

कावेरी बनर्जी

सचिव

Kavery Banerjee

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डाक विभाग
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भारत सरकार
डाक भवन, संसद मार्ग
नई दिल्ली-110001

Department of Posts
Ministry of Communications & IT
Government of India
Dak Bhawan, Sansad Marg
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Message

Rafi Ahmed Kidwai National Postal Academy has been playing a pivotal role in shaping the probationers and officers of the Indian Postal Service into professionally competent managers and team leaders. I congratulate the Director of the Academy and his team of officers for this initiative towards bringing out an Academy journal, with major inputs from the Probationers of 2013 batch, who are passing out this month.

These articles offer fresh insights and perspectives which can point towards new ways of thinking and doing in today's fast changing and challenging environment, which also offers tremendous and exciting opportunities for growth.

I extend my best wishes to the Indian Postal Service officers, and particularly the Probationers who will be taking up their new responsibilities very shortly. I am sure that they will not only shine, but also take the Department to new heights with their commitment, sincerity, and hard work.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "K. Banerjee".

(KAVERY BANERJEE)



एस.के. सिन्हा
सदस्य (मा.सं.वि.)
डाक सेवा बोर्ड
S.K. Sinha
Member (HRD)
Postal Services Board



भारतीय डाक विभाग
(संचार एवं सूचना प्रौद्योगिकी मंत्रालय)
डाक भवन, संसद मार्ग
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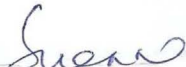
Department of Posts, India
Ministry of Communications & IT
Dak Bhawan, Sansad Marg,
New Delhi-110001

May 20, 2015

MESSAGE

I am pleased to know that the Rafi Ahmed Kidwai National Postal Academy is organizing Graduation Day on 2nd June, 2015 and releasing an Academy Journal on this occasion.

It is a very proud moment for the Indian Postal Service Probationers of 2013. On this occasion, I congratulate and convey my best wishes to the probationers in their pursuit of making India Post an excellent organization. I also convey my best wishes and appreciate the hard work done by RAKNPA.


(S.K. Sinha)

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प्रदीप्त कुमार बिशोई
निदेशक

रफी अहमद किदवाई नेशनल पोस्टल अकादमी
कमला नेहरू नगर, गाजियाबाद-201002

डाक विभाग
संचार एवं सूचना प्रौद्योगिकी मंत्रालय
भारत सरकार



Pradipta Kumar Bisoi
Director

Rafi Ahmed Kidwai National Postal Academy,
Kamla Nehru Nagar, Ghaziabad-201002
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Ministry of Communications & IT
Government of India

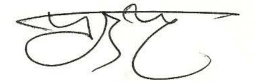
I have great pleasure in conveying my best wishes to all the Probationers on completion of their Professional Course. It is a matter of great pride that the Academy has made consistent progress, year on year, in the quality of professional training.

Challenges and Opportunities are two sides of the same coin. In the fast changing world, India Post has to keep pace with the demand of the new generation and IT environment. Indian Postal Service Officers need not only the knowledge and skill in their armory but also proper attitude, leadership and empathy for meeting the requirement of our esteemed customers as well as the employees.

Overall development of the Officers is the goal of our Academy and we all have tried to ensure that no stone is left unturned to equip the officers for the new challenges. I wish to congratulate the entire faculty for encouraging and guiding the probationers for their all-round development.

This academic journal by the probationers is a very good beginning to share their experience in the Academy. This will be a memoir of their joy and learning in the Academy.

I wish the probationers all the best for achieving greater success and scaling newer heights not only in their career but also in their life ahead.



(Pradipta Kumar Bisoi)

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V K Tiwary
Additional Director



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MESSAGE

Date: 27th May, 2015

I am happy that National Postal Academy is organizing Graduation Day for Indian Postal Service 2013 batch probationers on 5th June, 2015. It is one of the auspicious occasion for the Indian Postal Service 2013 Probationers. On this proud moment, I congratulate my probationers and wish them every success. On the eve of the Graduation Day, an Academy Journal is going to be released.

I am confident that with their two years of probation and sincere learning they will be a very good manager in their respective assignments in future.


(V K Tiwary)

Editorial



I am delighted to see the inaugural issue of Academy Journal brought out by the probationers of 2013 batch. It gives me immense pleasure in congratulating the probationers on completion of their Professional Course. As a course director, I am privileged to have been associated with the professional and personal development of the trainee officers.

This memoir reflects the true spirit of camaraderie, joy and learning at the Academy, which is something that they will cherish and treasure in their later years.

I would also like to thank Ms. Bipasha and Mr. Surekh for the contribution in the editing of this memoir.

I wish all the probationers a wonderful personal life and great professional success.



(Umesh Verma)
Course Director & Joint Director

My..Batch.....2013.0...



It's been a roller coaster ride being the CR of this dynamic batch for two full modules. Here is a brief introduction of the batch which has been titled "the best batch" wherever it has gone to.

Ajinkya: Meet Bond, Doctor Bond, resident of Room no 007 which has been the unofficial infirmary of the academy. Our doctor saab is a rule bound, fun loving, "heat resistant" foodie. Our "Kejru" will definitely be voted the as the "conscience keeper" of the batch.

Alex: father of Angel (and I mean it!!). Chetta underwent a metamorphosis in the 3rd module and discovered his adventurous side, and we definitely like this guy better. The biker, star gazer, photographer, poet, writer is also the legal advisor of the batch.

They say bad boys fall 4 the prettiest girl in college and **Princy** proves it yet again. The better half of Mr Rebel keeps him calm with her gentle smile.

Bipasha and Gaurav: can't even think of them as two different individuals. The inseparable two complement each other hence making a complete whole. The calm and composed beauty loves Gaurav and also books, ayurveda and yoga. The witty intelligent gentleman loves his lady and also music. The love birds are the gourmets of the batch.

Hammad: our shayar is a thorough gentleman. This soft spoken orator is the impromptu performer at the culturals, rescuing the rest of us. His shy smile adds to the witty leg pulling. His helpful nature is a hit amongst all. But the best part about him are **Hammud** and **Sayeeda** who complete him.

Meet: the future secretary. He is full of life, always ready to travel and maximises on fun by being an insomniac. The youngest guy of the batch is still single because he is still romancing numbers. He is definitely the best sportsman of the batch.

Moona: a true believer of the maxim "in simplicity lies beauty". She also believes that she is God's gift to mankind (those of us who love her will agree). Her most treasured possession is her smile, and she is very thrifty when it comes to using it. The "chocolate" girl will definitely be voted as the most "loquacious" person of the batch.

