



**KASTURBA MEDICAL COLLEGE**

**MANGALORE**

*A constituent unit of MAHE, Manipal*

**E P I S T L E**

ISSUE 3 : JAN - JUNE 2022

E-NEWSLETTER OF  
KASTURBA MEDICAL COLLEGE, MANGALORE

# Patrons

## Dean



Dr. B. Unnikrishnan

## Associate Deans



Dr. B Suresh Kumar Shetty



Dr. Pramod Kumar



Dr. Shrikala Baliga



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# Editor's Message



On the first day of post-graduation, you meet a lot of interesting faces. The nervous student. The know-it-all. The one that is gonna grow and mature the most. The one that will defiantly resist any attempts at wisdom. As teachers and clinicians, we do see all of them with the same eye. We try our best to show them the benchmark that doctors in India have to reach, and we try to take them there ourselves.

Ice-breaking with these first years is always an eye-opening experience. The medical experience in India, for the better or for the worse, brings a lot of different people together under one roof. But there is one statement that I have heard several times in the past xyz years as a teacher in KMC.

“I used to dance, Sir”

Some variation of this has always haunted my first day with these fresh faces. They used to draw, they used to sing, they used to act. They used to do all these things that made their faces light up, but now they don't. They have to study; they have to go to the hospital; they have to make time for their lives. I understand that this is a natural progression into adulthood. One doesn't really escape that, nor can we say that medical school ruins creativity and talent, because that is simply not true. I have seen some of the smartest physicians being the goofiest comics on stage. I have seen the toughest surgeons dancing to “Baby Doll Mein Sone Di”. I have witnessed a colleague do eight difficult C-sections one after the other overnight, and still walk the ramp in a fashion show the next day.

The KMC legacy of artists is a long, brilliant one. We started as Intertain several years ago. My batch called it Orion. We had Dominion and Tarkash and Renegade and Arcane. We've rebranded ourselves many many times, and yet at the heart of it all, we've always tried to hold on. Hold on to those passions and pursuits that our students and we “used to do”. Between Robin Williams and dead poets and captains, we know that medicine is a noble pursuit – but art is what we stay alive for.

In the image of those fond memories, I could not think of a better theme for our newsletter. A journey through the ages of our undeniable love for art. It took a while to curate this edition, we've gone way back to contact some of our alumni, but I'm sure that the stories and the narratives will be worth your time.

**Dr. Archith Bloor**  
Chief Editor

# THROWBACK

Think of the first interclass competition and one thinks of 1985 and of our smoky, ferocious cauldron of an auditorium where the roars of the audience established the gladiatorial nature of the contests.

It was called "Intertain" and it was a start - it pitted the best of the college against each other for the first time and everybody loved it. There were literary events, there was a lot of music and the show stopper was Variety Entertainment, where each team put up a twenty minute performance showcasing their talents.

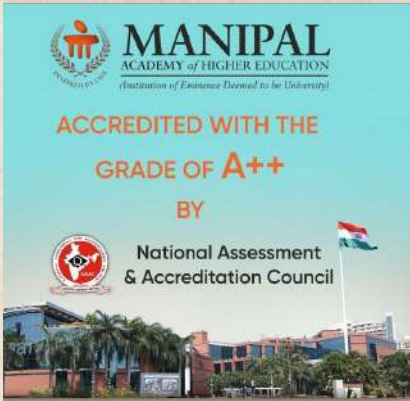
These were simpler times. There were no T shirts with team names, there was no internet and memes and Insta pages and no TMA Pai convention centre, but, there was passion and everybody wanted to win. And therein lay the joy of the interclass, which was contested much more seriously than any inter collegiate competition was.

Year by year the event has evolved - there's a lot of razzmatazz and glitz and every time I watch something on stage, it takes me back to those days and our 19 year old selves striving manfully to establish a tradition. Which, happily, we did....

**Dr. Ajay Kamath**  
Editorial Advisor



# Scroll of Honor



MAHE was awarded a Cumulative Grade Point Average (CGPA) of 3.65 of 4.



KMC, Mangalore ranked 31st among the medical colleges in the NIRF rankings.



KMC, Mangalore ranked 6th among private medical colleges in India in The WEEK-HANSA research survey 2022.



KMC Hospital, Attavar was accredited by National Accreditation Board for Hospitals & Healthcare Providers (NABH).



Dr. Anand Venugopal, Professor of Radiodiagnosis and Imaging, took over new role as Chief Operating Officer, Teaching Hospitals, MAHE, Manipal.



# STUDENT ACHIEVEMENTS



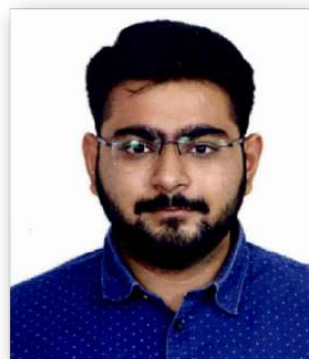
Dr. Rajat Choudhary won the gold medal in Prof Vivekananda Prabhu examination for Surgery postgraduates held on 01.01.22 and 02.01.22.



The 13th World conference on Gynecology, Obstetrics and Women Health was held on January 26-27, 2022, at Singapore. Junior Residents, Dr. Kavya and Dr. Prutha won the best paper and the best poster awards, respectively.



Ms Hritika Pai, PG in physiotherapy, was awarded the prestigious Conference Scholarship of \$2000 by MASCC/ISOO 2022 Annual Meeting on Supportive Care in Cancer in Toronto June 23-25, 2022, to present her paper on 'Indian nurses' physical activity promotion practices and beliefs for cancer survivors in a tertiary care hospital a cross-sectional survey' under the guidance of Dr. Stephen Samuel.



General Medicine JRs, Dr. Prajwal B & Dr. Raghavendra D won the 2nd prize and, Dr. Abhishai B & Dr. Adyashree won the 3rd prize in the Neurology quiz "Tournament of the Minds" conducted at Father Muller Medical College, Mangalore on 27.03.22.



Ms. Prithvi R and Ms. Kinshuk Dhaliwal, MBBS batch 2020, won the 3rd Prize in Dr A. Krishna Rao Memorial Inter-collegiate State level Physiology Quiz on 23.03.2022.



