Year's party, our first major responsibility. We organised a bonfire at the old hostel and an evening of poetry, dance, music, and impromptu performances. It turned into a memorable night, where talent and camaraderie came together beautifully.

Next came Pongal: the first cultural celebration we were to host. Along with Sowmya, our Cultural Secretary, we planned the entire event, right from shopping for decorations to understanding the festival's traditions. Uriyadi became the star attraction, especially when Director Sir himself participated and broke the pot, to everyone's delight!

Soon after, we encountered our biggest administrative hurdle: the announcement that there would be no term break. We made a strong representation for the break and a few associated demands, which the then Director Sir accepted. But when the actual dates were announced, we again sought changes. The reaction I received from CD Sir that day made me understand, in a darkly humorous way, why waterboarding was eventually banned.

We then hosted cultural events with the 55th RR- a series of engagements that brought both batches closer. Led by Keyur, Bhuvanesh, Anand, Kunal, and Sayali, we also organised a heartfelt farewell for them. Many seniors were visibly moved by the gesture. Around the same time, I tried to secure an official IGNFA email ID for our batch. Though the effort didn't fully materialize, with help from Mukul Sir we at least obtained an IGNFA address that worked for official bookings through Balmer and Lawrie.

Not all experiences were celebratory. When a robbery took place in the old hostel, I had to file a police complaint. The investigation didn't lead to the culprits, but the process gave me a real insight into how the system functions. Another serious moment came when a major fire broke out in the B-lounge early morning. We woke up the probationers and extinguished the fire before it spread. The incident led me to submit a representation on fire safety, after which fire extinguishers were installed in the new hostel as well.

And now, we are in the midst of the biggest logistical task of all, the transition to & set up of the new hostel. The process is still ongoing, and it continues to test our coordination, patience, and problem solving abilities.

SPORTS & FITNESS CLUB



It is often said that boots on the ground make for a true forester as the field is her karmabhoomi. Similarly it is the passion with which we step on the playing field and express ourselves that we are remembered for our performances and sporting spirit as dedicated sportspersons. As budding foresters still learning the ropes at the academy, sports became an integral part of our daily routine. We took to the field at IGNFA to try our hands at activities most of us didn't have the time to indulge in due to the years of gruelling preparation. Be it swimming, tennis, squash and even golf or horse-riding for a brief period we invested our time and energy to learn something different with the intent to leave the academy with some new skills in our kitty.

There were fierce competitors all along in the cricket matches against our own seniors, LBSNAA, FSI, ONGC, FRI, ICFRE, etc, as we found new matchwinners, hitting multiple fifties on the trot or making the stumps fly as if it were all child's play. The passion even spilled over to the friendly Box Cricket tournament where competitiveness came mingled with some free-wheeling banter, courtesy the dead-pan commentary. Volleyball brought forward the talent of the Marathi Mulgis along with our lanky-framed smashers smacking the ball with venomous precision being set-up by the burly lifters. And later as the summer set in we saw newbies trying their hand at volleyball, where hitting the ball was as much a part of the game as was pulling each others' leg. In Badminton, Table tennis and other racquet sports we saw a glut of talent; singles marauders, doubles specialists, dedicated learners present on the court or at the table every single day. Like our sweet Kannadigas who made it a point to play Table Tennis during every small window of time they could manage to squeeze amidst our busy schedules. The football field saw a lot of passionate expression, with beautifully put together moves and some expletives and scuffles along the way making it all the more entertaining. As time passed we saw determined runners and spirited probationers putting their blood and sweat to flatten their tummies or just to get significant miles under their boots as true foresters would do! Some of them were mild-demeanoured long distance specialists, some gifted with a bolt-like burst of pace, put to display at the athletics meet. The love for Swimming was evident seeing the same people at the pool every day, dipping themselves till they were burned out enough to get a sound sleep in the next days' classes, especially our Tirupati-bred swimming champ! While in the quiet indoors it was the two stalwarts who gathered much attention when it came to knocking the ball with precision on well-kempt green surfaces! The gentle giant from Bhutan made a mark in the field events, forever smiling, combining grace with power forcing the muscular few in our batch to bring out their A-game. Lastly the basketball court was graced by a languid yet fierce competitor, with our friends from the South and Bhutan joining in under the guidance of the patient coach.

Yet it was never about just the talented bunch, for the newbies sprung a few surprises as they picked up wickets, smacked a handful beyond the boundary, struck the ball with precision across the nets and ran their hearts out during the Sports and Athletics Meet and challenged the established, learned few. Beyond competing on the field, the batch set out to solve gpt-customised riddles linked to unique circuits within the campus on the occasion of World Environment day, outwitting even the organisers with the utter speed and accuracy. A kind of storming-through-the-circuit despite multiple hiccups and technical glitches. The Indoor Sports Fest opened the floodgates for everyone to participate as formats were tinkered with to maximise participation in a variety of events. As all these events unfolded much heavy lifting was done inside the pavilion and the gym next to the mess, with mutual inspiration driving sincere fitness enthusiasts to strive for a hot-bod and not a dad-bod. As an addition to the long-drawn Sports and Athletics Meet, a Sports quiz was conducted to let the curious and passionate few engage in a battle of wits, opening up an opportunity for the whiz-kids to shine bright.

It wasn't all rosy as it might seem, for there were tortuous twists in the tale in the form of setbacks and injuries as we stepped up to compete wearing our hearts on our sleeves. We lost athletes, noobs and some determined competitors to a few horrifying incidents, sending shudders down our spines. Amidst all this it was heartening to see friends and well wishers taking turns to tend to those who were injured in battle. Some were fortunate enough to make a quick return while for others it was agonising to maybe even dream of a comeback soon.

On the field we all pushed our limits, we built bridges and forged new bonds and friendships as we went into battle on and off the sprawling greens overlooked by the majestic hills of Mussoorie. Raw emotions propelled full blown self expression, even the introverted few let out cries and yelled with electric energy. This is what sports is all about and the probationers of 56th RR put on quite a display from the day we stepped on the field at IGNFA!

Swastic Yaduvanshi

Sports & Fitness Club Secretary





SOUVENIR CLUB



When I look back at the story of the Souvenir Club, I am reminded that many meaningful ventures begin quietly. Our club did not start with a grand fund or a ready-made structure; it began with a borrowed amount from the Mess Maintenance Fund and a simple wish, to create keepsakes that carry the spirit of the Indian Forest Service and the IGNFA family.

From those tentative first steps, the club has slowly grown into a self-sustaining and profitable endeavour. Today our shelves hold more than just mementoes; they hold small symbols of pride: lapel pins and ties, diaries and to-do lists, flags and Ashoka Pillars for offices, and field gear ranging from sturdy tracksuits to full field dress. Each item, whether for a desk or a mountain trail, carries a part of our shared identity.

Challenges That Taught Us

This journey has not been easy, and every challenge has been a lesson in patience and perseverance. Because the Souvenir Club runs independently, every new purchase order must be supported by our own profits. When an entire batch of 111 officers needs field uniforms and hunter shoes, the advance amount can be daunting. At times, payments for previous orders are delayed by budgetary or administrative processes, and managing the finances becomes a delicate balancing act.

Quality control presents its own test. We often have to search long and hard for vendors who will match the samples we approve, and our policy of no advance payment does not make that search easier. Add to this the variety of tastes within our own batch: colour, design, brand, and material all invite lively debate. Reaching consensus while keeping prices fair, especially when friends good-naturedly ask for a “batchmate discount,” requires equal parts humour and diplomacy.

And then there is time itself. Vendors promise deadlines, but batch tours and treks wait for no one. Getting every item delivered before departure, be it field jackets or souvenir pins, has sometimes felt like a race against the clock.

Moments of Quiet Pride

Yet it is these very hurdles that make our achievements so meaningful. One of the most memorable was introducing the traditional Aipan art of Uttarakhand as a batch souvenir. This was more than a product; it was a way of bringing a local tradition to life and offering a livelihood opportunity to a budding artist. My deepest thanks to my batchmate Ms. Preeti Yadav, IFS, whose immense contribution made this possible.





We also explored subtle ways to highlight the IFS brand, and this year unveiled a new category of waterproof jackets—tested during our Valley of Flowers trek and proven to withstand biting winds and cold mountain rain. Watching my batchmates wear them with pride was a quiet but unforgettable reward.

Gratitude Above All

I am fully aware that my efforts have not been perfect.

If any batchmate experienced inconvenience, I offer my sincere apologies. I remember personally calling our tailor multiple times so that even the last two uniforms were corrected to satisfaction. Those small follow-ups, though sometimes tiring, felt essential because every member of this batch deserves nothing less.

Above all, the Souvenir Club is not the work of one person. I am profoundly grateful to the Souvenir Committee: Sh. Aman Gupta, IFS; Sh. Jatin Babu, IFS; Ms. Preeti Yadav, IFS; Sh. Prince Kumar Singh; and Sh. Venkatesh Shewale, IFS whose encouragement and hands-on help carried us through many difficult days. Their quiet support often came just when it was needed most.

A Shared Keepsake

Serving the 56th RR through the Souvenir Club has been a privilege I will always cherish.

Each lapel pin, each diary, each field jacket is more than a product- it is a reminder of friendship, shared treks, and the pride we carry in our profession. To have played even a small part in creating these memories is an honour I will carry long after we leave the academy.

Any lapses from my side are mine alone, and I remain committed to serving my batch in every way I can. To the entire 56th RR: you are the finest company one could hope for, and I am grateful beyond words for the trust you placed in me.

A Small Beginning, A Shared Journey....

Keyur Bhoj
Souvenir Club Secretary





CULTURAL & FINE ARTS CLUB

Stepping into the role of Cultural Secretary was both exciting and daunting. The Cultural Club is not just a committee, it is a platform that brings alive the diversity of India and the creativity of the academy. My vision was to make it more than events on a calendar; I wanted it to be an experience of belonging and shared pride.

The journey came with challenges. Managing large groups, coordinating across different levels, and handling last-minute hurdles tested my resilience. At times, mistakes happened and unexpected difficulties arose, but each of them taught me valuable lessons in leadership, patience, prudence, and communication.

The highlights remain unforgettable: from the Sankranti celebrations to the grand India Day procession, where each probationer represented a slice of India's heritage. As a new batch in IGNFA, Sankranti gave us the opportunity to team up with contributions from the Mess, Sports Club, and Nature Club. Its multicultural aspect connected everyone and was equally appreciated by faculty and probationers. While the SPIC MACAY event showed the grace of classical music, Ritu Utsav and Ganesh Chaturthi resonated with the collective energy of the batch. Competitive events of dance and paintings organised with collaboration of senior batch unveiled new level of creative energies of both the batches.



One of my dreams was to recreate the spirit of India Day at LBSNAA, and it was fulfilling to see it take shape here, even if not perfectly. I believe it has created a platform for multicultural representations in the years to come. From folk dances taught by artists who travelled from Assam to the thunderous beats of chenda during Onam, these experiences were not just cultural showcases but moments of collective pride.

What made this journey meaningful were the people - my batchmates who worked tirelessly, seniors who encouraged us, and faculty who supported our initiatives. Their involvement reinforced my belief that culture thrives when we create space for everyone to contribute. It was heartful to see that the cultural club also serves as a socializing platform where IFS officers serving in different institutes in the campus come together and spend quality time with shared interest.

Looking back, I realize the Cultural Club gave me more than opportunities to organize events. It gave me a chance to dream, to experiment, to work with diverse teams, and to grow as a person. Though not every event was perfect, each was a step forward, and together they created memories I will carry far beyond the academy.

Our academy is a place where everyone carries their own heritage and regional pride. Admiring one's own culture gives us belongingness to our roots, while admiring others' cultures gives us the unique experience of freedom: the bird's-eye view of our shared heritage and cherished fraternity. Culture does not divide us; it gives us the opportunity to celebrate unity in diversity.

Mile sur mera tumhara, to sur bane humara...

Sowmya RA
Culture & Fine Arts Club Secretary





NATURE & SUSTAINABILITY CLUB SECRETARY

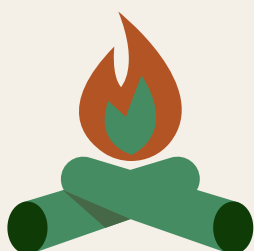


Being the secretary of the Nature and Sustainability Club was more than just holding a position in the club ; it was an articulation of a shared purpose. As a cohort of future forest officers at the Indira Gandhi National Forest Academy (IGNFA), our training was steeped in rigorous discipline and scientific theory which was sometimes interesting but then, extremely mundane on other occasions.

My aim was to bridge that academic bookish learning with hands-on, tangible experiences, transforming the club into a vibrant hub where our passion for nature could thrive. My vision was to make learning a collective adventure, reminding us that the very essence of our service is to be explorers and stewards of the natural world.

From the very beginning, I wanted to inject an element of curiosity and fun into our learning. We launched an AI-integrated treasure hunt across the sprawling, green expanse of the FRI campus. The challenge wasn't just about finding clues; it was about solving riddles that required us to observe the intricate details of the flora and fauna around us. We used technology as a tool to rediscover the physical world, finding a unique harmony between algorithms and real world objects. This experience wasn't just a game; it was a testament to how new-age tech could be integrated into the fundamentals of forest management. It also provided a chance for officers to explore the vast FRI campus and ignite the exploratory zeal in them.

My belief in hands-on activity led us to organize a session on snake handling. There was a palpable nervous energy in the room as we listened to the experts, but that initial apprehension quickly gave way to a profound sense of respect. Learning to identify these creatures, understand their behavior, and handle them safely was a lesson in courage and empathy. It was an experience that connected us directly to the wildlife we were sworn to protect, reinforcing the reality that our work goes far beyond books and maps.

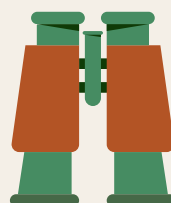
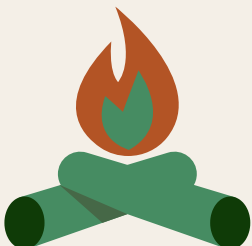


I also saw the club as a vital link between our probationer community and the wealth of experience held by seasoned officers. We hosted compelling interactive sessions with field officers, diving deep into real-world conservation challenges. Topics like the ethics surrounding the Case of Tigress Avni and the strategic realities of fighting forest fires transcended theoretical discussions. These sessions were a masterclass in pragmatism, giving us a clearer understanding of the complex, often unpredictable situations we would one day face.

Beyond practical skills, I aimed to nurture a sense of creativity and appreciation for the natural world. We organized documentary sessions and a movie visit, using film as a medium to spark rich discussions about sustainability and our role within the ecosystem.

We also started a small but meaningful initiative with a leaf litter compost creation project. This simple, hands-on activity of turning waste into nutrient rich resource was a tangible step toward creating a lasting sustainability mechanism on campus, a small-scale model of the positive changes we hoped to bring to a larger landscape.

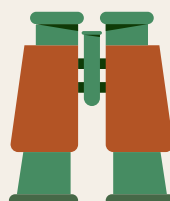
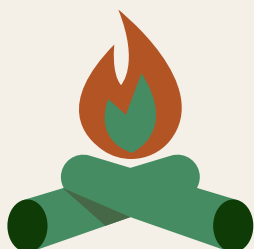
My experience has been overwhelmingly positive, filled with the satisfaction of seeing an idea transform into a successful event. I learned to navigate the logistical complexities of coordinating with the IGNFA administration and staff, and I cherished the interactions with senior field officers. The greatest lesson, however, was in decentralized leadership. By empowering anyone who was interested to take ownership of an event, we transformed our club into a collective of leaders, making every success a shared victory.



The challenges were equally formative. Juggling club activities with the tight schedule of the academy taught me invaluable lessons in time management and prioritization. Fulfilling the diverse expectations of every officer required constant communication and a willingness to adapt, reminding me that a leader's role is as much about listening as it is about directing.

Looking ahead, the seeds of change we planted have only just begun to sprout. The compost initiative is just the first step toward creating long-term systems for waste management on campus. I believe the club can continue to help officers develop new capabilities, particularly in integrating modern technology into forest management: a journey we embarked on with the AI-integrated treasure hunt. This entire experience has been a test of character, one that has affirmed my commitment to not only being an officer of the forests but a motivator for myself and for my peers in this new walk of life.

Jigyasu Agarwal
Nature & Sustainability Club



MESS SECRETARY



Imagine a job where you are an unpaid hotel manager whose customers are from all over India. The best part is you fought an election to get that job! Welcome to the life of Mess Secretary at IGNFA.

On day one, I realised, winning an election and running a mess is not entirely the same. With a motley crew, mess committee went on track. Menu making became the most time sensitive and visible work. Balancing a menu is like filling a difficult Sudoku. No item can be repeated in a week. A 'south item' in breakfast must be followed by a "north food". Chila should have moong dal, Besan and its paneer variants. A lunch dish must have a dal, sambhar/ rasam and 2 sabji. Atleast one sabji should be Jain acceptable. Aloo rich food items must be balanced with non- aloo food. What is spicy for a Rajasthani may be bland for a Telugu. When snacks are decided you better mind the 'wellness gang' who hates oil fried items and the 'happiness gang' who are looking for savoury items at any cost. For every non veg item a vegetable dish of equal stature must be put.

Dal is at the heart of 'North Indian' food. It can be safely said that, Ye dil maange daal! I got neck deep learning about tur dal, rajma dal, dal makhani, tadka versions, panchmel dal and so on. If dal is good half work is done. A well cooked, hot and soft roti, is the other half. For south, Sambhar is the consolation prize. Then there are fans for muesli, anda burji, veg sprouts and so on. The demands can always do a pole vault, but the mess bill is expected to be stunted!

Constant hotline needs to be maintained with mess staff for time changes. Since signal doesn't penetrate old mess sufficiently, quick sprints in cycle became a norm. We also keep track of mess absence and guest meals. The committee has to organise feasts, parties and sometimes birthday cakes also. Since every programme is on short notice it's basically a scramble for the team to connect with vendors, caretakers, faculties and mess staff.





However work we do , the committee will be on firefighting mode on any usual day. Issues can range from delay in snacks , food getting over , a watery tea , a spicy curry etc . As secretary i have the fortune of receiving personal citations and joyful references. People will give grievances , suggestions and wisdom while eating, walking , inside Karmayogi or even while having a pee. Some curious souls can even knock at your door ! My wife during one of her visits to campus , insisted to act like strangers inside mess to protect herself.

A storm in the tea cup erupted when committee insisted on replacing paper cups with Ceramic cups in the room. The IFS probationers didn't tolerated that sustainability experiment. Complaints were registered when snacks trays got empty before probationers' beeline ended. A whatsapp impeachment motion was moved protesting the inefficiency of secretary . We survived it . And i thought worst was over. Then one rainy night came the cockroaches which became a political disaster for myself .

For all the rough and tough , this job is close to my heart and probably defines much of my training period.

I get to lead a team of seven talented probationers. It's a privilege to work with Parakh, Bhuvanesh, Sayali, Rahul, Labdhi, Yash and Shubham. The extent of purpose i feel and the work we do is unmatched . The mess staff is one of the most humble and loyal people i ever met. We deal with vendors , caretakers, academy staff along with faculties . Beyond that , our batch is an all - India one and beyond , representing a ripe slice of our great nation . And the Officers's mess is a prime spot where this cultural fusion and friction takes place. We the Mess committee are the guardians of this scintillating process.

Anand Justin
Mess Secretary





FROM THE EDITOR...