Preeti: goddess Annapurna who fasts Mon to Sun. This workaholic shopaholic has a fabulous sense of dressing that has won her accolades everywhere. You want

something to get done, you know who to lean on. She no doubt is Miss Dependable of the batch.

Puneet: the pied piper of Hamelin flutist of RAKNPA. His two loves are Sharada and his sleep. This artist is still ignorant about the invention called the alarm clock, most of us who wake him up after the sessions start can vouch for it. The Maradona of RAKNPA is also an amazing cartoonist. He is definitely the most bindaas guy of the batch.

Surekh: this grammar Nazi also has two loves, the beautiful Veena and his boring book collection. This man who knows too much is always there for you when you need him, esp when it comes to giving vote of thanks or impromptu speeches. This crazy, lazy writer and poet with the gift of the gab is the Mr Wikipedia of the batch.

Sandesh: this "comrade" has 200 ties, wears Ray ban, Tissot and the most exquisite suits. This Kumar Sanu fan's "love for 90s music" disease is getting contagious; Meet has already acquired it (all the best to the rest of us!). His coy smile wins hearts wherever he goes. And our Kamal Hassan is also the unofficial "kTP" of the batch.

Veena: the unofficial batchmate for two years. The nightingale who completes our Mr Wikipedia. This beauty with cascading tresses has saved us with her wise advice many a time. Her cute smile and expressions made her an instant hit and has left an indelible mark on all of us.

Disclaimer: All the views expressed here are "on behalf of the whole batch". Kindly do not hold anything against the author, the "CR".

Priyanka Mishra

A brief introduction of the author

Fun-loving, shopaholic, allergic to reptiles of the smaller variety, addicted to "chooran", WhatsApp, shoes, nail paints and my beloved Romeo (not in that order!) and CR of the batch. A proud Taurian who loves herself as much as she loves her batchmates.

Interests: Theatre, watching flicks, high arts like nail art and speed walking with ma girlz. 😊😊

Ship N' Shore



Like a ship sailing away
From the shore leaving the land
I sail away leaving the shore
With the hope to come back again

What makes this shore different
Its beauty? Its warmth?
What I leave here makes the difference
A piece, a piece of myself.

For long I tried, not to get attached
Nor to get involved, neither to go deep
But this shore made me do all I resisted
And now I leave with what I don't know.

Beauty to the fullest, warmth to its peak
It made me open, stripped off my covers
'N grabbed the gentle soft piece of my heart
Oh yes ! I do have a heart!!!

I know I have to leave
Sail off to the unknown shores
Shores with excitement and adventure
But not like the one I left
Oh my shore, my dear shore
I am now far away, I suppose
I wish, I wish, I could reverse the course
Which I cannot, I know.

You will remain a memory in me,
A memory to be cherished alive, with full of life
The mere thought of you would make me come back
Experience you whenever I want.

The music is gone, leaving me all alone
All I have to do is complete my course.
I am a ship bound to sail ahead
But with the hope to see you again.

My Rishikesh Trip

As part of the training in RAKNPA, we were sent to many places all across India. Haridwar, Rishikesh and Saharanpur were such places where we had gone during our attachment with PTC, Saharanpur. I have tried to pen down my feelings during our journey to Haridwar and Rsihikesh, especially the river rafting episode in the form of a travelogue.

14.03.2015 - Saturday

There was no water in my bathroom so I got late and became the last member to board the bus. The entire batch was shouting my name loudly but even today I believe that kings are never late and I finished my work at my own pace. We immediately left for Haridwar. Meet and Preeti were to join us the next day. We took a break at 11.30 AM and had a heavy tea break. We had lunch at a wayside dhaba around 1.30 pm and gulped the tasty food there like hungry wolves. After that we went to Bharat Heavy Electricals Limited and then to an Ashram where we would camp for the night. Around 6.15 pm, all of them left to see the Ganga Aarti. I later took an autorickshaw and reached the river ghat and met all of them at Ghantaghar. Ganga was flowing in its full volume and the place was serene and full of positive energy. We all enjoyed Aarti, took a round of the place and had dinner.

15.03.2015- Sunday

The next day we left around 9.00 am for Rishikesh, passing through Chila on our way to Rishikesh and through the Rajaji National Park. We stopped our bus there and took some photographs and we spotted a deer too. After reaching Rishikesh, we took our change of clothes for water rafting and took an open jeep to reach the starting point of the rafting. The journey to that point was too nice to express in words. The path was so beautiful, Ganga on one side and forests on the other. The jeep ride was thrilling as it combined speed and dance together! We got down at the starting point of rafting, wore our clothes, life jackets and helmets. The guide of our boat explained all that we needed to know about rafting including instructions on how to hold the paddle, how to follow commands i.e. forward, backward, stop and get down in contingency.

There were 10 people in our boat. Ajinkya and I were at the front followed by Moona and Gaurav, then Sandesh and Bipasha and finally Hammad and Priyanka. The centre point at the front was occupied by Preeti. Ajinkya and I were the key rowers while Preeti was our lead sailor. Preeti counted 1,2,3,... to keep us motivated for

rowing . Ajinkya and I were supposed to move the boat forward. I had to put my left foot inside the lock made up of cloth and the right foot to the back of the float. We started rowing – Oh my God it was hard! Even though I had rowed earlier in Kerala –it was harder this time. My life Jacket was so huge that it prevented me from moving forward much. The first sprinkle of water on my face gave the feel of the icy cold Ganga - it was freezing cold! I had to put down the paddle to half down to bring boat in course – it was tiring but exciting.

At first we set the course to cross the river to use the toilet since ahead it was three hours journey without a stop on land. We reached the other bank and found that the toilets were environment friendly with the floor bedded with pebble and was of European Style. Then we again set out for the journey. Moona received an admonishing from the guide for rowing as if **“Ganga Maiya ko chot lag rahi hai kya ?”** She was putting very light strokes! The guide changed her position. Then came the first Rapid – the first WOW Experience! The guide asked us to row forward hard. Ajinkya and I rowed hard. Water soaked all others on the boat and then we were asked to stop rowing . We held our ropes as the raft was crossing the first rapid. Everybody was excited, Preeti leaned forward but closed her eyes. I shouted out to her to open her eyes and enjoy the scene. Moona again received gaalis from the instructor for holding the paddle as if **she was cooking in the kitchen**. We were asked by the instructor to co-ordinate ourselves as a team. Again we set our course for the next rapid which was described as the Rollercoaster by the instructor. It was the biggest amongst all of them. Several rafts have turned upside down here (Oh my God!). I was feeling scared as I was sitting in the front rowing. In the previous rapid I realized that Ajinkya and I were in crucial positions to guide the raft in **“Rapids”**. In the rapid, I also realized that it was hard to row. As the raft goes up on a wave crest, water would be so close – but immediately next second we would be in a trough – the water level will be so low that you have to dip the puddle and bent down so deep that you have to search for water to row. All this would happen in one or two seconds. You would feel that you are about to be thrown into the ferocious river. The only thing holding you onto the boat was a simple cloth strap on your leg!