General Medicine JRs, Dr. Lawaa Lakhmani and Dr. G G Akshay Prabhu won 1st and 2nd prize respectively in Thyroid and Women's health Update 2022 quiz held at Father Muller Medical College and Endocrine & Diabetes Society on 29.05.22.



Dr. Sanchit Bajpai, Fellow in Head and Neck Oncology, figured in the Top 20 in E-Quiz conducted at 2nd International Oral Cancer E-conclave part of Oral Oncology CONNNECT on 24.04.2022.



Ms. Vaibhavi Gaiha, MBBS 2020 batch, authored the book, THE THEORY OF RELATIVITY: A Collection of Short Stories and Poets, that was published by Gulf books on 12.03.2022.



Dr. Tushar Agarwal, Dr. Ritwik and Dr. Prajjwal Bansal, JRs in General Medicine, won 2nd prize in ECG quiz held on 05.06.22 organized by the Cardiology department, KMC.





Overall - First Runners-up



2nd in Fashion Show



**Ms. Durga Nandini**  
3rd in Eastern Dance solo



1st in Eastern Dance group



**Ms. Shreya Bera, Ms. Vismaya**  
3rd in Debate



**Ms Maithili Agrawal ,  
Ms. Aayushi Goyal,  
Ms. Abhijna BR**  
3rd in Collage



**Mr. Rahul Shetty  
Ms. Athira Manoj**  
3rd in Western Dance Duet



# INVICTUS PRIZE WINNERS



Volleyball Women's - Runners up  
Throwball Women's - Runner's up



Badminton Women's - Winners  
Badminton Mixed doubles - Winners:  
Mr. Prasad V Prabhu and Ms. Niyathi Shetty



Futsal Women's - Winners



Tennis Men's - Winners  
Tennis Men's doubles- Winners:  
Mr. Krishna Sai Vemuri, Mr. Abhay Mohan  
Tennis Women's Singles - Winner: Dr. Nayanika Reddy



## ATHLETICS

Women's 100m - Silver: Ms.Khushi Sunil  
Women's shotput - Bronze: Ms.Khushi Sunil  
Women's 4 \* 100 relay team - Winners  
Mens shotput - Silver  
Mens discus throw - Silver: Mr.Partho



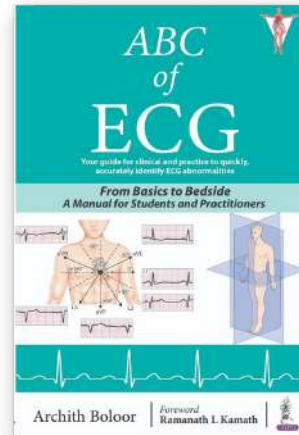
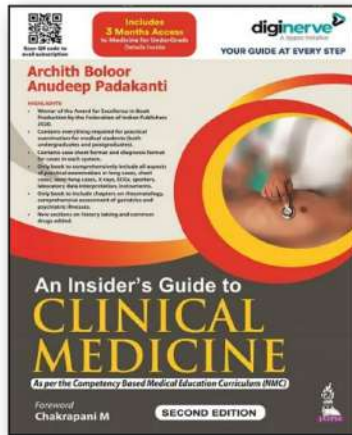
## SWIMMING

100\*4 relay freestyle - Gold  
50\*4 medley relay - Silver  
50\*4 medley freestyle - Silver  
1 km freestyle bronze - Ms Eesha

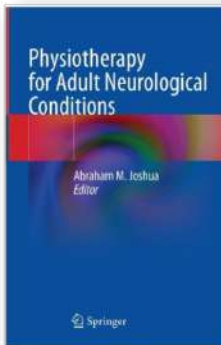




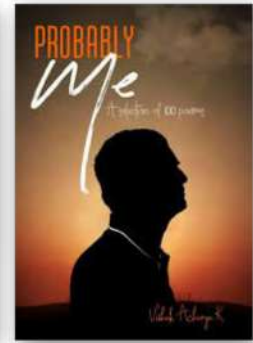
# STAFF ACHIEVEMENTS



Dr. Archith Bloor, Additional Professor of Medicine, along with Dr. Anudeep Padakanti, Senior Resident of Medical Oncology, published revised edition of the book titled "An Insider's Guide to Clinical Medicine". "ABC of ECG", book authored by Dr. Archith Bloor, was released by Padma Shri Dr. Shashank R Joshi, renowned Endocrinologist, at APICON, Jaipur.



Book edited by Dr. Abraham Joshua, Associate Professor of Physiotherapy, on "Physiotherapy for Adult Neurological Conditions" was published.



Dr. Vishak Acharya, published a select collection of 100 of his poems - *Probably Me*, on diverse themes including, philosophy, Metaphysics, and others.



Dr. Padmanabh Kamath, Professor and Head of Cardiology, won the Basti Vaman Shenoy Vishwa Konkani Seva Puraskar 2021 for his outstanding work in rural healthcare.



Dr. Muralidhar Pai, Head of Neurosurgery, won the Vocational Excellence Award 2022 instituted by the Rotary Club of Mangalore.



Dr. Narasimha Pai, Consultant Interventional Cardiologist, KMC Hospitals, Mangalore, and alumnus KMC Mangalore, MBBS Batch of 1993, won the Vocational Excellence Award 2022 instituted by the Rotary Club of Mangalore.



Dr. G G Laxman Prabhu, Professor and Head of Urology, was elected as the Secretary of Urological Society of India and figured in the Economic Times among "Inspiring Urologists of India". He also published a book chapter "Current Concepts in the Pathogenesis of Urinary Stone Disease".



Dr. Gagan Bajaj, Associate Professor, Audiology and Speech-Language Pathology, won the 'Young Investigator award' instituted by The Indian Federation of Neuro Rehabilitation IFNRCON 2022, with a cash prize of Rs. 10,000.



Dr. Pracheth R, Associate Professor, Department of Community Medicine, received an ICMR grant of Rs. 15,96,259, for the research project, "Effectiveness of an intervention to address COVID-19 vaccine hesitancy among pregnant and lactating women: a multicentric randomized controlled trial from India". Rs. 47,88,776 is the total approved budget for this project.