To be or not to be: 3 days before the date of filing nomination for various posts of Office bearers. Exhilarated by the idea of contesting elections for the first time, Literary Club seemed to be my cup of tea. Idea was simple, to create a facilitating environment for the batch where by the end of the professional training no one is reluctant to speak in front of an audience. I also intended to promote my personal interest of avid-reading through the club, which I myself sometimes fail to keep up with. Literary club was always supposed to be the people's club. It was envisaged to be a platform used by any of our batchmate to organize events, showcase talents and focus on personality development.

This idea was very beautifully embodied by Rahul as he established himself as a stand-out quizmaster in "Qrious: the general quiz". Over 75% participation of the batch, this Literary club event had set the base for all other events and competitions to come. The lovely chemistry of Rahul and Literary Club again created magic when he teamed up with Maharshi to conduct a very eclectic Environment & Biodiversity Quiz in a very short span.



Then came the "IGNFA Debate League", which we hope shall become a legacy event for the upcoming batches. This time it was significantly difficult to convince our batchmates to participate, however we knew that debating was anyways going to be relatively low on participation and heavy in content. Some of our batchmates like Murali Krishna, Sana Fayaz, Kunal Mishra and Anand Justin fought tooth and nail till the end. What came as a happy accident was that we found Aman Gupta and Yash Dhoble as co-organizers and moderators in the final round of the event, who unfortunately were eliminated in the preliminary round. Hemant Pratap Singh and Vikram Hire would agree with me that their addition to the organizing team was surely a game-changer. Irrespective of the results, I cannot show enough appreciation to the participants as they spoke impeccably on the topics given to them on the spot.





Apart from these flagship events, our Literary Club has at multiple times collaborated with other clubs to organize not just events, but collective memories for 56thRR. The Natyavaraksh: One Act play was a successful collab with Cultural Club while Sports Quiz brought not just Literary and Sports club together, but also the 55th and 56thRR batch of IFS Officers. The movie screening of “Nilgiris: A Shared Wilderness” was a novel idea brought about by Yash Singhal and implemented in tandem with Nature & Sustainability Club.

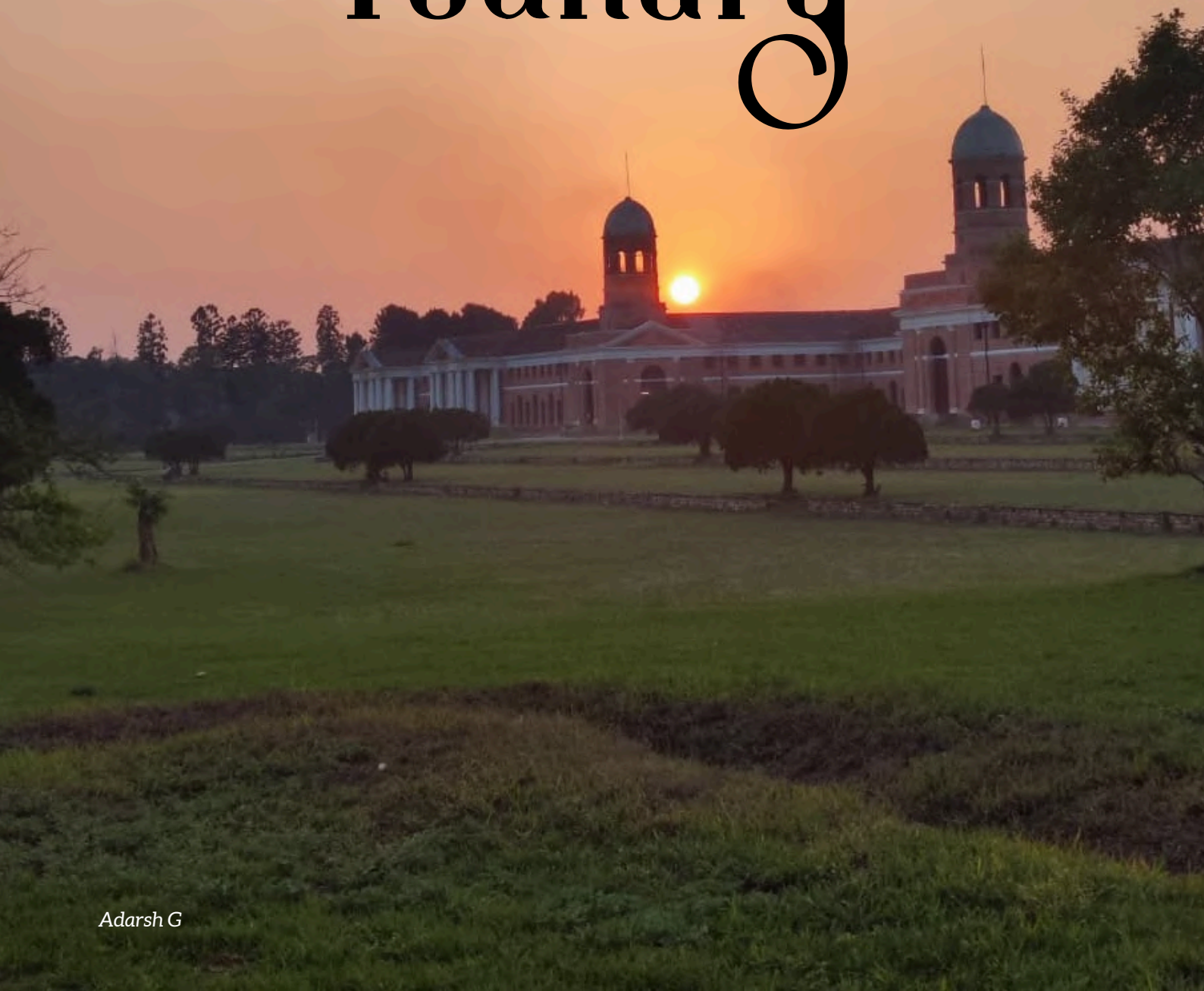
I request you to keep innovating yourself, with formats, events and ideas. Literary Club will always be there for all of us to showcase it. There is a lot more which remains to be done, dramatized readings, poetry readings, book reviews, etc. Let the club help you organize these events and create collective memories for the batch. Through this Journal, we also intend to celebrate India’s diversity, thereby promoting literary art forms in regional languages, many of which are at the verge of extinction due to diminished usage. I am utterly thankful to my editorial team for their support and hard work due to which this journal saw the day’s light.

We promise to keep coming back every time with something for all of us to learn, prizes will never be the sole attraction and whether or not we succeed in getting the evening games to be voluntary after the Literary Club event, we promise to entertain you thoroughly.

Ronen Singh
Literary Club Secretary



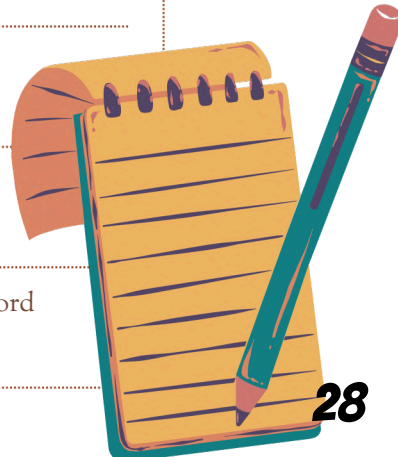
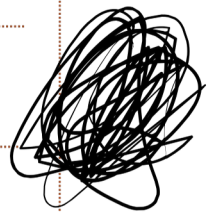
The Forest Foundry



A PROBATIONER'S LIFE



6:00 am	Pray to Lord Indra for rains, not for spiritual growth but to get PT cancelled.
6:14 am	Reach Sports Ground after the second whistle, with Somveer Sir counting down the final seconds like it's a space launch.
7:00 am	Dash back to rooms. Some rush to get ready, others head straight for a nap. A few rare ones pretend to hit the gym or pool.
8:30 am	March to mess to investigate what's wrong with today's food, not just tea but the entire culinary experience.
9:00 am	Gather in class to chat, refill bottles, and wait for the faculty to arrive. The real warmup before lectures.
till 11:00 am	Some sleep, some doodle, some google. The remaining few pretend to listen.
11:25 am	Snack break that lasts much longer than "officially allowed." Everyone's a timemanagement expert here.
1:00 pm	Stomach and brain form an alliance, firmly rejecting any more lectures.
2:15 pm	Post-lunch session of deep meditation, aka power nap disguised as attentive listening.
4:00 pm	Break time. Or more pertinently, snack time.
till 5:00 pm	Brainstorming creative and innovative ways to get games voluntary.
till 7:00 pm	Transform miraculously into athletes, forgetting the lazy souls within.
till 9:00 pm	Gossips first, dinner later. Priorities stay clear.
till 11:00 pm	Doing absolutely nothing productive while passionately cribbing about having no time.
till 1:00 am	End the day with movies, memes, and prayers to Lord Indra again. Back to Ground Zero.



DARK HORSES OF TABLE TENNIS

After the roaring success of our box cricket league, it was time for the next chapter of the Indoor League. And what better game to follow than Table Tennis: one of the most loved indoor sports of our batch. The spark came from none other than our sports secretary, Swastic Yaduvanshi, whose idea was instantly welcomed. Soon, a small organizing team took shape: TKC (Tummala), Devshree, and I- each carrying the same infectious excitement that table tennis itself brings.

But the first challenge was simple yet tricky: What events should we have?

- Singles? Too predictable- good players would dominate.
- Doubles? Possible, but forming teams could lead to imbalance if the strong paired up together.

After much discussion, a clever idea emerged: randomly created teams. Not only would this level the playing field, but it would also guarantee fun and maximum participation. And so, two events were finalized- Men's Doubles and Mixed Doubles.

When names were invited, the response exceeded expectations. Everyone had a fair chance to shine, which meant enthusiasm was sky-high. Soon, we had around 16 teams in men's doubles and 5-6 in women's doubles- a perfect setup for a thrilling competition.



The Event Day

The Indoor League kicked off with Sitolia (Seven Stones), but controversies clouded the mood. That's when Table Tennis arrived as a refreshing escape, promising pure sport and enjoyment.

Fixtures were drawn, and the Men's Doubles began. A few teams withdrew midway, but a twist was waiting to unfold. Our respected Additional Director Sir had shown interest but wasn't in the initial lineup since his participation wasn't confirmed. Midway, we got the nod, and a dream team was formed: AD Sir with Shubham Vats.

From the very first serve, they were unstoppable. Like Ashoka's mighty army, they marched past one opponent after another, clearing every hurdle in their path.

But they weren't the only ones to watch. The dark horses of the tournament soon revealed themselves—

- Parakh & Sanket – masters of strategy and patience.
- Prajwal & Dhoble – steady and sharp.
- Swastic & Bhargava – fearless and aggressive.

Among them, Parakh's team especially stood out, outsmarting stronger opponents with intelligent play and unexpected tactics.

Meanwhile, in the Mixed Doubles, one pair simply reigned supreme—Devshree & Prajwal. Unbeaten and unbothered, they dominated the table, eventually claiming the crown without dropping a match.

The Grand Finale

The Men's Doubles finale was nothing short of a spectacle. On one side stood AD Sir & Shubham Vats, the unbeaten juggernaut. On the other, Parakh & Sanket, the silent strategists who had grown stronger with every round.

What followed was a battle of nerves, wit, and grit. The rallies stretched long, the points grew tighter, and the crowd leaned closer with every shot. It wasn't just a match: it was a showdown akin to Sinner vs. Alcaraz, where neither side was willing to back down.

The game went all the way to deuce. And finally, with AD Sir's mysterious, unreadable serve and Shubham's relentless fighting spirit, the crown was theirs.

More Than Just a Game

As the dust settled and the cheers echoed, the league had achieved far more than just crowning champions. Yes, it delivered edge-of-the-seat matches and plenty of entertainment—but more importantly, it brought the batch together once again. Conflicts were forgotten, laughter returned, and camaraderie shone brighter than ever.

Minor hiccups aside, the Table Tennis league proved to be a festival of friendship, fun, and fierce competition. And in the end, every participant walked away a winner.

Anubhav Jain





ARM WRESTLING



The scene was nothing less than a World Cup final. Venue: B Block of Old Hostel. Contestants: Parakh of the mighty BTP and Rahul of the fiery RCB. Both groups carried a legacy of clashes so intense, it made Indo-Pak rivalry look like a practice match. The atmosphere crackled: boys shouting, chants echoing down the corridor, and the faint smell of afternoon tea acting as background incense.

The event began with a coin toss, yes, even an arm-wrestling match between these two demanded official protocol. Parakh won the toss and, with the smug confidence of a man who'd rehearsed his flexes in the gym mirror, chose the left hand: his weapon of choice. Rahul, however, wasn't rattled; he had faced worse storms and survived.

"Ready... set... GO!" Swastic roared. Both arms crashed together with the force of alignment. For the first few seconds, it was textbook drama: veins popping, jaws clenched, and spectators offering unsolicited tactical advice like seasoned coaches. Slowly, the tilt favoured Parakh, a few inches toward Rahul's end. The hands froze: locked in a death grip a few inches from Rahul's side.

Twenty... twenty-five seconds ticked by. The tension in the corridor could have powered the hostel's non-functional WiFi. The crowd began chanting louder: "Push, push, push!" Both warriors summoned reserves of strength for the final push.

And then- CRACK! The sound echoed like a snapped twig in a silent forest. For a split second, no one processed it. Then came the collective gasp: Rahul's left arm bone had given way under the pressure. Silence hung before someone muttered, "Bhai, yeh toh literal breaking point tha."

But what followed was even more remarkable than the match itself. Rivalries dissolved instantly. BTP and RCB boys who had spent semesters ribbing each other dropped everything to rush Rahul to the hospital. Some arranged transport, others grabbed water bottles and wallets, and a few became self-declared "medical experts." In that chaos, unity reigned.

Rahul's recovery was swift- thanks to doctors, yes, but also to the constant stream of hostel visitors bearing fruits, assignments, and endless jokes about his "sacrifice for the batch." What started as a duel ended up cementing something far greater: collective brotherhood.

Parakh Sarda



THE BROKEN SOUND

Everything was good.
I felt so fine
Happy, healthy,
Life was mine.

Then came a sound,
A sudden crack.
My arm was broken...
There was no turning back.

At first, no pain.
Just shock, just fear.
But the sound itself
Shattered my cheer.

From that moment,
Everything changed.
My world flipped upside down,
Strange and estranged.

I screamed in pain,
Clutching my hand.
"What just happened?
I don't understand!"

The hospital lights,
The surgeon's call.
Plates and screws,
They fixed it all.

I thought surgery
Was the hardest fight,
That healing would come
With the morning light.

But I was wrong.
The true battle had just begun.
Not the fracture
But recovery was the cruel one.

Countless tablets,
Endless drives
Ten kilometers each week,
Hospital lives.

Daily physiotherapy
The cruelest test.
I went knowing well
It would hurt my chest.

I begged the therapist,
"Push, make it bend."
And when pain shot through,
I screamed without end.

Some days it was fire,
Fever from pain,
Yet I went back again,
And again, and again.

Weekends for others
Were laughter and play.
Mine were hospitals,
Grey walls, long stays.

~~I~~ wasn't the same
Yesterday I was free:
Cycling, running,
A happy me.

Now I lay in bed
As the world went ahead.
"Why me?" I asked,
Tears quietly shed.

"I shouldn't have played,
What went through my mind?"
But guilt only chained me,
It never was kind.



Simple things hurt
Sleep on my side? No.
Reach for my hair?
An impossible show.

Life became heavy,
A mask I wore.
Days without joy,
Dreams torn at the core.

But slowly, slowly,
Through struggle and pain,
A light broke through,
Like sun after rain.

I saw what counts,
What truly stays

Not games, not rides,
But health every day.

Our bodies are treasures,
Fragile yet grand.
Only when broken
Do we understand.

So hold it close,
This gift you own.
The richest wealth
You'll ever be shown...

Is not gold, not money,
Not fame, not glory.
It is your health,
Your body –
Your story.

Rahulgowda R





56TH RR: A FOREST OF FRIENDSHIP AND FUN

We've completed 11 months of training, and now almost everyone knows the difference between Tumala and Singuru. But even today, if you ask the difference between Sanket, Suchet, and Sanchit - silence spreads faster than a forest fire.

So let me formally introduce you all to our batch:

We are a batch of 111 probationers, 90% of us engineers, which is why no one in our batch would have committed the mistake of building Karmayogi Hall of that length. We are a highly united batch... within our own groups.

Yes, we have groups, some so big they need electoral rolls, some so secret they need clearance from IB, some with two or three WhatsApp versions where only the "core members" are in the main one.

Our training started on 9th December, and we instantly fell in love with this beautiful campus, just opposite in feeling to Karmayogi Hall.

Memories of Karmayogi Hall: Where Dreams Go to Nap

Eventually, Karmayogi Hall became the official dormitory of dozers. For some, snoring became roaring; For some, snoring was a hobby. For others, snoring became an Olympic sport, while some woke up miraculously, only for tea break and lunch.

Before joining the Academy, we had three meals a day : breakfast, lunch, and dinner. The Academy added two more : morning snacks and evening snacks. And yet we wonder: "Itna PT karte hai, weight kam kyu nahi hota?"

The legendary Sameer Sinha Sir quote :

"The best fertilizer for a forest is the forester's boot."

We were so inspired that at least 10 people put it in their vision statement...

and then spent the next 10 lectures hearing it

The fear of Sudhakar Sir among latecomers,

The officers' lounge that gifted us 20 extra minutes of sleep,

The hissssss sound before the speaker starts,

The desk-banging rebellion when the speaker exceeds their time,

and the collective anxiety of waiting for Wednesday chicken biryani

These are memories we'll cherish forever.

And then came the randomized seating day: Our personal Partition of the 56th RR. We lost our groups... only to realize others were equally weird and lovable.

First week of PGDEL, everyone awake. Second week, half asleep (Reason? IYKYK). The WCCB sessions were a hit: the “contraband and suspect” exercise had Oscar-level acting. Some of us took it too seriously; I think one person still believes he’s in WCCB.

Morning PT: The Sacred Struggle

Ah, morning PT, the most “lovable” part of training.
The sky changing colors, lapwings flying,
and that divine message from DO: “PT off today.” 🙏
Some arrive five minutes late- sent back.
Some forget to shave - sent back.
Some perform too well - sent ahead!
And then there are the “non-performers”,
a word so iconic, I want to meet the genius who coined it.

Love Stories of FRI

Of course, love here means love with nature, flora, and fauna (legal clarification).
I still remember one kind-hearted batchmate who rescued a dog, then a lizard: proving that a true IFS officer can fall in love with all types of flora and fauna. Later, he showed that “parishram ka phal humesha meetha hota hai.”

Sometimes I wonder what true love is:

- Rishi Vishwamitra & Menaka,
- Usain Bolt & Kasi Bennett,
- or the way our batch loves Wednesday chicken biryani?

In our batch, love stories are rare:

But whenever they happen, the batch knows before the person himself!

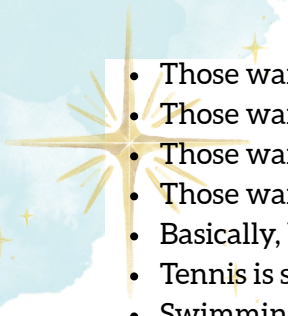
“Usko abhi hua nahi hai, par hume pata hai ki usko kuch-kuch hone lagega.”

Examination Hall Adventures

The hisssssss before the question paper distribution,
the race to finish first,
the few who weren’t allowed to sit,
the whisper-hiss exchanges for answers,
and the terrifying aura of Sudhakar Sir for those who dared to keep an uneven beard.

Sports Complex Chronicles

- We have a state-of-the-art squash court, and the termite’s artwork is clearly visible on the wooden floors.
- Volleyball is our favourite, mostly because we can sledge while standing still.
- Football remains the most thrilling, also the most injury-prone. Yet, khelte hain, girte hain, uthte hain.