We started seeing the rollercoaster – the instructor gave us the forward command and we rowed hard. Everybody was excited and scared of the dangerous rapids. We rowed hard this time and everybody was silent. The guide said guys, this is rollercoaster – everyone was holding his or her breath and rowing. Suddenly Sandesh asked **“What do you mean by rollercoaster?” No one replied but everyone looked at him with anger. then came next “Sachi**

me pooch raha hun what is rollercoaster? What is its spelling?” I yelled, “EDA, @#\$*&%! CHUP AND ROW!!” By that time the rapid had arrived. We were rowing hard and suddenly we got the command to “Get Down”. We all got down, held on to the rope and I realized that we are going to the rock , the raft was approaching a mountain of rock like the scene in the movie Titanic. A few seconds later, the raft banged onto its side and kissed the rock. Everyone felt relieved and excited at the same time.

As soon as we crossed that rapid , the guide asked **“ What is the most important thing in your life?” Some replied “Life” I criticized them in my mind saying that they are trying to be philosophical without purpose. In that conversation, Gaurav already declared that his answer – was his wife Bipasha.** But after that rapid, I understood how important life was to me.

As we moved forward, the guide asked us to jump into the water. I and four others - Ajinkya, Hammad, Moona and Priyanka jumped into the water. I was reluctant initially but then I decided to jump. With my size, I was uncertain as to whether I could get inside the boat again. All of us enjoyed the cold icy water and the guide pulled all of us one by one into the boat. As we moved further, we stopped at **Maggi Point**, a place located midway in the rafting path. There we had lots of Maggi, cold drinks and tea. Somebody offered water and I told that I am comfortable with Ganges Water. We started again and crossed the last rapid.

Soon the journey was about to end. All of us wanted a dip again in the Ganges. We requested the instructor again and he agreed and we all jumped. The dip was so exciting that I can say that . This time I floated on the water with all joy. I tried to move out from the boat instead of clinging onto the rope. At that moment I saw Ajinkya swimming on his own, I felt happy seeing his childlike happiness. I went near Priyanka , this time she was shivering from the cold. She wanted to get inside the boat but I tried to scare her, she started shouting and still I continued. She cried out to the instructor, **“Mujhe Bachaiye, yeh mujhe maar daalega”**. After that the instructor pulled her in – I made her stay on the raft’s side itself and she cried out again and was finally pulled in. I did the same thing with Moona also but she was not frightened much. Hence there was less excitement for me.

The worst thing was yet to happen to me. After everyone was pulled in, It was my turn – I was pulled in. But I fell in between Preeti and Ajinkya and that too in the front pocket of the boat. I was not able to move and I was stuck! I was stretching out my hand for help – but nobody came in and everyone was laughing. Then I heard

a scream **“Mera Pair, Mera Pair”**. Hell! I was lying on the foot of poor Preeti – she was crying for help. I could do nothing as I was not able to move. I started laughing also – 103 kg on poor Preeti’s foot, obviously she would scream! Then Ajinkya asked me to get up as if I was doing it purposely – then I yelled back **“Abe saale – Haath toh de”** then he extended his hand. May be he would have thought that it was enough; otherwise Preeti would have to go again on Medical Leave.

The boat slowly moved to the shore. It was bound to end at Laxman Jhula . We rowed hard one more time; perhaps the last time during the course of the journey.

Finally we reached the bank – we all got down, onto the stairs filled with water. One of us started splashing water on each other and slowly every one started doing the same thing. That marked the end to my first experience with White Water Rafting.

I got all the experience and excitement I wanted. I would cherish its memoirs forever. I may do river water rafting again, but with this group it is impossible. It has become a beautiful memory to cherish.

👏👏👏 **Bye Bye Rishikesh** 👏👏👏

👏👏👏 **Sayonara** 👏👏👏

Alexin George

Leo (14th August)

Height – 5.9 feet

Weight – 101kgs

Chest – 42inch

Biceps – 24 inch

Ghalib’s Wit



Herby I should admit that this article which I am going to present is borrowed from different sources; especially the translation of couplets. As I believe translation of poetry in another language is more difficult than its original creation)

Mirza-Ghalib is famous for his heart rending poetry. He has written melodious, beautiful ghazals that are read and sung even today. His poetry can be felt and empathized by anyone who understands the intricacies of the language, His best works have been translated into several Indian and foreign languages.

He believed in humanity as a whole, rather than different sects. He was loved as an aristocratic and morally upright human being. He had a great sense of self-respect.

He was simple, direct and precise as he creatively described the current social, economic and political situations of the time. But he is always remembered as a great poet and powerful explainer of feelings of Pain and Sorrow.

Mirza Ghalib was warm, witty and wonderful and kings and scholars enjoyed his words. As a great humorist he is very inspiring. His wit with which he lived and laughed off the troubles of his tough life, reveals a person extremely fascinating to read and know. He considered himself an open book and admitted all his vices and even laughed at himself which made him adorable.

Ghalib teaches us what is it to live with a life of stark poverty, tragedy after tragedy, living off without a permanent source of income and still to be able to maintain sanity and humour to enjoy one’s present day. He joked openly about his being a non-conformist and a sinner. When Ghalib bought a house in Gali Qasim Jaan near a Masjid, he wrote,

**‘Masjid ke zer saya ek ghar bana liya hai,
yeh banda kamina, humsaya khuda hai’**

(I have made my house on the shadow of the mosque; this wicked fellow is now a neighbour of God).

He did not even spare his ‘economic poverty’ from the wrath of his wit.