Dr. Mayur Bhat, Assistant Professor, Audiology and Speech-Language Pathology, won the best paper award in AIMS EPIKCON 2022 held at Amrita Institute of Medical Sciences, Kochi.



Dr. Ramesh Holla, Associate Professor of Community Medicine, was elected as Member of National Academy of Medical Sciences, Ministry of Health and Family Welfare, Government of India, in recognition of his significant contribution to the advancement of Medical Sciences.



Dr. Divya Seth, Assistant Professor, Audiology and Speech-Language Pathology, received the Muktesh Award for best paper in speech for oral paper titled 'Parent-related outcome measures for intervention of stuttering in preschool children who stutter' at the Indian Speech and Hearing Association Conference (ISHACON) 2022 held at Mysuru.



Dr Abhishek Krishna (Editor in chief), Dr Sourjya Banerjee and Dr Johann Sunny (Executive members) were elected as Office bearers of Association of Radiation Oncologists of India-Karnataka chapter (AROI-K) for a tenure of 2 years (June 2022 - May 2024).



Dr. Prateek Rastogi, Head of Department, Forensic Medicine was appointed as Associate editor of Journal of Forensic Medicine and Toxicology.



Dept. of Forensic Medicine, KMC Mangalore is a member of Asia Pacific Medico-legal Agencies (APMLA). This organization is primarily active in the field of management of interpersonal violence and torture, mass disasters and humanitarian forensics.



Team KMC Mangalore took part in the MV Shetty-Chowdiah Memorial Cricket tournament organised by Indian Medical Association, Mangalore on 10.4.2022 at Padua Grounds and bagged the runners-up trophy. A total of 6 teams from various medical colleges across Mangalore took part in the event.

## STAFF UTSAV LITE 2022



Dr. Nayanatara Arunkumar  
2nd in Non Veg cooking



Dr. Dhanashree G  
2nd in Veg cooking



Variety entertainment – 3rd prize

# ALUMNI ACHIEVEMENTS



Dr. Swasthik Upadhyia, MBBS batch of 2011, secured the 1st rank in Medical Oncology in the Institute of National Importance Super Specialty (INI SS) exam 2021.



Dr. Sandeep Nayak, MBBS batch of 1993 and founder, director and CEO of MACS clinic, Robotic and Laparoscopic Surgery, Bangalore, featured in the Outlook dynamic leader's magazine featuring entrepreneurs defining fresh standards of business leadership in India.



Dr. Venkatesh Krishnamoorthy, 1976 batch, figured among Inspiring Urologists of India in Economic Times 2022.



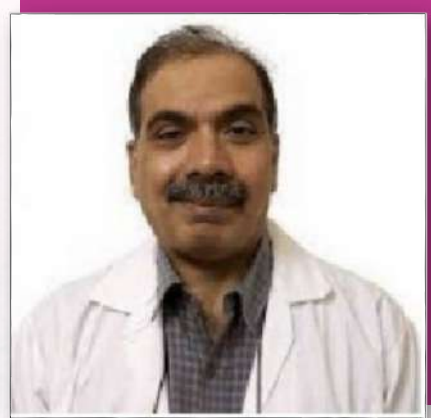
Dr. Santosh Soans, received the lifetime achievement award by the intensive care chapter of Indian Academy of Pediatrics.



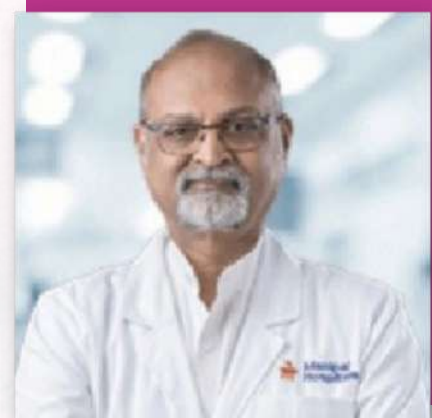
Dr. Venkatagiri, MD batch 1990-93, was elected as President of Indian Society of Anesthesiologists.



Dr. Ranjan Kumar Pejavar was conferred the Lifetime Achievement award by the National Neonatology Forum.



Dr. K S Nayak was chosen for the Guru Dronacharya award by the Avatar foundation for his outstanding contribution to promotion and teaching of Nephrology in India.