- 
- Those wanting to bunk games period: badminton court.
 - Those wanting to socialise: badminton court.
 - Those wanting to use a mobile: badminton court.
 - Those wanting to spend time with a counterpart: badminton court.
 - Basically, badminton court = modern-day parliament.
 - Tennis is something we all want to learn, but the coach believes in invisible learning.
 - Swimming: the ultimate favourite. We all started like drowned cats, but now at least 50% can float, and 50% can shout “save me!” effectively.

Fights (or the Lack of Them)

We are a highly united batch, which is why there were never any fights!

- Nihal never fought with Anand.
- There was total harmony between roti and rasam.
- Arnab never got angry in class(ever!).
- CD Sir never scolded anyone (of course).

In short, we are the United Nations of 56th RR.

In the End...

Eleven months ago, we arrived here - nervous, excited, unsure. Today, we are a family.

We’ve laughed, cried, survived PT, eaten five meals a day, and learned that real growth happens between tea breaks and group gossip.

We entered as strangers, and are leaving as a forest - each unique, rooted in friendship, growing together.

And as we move ahead, one truth remains - we may forget the difference between Sal and Teak, but we’ll never forget the difference between Tumala and Singuru.

May the trees we’ve planted in each other’s hearts grow tall,

May the laughter we shared echo long after the hall is empty,

And may our batch remain legendary... even if we never remember what Sal and Teak are.

56th RR – united, unmatched, unstoppable... (Except in Mess.)

Shubham Kanoujia



BAGS PACKED.....



I still remember that day vividly. My bags were packed for Mussoorie, and a ticket was booked to Delhi from where I was to travel with my friends to Dehradun. I had proudly told my family, friends, and neighbours that I was leaving for the training of the Indian Forest Service. With excitement, I had stitched my bandhgala, bought formals, and collected all the essentials needed for training.

But fate had something else in store.

The day the provisional list was released, my name and that of other provisional candidates was missing. Rumours began circulating in our unofficial group that provisional candidates would not be allowed to join the Foundation Course. Panic gripped me and I went into full research mode, trying to find answers. When I saw that the previous year's provisional candidates had been cleared just before the FC, I regained some hope.

Still, I went to Delhi on the same ticket, not for FC but to visit the Ministry to seek clarity. I wanted to know why, despite submitting all required documents before the end of the walking test, our status was still "provisional." The replies we received were chilling. There was no update, no movement, just silence in the maze of government files.

Days turned into weeks. For three long months, we were kept in the dark. I kept visiting the Ministry, but there was nothing from their side. Back home, I carried the heavy burden of fear, betrayal, and reluctance. What would I tell my friends, my family, my neighbours? That I had come back because of a "documentation error"? For them, it would sound no different than rejection.

I thought of preparing again for the exam, but how could I study in that mental state? When you finally get what you dream of, and someone tells you it isn't yours, that you don't deserve it, it breaks you from within. I was fuming with rage, yet helpless.

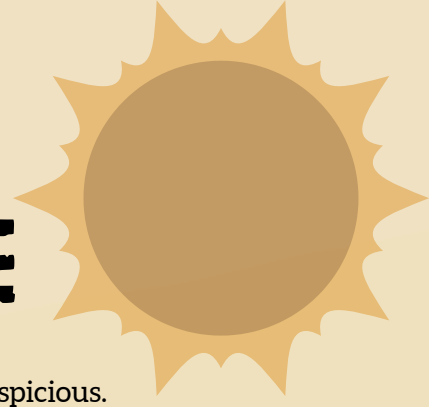
But we endured.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the list was revised, and our names were included. Relief washed over me, but the Foundation Course was already gone. My bags, which I had never opened during those painful months, stood silently as a reminder of my broken dream of joining the IFS training on time.

Anonymous



THE HUNT FOR A DIGITAL TREASURE



"Let's do something different," Jigyasu said. "Different how?" I asked, already suspicious. "Let's build a treasure hunt... without the treasure. Without the hunt. Just on the phone."

Thus began our descent into madness.

The idea sounded bold, futuristic: even revolutionary. Why leave chalk marks on trees when you can leave digital breadcrumbs? Why scribble clues on paper when you can make phones do the dirty work. But as every ambitious project teaches, ideas are cheap; execution is where the hair starts greying.

We had limited time, untested technology, and one very real risk: if this crashed, we'd have nothing but blank screens and confused participants wandering like zombies around campus. Did that scare us? Absolutely. Did we stop? Absolutely not.

Avengers, Assemble!

We summoned a crack team. Yash, Rahul, Parakh, Akshay, Priya, Babal and Swastic. If Marvel made a movie about treasure hunts, this would be the casting.

Yash Dhoble: the scribe and riddler: his pen could make riddles look like cryptic haikus.

Rahul, Parakh, Akshay Lambe: architects of circuits and clue distribution. If clues were bombs, these three were the bomb disposal squad.

Priyadarshini: the rapid-fire editor, no typo escaped alive.

Swastic: the "AI-proofing" oracle. He made sure ChatGPT couldn't solve in 30 seconds what was meant to torment humans for 30 minutes.

Himanshu Babal: managed in real time all the progress updates of different teams and documenting their submissions.

Together, we brainstormed, debated, tested, and occasionally yelled at each other until the app began to take shape. The plan? A seamless web platform to host riddles, evaluate answers, and unlock the next clue. The reality? Endless debugging, frantic coffee runs, and moments of existential dread.





Room D-10 transformed into our “war room”, laptops glowing like campfires, people hunched over screens, arguments flaring like Diwali crackers. Every problem we solved spawned two new ones. At one point, we wondered if we should just crawl back to the good old physical hunt. But Jigyasu, our secretary’s optimism was infectious: “We’re almost there,” he said. And somehow, we believed him. He had been the perfect human resource manager. Streamlining roles and dividing responsibilities as well as anyone could.

Showtime :

The day arrived. Teams were briefed. The app was ready. Hearts were pounding.

Within minutes, our first boss fight appeared, not a riddle, not a bug, but **internet connectivity**. Participants ran around waving phones in the air like divining rods, chasing elusive Jio and VI signals. Somewhere, Airtel laughed.

Meanwhile, back in D-10, my laptop turned into mission control. Teams were calling, messaging, and panicking. I was solving issues faster than a doctor in an emergency room. My brain went numb, my fingers cramped, and my screen looked like it might explode. Two hours later—success. Eight teams had completed their circuits.

Aftermath :

Relief washed over us. The hunt was done. The app had survived. And the batch had fun—despite the occasional signal hunt. Looking back, it wasn’t just an event. It was a crash course in **crisis management, teamwork, and the wild new frontier of AI-enabled forestry solutions**. If we can tame an AI-proof treasure hunt, maybe we can also tame forest fires, poachers, and paperwork. For me, the biggest treasure wasn’t in the riddles but in the people I worked with—the “Avengers” who pulled this off and the Nature Club secretary who made me believe it was possible. Left to myself, I would’ve been minding my business. Instead, I got a front-row seat to innovation, chaos, and joy.

To all batchmates who joined in with laughter and patience: thank you. To those who suffered glitches—my heartfelt apologies. And to the future foresters who’ll manage India’s resources: if you can survive an AI treasure hunt, you can survive anything

Abhishek Sangwan





IGNFA BOX CRICKET LEAGUE

2025



Where every toss, every cheer, and every catch became a story to remember.

The energy at IGNFA soared high when the probationers came together for the much-awaited the Box Cricket Tournament 2025. With more than 80% participation from the batch, the event was nothing short of a sporting festival, blending competition, inclusivity, and camaraderie. Eight spirited teams took to the ground, each with six boys and two girls, ready to prove their mettle in the exciting 8-over format. What made The tournament truly special were the unique rules designed to ensure inclusivity-every team had to field two female probationers, the toss was always done by a female player, and the very first over of every game was both bowled and faced by female probationers. This thoughtful design not only encouraged active involvement but also brought an inspiring sense of balance to the game.



Team suicide squad

The matches were conducted in a knockout league style, which meant every game carried high stakes. Yet, what stood out was not just the intensity but the joyful spirit of participation. Smiles, cheers, and friendly banter filled the air as the players battled it out in the box.

Adding color and rhythm to the contest was the spirited commentary by Anurag Babel, whose words often drew as much applause as the boundaries and wickets. His lively narration kept both players and spectators thoroughly entertained. Each match had its heroes-honored through "Match of the Match" and "Best Catch" awards-which became the most awaited moments at the end of every clash. In instances where matches ended in ties, the suspense was resolved through random draws, keeping the excitement alive until the very end.



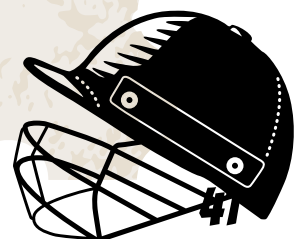


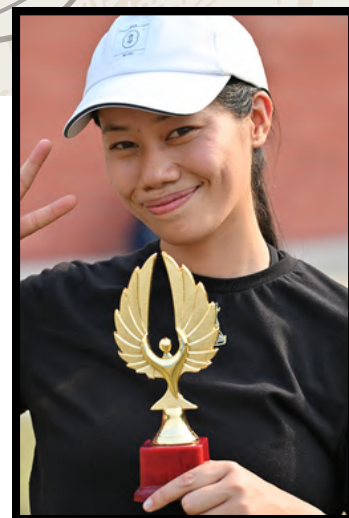
Strategies

As the tournament progressed, one thing became clear: this was much more than just cricket. It was about team spirit, inclusivity, and shared memories. From spectacular catches to nail-biting finishes, from encouraging cheers on the sidelines to the collective celebrations, the tournament became a story to remember for everyone at IGNFA.

When the final ball was bowled and the last cheer faded, what remained was not just the scorecards but the sense of unity that the tournament had fostered. It was a reminder that while cricket may be a game of runs and wickets, at IGNFA it is also a celebration of togetherness, balance, and unforgettable experiences.

Chidhananda H V





PONGAL CELEBRATION

The first cultural vibe of 56th RR

Pongal celebrations: A Guide to Surviving Festivals and Mess Committee Chaos

The harvest vibes at IGNFA this year were off the charts. Our 2024 IFS batch went full throttle celebrating Pongal, Sankranti, and Bihu and the energy. As a Tamilian, it was honestly super special to watch our Pongal traditions mash up beautifully with so many other cultures it was like the United Nations of festivals.

I teamed up with my Tamil Nadu crew to set up the Pongal corner earthen pots, sweet Pongal, the whole deal. Our cooking skills were somewhere between "What's boiling water?" and "We can make instant noodles if we try really hard." But yeah, we gave it our best shot, survived the chaos, and even earned a stamp of approval from a cow (probably a Bovine Food Critic) and some guinea pig probationers. Total team effort, led by Priyadharshini IFS(P), and a whole lot of fun.

The morning kicked off with bhangra beats from Punjab (some solid choreography, a few steps that almost matched, and a whole lot of "What did I just do?" and "yeah let me copy from my peers" moments) and our own Uriyadi pot-breaking madness from Tamil Nadu (which the faculty, clearly in need of a challenge, decided to take personally). Then came the food fest of khara pongal, vadai, puran poli, basically a mini India on our plates. Sharing those meals with everyone made it feel like home.



Evening vibes hit a whole new level with sack races that looked more like people fighting for their lives, tug of war that turned into full-on drama (the plot twists were unbelievable), slow-cycling that tested every last ounce of patience (and a few competing to finish it first), and bottle-filling where our Gen Sec turned it into an Olympic game by setting tough benchmarks with his mighty hands. It wasn't about winning; it was about bonding.

Looking back, organizing the Pongal celebration taught me a lot mostly how to avoid disasters, work in a team, and how to deal with mass chaos (which came in handy when I joined the Mess Committee, where chaos is a mandatory feature). All in all, it was one of those days that made me remember why I love being part of this crazy and diverse family called 56th RR, IGNFA.

Bhuvanesh NR





INDIA DAY 2025

A Historic Debut: India Day at IGNFA by the 56th RR

What does it mean to celebrate India in all its diversity?

For us, the 56th RR batch of IGNFA, the answer came on the evening of 28th July, when we proudly celebrated India Day for the very first time in the history of the Academy. For us, India Day was not just an event—it was about showing the culture, traditions, and festivals of our country, and at the same time learning what teamwork, leadership, and coordination really mean.

The idea had come from LBSNAA, where I was part of the organising team during the Foundation Course. But here at IGNFA, the challenge was much bigger this time, I was the overall coordinator along with our Cultural Secretary and batchmates. To add to the suspense, the official permission came only on 24th July. That meant we had only four days to plan everything! From fixing coordinators for each region, to rehearsals, to arranging costumes and props, everything had to be done at lightning speed.

Costumes turned out to be the biggest headache. In Uttarakhand, arranging Tamil Nadu and Karnataka dresses felt almost impossible. In the end, our batchmates made Kavadi out of hardware pipes and decorated them with flowers, pure jugaad, but it worked beautifully! Some incomplete costumes forced us to even change characters last minute like Kantara to Kamsale. For Bengal, the performance was saved only because we somehow managed to arrange dhunuchi and dress just in time. The poor costume shop owners in Dehradun will never forget us, we kept requesting them to open their shop even on their holiday, till they finally gave up and agreed. And arranging Dhol-Tasha at midnight was another adventure—half the campus was awake, some worried about the noise, others secretly happy that Maharashtra's spirit was alive and beating.

When that Morning finally came, the campus looked like a festival ground. Odisha started with Ganesh Vandana, then came Maharashtra's Dhol-Tasha, Warkari procession, and historical figures like Chhatrapati Shivaji Maharaj, Jijamata, Saint Tukaram, Veer Savarkar, Babasaheb Ambedkar, Lokmanya Tilak, Mahatma Phule, Ahilyabai Holkar and Bajirao Peshwa. Somewhere in between, one of the Mavlas nearly lost his moustache, which caused both panic and laughter backstage. Karnataka gave power-packed Kamsale and Kali Mata performance, while the 55th RR lady probationers rocked the stage with a Punjabi performance. Uttar Pradesh showed a lovely Ramleela skit to remember everyone childhood memories, West Bengal brought Durga Puja which energised audience and Rajasthan stunned everyone with Maharana Pratap, Prithviraj Chauhan and Jodha Bai's Johar scene.







But in Delhi's Akbar Darbar act, history took a funny twist, Akbar came on stage without his sword! The emperor still looked royal, but backstage everyone was hunting for the missing sword, which was later found that taken by Maharana Pratap thinking his own.

Jharkhand's Chhota Nagpur dance, Bihar's Chhath Puja and Kanwar Yatra added more colour. Tamil Nadu gave one of the most vibrant shows with Tamil Thai, Karagam, Kavadi, Mayil Attam, Parai and Therukoothu, our pipe-and-flower Karagams proudly making their stage debut. Kashmir's silk pheran and rabab tunes brought elegance, Manipur's Meitei culture added grace, and Bhutan's traditional Gho costume gave the event an international touch.

The finale, where all regions came together on the lawns, gave everyone goosebumps. The day ended with Taste of India lunch, where food from every region was served. People got confused what to eat as there were so diversity of food that large banana leaf become small to keep everything.

India Day became possible only because of the energy of our batch and the constant help from 55th RR. Special thanks to our regional coordinators and our photography and video team who did a fantastic job in capturing every candid moment, from the missing sword to the moustache rescue. A big thanks also to Cultural Secretary, Mess Secretary, and General Secretary for all the behind-the-scenes coordination.

Above all, we thank our Director IGNFA, VP Officers' Club, and Course Director for their constant support.

For the 56th RR, India Day was not just about showcasing culture. It was about finding solutions when things went wrong, laughing at our own blunders, and pulling together as a team. It will always remain a special memory for us—a day of pride, joy, unity, and also some unforgettable backstage comedy.

Akash SD Kadam



GANESH CHATURTHI

May Lord Ganesha bless you with happiness, wisdom, and prosperity.

When we first decided to celebrate Ganeshotsav at IGNFA, excitement was sky-high but so were the questions. Chief among them: who would play the Dhol-Tasha? The festival just wouldn't feel authentic without the thunder of drums and the rhythm that defines Maharashtra's celebrations. None of us wanted a repeat of the "India Day" fiasco, where in the name of dhol-playing, we had sounded more like a group of overenthusiastic kids banging steel plates!

Hiring professionals was the easy answer but our non-existent budget said otherwise. After several failed attempts through informal channels, an unexpected lead came from a friend who often boasted of knowing a politician. Out of curiosity (and mild skepticism), we decided to test his claim. To everyone's surprise, it worked! The Culture Minister himself took interest and ensured that a full Dhol-Tasha troupe of fifteen members strong was sent to Dehradun.



That's when the real chaos began which was of accommodation. With the WCCB module in full swing, guest houses were packed. But thanks to the unflinching support of CD Sir, Narwane Sir, and Sudhagar Sir, we pulled off the impossible. Rooms were arranged, and the troupe arrived vibrant, disciplined, and full of infectious energy.

While the beats of Dhol-Tasha were being arranged, another idea was taking shape an Eco-friendly Clay Idol Crafting Competition. The goal was simple yet meaningful: to blend celebration with sustainability.

Despite opening registrations late and finalizing prizes at the last moment, the response was overwhelming. Nearly thirty participants, juggling hectic schedules, turned up with incredible enthusiasm. What they crafted were not just idols, but stories molded from imagination and care for the environment made with natural colors, germinating seeds, reused materials, vegetables, and even wooden planks from FRI workshops.

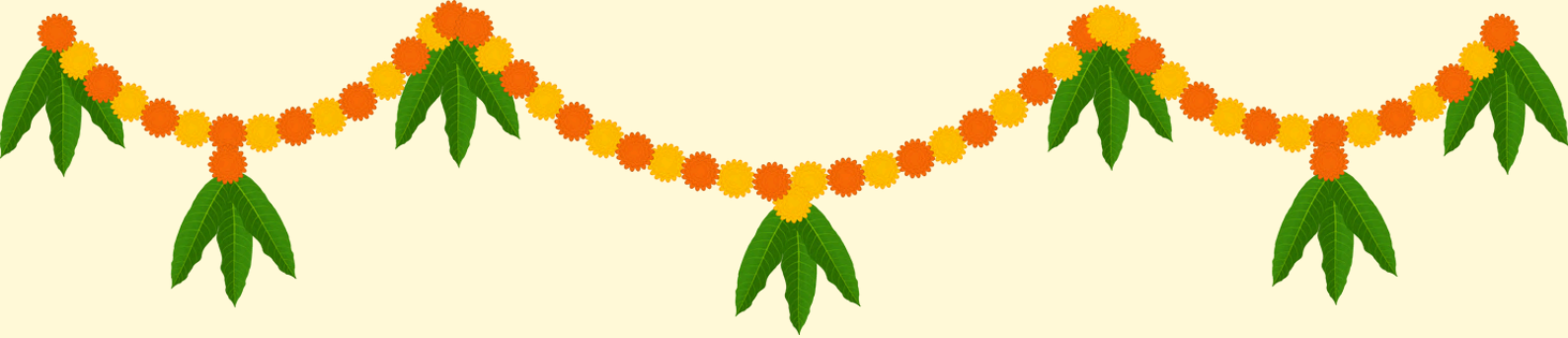
Each idol carried a message of creativity and consciousness. It wasn't just a competition anymore it became a collective reflection of how joy and responsibility can coexist. For many of us, the biggest takeaway was simple: people are always willing to join in when you truly involve them.