**Qarz kii piite the mai lekin samajhte the kih haan
Rang laavegii hamaarii faaqah-mastii ek din**

There are many famous stories of Ghalib’s wit and mastery over art of poetry. The following one is very well known. Sheikh Ibrahim Zauq, a great Urdu poet of

his time was a senior contemporary of Ghalib. He was the court poet of the last Mughal emperor Bahadur shah Zafar. Ghalib used to be at loggerheads with the Royal Poet. Ghalib believed that his entry into the Royal Court was being impeded by Zauq. Therefore verbal rivalry between Ustad zauq and Mirza Ghalib used to happen many times. Arguably, the most famous of them all went like this, which also demonstrates his wit and his genius. He once commented at Zauq that his only claim to fame was his Royal connection:

Hua hai sheh ka musaahib, phirey hai itraata

Having become the King's companion he moves around with arrogance

A complaint was made to the Emperor. Bahadur Shah Zafar asked Ghalib if he had actually made this comment. Ghalib accepted that it was authored by him but it has nothing to do with Ustad Zauq; as it was the first line (misra) of the last couplet (maqta) of his latest Ghazal. The Emperor ordered him to recite the whole maqta and Ghalib immediately turned the tables on himself:

Hua hai sheh ka musaahib, phirey hai itraata/Wagar na sheher mein Ghalib ki aabroo kya hai

Having become the King's companion he moves around with arrogance/Lest what reputation does Ghalib command in the city ?

The audience applauded him greatly but Zauq was wise enough to understand that Ghalib had just come up with the second misra/line. He insisted that Ghalib should recite the entire Ghazal, as he was right in thinking that there was no such Ghazal written in reality. Thus Ghalib composed, on the spot, one of his most famous ghazals :

Har ek baat pe kehte ho tum ki 'tu kya hai ?'/Tum hi kaho ki ye andaaz-e-guftoo kya hai

Jala hai jism jahaan dil bhi jal gaya ho ga/Kured-te ho jo ab raakh, justjoo kya hai

Rahi na taaqat-e-guftaar aur agar ho bhi/Toh kis ummeed pe kahiye ki aarzoo kya hai

At every single utterance you retort "what are you ?"/Pray, tell me, what is this style of conversation ?

Where the body has burned, even the heart would have/ In search of what are you now raking the ashes ?

The strength in my speech is no longer there and even if it is /With what expectation shall I express my desire ?

Thus Ghalib mesmerized the audience and received a standing ovation. When Ghalib recited his following famous couplet, Zauq forgot his grievance for a moment and himself showered praises on Ghalib :

Rago'n mein daudte phirne ke hum nahin qaayal/Jab aankh hi se na tapka to phir laho kya hai

We do not believe in its running in the veins/Till it does not drip from the eye, it is no blood

Interestingly, despite all this rivalry, Mirza Ghalib offered to trade his entire collection of poetry for just one couplet of Zauq (the only time he conceded that Zauq had written something noteworthy)-

"Ab to ghabra ke ye kehte haiN ki mar jayeNge - Mar ke bhii chainN naa paaya to kahaN jayeNge"

Panicked and fatigued, I seek death as my release... - But if peace be not in death,whither then."

In May, 1857, when the Sepoy Mutiny was at its peak, Ghalib was arrested. When he reached the police station, the military governor Colonel Burn asked Ghalib: "Are you a Muslim?" Ghalib was witty and his presence of mind was par excellence. He replied: "I am only a half-Muslim." "What exactly do you mean by that? Be clear," said Col. Burn. "By that I mean Sir that I take liquor but I do not touch pork!" Hearing this, Col. Burn burst out laughing and let him off advising him not to mix up with the rioters.

His love for mangoes was in fact more than that of wine or even poetry when the season of the heavenly, juicy fruit came in the months of June and July. The poet was also very well versed with the history of mangoes. In a discussion about mangoes when Ghalib was asked about his comment, he said: "In my opinion, there are only two necessary requirements concerning mangoes. Firstly, they should be sweet and secondly, they should be plentiful!"

Here are some famous couplets of Ghalib:

Hoon garmi e nishaat e tasavvur se naghma sanj. Main andaleeb e gulshan e na afrida hoon.

I sing with joy when I imagine tomorrow.
I am the lark of a garden that is yet to be.

aage aatee thee haal-e-dil pe hansee ab kisee baat par naheen aatee

I used to laugh at the state of my heart
Now no one thing brings a smile

**qata'a keeje na ta'alluq ham se
kuchch naheenN hai to adaavat hee sahee**

Sever not my relationship with you
If nothing then be my enemy

**ham bhee tasleem kee KHoo Daalenge
be_niyaaazee teree ` aadat hee sahe**

I will perpetuate the rituals
Even if cruelty be your habit

**kaaba'a kis munh se jaaoge 'Ghalib'
sharm tumko magar naheen aatee**

How will you face Makkah, Ghalib
When shame doesn't come to you

**maut ka ek din mu'ayyan hai
neend kyon raat bhar naheeh aatee?**

That death will come one day is definite
Then why does sleep evade me all night?

Hammad Zafar

Pisces (23 February), from Mau, UP

Education-

1. BA (Honours) History, Jamia Millia Islamia New Delhi
2. MA (Urdu, JRF,SRF) Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi
3. MA(History, NET) Maulana Azad National Urdu University, Hyderabad
4. M.Phil (Urdu) Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi

Interested in reading Urdu Dastans



TIME in the Academy

To a cessation, if it could come,
It's meaning, would it lose...
For loss, in many ways, is, but a heart's grip
loosened on it.

Yes it's Time that I write about- Time well spent is Time
well gained.

A dream it is, Time spent in the Academy,
With its wings spread far and wide, endless it seems, or so is it?

My heart's treasure was bestowed on me
Looking back, out loud it bursts in joy that it clenches tight,
A gift indeed is Time here, love and friendships for presents to keep.

Believe, I do, that times good always come back,
Captured by the mind's eye and played on forever,
Bowing with gratitude to the realms infinite of Time,
A wish is born here to wish all is well with all here!

Bipasha Das

Gemini (09th June)

Electrical Engineer

From Guwahati, Assam

Likes- Gaurav😊😊, & books & tea & coffee😊.....& shoes!

Gratitude to the Academy for bringing me to my love😊 ...for giving me
such wonderful batch mates and a superb Course Director who was a
real role model!



To All and One (My first poem)

When the evenings tremble and nights fall,
 when the moonlight rains and winds
 catch fire,
 into your frame of thoughts, I come over...
 Dreamless sleepless was her every thought,
 what motive, my mind sought,
 calling me closer and doing what not!!!

Morning yoga and class room jungle,
 that corner seat and academic fumble,
 infusions of thought and confusions of life...

Sun sand seas Shimla and Agra,
 evening tennis and football matches,
 green tea, black tea and break teas,
 holding me back in the memories lifelong...

When I look back at the nights gone by,
 More were they days, then the days gone by...

I will always remember....