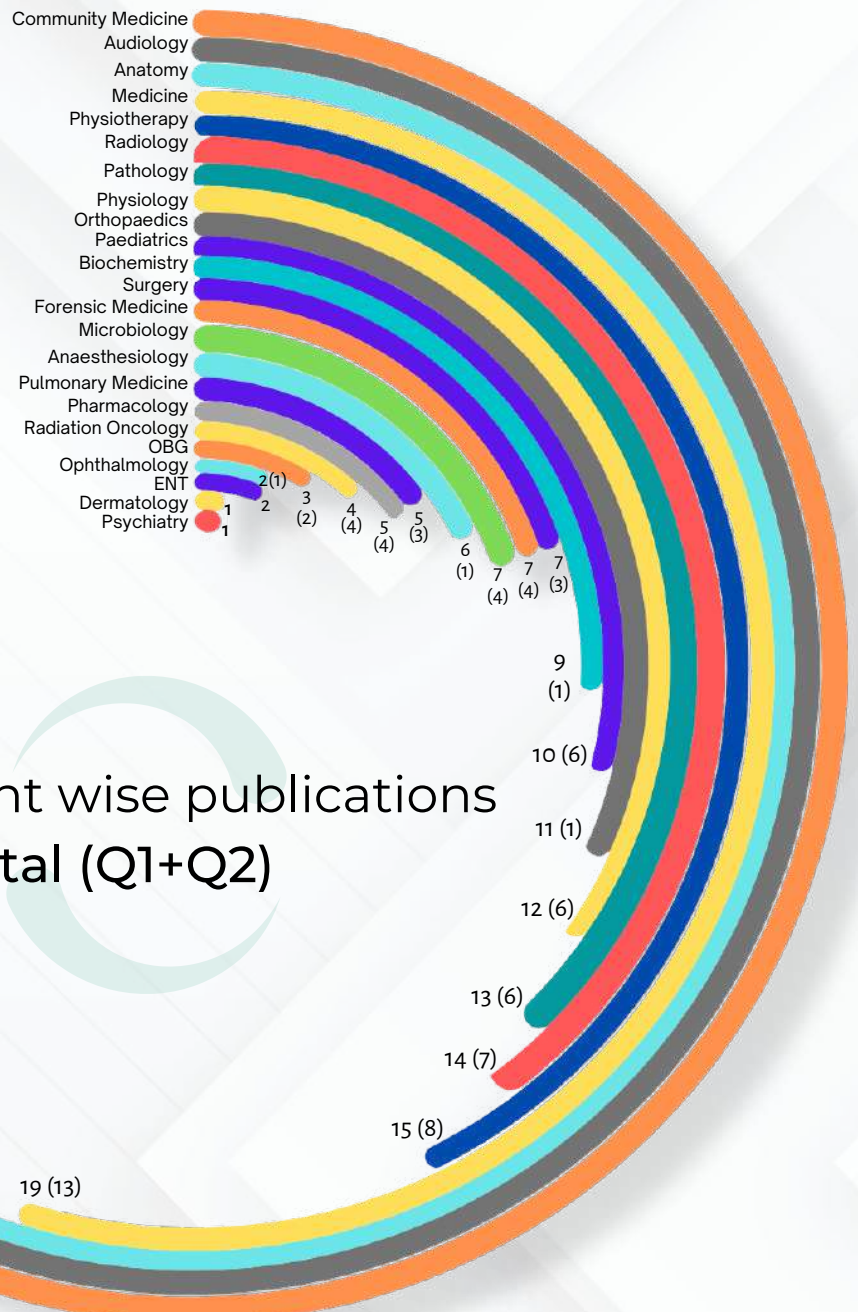
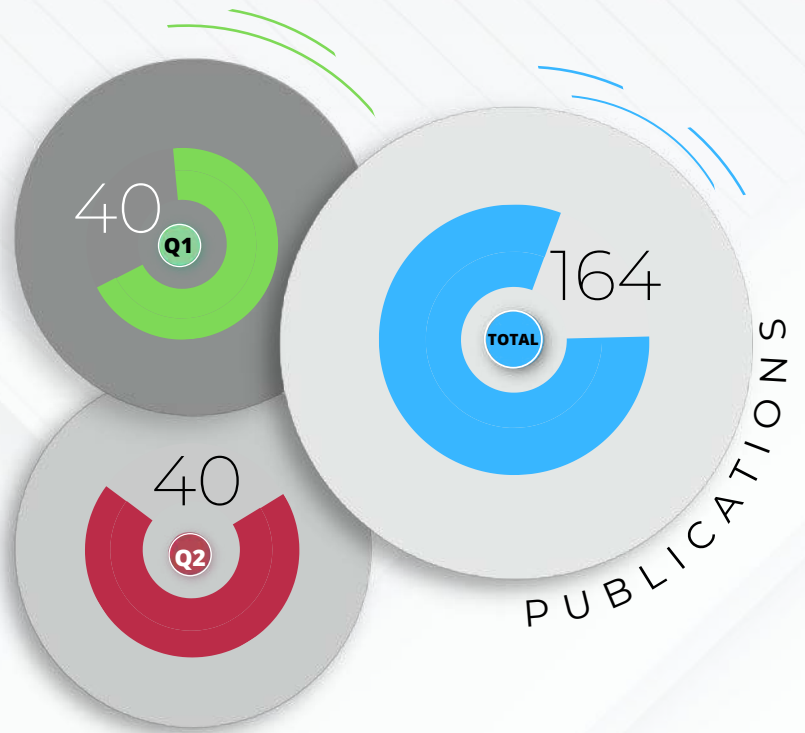
Dr. Sankaran Sunder was chosen for the Guru Dronacharya award by the Avatar foundation for his outstanding contribution to promotion and teaching of Nephrology in India.