As Ganeshotsav drew near, preparations picked up momentum. With the arrival of the energetic troupe from Maharashtra, another magical idea was born to organize a Lezim dance performance, blending it with the booming rhythm of Dhol-Tasha.

A quick poll was floated across the batch, inviting everyone to join in, regardless of region or dance experience. The response was heartwarming. Over the next three days, the open space near the Old Mess became our rehearsal ground. Guided by the troupe, we learned every beat and move from scratch amid laughter, fumbles, and a fair bit of sore muscles. By the end, our group of fifteen was more than ready; we were charged.

The 29th evening began with a soft glow of diyas and the scent of incense filling the air. The crowd gathered dignitaries, batchmates, and guests all eager for the grand performance. As the first beat of the dhol echoed through the air, the Lezim dancers sprang to life, synchronizing perfectly with the thunderous rhythm.





We danced with abandon and pride, the metallic clink of the Lezim merging seamlessly with the booming drums. During the procession to the main IGNFA building, we stopped at four points, performing for the crowd each time. Every stop only intensified the festive spirit.

Finally, in front of the main building right before Visarjan we gave our most spirited performance. The beats echoed across the campus, and soon, spectators joined in the dance. In that moment, it didn't feel like a planned event at all, it felt like home, like family, like a celebration of togetherness. And then came the final flourish, a plate of spicy Misal Pav, the perfect Maharashtrian ending to an unforgettable evening.

Looking back, Ganeshotsav at IGNFA was far more than just a celebration. It was a story of initiative, teamwork, and creativity of how a few small ideas, nurtured with passion and cooperation, can grow into something unforgettable.

From managing logistics to crafting idols, from dancing to dhol beats to sharing laughter over food, every moment reminded us that culture is not something we watch, it's something we live. With the right spirit and a bit of madness, even the wildest ideas can take shape and sometimes, turn into memories we'll cherish for a lifetime.

Yogesh Balaso Borkar
Vikram Hire
Akshay Popat Wale





ONAM

The Festival of Togetherness

In a diverse country like India, celebrating festivals in government institutions carries a deeper meaning. It is about understanding and appreciating the different cultures that coexist among us. Such celebrations create awareness, inclusivity, and mutual respect among people from various backgrounds.

Onam, though rooted in Kerala's culture, became a symbol of unity when celebrated in IGNFA. The celebration was organised in a very short span of time, but it turned out to be one of the most vibrant events of our batch.

We had a small core team when we planned to celebrate Onam. Many hurdles were in front of us.. from arranging funds, weather, finding chenda performers, to bringing back the festive energy after our tiring Valley of Flowers trek. We were unsure of where to start. Personally, I was clear that this should not just be a festival celebration but an opportunity create an inclusive environment for our batch.

Everything started when FRI students came into the picture. They trained our batchmates for dance performances and helped in making the Pookalam. Slowly, the excitement grew, more participants joined, and it started turning into a grand festival.

The celebration was made possible through teamwork and dedication. Anand anna, Bhuvanesh anna and Adarsh took up several responsibilities and became the backbone of the function. Sowmya & Akash bhau supported every stage of preparation with their cheerful presence. The idea of involving FRI students came from Jatin Anna, which added great value to the event.

Priya Akka coordinated the dance team. The stage came alive with performances by Anusha Kolli, Devshree, Pratiksha, Shirin, Medha, Labdhi and Shivani, bringing the true festive spirit of Kerala to Dehradun.

The Pookalam was prepared beautifully with teamwork by Aseem, Pooja, Anusha Vennam, Chandrabhushan, Raj Patoliya, Rahul Kumar, Akshay Anna, Abhishek Sangwan, Ronen, Sandeep, Nithin, Nisha, Lava Kumar, Prasath Anna, Priya akka, Kavya, Hemant, and Maharshi.





Many stayed till late night preparing flowers and lending their helping hands, creating a healthy and joyful start for the celebration. Devshree coordinated the entire Pookalam work and made sure it turned out perfect.

The spirit of Onam was lifted by Mahabali, played by Anubhav, who brought smiles to everyone's faces. Despite limited Chenda availability, Vineet Bhaiya, Atul, Govinthram, and Vikram gave an energetic performance. Adarsh and Anand Justin coordinated everything at the last moment and ensured the rhythm of Kerala was felt in the air.

Yash Singhal anchored the event confidently, joining at the last minute but managing it smoothly. Kunal Mishra guided the proceedings and helped structure the programme. Swastic coordinated the games, along with Chidanand and Aquib added fun to the celebration, which includes active participation from the faculty. Aquib, Dhino, and Akash took care of flowers and logistics, while Sreeshan and Aquib managed the music and sound system. Rohan Tiwari guided the team and stayed till the end, ensuring the success of the function.

The memories of the event were beautifully captured by Pradhyuman, Pranjal, Abhishek, and S Krishna Chaitanya, who stood throughout the event to record every moment. Support came from Pawan, Maharshi, Vicky SA, Yogesh, and Keyur, who helped in every possible way. The Sadya feast was arranged by the Mess Committee co-ordinating with Madras Meals and it turned into a joyful experience.

Many came forward to serve food with smiles - Preeti, Bhargav, Vignesh, Yashasvi Maurya, Labdhi, Parakh, Chetak, Sarbajit, Abhishek Sangwan, Jatin Anna, Pranjal, Govinthram and family, Shubham Kanoujia, Shashank, Prasath Anna, and many others. Everyone stayed till the end, ensuring all were served with care. Even those whose names are not mentioned here played an important part behind the scenes, managing chairs, transitions, and dinner arrangements. Their quiet contribution made the event successful.

The celebration of Onam at IGNFA was more than a festival. It was a reminder of unity and togetherness. There may be differences or small misunderstandings, but moments like this show that as a batch, we stand as one.

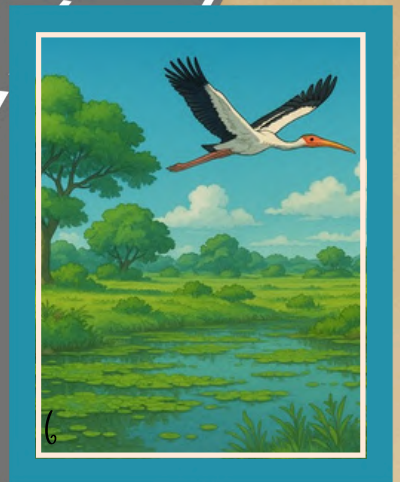
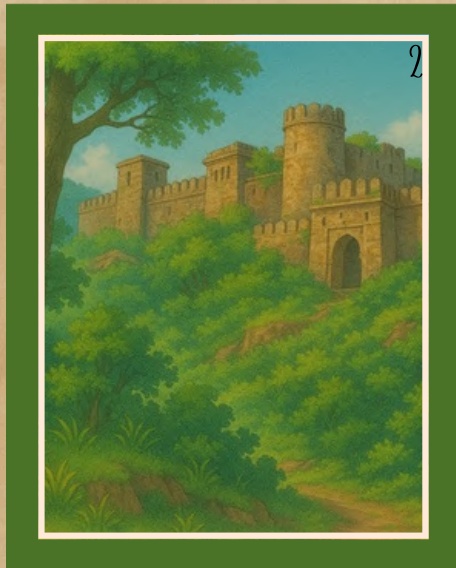
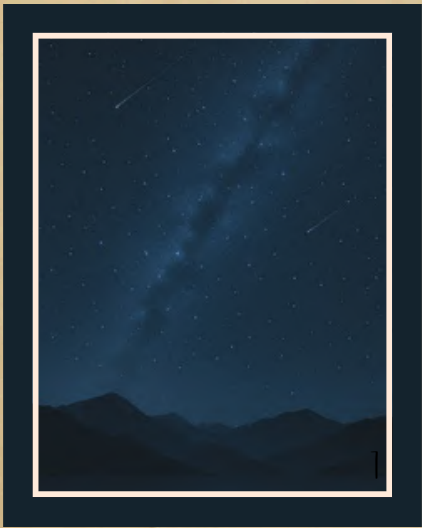
Onam, the festival of togetherness and unity.

Bharath Pradeev D





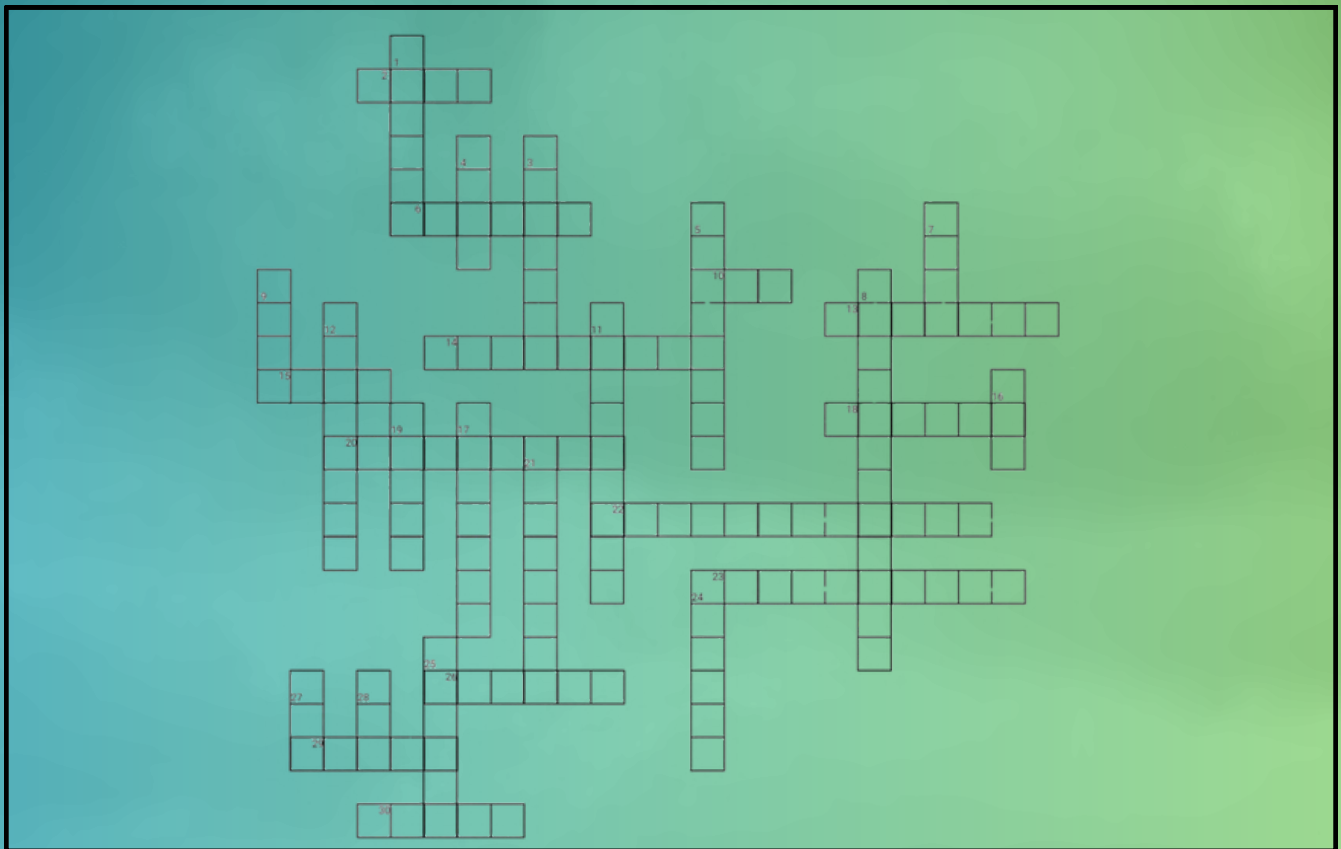




memory lane

1. Darjeeling
2. Ranthambore
3. Manuphiang Sacred Groves
4. Guwahati
5. Kaziranga
6. Keoladeo Bird Sanctuary
7. Pangong Tso
8. GHNP
9. Little Rann of Kachchh

56TH RR CROSSWORD



Down

1. Pop star of dubious cuisine (6)
3. Angry Men were not just 12, a play of emotions indeed! (7)
4. Technology proliferating fast, to the chagrin of probationers (4)
5. PT drill nobody does right (English translation) (8)
7. Avoids PT, but dropping always for your inconvenience (4)
8. Branching lessons in timber tactics (12)
9. It works well when we are in class, okay when we are in room and worst on weekends (4)
11. Constant Chunky Ingredient of Mess (9)
12. Popular sport with frequent injury report (8)
16. Invisible trait in probationers, but a prerequisite of Academy (3)
17. Around the fallen trees, here effort meets measurement. (7)
19. Design tool for all assignments (5)
21. Iconic backdrop for every game photo (8)
24. If you find one, call Sarbajit (6)
25. Gist of GIS exercise (6)
27. Second familiar name initials, skip the S (3)
28. The team that achieved unthinkable both inside and outside the academy (3)

Across

2. Brain teaser many are now tired of (4)
6. Club which is environment-friendly, attention-unfriendly (6)
10. Common forest giant, yet its flower is a mystery for some (3)
13. Silent otherwise, but dare not say a word against Bhuvanesh (7)
14. Handicap Accessible (9)
15. Online course, attention optional (4)
18. Draw-Aim-(Don't) Fire- Safe (6)
20. The city where migrant flocks arrive and get treated like 'family' (9)
22. Friendly competition which turned painful (12)
23. Exercise of mapping the terrain with high-tech companions (10)
26. Where snacks, cakes and chatter meet (6)
29. The star snake that remained untouched (5)
30. Lessons' perennial side effect (5)

Solution on pg 102

INTO THE CLOUDS: A JOURNEY OF RELUCTANCE, RESILIENCE, AND REALISATION

The mensuration exercise at Chakrata had already stretched us for days ;measuring trees, crunching numbers, mapping slopes. When the faculty announced a voluntary 16-kilometre trek from Kanasar to Deoban and back to Chakrata, my first instinct was to say no. The body was tired, and honestly, the idea of climbing mountains after fieldwork sounded unnecessary. Yashasvi and I looked at each other and laughed , “We’re skipping this one,” we said with complete certainty.

But life has its way of gently changing plans. On the morning of the trek, while the others were getting ready with backpacks and energy we couldn’t quite relate to, something stirred inside us. Maybe it was Parakh’s cheerful insistence, or Sarabjit and Anubhav’s playful challenge, but their words ,”Come on, it’s a once-in-a-lifetime thing!” hit differently that day. Something told me that this was more than just a trek. So, half-determined, half-curious, we decided to go.

The First Steps and the First Doubts

The air in Kanasar was cold and pine-scented. The forest around was waking up slowly ,birds calling, dew clinging to leaves, the faint crunch of boots on earth. The first six kilometres were all uphill, gaining nearly five to six hundred metres in elevation. The path twisted through ancient deodars, some so tall they seemed to touch the mist.

Within the first hour, my body began protesting. To make things more challenging, I got my period midway through the climb. The cramps came like invisible waves, sometimes gentle, sometimes sharp enough to make me stop and breathe. It wasn’t just the pain; it was the unease of dealing with it in the middle of the wild with no restrooms, no comfort, no quiet corners. Yet, amid that discomfort, the forest seemed to whisper something that sometimes strength doesn’t come in loud, heroic moments, but in quiet endurance. I learned to walk through it, one step, one breath at a time.



The Forest That Spoke Without Words

As we went higher, something magical unfolded. The forest grew thicker, softer in sound but richer in life. The trail was carpeted with wildflowers ;yellow, violet, white perhaps even more than I had seen in the Valley of Flowers. The air smelled of damp wood and moss. Every now and then, a patch of sunlight filtered through, lighting up the dust in the air like tiny stars.

We talked less and felt more. Yashasvi and I walked mostly in silence, sometimes exchanging a smile or a small laugh when someone stumbled or when the forest surprised us with its beauty. There was a strange rhythm between exhaustion and wonder ,like nature was testing us and rewarding us at the same time.

Somewhere near the final ascent, we stopped – not because we were tired, but because we couldn't move. Before us unfolded a spectacle of pure magic. Clouds were drifting across the ridge, brushing past our faces, swirling around our feet. We sat there for nearly forty minutes, just watching the orographic dance of clouds. It was as if the sky had come down to meet us. The world disappeared, and for those few moments, it felt like we were part of the mountain itself - weightless, wordless, infinite.

The Summit - A View from the Heart

When we finally reached the forest camp at Deoban, the world opened up into endless meadows. A cluster of canvas tents stood against a backdrop of rolling green hills. Horses grazed lazily nearby, their silhouettes fading in and out of the mist. It was surreal like stepping into a dream that didn't belong to this century.

We then trekked another two steep kilometres to the Rishi Vyas viewpoint. The climb tested our lungs, but when we reached the top, it was worth every heartbeat. The wind was strong, almost musical, carrying the scent of grass and rain. Below us stretched valleys and ridges, layered in blue and grey. In that moment, every ache, every hesitation melted into gratitude.



The Descent - and the Lesson

The nine-kilometre descent that followed was another kind of journey. I had always been afraid of steep slopes, the thought of slipping and tumbling haunted me. But that day, a forest guard walking beside me showed me how to place each foot, "Don't look down in fear, look ahead with trust," he said. And I did. Slowly, the fear began to dissolve. My steps grew quicker, lighter, more confident. By the time we reached Chakrata, I wasn't just walking, I was gliding.

The Afterglow

That night, lying in the quiet of the mess, I replayed every frame of the day; the laughter, the pain, the flowers, the clouds. What began as reluctance had turned into revelation. The Deoban trek had not only shown me the grandeur of nature but had also introduced me to parts of myself I had never known: patience, resilience, and quiet joy.

Now, whenever I think of trekking, I no longer imagine exhaustion. I imagine clouds brushing my face, laughter echoing in valleys, and a quiet confidence growing within me.

That day, I didn't just conquer a trail.

I discovered how strength can bloom in stillness, how courage can rise through pain, and how sometimes, the forest doesn't just surround you, it transforms you.

Labdhi Jain



VERDICT: EXCELLENT

from page to stage: a director's journey!!

No, we won't be able to pull off Andha Yug, says Kunal Mishra after going through the first script reading with me, Hemant Pratap Singh and Rohan Tiwari. The dialogues, though in hindi, are too complex to be learnt in a short span of 1 week and the play is too lengthy and elaborate. An idea came to me, instead of picking up something too challenging and giving an average performance, let's pick up a script which is much simpler, with a smaller screenplay so that we could focus on giving an outstanding performance. Hesitantly, everyone seemed to agree. Thus, came about the idea of

"12 Angry Men".

We got hold of the script and started going through it, a movie with the same name made in 1957, available on YouTube, gave a better understanding of the story to begin with. We got the go ahead from CD Sir to get a time slot for the performance in the last week before leaving for the upcoming hill tour in May. Next step was casting. An informal slot post evening games was decided upon for auditions at the Hari Singh Auditorium. Interestingly, none of us had any idea of conducting an audition for a stage play. The faintest experience, was the auditions we participated in LBSNAA during One Play Act, which was as informal and ad-hoc as it can get.

Mock scripts were prepared, character descriptions generated, the stage was set for budding actors to try their luck. I and Kunal were more nervous as the process was supposed to be managed in the most professional way possible. Turnout was overwhelming, over 30 people showed up for 12 characters. We knew we lacked trained actors, thus either of Kunal, Hemant or me were sure to take up roles, we just didn't know which ones yet. Our batchmates who showed up, embraced multiple characters in the audition. With each attempt, more sincere than the other, I started feeling overwhelmed by the responsibility of picking out the best for the cast, was I qualified enough to do this?