I will always remember

My Agra trip undertaken with Surekh, Meet, Rakshita and Bipasha. It is during that trip when I fell for her and started with necessary prayers...

My tennis match with Meet which was the fifth tennis match of the day...in which her ORS helped me a lot to sail through...

Dancing with Bipasha, Moona, Rakshita, Rahul and others in my room on the beats of gangnam style. My room was the official party room of the batch till I was there...

All the heart poundings before every vote of thanks and experience sharing PPTs (there was nothing to share)...

Green tea discussions in Bipasha's room

Each and every day of my **first and second attachment** with Bipasha especially those when we were not together...

Our long and arduous make shift bus ride from tenga to **tawang** and the time when the whole batch came together to help Preeti. Also Tantrik monastery and the eyes of the diety...

Quiz finals with Abhishek Jain in which we came second. Never in my dreams could I imagine myself (who has never read a newspapers before civil services) winning a quiz!!!

My civils preparation in which I was a **house husband** waiting for my wife to return from work every day...

That corner seat in LB room where I sat with Bipasha for the whole of my training...

Infinitely long and arduous stories of **Sandesh**...playing tennis and TT with **Puneet** as my doubles partner...encyclopedic knowledge and vote of thanks of **Surekh** especially with "heartfelt gratitude" ...rebellious attitude of **Alex**...soberness and poetry of **Hammad**...never give up attitude of **Ajinkya...Meet** type jokes... grand laughter of **Moona**...CRship of priyanka...MCship of **Preeti**...and my stint with bipasha

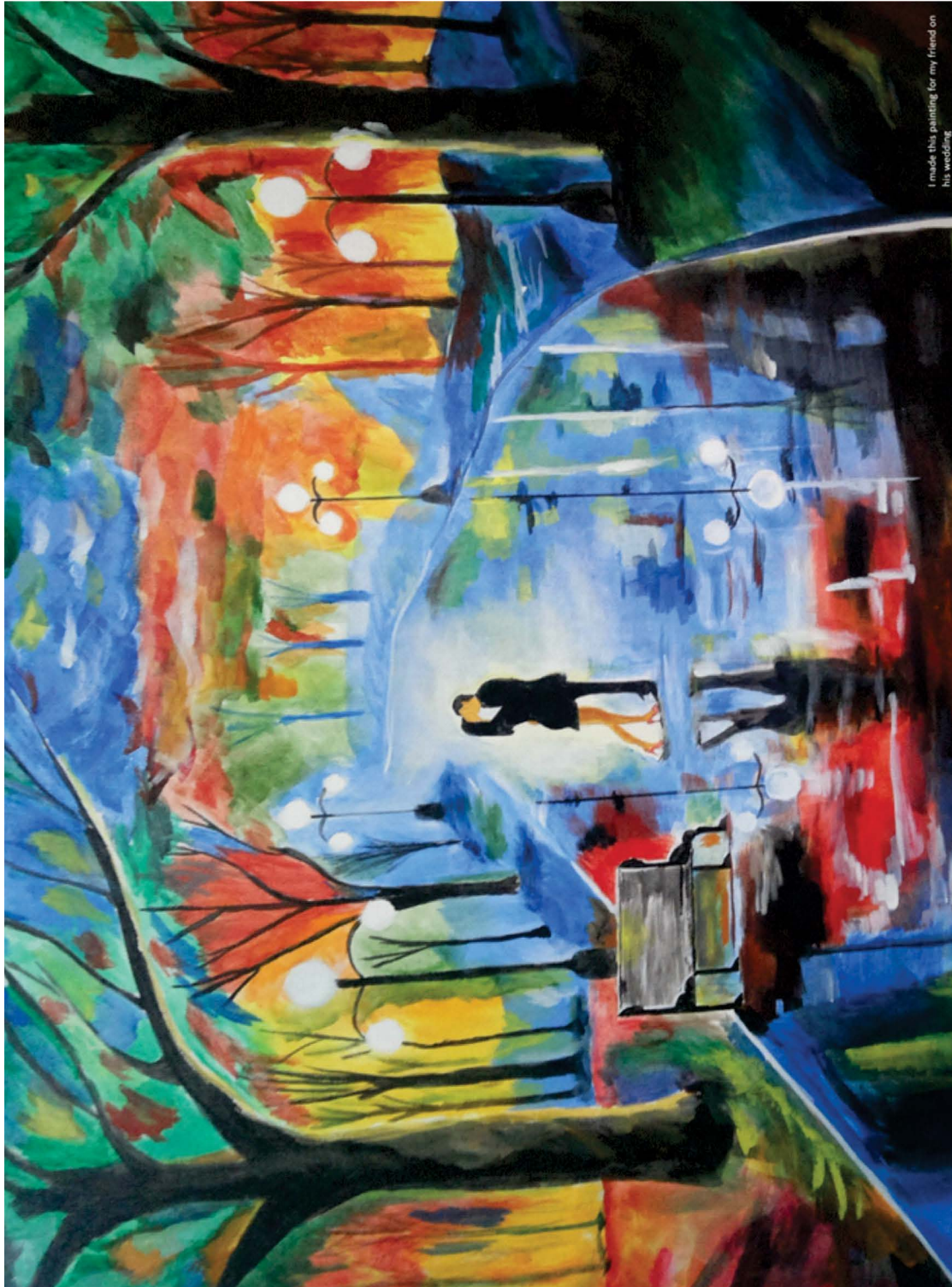
Gaurav Singla

Leo (29th July)

Formally Mech Engg from IIT Bombay

From Panchkula, Haryana

Likes- Bipasha☺☺, & her books & tea & coffee☺.....enjoys playing tennis, football, chatting with friends, painting, discussing Indian philosophy...



DID - HE - DO - IT...?



The academy is very rich in flora and fauna, has a wide range of birds. Some of the prominent ones are Peacock, Common myna, Babblers, Pigeons, Doves, Bee eaters, Hornbills, Kingfishers, Bulbuls, Koels, Kites, Parakeets, Drongos, Robbins, Lapwings

The **Red-wattled lapwing** (*Vanellus indicus*) is one of the most common birds to see in the academy.

It has characteristic loud alarm calls which are variously rendered as did he do it or pity to do it leading to colloquial names like the did-he-do-it bird. It is usually seen in pairs or small groups not far from water. The bird is found all over India.