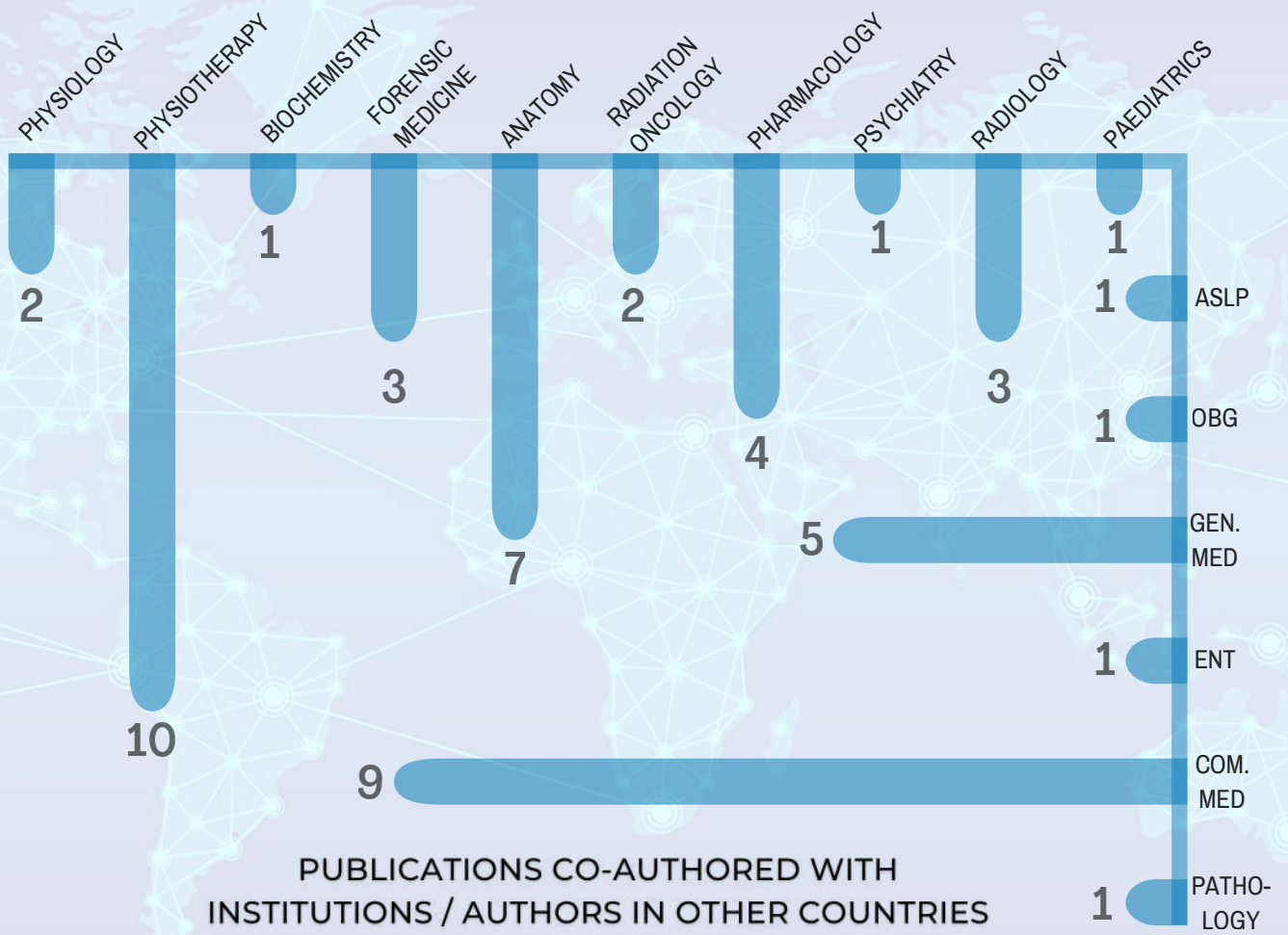


Dr. Raghu Ram, MS Batch 1991, achieved the rare distinction of becoming one of the youngest surgeons of Indian origin in over 100 years to be conferred OBE (Officer of the Most Excellent Order of British Empire). Prince Charles, Prince of Wales at an Investiture Ceremony held at Windsor Palace on 30 March 2022, formally bestowed the award. OBE is the second highest civilian award in the UK (excluding Knighthood/Damehood).

# RESEARCH STATISTICS

JAN-JUNE 2022





5473  
Citation Index

11  
Funded research projects

1.39  
Field-weighted Citation Impact

RESEARCH STATISTICS



# E V E N T S

First MBBS Orientation Program 'MEDINTRO' for batch 2021 and white coat ceremony was held on 28.02.2022 at Dr. TMA Pai International Convention Centre.



The 4th Edition of Dr. Sita Mahalakshmi Memorial Postgraduate Medicine Quiz was held on 27.02.2022 in the Medical Education Unit, KMC Mangalore. Of the 27 participant teams, Dr. Jayaram S and Dr. Rohan Jacob Verghese from JIPMER, Pondicherry emerged as winners. Dr. Priyanka V Vasist and Dr. Vijay Balaji K from M S Ramaiah Medical College, Bangalore were the runners-up.

KMC Hospital, Ambedkar Circle celebrated 25 years of Revolutionising Health care on 1st March 2022 at the Dr. TMA Pai International Convention Centre Mangalore.



College day/Awards day was held on 13.05.2022 at the Dr. TMA Pai International Convention Centre. Chief Guest Dr. C.R. Ballal, distinguished alumnus of KMC, Professor & former HOD of Surgery, was felicitated for his lifetime achievements. Dr. Vaishnavi Ballal was awarded the best outgoing student of Final MBBS 2021 exams. She received the endowment Gold Medal from the chief guest and her grandfather, Dr. C.R. Ballal. Faculty and students attended the function with an audience strength of 1400.



Orthopaedics Golden Jubilee inauguration was held on 19.06.2022. Dr. M. Shantharam Shetty, former HoD, was the Chief Guest.



Investiture ceremony of the students' council '22-'23 and annual sports prize distribution was held on 17.06.22 at GD Veliath Hall.



Ganahoma Pooja of newly built Central lab of Kasturba Medical College, Mangalore was held on 21.03.2022. The Central Lab houses state-of-the-art diagnostic facilities.



The 2nd Dr B S Sajjan Oration was held by the department of Community Medicine on "Healthcare Leadership during Covid 19 pandemic: Lessons learnt and the way forward" on 07.04.2022. Lt. Gen Ashok Jindal, AVSM, YSM Director & Commandant Army Hospital (Research & Referral), Delhi Cantt. rendered the endowment oration.



"Three Decades of Radiation Oncology Services to humanity" with a CME on the theme "Evolutions in Radiation Oncology practice" was held on 07.05.2022. Eighteen of the ex department teaching and non-teaching staff were felicitated on the occasion.



Interclass cultural competition ARCANE 2022 was conducted from 6th to 20th May 2022. Onstage events were held at the Dr. TMA Pai International Convention Centre from 18-20 May. Chief guest was Dr. Gangadhara Somayaji KS, Professor of Otorhinolaryngology and Registrar, Yenepoya Deemed-to-be University.



Carpe Omnia, Seize it all', newsletter of the Students' wing of the International Chair in Bioethics, KMC, Mangalore was released by the Dean on 22.06.22.

International Yoga Day 2022 was celebrated on 21.06.22. Yogacharya Parampujya Sri Devababa from Sri Shakthidarshana Yogashram, Kinnigoli was the chief guest.