Of course not, but we had no other alternative. Choices were made, heated negotiations for some characters where no one really seemed to fit perfectly. Lastly, we reached a final list of 12 Probationary Officers of our batch, who were going to embody the characters of 12 Angry Men. I was handed this project as my directorial debut!! We intentionally kept 3 female actors with 3 completely varying character angles. This was done as per the audition, for we had decided to keep every character of the play gender neutral, and casting was to be done solely on the basis of the merit of the actors.

1st Script reading started in Hari Singh Auditorium post evening games, and it took very less time for us to understand that implementing this play was never going to be as easy as it seemed. Our dear friend Anand Justin faced difficulties in understanding the dialogues in Hindi language. The complete play was 1 single conversation, thus there were no separate scenes as such to prepare and rehearse separately. There was no separate time to spend on each character, the actors didn't even have enough time to memorize their dialogues.

The team was worried; some of us still hadn't made sense of their lines. In fact, one complete script reading with choreography was yet to be done, and the performance was in less than 1 week. After practice, far past midnight, I lie in my bed wondering whether we will be able to deliver the play on time? Should we consider postponing the performance? Was the expectation of doing a full-fledged stage-play without any professional help, a little too far-fetched? Should we cancel it altogether??

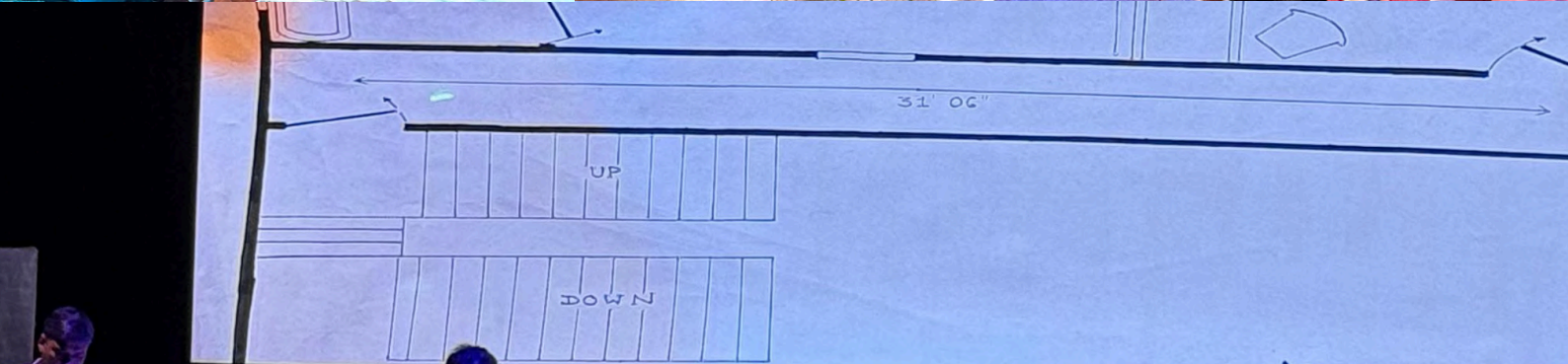


There is more to direction of a stage-play than acting and dialogue memorization. Movements of actors were to be accurately choreographed. Monologues came out flat and mundane. Lights, costume and staging was further back in the pipeline. Due to no particular fault of theirs, it took some time for the actors to understand the basic mannerisms of stage as well. It was evidently clear that the play was offensively exceeding the prescribed time limit of 1 hour. The script needed editing.

This is where the creativity of Abhishek Sangwan was roped in. Not only did he edit out the less important parts of the script, he also made the script circumstantially relevant. Some in-house one liners were added to entertain the crowd. Raj Patoliya and Venkatesh Shewale volunteered to manage the lights. They saw the rehearsals intricately multiple times and worked with me afterhours to ensure the best use of newly installed spotlights for the play. Shubham Kanoujia was the friend in need who regularly visited the rehearsals, understood the requirements of the play and gave feedbacks which anyone else would've easily missed. Shirin Pandit emerged as our last-minute life jacket as she helped design the stage, the maps for visual effect and empowered the play with her bold narration.

Last but not the least, Aman Gupta, our Producer/Manager, was our knight in shining armor. He received requests with impossible deadlines. He never said no for any requirement of the play. Aman ensured that the rest of the team only needed to focus on their performance, for every paraphernalia associated with the play was his responsibility. Aman and Shubham travelled across the Paltan Bazaar, Dehradun to find every piece of prop or costume needed by the crew. The play that you saw, almost everything apart from the immersive acting of the actors, had Aman Gupta written all over it.

As the deadline of our performance came closer, we saw everyone come together as a team. One could see Kunal, Hemant, Lokesh and Anand memorizing and practicing their lines during the breaks in between lectures. Yashasvi, playing the moderator had the massive task of remembering all her cues. Labdhi, Maharshi, Yash and Jigyasu were seen experimenting with their iconic characters, and Medha was found perfecting her dialogue where she unequivocally shouts at Anurag Babel's character in a scene. As a director, nothing gives you more satisfaction than watching your cast ingrain the characters to their skin. Chetak's idea of us a burnt cigarette as a prop was a genius move in the final performance.





The “Day of Judgement” had arrived. It was time to show the cards in our hands. The time had arrived to prove ourselves. A team game, a performance where no one could go wrong, not the actors, nor Vikram Hire on Sound, neither Venky or Raj on lights. The play began, and alas, I had made a mistake, I opened the curtains of the stage 30 seconds too soon. Thankfully, Sanket Adhao, the only character on stage then, played along. It went on smoothly from there. The jokes landed, dialogues expressed with emotions. I have been told that Director Sir was elated to see an actual map being used in the background screen to depict the crime scene in the play, which was perfectly implemented by Shubham Kanoujia.

The auditorium cried their hearts out as Kunal, Medha and Hemant brought the masterpiece to its destiny. The whole team performed flawlessly. By the time I reached the stage, everyone in audience stood in appreciation. The two week grind had paid off. Right from selecting the script, till the final performance, it was all worth it. This was my first and probably my last stint as the Director of a Stageplay and I can proudly say, I couldn't have done it without the team I had. As I take off my hat, I proudly hold all the memories, the late night dialogue rehearsals and the untimely food orders from Rajasthani Zaika very close to my heart. I hope the coming batches of IFS officers continue this tradition of “Natyavaraksh” at IGNFA as there cannot be a better way to make some amazing friends for the rest of your life!!

Lastly, for all those who failed to experience the magic onstage, here is the QR Code-link of the performance for your indulgence:



Ronen Singh

WHY NO PT TODAY?

Leopard latched the door outside

To reduce carbon footprint

Lord Indra heard our prayers

Its not me, it's Newton's first law

Held hostage by Bedsheet

Good mess food leads to oversleeping

Kuch achcha sa nahi lag raha

Dil hai ki Maanta nahi

Practicing meditation on bed

No excuses. I AM REALLY SICK!

GOALS



Weight Loss by swimming

Learn a language

Get rid of bad habits

Waking up at 6

Be under the radar

Start writing novel

Just Pass !!!

Beyond Goal setting now

KHEL KHEL MEIN

MY LEARNINGS IN ACADEMY

From Scratch

Improved

Survival

Swimming	Packing in 30 mins	Tolerating Roommate
Tennis	Photography	ChatGPT
Volleyball	Badminton	Sleep at 3 Up at 6
GIS	Cycling	Finding good friends
Gymming	PPT skills	Soul-searching
Weapon training	Few species	Adjusting anywhere
Horse riding	Reading skills	
Basketball	Interest in wildlife	
Trekking	Running	

JO AATA THA, WO BHI BHUL GAYE



Chinese Whispers

Foreign tour is on

Tours in future will be through PPTs

D10 is haunted

FC in IGNFA

IFS is "the best service"

Tomorrow's PT is cancelled

Batch knows of romance before the couple

Yehi aayega bas exam me

Next week light hai

Something's fishy in Room Allocation

He went to CD office, He is a mole

Come to mess, food is good



RAJAT KUMAR SINGH

IFS 2024 VISION ART WORKS



ABHISHEK AJIT INAMDAR



ADARSH G



RAJAT KUMAR SINGH



BHARATH PRADEEV D



PRADHUMN SINGH BHITTU



PRANJAL PRAMOD CHOPADE



BHARATH PRADEEV D

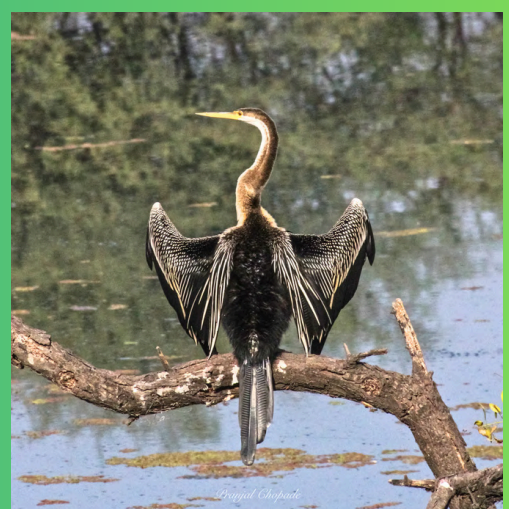


AQUIB JAMAL EDOTH



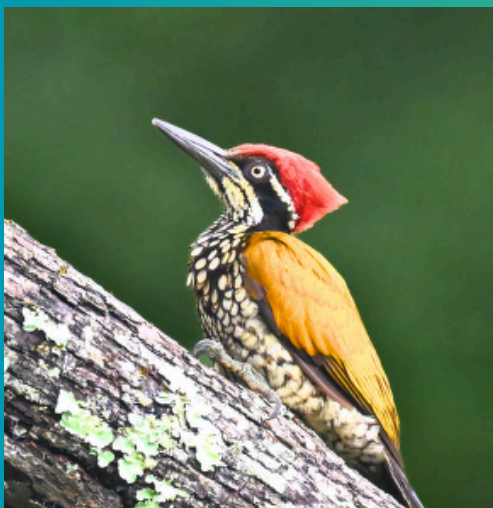
ADARSH G

PRANJAL PRAMOD CHOPADE



CHIDHANANDA H V

AQUIB JAMAL

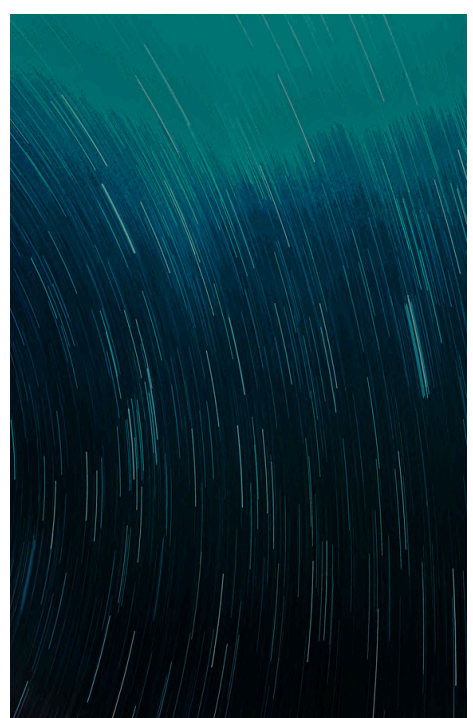


Crested Serpent Eagle (Spilornis cheela)

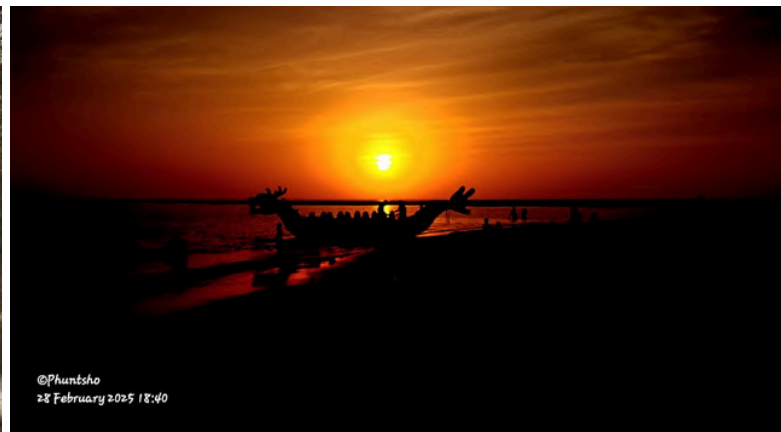
ABHISHEK PARIHAR



PRANJAL PRAMOD CHOPADE



PHUNTSHO

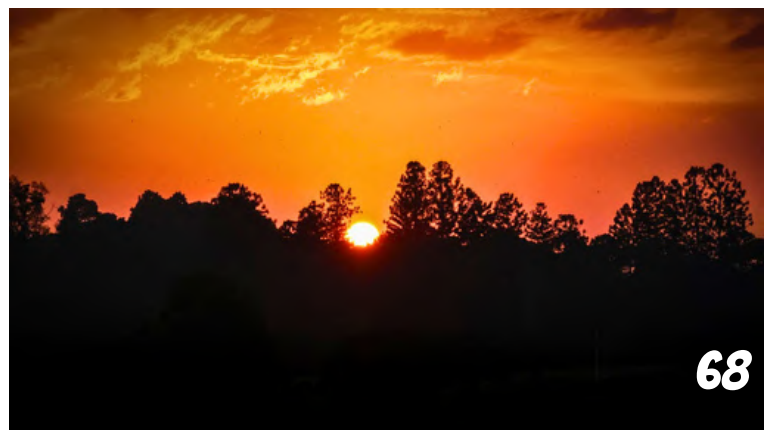


SUCHET R BALKAL



PRADHUMN SINGH BHITTU

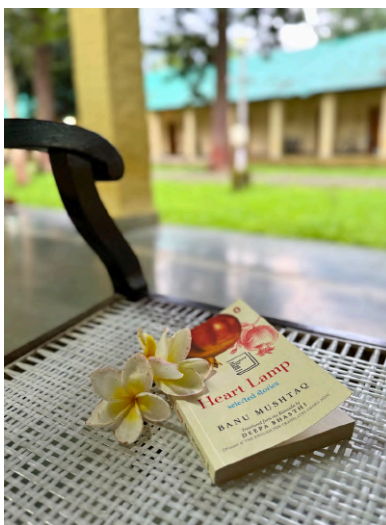
BHARATH PRADEEV D



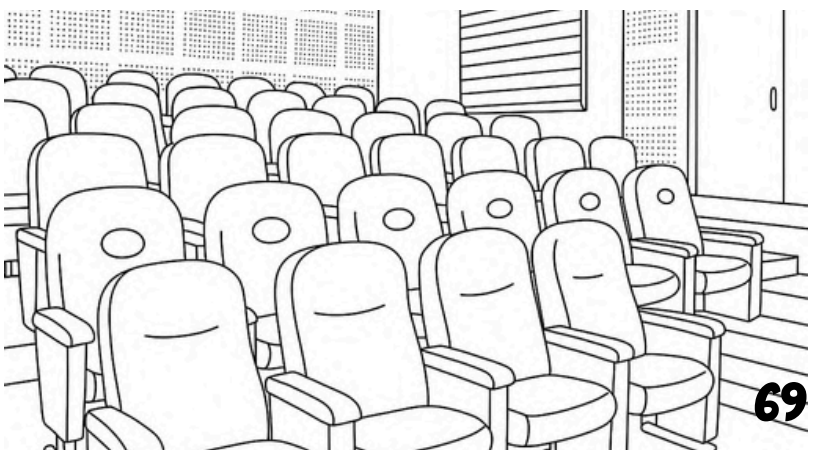
ROHAN TIWARI



SHIRIN SANJAY PANDIT

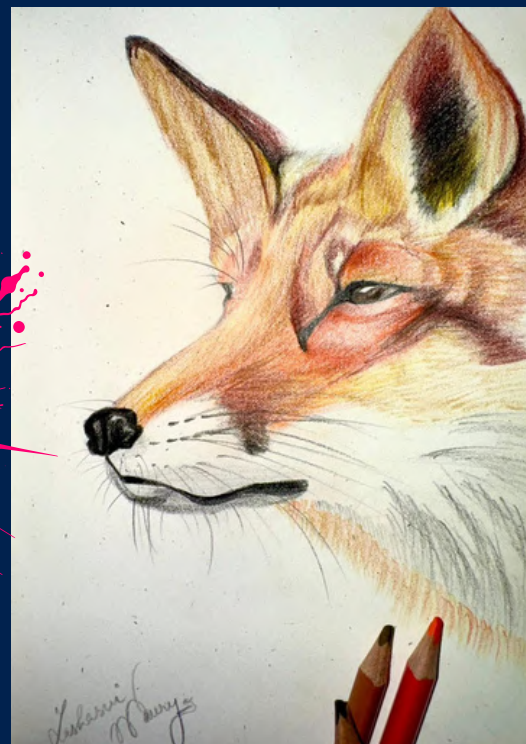


ABHISHEK SANGWAN





YASHASVI
MAURYA



PAINTINGS

P R SARBAJIT



SAYALI SATISH
SHINDE





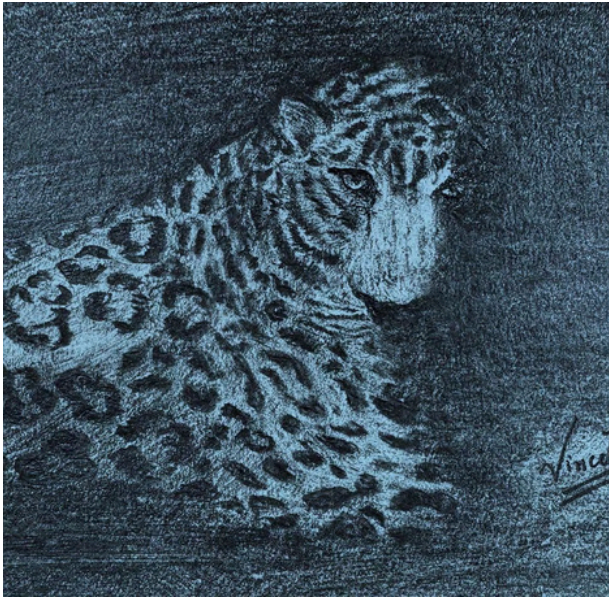
P R SARBAJIT

YASHASVI MAURYA

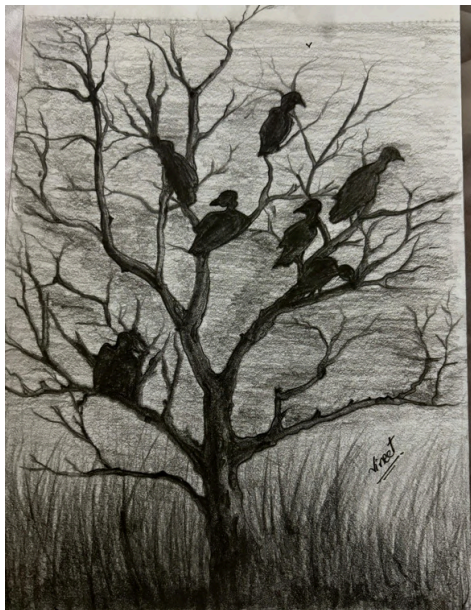
SAYALI SATISH SHINDE



HAOBIJAM DEVSHREE DEVI



VINEET
KUMAR



YASHASVI
MAURYA

PENCIL SKETCHES

KNOW YOUR PTI'S

AJAY GOSAIN

S/o Captain M.S. Gusain [army]

- Educational Background: Master of Physical Education, NIS(Football)
- Working since 2007
- Previous Work Experience: Physical Education Teacher in KV
- Interests and Hobbies: Playing Football and Singing
- What I like most about working in IGNFA: While instructing top service personnel, we feel proud.