The local names mainly include titeeri (Hindi), tittibha (Kannada), tateehar (Sindhi), titodi (Gujarati), hatatut (Kashmiri), balighora (Assamese), yennappa chitawa (Telugu), aal-kaati

Red-wattled lapwings are large waders, about 35 cm long. The wings and back are light brown with a purple sheen, but head and chest and front part of neck are black. Prominently white patch runs between these two colours, from belly and tail, flanking the neck to the sides of crown. Short tail is tipped black. A red fleshy wattle in front of each eye, black-tipped red bill, and the long legs are yellow. In flight, prominent white wing bars formed by the white on the secondary coverts.

Males and females are similar in plumage but males have a 5% longer wing and tend to have a longer carpal spur.

It usually keeps in pairs in well-watered open country, ploughed fields, grazing land, and margins and dry beds of tanks and puddles. It is also found in forest clearings around rain-filled depressions. It runs about in short spurts and dips forward obliquely (with unflexed legs) to pick up food in a typical plover manner. They are said to feed at night being especially active around the full moon. Is uncannily and ceaselessly vigilant, day or night, and is the first to detect intrusions and raise an alarm, and was therefore considered a nuisance by hunters. They fly light rather slow,

with deliberate flaps, but capable of remarkable agility when defending nest or being hunted by a hawk.

The breeding season is mainly March to August. The courtship involves the male puffing its feathers and pointing its beak upwards. The male then shuffles around the female. The eggs are laid in a ground scrape or depression sometimes fringed with pebbles, goat or hare droppings. About 3–4 black-blotched buff eggs shaped a bit like a peg-top (pyriform), 42x30 mm on average. Nests are difficult to find since the eggs are cryptically coloured and usually matches the ground pattern. In residential areas, they sometimes take to nesting on roof-tops. They have been recorded nesting on the stones between the rails of a railway track, the adult leaving the nest when trains passed. Nests that have been threatened by agricultural operations have been manually translocated by gradually shifting the eggs. Both the male and female incubate the eggs and divert predators using distraction displays or flash their wings to deter any herbivores that threaten the nest. Males appear to relieve the females incubating at the nest particularly towards the hot part of noon. The eggs hatch in 28 to 30 days. The reproductive success is about 40%. Egg mortality is high (~43%) due to predation by mongooses, crows and kites. Chicks had a lower mortality (8.3%) and their survival improved after the first week.

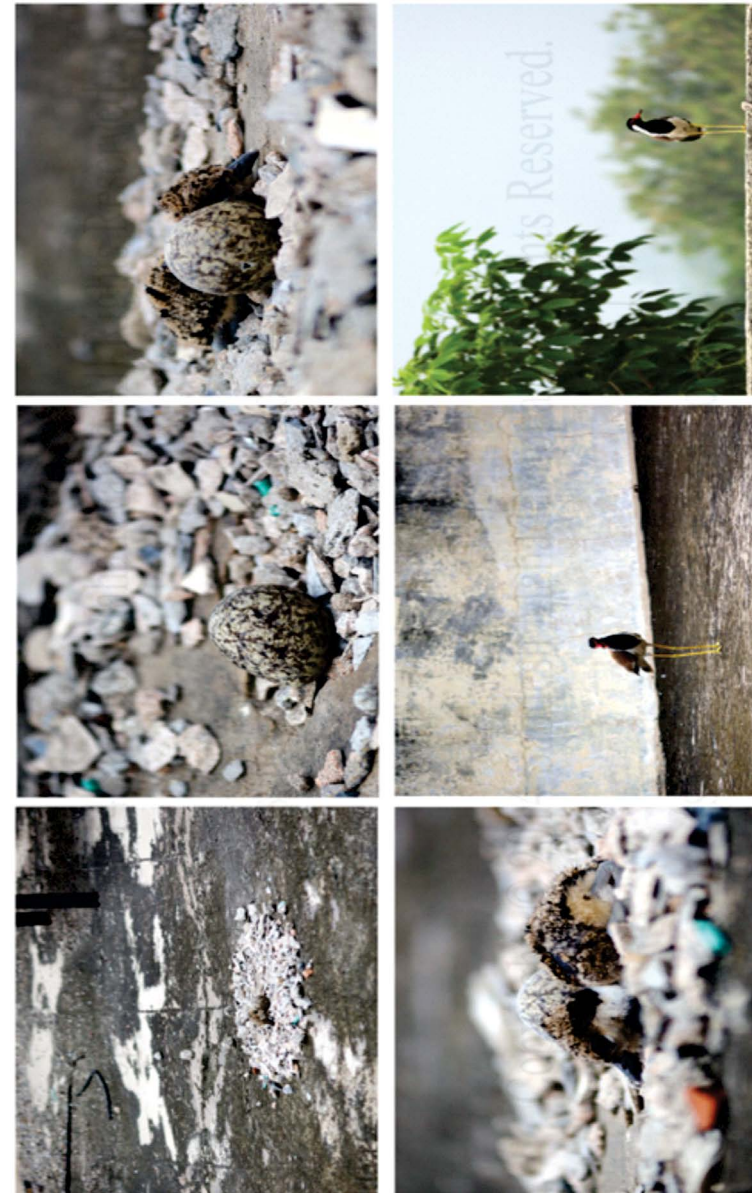
The diet of the lapwing includes a range of insects, snails and other invertebrates, mostly picked from the ground. They may also feed on some grains. They feed mainly during the day but they may also feed at night. They may sometimes make use of the legs to disturb insect prey.

In parts of India, a local belief is that the bird sleeps on its back with the legs upwards and an associated Hindi metaphor *Tithiri se asman thama jayega* ("can the pee-wit support the heavens?") is used when referring to persons undertaking tasks beyond their ability or strength.

In parts of Rajasthan it is believed that the laying of eggs by the lapwing on high ground was an indication of good rains to come.

REFERENCE:

Ali, Salim (1996). *Book of Indian Birds*, Salim Ali centenary edition. Mumbai: Bombay Natural History Society/Oxford University Press.



Sandesh Mahadevappa

An amateur naturalist, he has done Masters in Plant Biology [with specialization in plant pathology and microbiology] from University of Mysore, and has worked as Asst. Prof in University of Mysore for about 7 years before becoming a civil servant.

A Day as Postman in Streets of Chandni Chowk



My attachment with a postman in delivering letters to people staying in small narrow galis of Chandni Chowk was itself an exciting thing to do. I was attached to Khari Baoli which is an area with wholesale markets for chemicals, spices and Pan leaves. Chandni Chowk is one of the most congested areas of Delhi but an area where businesses flourish. The interesting fact is that the wholesalers here do business in narrow filthy galis. The criss-crossing roads, one merging into another into a huge labyrinth made me wonder how people could stay and moreover do business in this area. There were big doors at certain places with architecture from a bygone era (in dilapidated conditions). We took a few more steps and after some twist and turns finally landed at the doorstep of a customer for whom there was a letter.