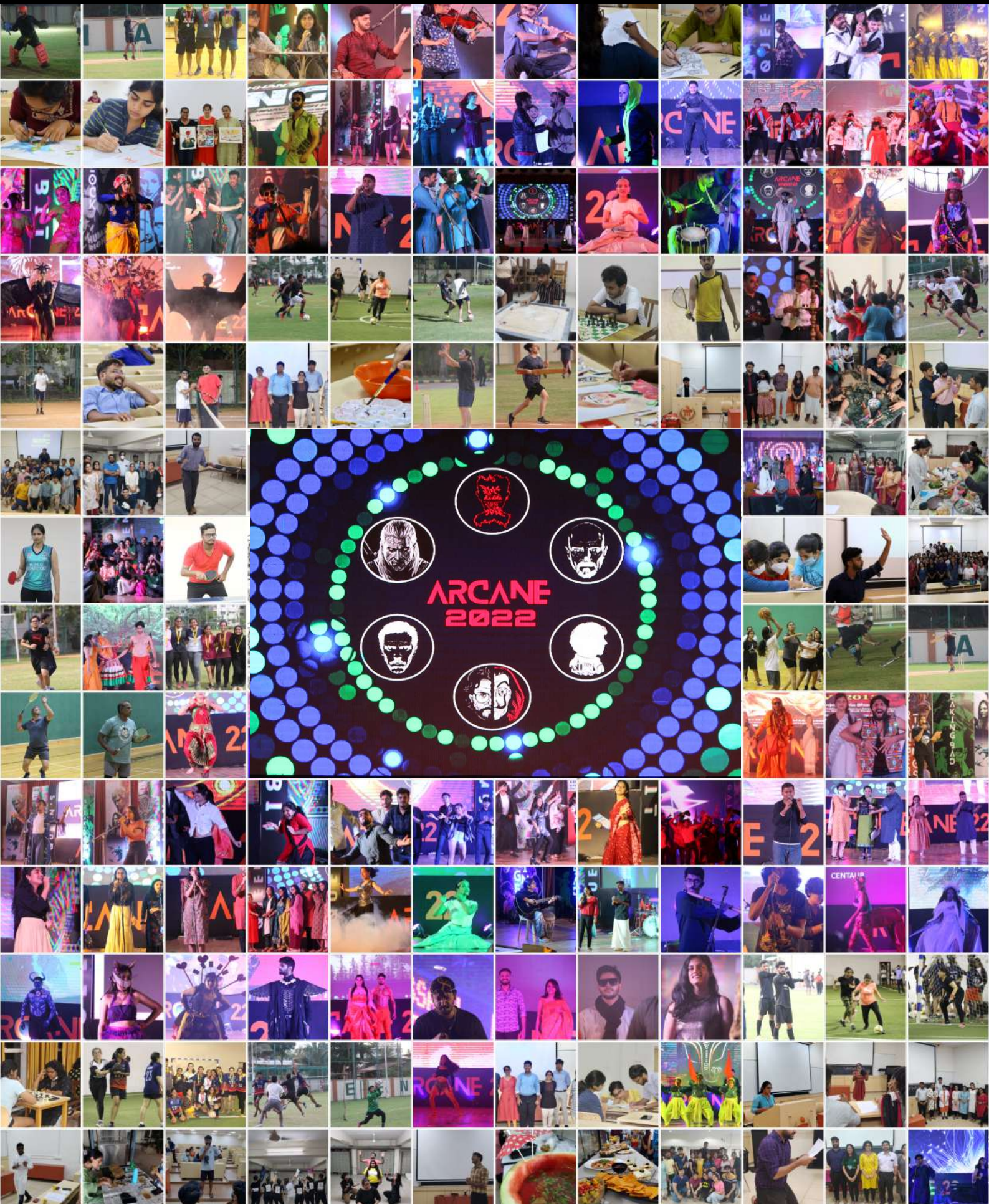


Nasha Mukta Club of KMC, Mangalore was inaugurated on 29.06.22. Chief guest was Consultant Psychiatrist Dr. P V Bhandary, director of AV Baliga group of institutions, Udupi and guest of honor was Dr. Geetha Maiya, director of Student Affairs, MAHE, Manipal.

Department of Surgery with Indo UK breast care surgery conducted a year-long breast care teaching program in 10 modules. The program ended with a summative assessment and course completion on 29.05.22.



# ARCANE 2022





## REPORT on INTERCLASS '22

The world was in chaos, so were our lives. Traditions that were drowned under dust for the past 2 years were retrieved and there was ANARCHY. And KMC was yet to see the return of the most magnanimous event- the WAR of TALENTS- Interclass ARCANE 2022. The darkness disappeared and the battlegrounds were warm, may the odds be in your favour for this shall be big and DANGEROUS.

A fortnight of ADRENALINE RUSH, for one TITLE, that the greatest of them all, shall raise.

It was the epic Gala where The Demogorgons, The Cartels, The Nightmares, The Masterminds, The Prodigies and The Irregulars battled for the Final Showdown.

OZARK- The Hidden War- was what the offstage events were rightly called, for they were subtle but game changers. A wide array of events ranging from Debate, Extempore taboo, Sketching, Painting, and many more, wits and artistic skills were put to action. Antakshari, MELA Quiz, Mad Ads, Masterchef KMC and Potpourri among others were the major highlights which saw the hugest turnouts ever. Writing relay and Band Baaja Baraat were the events which got major twists, only to make them more interesting and fun.

HALO- The Warfield- represented the sports events which saw the ferocious fights to tilt the points table in their favor. The batches stepped up their games leaving no stone unturned. The events ranging from Chess, Badminton, Tennis, Football, Cricket to Super six, Swimming, Futsal and many more gave the students the opportunity to show their best game strategies.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT- The Final Strategy- the 3 days of Onstage events had the students pouring in their last ounces of energy for this would decide who lifts the CHAMPIONS trophy. The three days- Eastern, Western and Bollywood days witnessed the best of KMC. The events ranged from Solo, duet and group singing, dance and Instrumental solo among others. Adaptune, Mock rock, Fusion jamming, Cultural parade and Fashion show were the highlights as we had the audience cheer on top of their voices for their batches. The best part of the onstage events was Rogers: The Musical, the Surprise Event which set the stage and the hall on fire as nobody could resist moving to the music.