PRADEEP KUMAR RANA

Ex Army

- Educational Background: Master of Physical Education, NIS(Football)
- Working in IGNFA for 16 years.
- Previous Work Experience: NDA, IMA, AIPT Pune, IPS Dehradun.
- Interests and Hobbies: Listening to music, personal fitness, helping others and Meditation
- What I like most about working in IGNFA: Playing with probationers and teaching them the best. I always try to keep probationers happy.

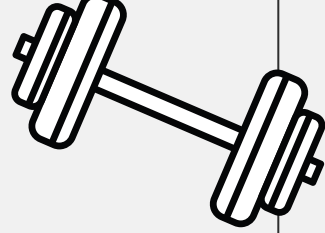


PRAMOD SINGH NEGI

S/o late Shri Amar Singh Negi

- Working from 2017 to 2021 as a coach, and from 2022 joined as P.T.I.
- Previous Work Experience: Physical Education Teacher and Coach in KVS
- Interests and Hobbies: Cricket, Athletics and other physical activities.
- What I like most about working in IGNFA is the discipline, and I feel proud to work with Indian Forest Service Officers.

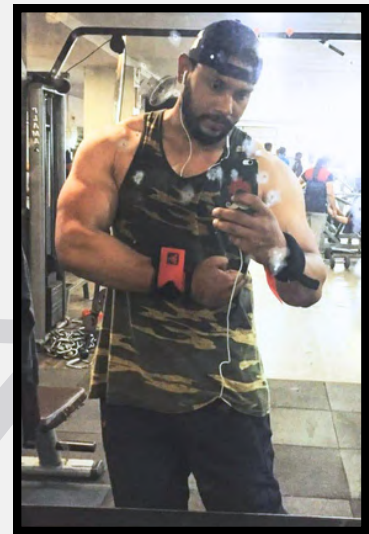
KNOW YOUR PTI'S



ASHISH KUMAR

s/o Shri Rakesh Kumar Retd inspector ITBP
(SPG COMMAND)

- Educational Background: Master of Physical Education, NIS(Football)
- Working since January 2018.
- Previous Work Experience: Senior Gym trainer and personal trainer at Anytime Fitness, Dehradun.
- Interests and Hobbies: Gym and Listening to Music
- What I like most about working in IGNFA: Discipline, supporting staff & most importantly, Fitness Training for IFS (Indian Forest Services)



SONVEER SINGH

S/o Sh Jagveer Singh - Retd Inspector U.P Police, also blessed with a caring wife & a newborn baby boy.

- Working since September 2020.
- Previous Work Experience: Asst Coach - Athletics at Kailash Prakash Sports Stadium - Meerut.
- Interests and Hobbies: Physical Activities, fitness, Travelling, Music and Gym.
- What I like most about working in IGNFA: Work Ethics, Discipline, Supporting Staff & Heritage of IGNFA.

ABHISHEK

S/o Mr Hari Chand retired from F.R.I.

- Working since 2023
- Previous Work Experience: Physical education teacher, Indian Military Academy and CASFOS as a basketball coach.
- Interests and Hobbies: Basketball, listening to Music and watching Television.
- What I like most about working in IGNFA is training and guiding Indian Forest Service Officers.





Vernacular Vistas

ODIA

ଷାଠିଏ ପରର ଯୁବା ଏବେ

ଷାଠିଏ ହେଲା ଯେ କଣ ହେଲା,
ମନଟା ଟିକିଏ ଦବିନି ଭଲା,
ଚାକିରି କାଳେ ଯେମିତି ଯୋଗ
ଏବେ ବି ରହିଛି ସେମିତି ଠୋପ୍ ।
ଲୋକେ କହିଲେ ରିଟାର୍ଡ ହେଲା
ବଳ ବୟସ ତା' ଖସି ଯେ ଗଲା ।
ସତରେ କଣ ସେମିତି ହୁଏ,
ବୁଝା ବୋଲି କିଏ କହିଦେଲେ ତାକୁ
ସିଂହ ପରି ରଣ ହୁଙ୍କାର ଦିଏ ।
ମିଲିଗାରୀ ଜୀବନ ଭଳି ଆହୁରି ଅଛି ବାକି
ଏବେଠୁ କାହିଁକି ଭାଳିବ ବସି ।

ପଞ୍ଚସ୍ତରୀ ପରେ ପ୍ରଧାନମନ୍ତ୍ରୀ
ବିଦେଶ ବୁଲୁଛି ଘିରିକିଘିରି,
କେମିତି ରହିଛି ଫିଟଫାଟ୍
ବେଶ ଭାଷଣରୁ ଦେଖ ତା ଆର୍ ।

ପିଲା ବେଳେ ପାଠପଢ଼ା ଝାମେଲା
ଚାକିରୀ କଲାରୁ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ବିକିଲା ।
ଏବେ ଅବସର ସୁଖର ବେଳ
ସ୍ବାଧୀନ ମଣିଷ ସ୍ବାଧୀନ କାଳ ।
ଯାହା ରହିଥିଲା ସ୍ବପ୍ନ ଅଧୁରା
ଅବସର ପରେ କରିବ ପୁରା ।
ଅନ୍ୟ ଖୁସି ପାଇଁ ଜୀବନ ବିକି
ଏବେ ଇଚ୍ଛା ମତେ ଜିଇଁବା ବାକି ।

ବୁଝା ହେଇଗଲି ଭାବନି କେବେ
ସାଙ୍ଗସାଥୀ ଖଟି ଛାଡ଼ିନି କେବେ ।
ଥୁଲେ ଥାଉ ପଛେ ରୋଗ ହଜାର
ବଟିକା ଖାଇକି ରୁହ ତୟାର ।
ଯୋଗ ପ୍ରାଣାୟାମ ନିତି ବ୍ୟାୟାମ
ସାଧନା କରିବୁ ପାଳି ନିୟମ ।
ବରିଷ୍ଠ ବୋଲି କି ଭାବିବୁ ନାହିଁ
ମଲା ଯାଏଁ କାମ କରିବୁ ତୁହି ।
ରୋଜଗାର ପଛେ ଧାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଆଉ
ଯେତିକି ବଳିଛି ହାତୁ ନୟାଉ ।
ଯାହା ତୁ ସଞ୍ଚିଛୁ ଖରଚ କର
ପର ପିଢ଼ି ପାଇଁ ଚିନ୍ତା ନ କର ।
ସମାଜ ସେବାରେ ମନ ଲଗାଇ
ଭଲ କାମ କିଛି କର ତୁ ଭାଇ ।
ଯେଉଁ କାମ କଲେ ଖୁସି ମିଳୁଛି
ସେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟେ ଲାଗି ଯା ନଭାବି କିଛି ।
କିଏ ଜାଣେ କା'ର ଆୟୁଷ କେତେ
କିଏ ଆଗ ଯିବ ଭାବେନା ଏତେ ।
ଠାକୁରଙ୍କ ପାଖେ ମନ ଲଗାଇ
ଖୁସି ମିଞ୍ଜାସରେ ରହୁ ଆ ତୁହି ।
ମିଛ ମାୟା ଭରା ସବୁ ସମ୍ପର୍କ
ଏ କଥାକୁ ସଦା ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ରଖ ।
ଏକା ସେହି ବଡ଼ କଳା ଠାକୁର
ତା' ପାଦେ ନିଜକୁ ଭସ୍ମ କରି ।
ପ୍ରଣାମ

Arnab Samantaray
ଅର୍ଣ୍ଣବ ସାମନ୍ତରାୟ



TELUGU

ଭୂମାତ୍ତ వయసు నాలుగు వేల కోట్ల ఏళ్ల గాధ, కానీ
మనిషి కథ మాత్రం నిన్న మొన్నటిదే...
కేవలం రెండు మూడు శతాబ్దాల నిడివిలోనే,
మనం ప్రపంచాన్ని తలకిందులు చేశాం.

ప్రకృతి నీడలో మెలగాల్సిన మనం,
మనకి తోచినట్లుగా ప్రకృతినే మార్చేశాం.
కానీ మనం కేవలం ఆమె అనుగ్రహం తో జీవిస్తున్నాం అనే
విషయాన్ని మరచిపోయాం.

భୂମାତ୍ତ ఒక్కసారి ఆగ్రహిస్తే...
మన బ్రతుకే తాకిందులు అవుతుంది.
కానీ మనం లేకుండా భୂମାତ୍ତ కోటి వెలుగులతో
విరాజిల్లగలదు.

భୂమికి మనం అవసరం లేదు,
కానీ మనకే భୂమి ప్రాణాధారం.
మనం కనిపించని దేవుని ఎదుట నమస్కరిస్తాం,
కానీ కనుపించే భୂମାତ୍ତకు కృతଜ్ఞత చెప్పడమే మరిచిపోతాం.
నిజమైన పూజ పూలలో కాదు —
మన చేతుల్లో ఉంది.
ప్రకృతిని కాపాడడమే దేవునికి ఇచ్చే నిజమైన భక్తి,
ఆమె దేవుడు ఇచ్చిన పవిత్ర ప్రసాదం అని మనవుడు గుర్తించాలి.

Tummala Krishna Chaitanya
తుమ్మల కృష్ణ చైతన్య



MALAYALAM

കേരളം: കാനേണ്ട കാഴ്ചകൾ, അനുഭവിച്ചറിയേണ്ട മനോഹാരിത

കേരളമെന്ന പേര് കേൾക്കുമ്പോൾ തന്നെ മലയാളികളുടെ മനസ്സിലേക്കെത്തുന്ന ഗാനങ്ങളാണ് "ശ്യാമസുന്ദര കേര കിനാര ഭൂമി" എന്നതും "മാമലകൾക്കപ്പുറത്ത് മരതകപ്പട്ടുടുത്ത് മലയാളമെന്നൊരു നാടുണ്ട്" എന്നതും. ഇവ രണ്ടും ഒരുപോലെ പ്രകൃതി മനോഹാരിതയെ വർണ്ണിക്കുന്നവയാണ്. ഈ വരികളിൽ പറയുന്ന പോലെ തീരമാലകൾ തഴുകുന്ന മനോഹരമായ കടൽ തീരങ്ങളും, ഗ്രാമീണ ഭംഗി തഴുകുന്ന വയലുകളും മുതൽ പച്ചപരവതാനി വിരിച്ച കുറ്റൻ മലനിരകൾ വരെ കേരളത്തിന്റെ അലങ്കാരമാണ്. ഇതിനാലായിരിക്കാം കേരളത്തിനെ ദൈവത്തിന്റെ സ്വന്തം നാട് എന്ന വിശേഷിപ്പിക്കുന്നത്. ഇത്രയും മനോഹാരിത ആരേയും ഇവിടെ താമസിക്കാൻ പ്രേരിപ്പിക്കുന്നതാണ്.

കടൽ തീരങ്ങളിൽത്തന്നെ വളരെ വ്യത്യസ്തതയാർന്നതാണ് കേരളത്തിന്റെ കടൽത്തീരങ്ങൾ, കൊട്ടകളാൽ നിറഞ്ഞ ബേക്കൽ ഫോർട്ട്, രുചിയുറുന്ന ഭക്ഷണത്തോടൊപ്പം രാവ് അലങ്കരിക്കുന്ന കോഴിക്കോടൻ തീരം, സായഹ്നം അതിമനോഹരമാക്കുന്ന സ്നേഹതീരം മുതൽ ക്ലിപ്തകളാൽ മനോഹരമായ വർകലയും ലോകപ്രശസ്തമായ കോവളവും കേരളത്തിലാണ്.

മറ്റു സംസ്ഥാനങ്ങളെ അപേക്ഷിച്ച് കേരളത്തിന്റെ വയലുകൾക്കും പ്രത്യേക ഭംഗിയുണ്ട്. വള്ളുവനാട്ടിലെ കോൾപ്പാടങ്ങളിലും , കുട്ടനാട്ടിലെ വയലുകളിലും ചെന്നാലേ അതിന്റെ കാരണം മനസിലാവുകയുള്ളൂ. ഇന്ത്യൻ പതാകയെ സ്മരിക്കും വിധം ത്രിവർണ നിറമേകുന്നതാണ് സന്ധ്യാസമയത്തെ വയൽനിരകൾ. ഈ വയൽക്കരയിൽ ഇരുന്നാൽ ആരായാലും ചിലപ്പോൾ എഴുത്തുകാരായി മാറും. ഈ തീരങ്ങളും, വയലുകളും കേരളത്തിന് സഹ്യന്റെമടിത്തട്ട് എന്നൊരു പേര് കൂടെ നൽകുന്നു.

എന്നാൽ ഇതിൽ നിന്നെല്ലാം വ്യത്യസ്തമാണ് തലയെടുപ്പോടെ നിൽക്കുന്ന സഹ്യപർവ്വതനിരകൾ. പൈതൽമലയിലും ഇരവികുളത്തും കാണുന്ന ഷോലപുൽപാടങ്ങൾ വേറിട്ടൊരു കാഴ്ച സമ്മാനിക്കുന്നു. നിത്യഹരിത വനങ്ങളും, വരണ്ട കാടുകളും, കണ്ടൽകാടുകളും എല്ലാം കേരളത്തിലുണ്ട്. ഇവിടെ കാണുന്ന ചില പക്ഷിമൃഗാതികളും, ഔഷധസസ്യങ്ങളും വേറെ ഒരിടത്തും കാണാത്തവയാണ്. മൂന്നാറും, വയനാടും കാണുന്ന തേയിലത്തോട്ടങ്ങളും, കാപ്പി, വാനില മുതലായവയും മലംചെരുവിന്റെ സൗന്ദര്യം വർദ്ധിപ്പിക്കുന്നവയാണ് .

ആലപ്പുഴയിലെ വള്ളങ്ങളും , കുമരകത്തെ കായൽ കാഴ്ചകളും, മൺറോയിലെ കടൽകാടിനു നടുവിലൂടെ ഉള്ള വഞ്ചിസവാരിയും അതിലേറെ അവിടുത്തെ മത്സ്യവിഭവങ്ങളും ലോകപ്രസിദ്ധമാണ്. ഇവയെല്ലാം കേരളസൗന്ദര്യത്തിന്റെ ചെറിയ ഒരു ശതമാനം മാത്രമാണ്. പറഞ്ഞറിയിക്കാനാവില്ല കണ്ടറിയാനേ ആവുകയുള്ളൂ ഈ പ്രകൃതി മനോഹാരിതയെ.

Adarsh G
ആദർശ് ജി





Adarsh G



Adarsh G



Adarsh G

TAMIL

எனது காடு மீதான பயணம்

மேற்கு தொடர்ச்சி மலைத் தொடரின் மடியில் வளர்ந்ததால், காடு என் மனதிற்கு எப்போதும் நெருக்கமானதாக இருந்தது.

முதுமலை, சைலண்ட் வாலி, ஆனைக்கட்டி, சத்தியமங்கலம் போன்ற இடங்களுக்கு அடிக்கடி சென்றிருப்பேன். அந்தப் பயணங்களில் ஒவ்வொன்றிலும் இயற்கையின் அழகு எனை ஆழமாக கவர்ந்தது. அதில் குறிப்பாக யானைகள் - வலிமையும், அறிவும், நெகிழ்ச்சியும் நிறைந்த அந்த உயிரினம் - எனை எப்போதும் கவர்ந்தன. ஒவ்வொரு விடுமுறையிலும் நாம் இந்தக் காடுகளுக்கே செல்வோம்; அது என் வாழ்க்கையில் இயற்கையுடன் இணைந்த சிறந்த அனுபவமாக இருந்தது.

மறக்க முடியாத முதுமலை அனுபவம்

ஒருமுறை முதுமலை காட்டு பகுதியில், காடுக்குள் பயணம் செய்யும் போது, இருபுறச் சாலையையும் நிரப்பியபடி சுமார் **150** கௌர்கள் (**INDIAN BISON**) ஒன்றாக மேய்ந்து கொண்டிருப்பதைக் கண்டேன்.

அந்தக் காட்சி எனது மனதில் என்றென்றும் பதிந்தது - அவற்றின் வலிமை, அமைதி, மற்றும் குழு ஒழுக்கம், காட்டின் இயற்கை சமநிலையை வெளிப்படுத்தியது.

அந்த ஒரு தருணமே, இயற்கையின் ஆழத்தையும் அதன் ஒற்றுமையையும் உண்மையில் உணர வைத்தது.

புதிய பார்வையின் தொடக்கம்

ஆனால் **IFS** தேர்வை வெற்றி பெற்ற பின், காடுகளைப் பார்க்கும் என் பார்வை மாறியது.

அது இனி அழகை ரசிப்பது மட்டுமல்ல; ஒவ்வொரு காடும் தனது ஆரோக்கியத்தைக் காக்க பின்புலத்தில் நடைபெறும் பாதுகாப்பு முயற்சிகளின் முக்கியத்துவத்தை உணர்த்தியது. மேலும் மனிதர்கள் "முன்னேற்றம்" என்ற பெயரில் உருவாக்கும் அழுத்தத்தை காட்டுயிர்கள் எவ்வளவு தாங்கிக்கொள்கின்றன என்பதும் தெளிவாயிற்று.

யானை போன்ற அரிய இனங்களை பாதுகாப்பது மிகப் பெரிய பொறுப்பும் சவாலும் ஆகும்.

அறிவும் மரியாதையும் வளர்த்த பயிற்சி

மேற்கு இந்தியா மற்றும் மலைப்பயணங்களின் போது கண்ட ஒவ்வொரு நிலப்பரப்பும், அந்தச் சூழலையும், அதனுடன் ஒத்துப்போகும் விலங்குகளின் பொறுமையையும், தகுந்துசெல்கிற திறனையும் மேலும் மரியாதையுடன் பார்ப்பதற்குக் காரணமாக இருந்தது.

மேலும், **IGNFA**-வில் பயிற்சியின் போது இணைந்த மனநிலை ஒத்த நண்பர்களும், பயிற்சி தொகுதியும் எனது காடுகள் மீதான மரியாதையை இன்னும் உயர்த்தின.

சேவையின் பெருமை

இறுதியில், இந்தச் சேவையின் ஒரு பகுதியாக இருப்பது உண்மையிலேயே ஒரு வரப்பிரசாதம் என உணர்கிறேன்.

ஒவ்வொரு நாளும் காடு, உயிரினங்கள், இயற்கை ஆகியவற்றுடன் இணைந்து பணிபுரிவது - என் வாழ்க்கையின் மிகப் பெருமைக்குரிய அனுபவமாகும்

Priya Dharshini S

ப்ரியா தர்ஷினி எஸ்



GUJARATI

HINDI

शायरी

તારી યાદ આવી (લદાખ વર્જન)

Dedicated to Soldiers on Border

લદાખની ઠંડી હવાનો મંદ મંદ સ્પર્શ થયો ને તારી યાદ
આવી,
શાંતિ સ્તૂપ પરથી ઢાળતી સાંજનો નજારો જોયો ને તારી
યાદ આવી,
સિંધુ-ઝાંસ્કરના સંગમ પર શીતળ જળની નિર્મળતા જોઈ
ને તારી યાદ આવી,
સફરમાં ફૂલોની વાદીયોની સુગંધ મને મળી ને તારી યાદ
આવી,
આ વેરાન પ્રદેશમાં અડીખમ ઊભા પર્વત જોયા ને તારી
યાદ આવી,
શીતળ ઝરણાં ને ઉપર નીલા આકાશની વચ્ચે એક
વાદળી જોઈ તો તારી યાદ આવી,
સરોવર કિનારે ખગોળ દર્શન વેળાએ એક તારો ખર્યો ને
તારી યાદ આવી,
મિત્રોની મહેફિલમાં હાસ્યની રેલમછેલ વચ્ચે પણ દિલના
એક ખૂણે તારી યાદ આવી,
સફર તો હતી બહારની, પરંતુ પહોંચી અંદર સુધી,
દરેક શ્વાસે હળવેથી કહ્યું 'વનિલ' - તારી યાદ આવી.