In today's globalised world, every other person in the beat knew the postman and he knew them as well. They all were asking about their letters, especially Aadhar card or PAN card. It gave me an idea of how important he was for the place then. The galis I walked through had shops selling chemicals followed by a spices market which also sold chillies and then came a Pan market. For the first time in my life I saw so many chemicals like sodium benzoate being sold openly. On asking, I came to know people used to buy chemicals from there to make soaps, shampoos, washing powders etc. There were also shops where plain soaps and washing powder were sold in kilos. Moving to the next gali, I saw shops selling spices. All sorts of spices like turmeric, chillies, coriander etc were being sold in tonnes. The entire gali smelled of spices, especially chillies. The aroma of the place was so strong it was difficult to stand the smell for even a few minutes. I wondered how the people could stand the smell for years together. The last gali was of a pan market, with many shops selling different varieties of pans, all together in a row. It was one of the most unique experiences of my life that I could see together different forms of life – an India which I never imagined; people living in very small rooms located in a place where none other than known ones can reach. But I take my hat off to the postman, who travels in all these galis and delivers letters to the right person.

Another interesting incident that I came across was that people were puzzled by a girl accompanying the postman, as hardly anyone had seen a person accompanying

the postman. People mistook me for his wife who was accompanying him and helping him distributing the letters! Every other person was asking him why his wife was accompanying him and they all were concerned that she would be tired if she walked with him in the entire beat. I was not surprised by the fact that wherever I go, girls are girls first and then any other entity. It was true for this beat too where people thought a girl accompanying the postman could only be his wife. Nobody thought that she could be a departmental employee too.

A day as postman in Chandni Chowk made me realize that the real India stays in these localities which really need government intervention. Being a civil servant, such exposures are essential to make us realize the diversity persisting in society and take some measures to improve the lives of people, the life which we cannot dream of.

Moona Yasmin

I am from Raebareli, U.P. I have done my BA from Feroze Gandhi College, Raebareli with Economics, Sociology and Hindi Language. After that I went to JNU and did my MA in Geography followed by M.Phil in Geography. I was pursuing my P.hD in Urban Governance before joining Indian Postal Services. I have cleared UGC- JRF and CSIR – JRF. My hobbies include travelling, cooking and chatting with friends.



Qotes: The best revenge is to be unlike him who performed the injury.

Few words for IPoS-2013 Batch: You people and I are more than friends.....We are a family.

Few lines from the heart: My mother is the most beautiful woman I ever saw. All I am I owe to my mother.

I attribute all my success in life to the moral, intellectual and physical education I have

received and receiving from her.

Mr Baloteli, surely you must be joking!

“When I score, I don’t celebrate because I’m only doing my job. When a postman delivers letters, does he celebrate?” (The above quote, that came at the end of June when Manchester City striker Mario Balotelli, an Italian Footballer who impressed viewers at Euro 2012), which I think is not the case.

Postman definitely cheers as he/she is surely delivering more than just delivering letters or parcels or money. Postman delivers joy, prosperity and dignity by way of delivering letters, parcels and money remittances respectively and all these provide sufficient reason for postman to celebrate and he/she does it. However, this celebration is more or less internal.

Just to cite a personal example, the writer, as part of his postman training, accompanied a regular postman to Red Fort area of Old Delhi to deliver articles. The postman was so joyful that he was delivering articles in such a historic place. His mention to the writer that his family takes pride in this, explains everything. Postmen earlier have proved Mr Balotelli wrong and for that I express my gratitude and respectfully salute them. I wish them good luck and hope that they will continue to do the same.

They should celebrate delivery in the same way as a farmer celebrates seeing his fields rich with harvest, a mother celebrates seeing her child happy, a cricketer celebrates after scoring a hundred because it is this celebration which will inspire

them in their great journey of delivering better quality of life. At the end I can confidently say that Mr Balotelli, surely you must be joking.

(Written as part of a single day’s work as postman at the Red Fort area of Old Delhi for delivery)

Meet Kumar

Cancer – 15th June

Place of Birth: Raebareli, India

Education: M.Sc. in Mathematics and Computing, IIT Delhi

Work experience: Worked as Assistant Professor, Dept. of Mathematics

Satyawati College, University of Delhi

Areas of interest and hobbies: Social Inclusion, Innovation, Travelling and playing Cricket



Barren

The extremes that I see within myself frighten me.

One moment I am full of life with an overwhelming sense
Of compassion and oneness with the world.
Love, peace, brotherhood and hope.

And then the next moment, I feel like an empty shell.
I look within myself and see a vast desert- harsh, barren
and lifeless.

The moisture of gentleness has vanished.
The heartbeat of life vanished, like a mirage after sunset.
I wander soulless through the dry riverbed
Where I once swam and frolicked in pure bliss.

It is then in the deep reaches of the desert that I find
A trickle of blood crawling first like a worm but growing by the moment.
The trickle widens and engulfs me.
The eight quarters crumble under the force of its current.

My heart bleeds. I have been mercilessly left to perish.
The dark clouds of sadness boil in my mind's sky.
They boil like deep wounds that will remain open forever.
Behind them languish the sun and the stars like refugees.

The river of prayer and compassion
I let loose in my heart for others has dried up.
They have built dams in its path.
They have harnessed its power.

They have set up walls of ingratitude
Around my river of selflessness for their own ends.
The heat of merciless indifference has turned my mind
Into a soulless barren desert.

Where is that oasis of life, that spring of joy,
That rain shower of hope? Why now this
Eternal sadness in my side of the moon?
Silence roars in the vast horizon.

From this moment
I no longer exist.
You and I will be confined to just You.
You.

It happened one night...

The darkness only added to the pain of running over sharp stones and pebbles.

Judging by the dampness and slight slipperiness underneath my feet, I knew they were bleeding. Sharp stumps thrashed my legs and thick branches thrashed and cut my face and shoulders in the darkness. But the fear and grief in the heart were like whiplashes which kept me pushing ahead.

My chest was starting to burn like a cold flame - or was it like a blunt knife sinking slowly into the skin- fatigue, fear and memories of horrifying scenes blinded the senses. For how long I had been on this steep climb, I knew not.

A few moments later, the general placing of the stones on which I stepped indicated that I was moving towards a less steep and less wooded place. The climb soon turned to a slope. Peering through the scant general skylight, I made out the faint contour of a lake or a marsh. The surroundings were also not entirely invisible. The water was mostly covered in mist; yet it had an eerie bluish glint in the haze. Darkness in the form of trees was a little further away and the sky took the shade of grayish blue. I finally felt soft grass underneath my torn slippers. Almost immediately, my knees bent and I plopped on the ground, exhausted.