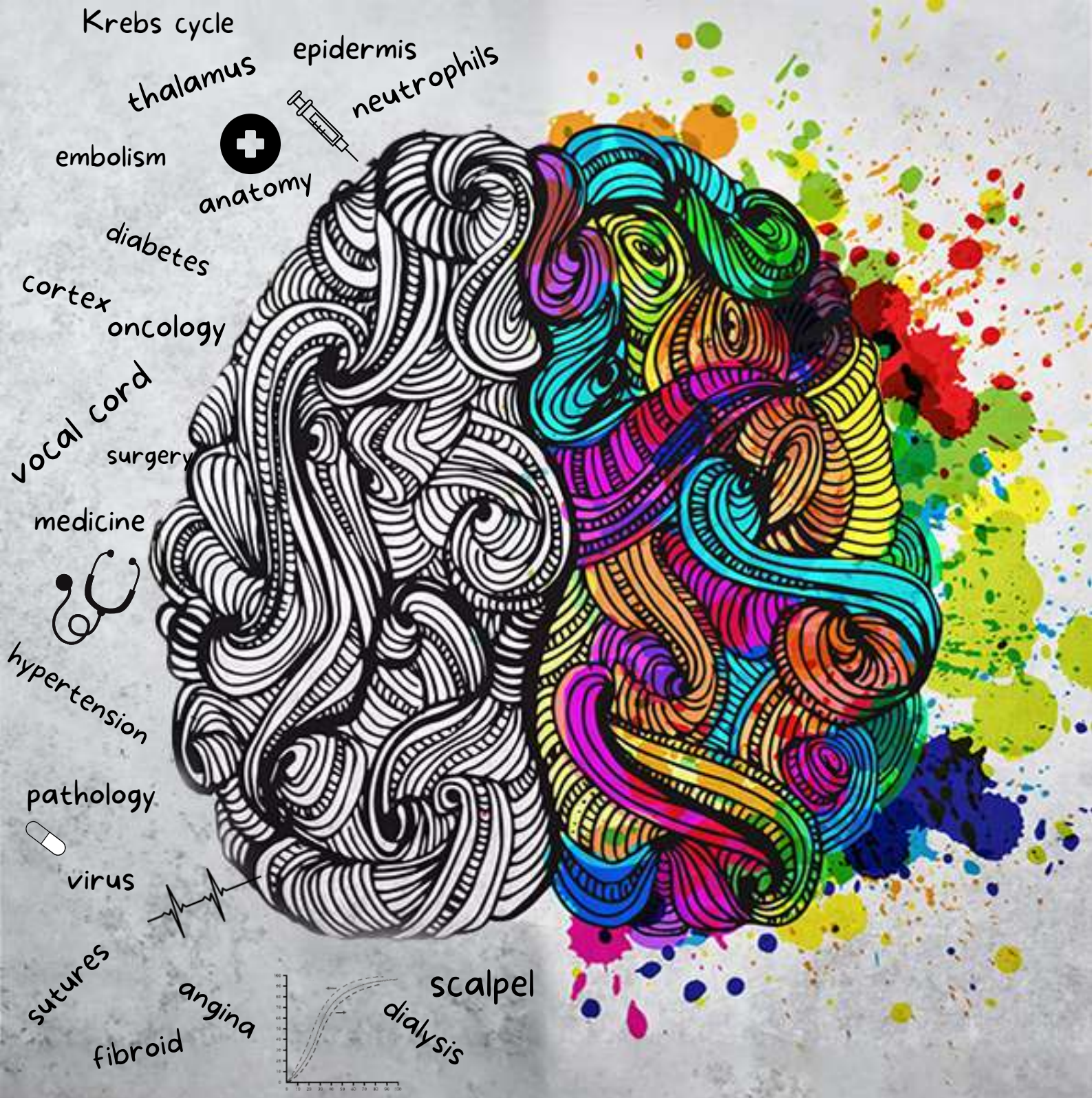
The dust settled on the night of 20th May as ARCANE-2022 ended with the mightiest NIGHTMARES lifting the CHAMPIONS Trophy. The CARTELS gave a tough fight and emerged as the First Runners Up, followed closely by the IRREGULARS, who were the Second Runners up.

The Students' Council 2021-22, before its final breath, put together this battle of talents, wits, art and creativity. Couldn't have asked for anything better to break the uncanny silence of the walls of KMC for the last 2 years. Great is the art of beginning, greater is the art of ending.

Farewell, we shall meet again!

**Ms. Sneha Iyer**  
Fine Arts Secretary  
Students' Council '21-'22





# SHOWCASE



# MEMORIES

Dr. Shubham D Krishnan  
MBBS Batch of 2014



KMC and its stage have given me endless memories!

Till date I reminisce them wholeheartedly. It gave me this wonderful audience and people who brought out the art within. It gave me moments of joy on and off stage. I derived so much from being on stage and at the same time watching others performing some of the most phenomenal artworks up there. For an artist, one of the most precious moments is the entire hall echoing with his/her name in unison.

This happened in 2018 when I was the presenter for the Fashion Show with these charming men and women on stage. Our priorities were simple. To live one of the last on stage experiences to the fullest.

And, the show was going to end just like it was expected. But, just after I was done introducing all the models on the stage towards the end, just being in the very initial part of my final dialogue of introducing myself, this happened.



The entire hall echoed with "Mizpaah Faarig" my pen name, and I was close to tears. Cannot thank one of my dear juniors, enough for capturing this. I'm indebted to him for life. Cannot thank KMC enough for giving me this stage and the innumerable precious moments like these. "Mizpaah Faarig" will always be about the words that pull you up when you are drowning. It will always be about the little things in life that give you peace, words that make you smile, poetry that makes you tear up and grin.

Whenever I have felt low after this day, I have always gone back to watch this video and specially this part, to pull myself back into place. It still gives me goosebumps every single time.

Cannot conclude this without saying - ***"Hum manch pe jeetne nahi jeene aaye hain"***

# OH EIGHT!! OHH EIGHT!!

Interclass...!! Unreal times...!!

Just as Mangalore has its own vibe, KMC's interclass fest has its own charm. Marvellous moments etched in the memory, plucking a string of good old times. The excitement, the adrenaline, the euphoria...!!

Fortunately, a lot to remember & the least to forget about those scintillating nights at Dr. TMA Pai Convention Centre. Monsoon 2008, a batch of raw prodigies got into the medical school with a dream to make it big, trying to acclimatise to the drenching heat of the lovely coastal town.

2009, the first interclass, a bunch of us inspired by 'Step Up', shaking a leg & breaking a leg (literally, as Abhishek suffered a hip spasm on the eve of the performance), had put up a decent show but the pressure consumed us. Summer 2010, I tried to get into the groove, from dressing as a girl with banana necklace to carrying the majesty of King Aragorn (won The Best Model of the batch). Along with fellow Harry Potter, Voldemort, Mad Hatter etc. we reflected substance, still the stage anxiety somewhere bothered me.