Mayur Barot
મયુર બારોટ



इश्क तो करता है हर कोई,
महबूब पर मरता है हर कोई,
कभी वतन को महबूब बना कर देखो,
तुम पर मरेगा हर कोई,

Akash Kadam
आकाश कदम

Dedicated to all UPSC aspirants
and Officers

मिल सके जो आसानी से
उसकी ख्वाहिश किसे है
जिद्द तो उसकी है जो
मुकद्दर में लिखा ही नहीं है।

Akash Kadam
आकाश कदम



HINDI

संभाल लोगी क्या?

मैं ऐसे ही हूँ
थोड़ा संभाल लोगी क्या?
हर बात पर मुस्कुरा देता हूँ
मेरी मुस्कान के पीछे मेरा दुख जान लोगी क्या?

थोड़ी सी बात पर चिढ़ जाता हूँ
पर ये चिढ़ना ज्यादा दिखाता नहीं हूँ
मेरी खामोशी के पीछे के फासले पहचान लोगी क्या?

जानना तो बहुत चाहता हूँ तुम्हारे बारे में
पर कभी ये ना कह सकुंगा कि मुझे तुम्हारे बारे में जानना है
इसी बात को पहचान कर मुझसे तुम्हारे बारे में बात कर लोगी क्या?

मेरा दुख बांटने से, मुझे समझाने के अलावा
मुझे समझ लोगी क्या?
जाने क्यों अंदर से बहुत खालीपन महसूस होता है,
वो खालीपन मिटाके खुशियों से भर दोगी क्या?

पूछना तो बहुत कुछ चाहता हूँ
कभी पूछने का मौका मिला दोगी क्या?
ऐसे ही हूँ मैं, संभाल लोगी क्या?
(Dedicated to someone special in future)

Akash Kadam
आकाश कदम

शायरी

हर बात का कोई जवाब नहीं होता
हर इश्क का नाम खराब नहीं होता।
यूँ तो झूम लेते हैं नशे में पीने वाले
मगर हर नशे का नाम शराब नहीं होता।

खामोश चेहरे पर हजारों पहरें होते हैं
हँसती आँखों में भी ज़ख्म गहरे होते हैं
जिनसे अक्सर रूठ जाते हैं हम,
असल में उनसे ही रिश्ते गहरे होते हैं।

किसी ने खुदा से दुआ मांगी
दुआ में उसने खुद की मौत मांगी,
खुदा ने कहा, मौत तो तुझे दे दूंगा मगर,
उसे क्या कहूँ जिसने तेरी जिंदगी की दुआ मांगी।

हर इंसान का दिल बुरा नहीं होता
हर एक इंसान बेवफा नहीं होता।
बुझ जाते हैं दिए कभी तेल की कमी से...
हर बार कसूर हवा का नहीं होता...!!

Akash Kadam
आकाश कदम

HINDI

पड़ाव

जीत के अनन्त में,
शीर्ष के घमंड में,
बैठ हार क्यों गया,
है समय अभी अंत में,
उठा पतवार! बढ़ा कश्ती! तू रोक मत बहाव ।
जीवन के रण-क्षेत्र में, ये है बस पड़ाव ॥

है सोच क्यों कि है बहुत,
कि कुछ अभी पाया नहीं,
निर्जीव बन क्यों रह गया,
कोई गिद्ध तो आया नहीं,
ये राह की शुरूआत है, मत ढूँढ़ ठण्डी छाँव ।
कुछ और दिन की बात है, ये है बस पड़ाव ॥

संशय नहीं संघर्ष कर,
गौरव का पथ समक्ष है,
उठा गांडीव और वार कर,
विपरीत होगा पक्ष में,
हे पार्थ! कौरव काल है, तू भूल अपने घाव ।
मंज़िल निशा का अंत है, ये है बस पड़ाव ॥

Hemant Pratap Singh
हेमन्त प्रताप सिंह (निमिष)

नवयुग

उत्सुक, उदंड, उन्मादित मन,
आसक्त, अतिरिक्त, अनहद तपन,
मंशा, माया, माला में उलझता,
क्लेशित, कुपित, कुंठित हर क्षण।

ख्याति, खुशी, ख्याति के पीछे,
व्यसन, वासना, वस्तु से सींचे,
घिरता पिसता घायल घमंड,
सोचे, समझे, सीखे बस धन

हासिल हज़ार, हस्ती विक्षिप्त,
लीला, लालच, लाभ-हानि में लिप्त,
भ्रमित, भयभीत, भक्षी इंसान,
परम पुण्य-पथ विचलित प्राण।

रोको राक्षसी रटंत ध्वनि,
तोड़ो तुरंत यह तीक्ष्ण कड़ी,
यथायोग्य यश योग से प्राप्त,
करें 'निमिष' नितिन नवयुग निर्माण।

Hemant Pratap Singh
हेमन्त प्रताप सिंह (निमिष)

दास्ताँ ए खामोश

दामन चीर के अपना
तेरी नदियों को बहाया है
पतझड़ में बेबस हो के भी
तेरी राहों को सजाया है
रायेगाँ होकर भी तेरी नजरों से
मैंने नूर ए बहार खिलाया है
तेरे आसमां में रंग भरने वाले
उन परिंदों को भी बसाया है
दी हयाते जहां को पनाह मैंने
तो कभी तेरा घर भी बनाया है
हां में उसी जंगल का शज़र हूं
जिस पर तुमने तबर चलाया है

रायेगाँ = Useless/fruitless
हयात ए जहां = All living creatures of the world
शज़र = Tree
तबर = Axe

Keyur Bhoj
केयूर भोज

A large, dark tree in the foreground with a classical building in the background under a dramatic sky.

Beyond the Bark

Parakh Sarda

SYSTEM UPDATE

....from chaos to clarity!!



I remember the days when I would pray to God for my selection in the UPSC exam. Years of hustle, disappointment, and failures had left me disillusioned with life. But, it is often said that no matter how dark and long the tunnel, there is always light at the end. The day of 8th May 2024 will forever remain unforgettable in my life. It was the day when my patience, hard work, and prayers bore fruit. I can vividly recall every moment of that day. It was on this day that my life moved from chaos to clarity. I was selected for the prestigious Indian Forest Service. Tears of joy and relief flowed freely finally, it had happened. I was determined to join the professional training course at the Indira Gandhi National Forest Academy (IGNFA).

On 8th December 2024, I arrived at the Academy. Its lush green campus, chirping birds, sturdy trees, vibrant flowers, picturesque roads, and the magnificent Forest Research Institute (FRI) building left me in awe and admiration. My time at the Academy was filled with classroom learnings, field activities, and tours. Every activity was designed to push probationers beyond their boundaries. Classroom sessions provided an in-depth understanding of the technical aspects of forestry. The Indian Forest Service is renowned for the quality of its tours, and I was fortunate to be part of the West India Tour. Covering five states, I gained firsthand knowledge of the incredible diversity of ecosystems across our country. The lessons from the Introductory Tour and Forest Mensuration Exercise will guide me for years to come. This tour sensitized us towards the demands of nature and what steps can be taken to develop resilience in the environment.



The people at the Academy were fun-loving and supportive, ensuring no one felt homesick. While we faced our share of hostel challenges such as the fire incident in B Block lounge, monkeys entering rooms and taking fruits with pride, theft in hostel followed by restricting delivery agents to hostel gate, water seepage issues, and missing cycles we embraced and enjoyed those moments.



On a personal front, I gained immensely from the Academy. I had multiple leadership opportunities, including Duty Officer (DO), Subgroup Leader (SGL), and Assistant Group Leader (AGL). These roles instilled discipline and taught me how to execute tasks effectively as a team leader. My personal favourite position was that of DO- because there are few moments in life when your batchmates respond to your commands like "Parade Savdhan" and "Parade Vishram" with such precision.

I believe that the first selection in the UPSC exam is always special, and the Indian Forest Service will always hold a cherished place in my heart. The learning and confidence gained during training will play a significant role in my life. I will always treasure the friendships formed at the Academy, because no matter how excellent an institution is, it is your friends who make it feel like home. One word that perfectly captures my experience at the Academy is "Contentment." I feel truly grateful and blessed to have been part of the 56th RR family. The lessons, friendships and experiences at IGNFA have proved that every struggle is a step towards clarity and fulfilment.



Sweta (IFS 2024 - IAS 2025)

"FORREST GUMP'S GUIDE TO IGNFA: FAQs FOR THE FEARLESS PROBATIONERS"

Q1. Why does everyone call our Academy "FRI" when it clearly isn't?

Outsiders think we spend our days studying trees. We don't correct them, it helps when you want to sound like a botanist instead of a bureaucrat in training.

Q2. What's the S&LM Module?

A black hole in the time-space continuum. Minutes stretch into epochs. Only the fittest, or the mildly delusional return.

Q3. Who or what is O.I.G.S.?

Your new best friend, therapist, philosopher, and sometime nemesis. It knows your secrets and still schedules another lecture.

Q4. Why is there always no rain at 6 a.m.?

That's Lord Indra's way of reminding you that "outdoor PT" was academy's idea.

Q5. Why does everyone keep saying "Sir, kuch kijiye!!"?

It's the Service's version of "Alexa, fix my life." Sadly, results vary.

Q6. What are OLQs, and why must I carry them in my pocket?

Officer-Like Qualities. Portable, invisible, and often misplaced somewhere between breakfast and PT ground.

Q7. How fast should I be at filling Google Forms?

Light-speed. It's the only test that truly measures your readiness. Don't worry, the Introductory Tour will test your endurance next.

Q8. Can I keep my beard?

You can love your beard. The Academy obviously won't like it.

Q9. Why do I question my Mess Bill every month?

Because it's the one mystery more complex than the Indian Constitution. Bring a calculator and a prayer.

Q10. How good is the cycle repairing facility?

Let's just say the mechanics there have shorter tenures than BYJU's interns.

Q11. What does NP stand for again?

"Non-Performing Probationer." Don't worry, you're not an asset; you're just under review.

Q12. Is it raining in Dehradun?

Always. Don't ask. Just invest in good boots and waterproof optimism.

Q13. Can I go out this weekend?

You can plan to. The Academy is already planning otherwise.

Q14. Why did I even bring a laptop?

So ChatGPT could help you handwrite your reports. Tradition meets technology in the most tragic way possible.

TAKSHAK: A BRUSH WITH THE SERPENT KING

It was on a quiet forest trail, somewhere between the rustle of dry leaves and the hush of pine-scented air, that I met him- silent, still, and coiled like a question waiting to be asked.

A pit viper, the guard whispered, as he gently held me back with an arm that knew the forest much better than I did. Just a foot away, the creature lay across our path, its green scales glinting like polished stone in the filtered sunlight.

I had never seen one before - not like this, not in the wild. And yet, there he was, as if summoned from the pages of an old story. My heart thudded, not from fear, but from a sudden, overwhelming awareness of how fragile we are in the presence of nature's quiet power.

It reminded me of a tale from the Mahabharata, one that had lingered in my mind since childhood. The story of King Parikshit, grandson of Arjuna, who was cursed to die in seven days, from the bite of Takshak, the serpent king. Parikshit, wise and wary, withdrew from the world. He built a towering fortress with seven stories and retreated to its highest chamber. For six days, he lived like a sage: no indulgence, no pleasure, surviving on meagre meals and quiet contemplation. He knew that desire was a doorway, and he kept it shut.

But on the seventh day, the door creaked open. A simple craving, a fruit, sweet and ripe - was all it took. He gave in, just once. And Takshak came, hidden within the fruit, striking with the inevitability of fate. The king fell, not to the serpent's venom alone, but to the soft whisper of desire he could no longer resist.

As I watched the viper slowly glide into the undergrowth, I felt a kinship with Parikshit—not in his fall, but in his struggle. The snake had no quarrel with me. It could have struck, but it chose not to. It moved with a grace that was almost regal, as if aware of its own power and the fear it inspired.

In that moment, I understood why our ancestors revered the serpent: not just as a symbol of danger, but of wisdom, restraint, and the quiet dignity of nature. The viper didn't need to assert its strength. Its presence alone was enough.

And perhaps that's the lesson Parikshit left behind - not just about fate, but about the importance of moderation. That even in the safety of towers, it is our own desires that can undo us. The forest, like life, asks only that we walk gently, with respect for its creatures, and for our own impulses.

As the forest closed behind the viper, I felt a strange gratitude for the encounter, for the story, and for the reminder that sometimes, survival is not about strength, but about silence, restraint, and the wisdom to walk away.

Jigyasu Agrawal





GAUGIN THE LEGEND

Our friend Gaugin Gyanendra Singh carries a name as legendary as his life. Gaugin, because he is the true son of Adam. Gyanendra, because he once gave gyan to Buddha himself. And Singh, because his first field dress was nothing less than a lion's skin.

As one of the earliest children of Adam and Eve, Gaugin decided not to marry. (If you got this joke, congratulations: you're an intellectual!) Later, Gaugin fell in love with the Bronze Dancing Girl, who used to perform exclusively for him.

Some 4.6 billion years ago, Gaugin got bored and decided to play with a ball: thus, he created Earth. Then he got hungry and created the apple tree. But apples kept floating away in space, so Gaugin invented gravity- just so Adam and Eve could have a proper snack.

He created so many trees that forests came into existence, and biodiversity expanded in direct proportion to the number of hairs on his head. Then one day, an alien from Krypton landed on Earth, and Gaugin patiently taught him how to wear underwear properly.





Gaugin is so old that his first camera trap was a cave painting. He is so old that his first field uniform was leopard skin. He is so old that when he joined service, Ashoka was still personally planting Ashoka trees. And he is so old that he issued the first ever transit permit for firewood to Homo- erectus.

But jokes apart, Gaugin is the most mature person in our batch. He has written more mains than most of us have written emails, 15 in total: 9 of Civil Services and 6 of Forest Services. And in one of the exam he failed because he was unable to reach the centre due to continental drift.

Dalbergia Kanoujia





GAUGINOCENE



Gaugin's nickname is Adam

Gaugin missed writing one mains during Emergency

Gaugin was pandit in Shiv-Parvati marriage

Gaugin was the one who called Brandis to India

When Gaugin wanted to visit Siberia, he turned Indian subcontinent towards Eurasia

G. T. Road was originally named as Gaugin's Travel Road

Old hostel was new when Gaugin was child

Gaugin got his Driving License while trying his hand on a chariot.

He then gave the chariot to Arjuna.

Gaugin's APAR used to be transmitted through actual Sparrows

The apple fell on Newton because Gaugin shook the tree

Gaugin's childhood photos can be seen at Bhimbetka





SIGHTING A TIGER

The First Tiger Sighting in the Wild - Tadoba

We were staying at the Chandrapur Academy, and our safari was scheduled for the early morning. To catch the golden light, we had to wake up at 4:30 AM. Despite several safaris in the past, I had never seen a tiger in the wild. But this time felt different as it was my first safari as an IFS officer. Maybe the stars were aligned for me; maybe this was the day I would finally spot those yellow stripes gliding through the grasses.

We went to bed early, only to wake up groggy at 4:00 AM with all my camera gear packed. A few batchmates were still asleep, so our group resorted to an old LBSNAA tactic, blasting patriotic songs to wake everyone. "Mere desh waasiyo" echoed across the hostel corridors as we went around in high spirits.

By 6:00 AM, we were at the Tadoba gates, splitting into gypsies. My group included Navdeep, Yash, Anubhav, and our GL Raj. Brimming with excitement, we pestered our guide with questions. He reassured us confidently, "You will see a tiger today."

The safari began with the usual sightings of spotted deer, langurs, and the endless chatter of birds. I clicked photos of everything, but the nagging thought remained, where was the tiger? When news came that other gypsies from our batch had already spotted four tigers, my heart sank. Frustration and disappointment set in; maybe once again luck would betray me.

Our guide, sensing our dejection, decided to take a different route to a kill site. A fresh sambar kill lay there, but too many vehicles crowded the spot. Chances seemed slim. That's when it happened.

"Dhaank... Dhaank..."

The sharp, guttural alarm call of a sambar broke the silence. My pulse quickened. The driver revved up and took us to a lake on the northern edge of the road. From the higher ground, we scanned the water's edge. At first, nothing. Then, faint movement across the far bank and suddenly, stripes! Not one, but three tigers, a tigress with two cubs approaching the lake to drink.



The driver predicted they would cross towards the road, so we hurried ahead. Hearts pounding, cameras ready, we waited. Minutes felt like hours. Then, a rustle. Out of the tall grasses emerged a cub, and my camera went into a frenzy hundreds of shots in seconds. Another cub followed, playful and curious. They wrestled like kittens, honing their hunting skills. One even marked a tree, practicing the art of claiming territory.

Soon, gypsies lined up behind us, but the cubs settled right in front of our vehicle, unbothered by the human audience. For nearly 25 minutes, time stood still. I clicked relentlessly at first, but eventually put the camera down, choosing instead to just absorb the miracle unfolding before my eyes. Childhood memories of watching tigers on NatGeo and Discovery flooded back, except this time, it was real.

And then she arrived. The queen herself: Choti Tara, one of Tadoba's legendary tigresses. I recognised her instantly from countless reels and documentaries. With the grace of a monarch and the indifference of one who knows her power, she walked past our gypsy. Cameras clicked, but no lens could capture the aura of that moment. Not even a Miss World could match the elegance in her stride.

With a low moan, she summoned her cubs, who ran to her side. Together, the three crossed the road and melted into the shrubs. There, hidden from most eyes, the tigress licked and groomed her cubs with tenderness. It was pure love, coupled with the strength of a predator who could bring down a gaur.

For me, this was not just a sighting. It was the fulfillment of a childhood dream, the moment I had longed for through countless safaris. It reaffirmed why I chose this Service, why I dedicate myself to the cause of forests and wildlife. That morning in Tadoba, as Choti Tara and her cubs disappeared into the wild, I knew, I would forever remain indebted to the Indian Forest Service for giving me this privilege.

Rajat Kumar Singh



THE PEDAL DIARIES 1:

ROBBER'S CAVE EXPEDITION

It was Sunday, April 13, the long-awaited weekend after a brutal week of training. A perfect day for adventure! Five of us: Nithin, Sandeep, Rahul, Chidu, and I (Shashi) decided to cycle to Robber's Cave. At 7 a.m., Nithin and Sandeep barged in to wake me up. I wasn't too keen, but their excitement was infectious.



Soon, we were on our bikes, tires pumped, spirits high, and music blasting through the cool morning air. The ride was mostly uphill, but the jokes, songs, and banter kept our legs moving. After 12 km, we finally rolled in around 8:30 a.m., starving. Breakfast at a nearby dhaba - aloo paratha, poha, omelette hit the spot (Nithin's treat!). We rented crocs and waded into the cave. It was crowded at first, but the deeper we went, the quieter and prettier it got. Cold water on our feet, echoing rocks, and the rush of the stream, pure bliss. We took photos, made slo-mo videos, and laughed at our own commentary. I suggested Maggi, but democracy killed the idea. By the time we came out, the sun was merciless. The first stretch back was uphill, so we pushed our bikes. Chidu nearly got grazed by a car – instant heart attack moment! Then came the glorious downhill – Nithin, Sandeep, and Rahul raced ahead, while Chidu and I enjoyed the breeze at our own pace. At the academy gate, we pretended our “delay” was due to coconut water breaks (no one bought it). We cruised back no-hands, grinning like kids. Lunch was biryani, followed by a nap that felt like heaven. Evening IPL, RCB beat RR, and since only Chidu supported RR, he became the entertainment. Exhausted but happy, we crashed early, our Sunday ride had everything: thrill, chaos, and friendship that'll be hard to forget.