Taking time to calm my breath, I tried to make sense of what I saw around me. There was deathly stillness all around with no animals growling, no owls hooting, no insects chirping and no wind blowing. Nothing but my labored breath was to be heard. But the silence could not calm my mind.

It was like a cyclone in my head. It was pure agony. All hope was lost. We lost the Great War. The white men crushed us mercilessly. No one survived the attack on our platoon and neither did I expect myself to be alive. There were stories of captured prisoners being tied to the mouths of cannons and blown away to parts. The plains were full of bodies of my compatriots and awash with their blood. Playing dead here and there in the midst of the wailing injured to escape the roving eyes of the firangs was not easy.

Running away from the battlefield was cowardice but then why stay if the outcome was already decided? Our commander did not seem to be fazed by the slaughter all around. It was evident the enemies had bought him to their side earlier. Traitorous pig! We were the soldiers of the great Rani, whom even children looked upon as Durga incarnate, and we were her leonine forces. Well, not I, for I was just an ordinary cook in the army. I had seen her from faraway once. I dreamt of her at night with eight arms holding many weapons. She was always the Destroyer of Evil for me.

When I heard that she had fallen dead in the battlefield, then I lost all hope of victory and then decided to escape. On the way, I heard that her body was missing and no one knew where it had gone. How was that possible? Maybe they have cremated her body before it reached into the hands of the alien rulers. Doubts still lingered, and despair seemed unending. If she was dead, then why live?

Suddenly, I heard some movement in the water. The splashes were distant but were quick and came near very soon. Through the mist I then made out a huge animal trotting forward. Immediately recognizing it as a horse I also saw a ghostly figure wrapped in cloth riding it. The horse chortled and agitatedly stopped near me. The figure was sitting upright and motionless with head and face covered but the eyes shone with an unearthly light that transfixed me to the spot. I could not move a muscle as terror had overtaken instinct. The eyes looked at me and I could not remember whether I was alive.



“Are you from the plains?” The figure suddenly asked in a haughty female voice.

I was nonplussed for a moment. But I still had to be cautious.

“That depends. Who wants to know?” I sounded defiant.

Sitting still for a few moments, the figure suddenly pulled away the cloth covering the face and the head. Through the faint light, I saw a cascade of jet black hair tumbling down beyond the shoulders. The face was bloodied but the eyes were still shining intensely.

Recognition was slowly pushing against the vacuum in my head. I then heard it.

“Don’t you recognize your own Rani?” the royal bearing was unmistakable.

“Uhh.. yes, yes, of course! Forgive me, Your Majesty!!”

I clumsily pulled myself up and stood in attention, with bent head, folded hands and downcast eyes. I had let her down. You lowly vermin!

It was an electrifying moment.

Surprise, exhaustion and excitement had robbed me of my breath and my pulse was throbbing like war-drums. I felt numb. Moments passed by as I dared to look up into those regal eyes. They contained unknown mysteries and were boring into my soul. I immediately looked away.

I could see the color of the sky slowly turning lighter. Dawn was approaching. But the radiance of the bloodied face only increased. Suddenly, her hand flew up to her neck. In a flash, it came out with a string of shining pearls. Bending down she pushed it into my folded hands before I could react.

“Speak not of this night” The razor-sharp smirk lit up her beautiful face as she galloped away into the nearby darkness.

Stillness..

Goosebumps..

I stood trying to comprehend what had happened. Dawn was slowly approaching. I saw the past and the present merging with the future. The future may be uncertain, but at this very moment history was being reborn...reinvented..

But then why was I feeling this shaking of my shoulders? It was getting more vigorous.

I could hear my name being called out as well.

A sudden jerk and darkness turned to light as I found myself sitting on a chair at my study desk. Vinod, my roommate, was bemusedly looking at me.

“Studying late last night, eh? And History too...ughh.. boring!” He gazed into the book and then at my drool – covered face and grimaced. “Ewww!! You were drooling over Rani Lakshmi Bai?? You’re crazy, dude! Get a life in the present! Time for breakfast. I’m hungry!” He walked out of the room closing the door.

Still groggy, I looked back into the book and saw the picture of the great Rani. Though just a painting, she still looked hauntingly mysterious and..

that cryptic smirk..

So that was all a dream then. Shaking my head, I pulled myself away from the table and stood up when I felt something fall off my lap to the floor. I looked down and the whole world turned dark when I saw:



Surekh Reghunathan

Sagittarius 26th November

Qualifications:

- B.Tech (Computer Engineering) – Cochin University of Science and Technology, Kerala
- M.B.A – Symbiosis International University, Pune

I have worked for seven years with three companies: General Electric, ICICI and UST Global.

My hobbies include reading (especially English movie scripts and non-fiction), creative writing and dreaming about writing a book some day. I am also interested in meditation, spirituality, mythology of all kinds, martial arts and intellectually stimulating discussions with my friends.



Preeti Agrawal

Home state : Madhya Pradesh

Cancer – 13th July

Education : M.Phil.(Sociology), Delhi School of Economics

M.A.(Sociology) , Delhi School of Economics

B.A. (Sociology), MIRANDA HOUSE

Interests & hobbies : Dancing, Oration & Travelling

Extra curricular activities : represented India in Switzerland under ROTARY YOUTH EXCHANGE

Represented India in Pakistan under LUMUN



Ajinkya Ajey Kale

Sagittarius – Nov 29

MBBS doc from Thane, Maharashtra

Worked in PHC briefly

Unofficial doctor of the batch

Hobbies: Asking basic questions



Puneet Bijaraniya

Leo – 16th August

From -Kuchaman City, Nagaur, Rajasthan

Architect from IIT Roorkee

Likes: cartooning, fluting & joking☺, Watching movies, Listening to music, Playing football..... basically I am jack of all master

of none....

Memories of life!!!!!!





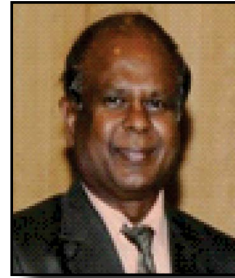
OUR GUIDING FORCE.....



Pradipta Kumar Bisoi



Brig G Bhuyan



John Samuel



Vinay Kumar Tiwary



V. Rajarajan



V K Verma



Neeraj Kumar Jha



S. Dakshinamoorthy



Umesh Verma