Shashikumar S L



THE PEDAL DIARIES 2: ROAD TO RISHIKESH

It all began at 5:30 AM, under a sky that couldn't decide whether to bless or drench us. The rain poured, the clouds mocked, and our WhatsApp group debated: "Cancel or go?" Of course, we went. Bags stuffed under ponchos, hearts filled with reckless optimism, and legs still half-asleep.

The road to Rishikesh was no easy friend. It was hilly, wet, and seemed to climb forever. We could see Anubhav slowly making his way to the top, panting and drenched but with an unwavering spirit. Just when morale (and glucose levels) began to dip, Century Café appeared like an oasis. Hot breakfast, coffee, and laughter revived our spirits. But the road had other plans.

A loud hiss - Venky's tire had given up. No puncture kit. No help in sight. So, we dragged the poor cycle for 10-12 km, each paddle heavier than the last. Finally, after six long hours, we rolled into Rishikesh around noon - muddy, sore, but victorious.

Rishikesh wasn't done with us yet. Vats's disc brakes had melted, Parakh's disoriented handle showed how he had survived a fall into the valley on an incline. In pursuit of the original choti wala amongst 100s of 'original/real/best' choti wala restaurant, Anubhav managed to find the worst one somehow, earning him the monicker of 'Dinesh Ji, the Choti wala'. With repairs done and stomachs filled beside the roaring monsoon Ganges, we felt like conquerors.

Then came the dreaded words: "Time to head back." Tired legs screamed in protest, but the day had more heroes - Akshay and Sarbajit, our very own F1-style support crew, driving behind with bags, snacks, and unshakable encouragement.

Yet, halfway back, the mind began to betray us. The road stretched endlessly. Pedals felt like concrete. With 25 km to go, dizziness crept in. At 18 km, we hit the wall - both physically and mentally. Prajwal - the man for the crisis then discovered what has been the true UPSC preparation times saviour, Rajma Chawal. Hot, spicy, miraculous rajma chawal that refueled body, soul, and spirit. Within minutes, the road seemed friendlier. The final stretch was conquered with newfound energy, laughter, and disbelief at what we'd done.

At 6:30 PM, after 111 km and 13 unforgettable hours, we rolled back into Dehradun - drenched, exhausted, but grinning ear to ear. Because that day, it wasn't just a cycling trip. It was proof that sometimes, the hardest rides lead to the best stories.



Parakh Sarda

FROM TRACKS TO TRAILS: THE RUNNING CHRONICLES

When we first joined the Indian Forest Service training at IGNFA, none of us imagined that running would become such a way of life. During the qualifying test for the service, the infamous 25 km run loomed large like a mountain. We practiced with trembling legs and anxious hearts, humming “Lakshya to har haal mein paana hai” under our breath, believing that once we crossed that finish line, we’d hang up our running shoes forever. Little did we know, that was not the end, it was the ‘shuruaat’ of something beautiful.

Soon enough, what began as a casual idea became a phenomenon: The Runners’ Club of IGNFA. It started with a few enthusiasts and a WhatsApp group full of motivation, memes, and madness. Slowly, more people joined in: the ones who ran for fitness, the ones who ran for fun, and the ones who ran just to not miss out on the post-run chai at Amul!

Every evening, as Dehradun’s mist rolled over the campus, a bunch of half-awake (from the interesting classes :p) but determined trainees laced up their shoes. Some ran to the tune of “Zinda hai toh, pyaala pooraa bhar le!”, while others found rhythm in Imagine Dragon’s “Whatever It Takes”. Rain or shine, we ran through the campus, and alongside each other’s laughter and grit.

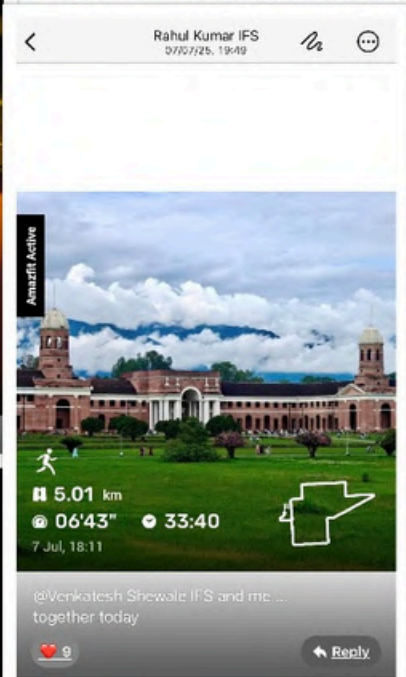
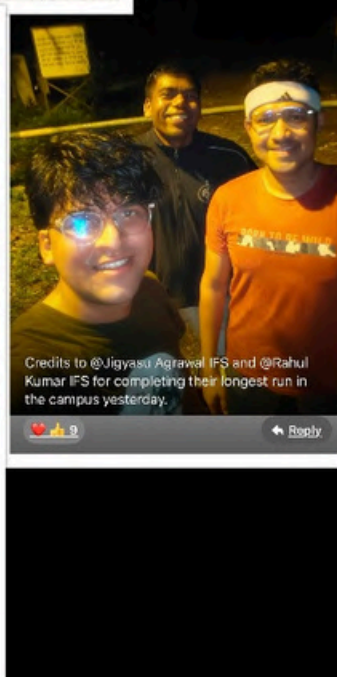
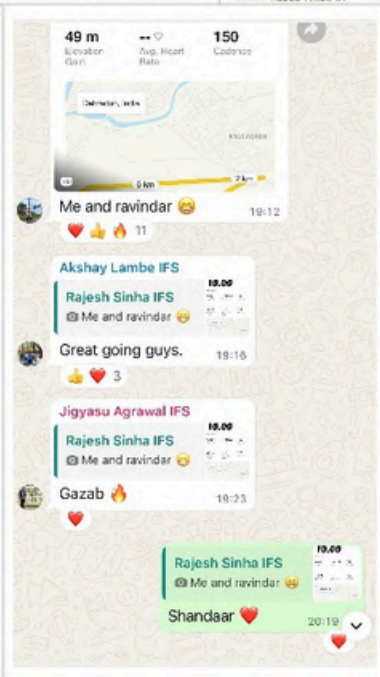
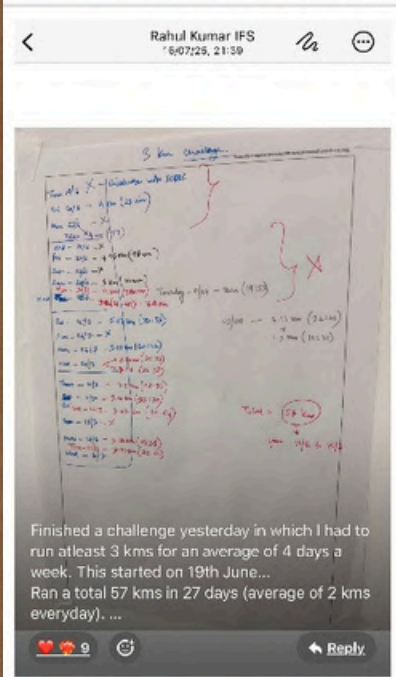
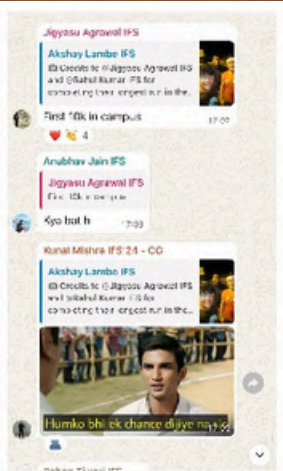
The Runners’ Club wasn’t just about kilometres; it was about character. Every run tested our endurance, but more importantly, it strengthened our bonds. There were days of muscle pain, but also days of celebration when someone hit a new personal best or completed their first 10K.

The culmination came during the Annual Sports Meet Cross Country Run. That morning, the air was thick with excitement and perhaps a little fear. As the whistle blew, everyone sprinted not to defeat others, but to conquer themselves. When we crossed the finish line that day, it wasn’t just victory, it was realization. We had come far, not just in distance, but in determination. The Runners’ Club had turned us from hesitant joggers into passionate runners, from individuals into a community.

And as the sun set behind the Shivaliks that evening, one could almost hear the collective heartbeat of UPSC whispers, “Zindagi ek race hai... aur hum sab daud rahe hain, khushi khushi.”

Parakh Sarda





It's Time

We are but a part of Nation
Where war is considered the Last Motion
We are but a part of Humanity
So how can we Identify the Enmity
Which is but a part of Us
becoming Hard to Identify as Thus
Showing its fangs during Aggression
Claiming more wounds during Retaliation
How can we tackle this Enmity
By being Buddha during such Atrocity
We must reconsider our Notion
And show proportionate Motion
so that we can Identify the Enmity
That has plagued Humanity for Eternity

Vikram Hire

OPERATION SINDOOR

THE VERSATILITY OF LOUNGE

In the world of Harry Potter, the Room of Requirement is a mysterious and magical place that appears only when someone truly needs it. It changes its form depending on what the person is looking for, a classroom, a hiding spot, a practice room, or even a battlefield. It is a space that understands its people and adapts to their needs. For us, that same magic exists right here in our old hostel lounges. Without any spells or wands, this room manages to become exactly what everyone wants it to be. It might not appear out of thin air, but the moment you step inside, you realize it has everything you require, be it warmth, laughter, comfort, and an atmosphere that can turn even the most ordinary evening into a memory.

The lounge is the heart and soul of hostel life. On most days, it buzzes with energy, laughter, and movement. One evening, it might be covered in balloons and cake crumbs after a birthday celebration, while the next morning it might transform into a calm study zone filled with open laptops, notebooks, and tea cups. The same sofas that hosted a dance-off the night before suddenly become the base for serious discussions about syllabus and deadlines. Like the Room of Requirement, it has no fixed identity; its purpose depends entirely on what the probationers need at that moment.

When it comes to celebrations, the lounge has seen them all. From birthday parties with loud music and confetti flying everywhere to late-night surprise parties, it is always the go-to venue. People squeeze in from all sides, someone switches on a playlist, someone else brings snacks, and suddenly, the entire place turns festive. There is laughter, cake on faces, and the familiar chaos of friendship. The lights might flicker, the speakers might stutter, but nothing dampens the spirit of the celebration.

Then comes the gaming era of the lounge. On many evenings, it becomes a battle zone filled with the sound of table tennis rallies in A-block, pool balls clinking in B-block, and intense mafia arguments where everyone swears they are innocent. A few corners are taken up by cards and chess, and somewhere, there is always one person watching and commenting on everyone's game. These are moments when competition mixes perfectly with laughter, and nobody wants to leave even when it's long past sleep.





When we are back from class, exhausted to the core, it is the lounge which waits for us, with snacks and beverages. It is here where rumours are born, every topic under the sun is discussed, and all sorts of rants are made. A fun little story or someone's moment of glory, the walls of this lounge have heard them all. Even the silent whispers which probationers make, when they are out of room, looking for a safe space to make some private conversations.

But the magic of the lounge is that it knows when to calm down too. During exams, the same space transforms into a silent zone of group studies. People huddle together over notes, some explaining concepts, others pretending to understand. The sound of pens scratching, pages turning, and tea and coffee being poured replaces the usual music. There are short breaks for snacks and gossip, but somehow everyone ends up learning something by the end of the night. The energy changes, yet the comfort remains the same.

It is also the center for all club meetings and discussions. The literary club, cultural club, mess committee, and others use it as their official headquarters. Sometimes debates fill the air, sometimes laughter, and sometimes serious brainstorming. Plans for events, scripts for plays, and menus for mess are all born here. The lounge has witnessed countless arguments, last-minute decisions, and creative ideas that later turn into memories for the whole batch.

There was one day, however, when the lounge showed a very different side of itself. It was the day of the fire in B-lounge, an incident that none of us will ever forget. A fan wire caught fire and within moments, the entire lounge was engulfed in flames. The pool table, sofas, and chairs that had seen so many moments of joy were gone in a flash. Smoke filled the corridor and chaos spread, but the probationers of B-block rose to the challenge with courage and unity. Use of fire extinguisher was practically experienced for the first time. When the fire finally went out, all that remained was the smell of burnt wood and the memory of how quickly the lounge that had once brought joy became a test of strength. It was a strange day when the heart of the block faced its own trial, and yet even in that, the spirit of the place stayed alive.



Lounge unites...



Of course, no description of the lounge is complete without mentioning the legendary printer of D-block. It sits quietly in a corner like a moody guardian of the room, deciding on random days whether it will work or not. People still gather around it in hope, armed with pen drives and print commands. When it fails, someone always jokes, someone always helps, and the frustration somehow turns into another story to tell.

Then come the evenings when the lounge becomes an escape. Friends gather with snacks and laughter. Music fills the room, sometimes melodious, sometimes completely out of tune. Dance practices happen in one corner, and in another, someone is sketching or working on crafts. The floor is scattered with paint, glitter, and wrappers, yet no one minds because this mess feels alive. It is the kind of place where people can just be themselves, without rules or restrictions.

Just like the Room of Requirement, the lounge gives everyone exactly what they need. A space to celebrate, to study, to play, to create, or simply to relax. It has seen joy, stress, friendship, and even silence, holding all of it together in its own unique charm. While Hogwarts may have needed magic to create such a place, we managed it through warmth, companionship, and a shared spirit of togetherness. The old hostel lounge might not disappear or reappear at will, but its magic is real. It changes every day, yet always feels like home. It is not just a room; it is a living memory, a symbol of how ordinary spaces can become extraordinary simply because of the people who fill them.

Hemant Pratap Singh



FINDING ~~THE MOLE~~ JERRY

Hello/ Namaste

It's me... Jerry. Time to confess and finally reveal my true identity. Oh wait... Identity? My bad. I'm not Jerry to you people, right? According to your Sherlock Holmes-level investigation, I'm THE MOLE.

Yes, the Mole. The one who sees everything, hears everything, and somehow knows everything that happens around here and the one who lives happily while you lose CL, salary, conduct marks, and whatever little dignity you had left.

You can rant about me in WhatsApp groups, call me cunning, over-smart or lucky. There are allegations that I sit back peacefully watching Breaking Bad on my so-called "permanent exemption," while you struggle in the PT ground.

Did I say PT? Oh, that's my favourite. You drag yourself out of bed half-asleep every morning, while I'm believed to enjoy my dreams and still be considered a keen-type probationer. You wonder how? Simple. By asking some random questions in class. Somehow, the schedule always works out in my favour, a pure coincidence.

Think you've guessed me? Haha... If you think you can figure out my name from this, I honestly feel sorry for your IQ. You think my name starts with A, could be B also.

I make silly, stupid videos and posters for the batch. Some people even compare me with the director of Baahubali. I'm believed by many to get exemptions very often and somehow escape memos for using mobile under the ever-convincing excuse of video editing. While you stand in the line explaining yourself for silly mistakes, I just hide behind my so-called innocent smile.

Meowww... Did you hear about the cat gift? Yeah, that cat does half the work for me. Maybe the cat is the mole too. For you all, it's the stricter version. For me, it's all smiling emojis.

When you people complain about the mess food, that's my opportunity to become a victim and walk away like a hero. Of course, after sharing a few insider updates with the right audience.





Oh, so now I'm the mess secretary? Sure? Maybe I'm the nature club secretary too... sorry, the movie club secretary. Yeah, I'm also known for using my mighty powers to screen documentaries to save the day. A one-person army. While you were waiting for attendance roll call, I was already rolling into the safe zone.

Hope you got some names by now. You people keep crying about the fairness, but the loudest anti-mole warriors are the biggest moles. WhatsApp group gossip travels faster than the speed of Wi-Fi (definitely not our old hostel Wi-Fi). Then I act shocked. My acting is so good it deserves an Oscar. Even I clap from my underground tunnel.

The funniest part is the hero who shouts "hypocrite!" in the group, acting like the batch's saviour. I take a few dramatic scoldings here and there like a sacrificial goat. It's just part of the grand performance, a good cop bad cop game. I call you all to skip PT, question your guts, even put up polls. And then? I'll be the first one sprinting to the PT ground with "all my guts." A true mole in hero's costume.

A male, a female or any of the LGBTQIA+ too. An Indian or a Bhutanese. A single person or a group of sleeper cells or maybe just nobody. That's me. So, keep searching. Keep guessing. Keep fighting among yourselves. I will remain hidden. I'll remain fictional in your minds. My reward is my anonymity. The more you hunt for me, deeper I dig. Every time you point fingers, you only prove how clueless you are.

EoL, Salary cuts, representation letters, differential treatment, conduct marks, No exemption, CL deduction... uff... *Everything is fair in love, war and politics.*

So, Stop wasting energy trying to unearth me through your allegations and accusations. Instead just do your duty and follow the rules. The mole might exist... or might never have been born. Either way, let's choose to live peacefully in the real world, not in a world of fiction

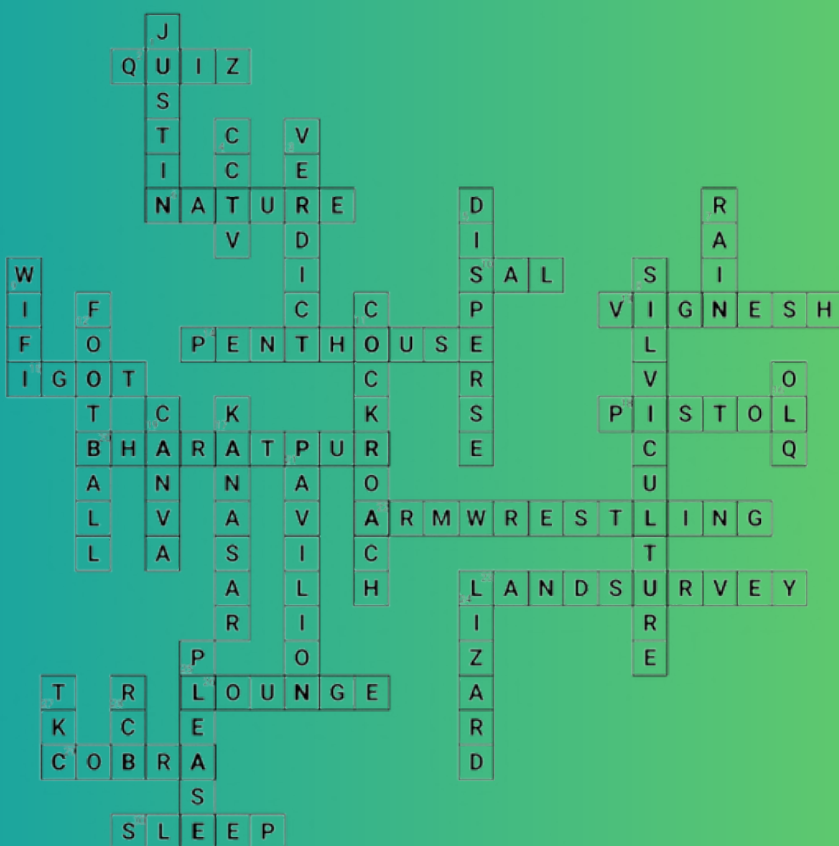
Forever hidden
Your beloved invisible batchmate
JERRY (@ the mole)



"BREAKING ONE RULE WHILE FOLLOWING ANOTHER - TRIPLE RIDING, BUT ALL HEADS COVERED! HELMETS UNITE, COPS CONFUSED!"



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Dear Memories...



journey continues...