Spring 2011, 6th semester, "Honeymoon phase", as we all know it, a crew of 10, decided to break a sweat and pull off an adaptation of "Step Up 3D" fused with the flamboyant "Michael Jackson" style, unaware of the challenges about the physicality of the dance routine. Despite some minor goof-ups, the end result was phenomenal, the spectators loved it & we grabbed the second prize. The first prize winning futuristic themed ramp show & Mime had me portraying Madd Chadd robotic moves in Daft Punk-esque attire & moonwalking across the stage, respectively.





Fierce 2012, final year! One could feel the stress in the air. Amidst the hustle-bustle, I convinced my dance buddy Sujay to raise the bar with a duet. What started like a puppet dance, progressed as MJ tribute, escalated to flawless waving, powerful locking-popping and high-flying moves. The thunderous applause, the moment we jumped off the stage, made us believe that we have set the stage on fire.



Indian royalty themed fashion show, carrying the swagger of a Lucknowi Nawab in a glittery Sherwani & teasing the crowd with a wink (LOL ! Khursheed made both of us pull off a Dwayne Johnson shoulder shrug). Eventually, everyone was awestruck by the grandeur Varsha dressed us into.



After those winning performances, thought we were done for good & it's time to hang our boots. Little did we know, what awaits us is gonna blow every mind off..!!

Internship, 2013, busy with respective postings, Sujay had this crazy idea about something unimaginable, asked me to take care of the steps n' music & assured he would do the rest.



What happened was mesmerising..  
Pitch dark, Neon suits ON..!!



Audience went bonkers..! Good vs Evil...illusive body split..! Exhilarating crowd pops on our signature moves..! Roof breaking..! I still get goosebumps, remembering that tremendous standing ovation. People called it "The Best" performance in KMC history for years to come.

***Lastly, one word to sum it all.....MAGIC...!!***

**Dr. Ashar Iqbal Lodi**  
MBBS Batch 2008  
Radiation Oncologist  
Indore





# RULE BREAKERS

**Dr. Mohammed Shaheen**  
MBBS Batch of 2014



As the uproar and the commotion died down in Lecture Hall 1, The Students' Council of 2014-15, bright-faced and lovable chaps that they were, had branded us as the Sons of Arkham. Our blue T-Shirts, though wouldn't make the cut in a Vanity Fair cover, had already amassed double the number of orders as our batch strength. The events for interclass, the pop-culture dripping themes and the brotherhood-promoting (read as marketing scheme) merchandise



had all been thrown at us and how we lapped it all up. I don't know if it's a medical college thing, but it's definitely a KMC thing - To make everything larger than life.

And at the centre of this grand event was the book of the Darkhold, the Kama-Sutra for winners, the Holy Grail for maximum prize winning potential - The Rule Book.

Now, the Rule Book represented cold, hard tyranny. A set of rules which you had to follow to avoid being burned at the stake of disqualification. Of course, this cut-throatness was a direct cause-effect from the Utsav stage. But even then, it was truly commendable to see how ruthless the competing teams got. If your headgear drops mid-fashion show, that is a "Dropped-Prop". If a recognizable word is uttered during an Eastern dance, that oopsy-daisily transforms the clueless Bharatnatyam and Kathak performers into cinematic dance territory. God forbid your Hindi song has an English rap (Cut to Badshah, Yo Yo Honey Singh and Raftaar crying in their million-dollar mansions), cause then your Eastern group song is a Western piece, and we can't have that. Logical or not, I remember how imperative it had become to appoint two or three fault catchers - people who'd attend every event masquerading as audience. But in reality, they had ingested the whole rule book and were just there to possibly disqualify the competition.

Fun.

But in the same stage where a team gets disqualified for using recycled guitar strings in Junkyard Jam (yes, that has happened), was a team which used an instrumental version of a very famous Tamil song in their Western Group Dance. I still remember a fashion show, where the rule book said "Hand-HELD props are not allowed". Well, there was no mention

of hand-taped props, so that's what the models did. The Mad Ads rules clearly states that lewd gestures and cussing was gonna lead to disqualification (and heavy judgement, coz ultimately we were doing this monkey business in front of our Professors), so they incorporated all of it into the script with live censoring. The compulsive Road-runner-esque "Beep, beep" still ringing in my ears. hilariously done. So yes, while the rule book did imply a certain degree of colouring-within-the-lines: It also forced you to get, for lack of a better word, naughty. Some of my best experiences and memories of interclass have always been something rule-book related. Whether it was the time where we passed off a third dancer as a prop in a Duet performance (According to the book, the only banned props was fire, water and AC current, not



another human being). Or whether it was the time where we intentionally gave a wrong answer in Antakshari, to arm-twist the team in the lead to rake up a higher negative score than us. The creative decision to skirt around rules without actually breaking them, based on loopholes in the rulebook, whether or not led to a podium finish, always resulted in something remarkable.

That prime moment when the audience figures out what you've done, and when they appreciate the intellect and the ingenuity that went into it. And then there is actually no choice but to enjoy what is brought to the table regardless of the rules and the egos that were broken. There is nothing quite like that.

At the end of the day, the purpose of the naach-gaana-drama-shaama that we do is simply to entertain. Sure, competition is in our blood. Our entire lives are embroiled in ranks and exams and one mark more and two marks less (Looking at you, unhealthy unrewarding medical system). But deep down, we really value the authenticity of a good, fun time.

Within that prerogative, I think rule books are meant to train us for a time beyond the safe, warmly-hugged four walls of our college.

All offer documents have to be carefully read before investing. All papers have to be intensely scanned before signing. In this era of evidence-based protocols and litigation-happy lawyers (We're all simps for Camille Vasquez until we're in the witness box), doctors seldom get a chance to truly be creative. That's not due to a lack of a creative side, as can be seen very clearly from our own interclasses.

Spend a lot of time reading the metaphorical rule book. Read every line and between every line and then read them some more.

Rule books exist so that you may achieve the liberty to bend, if not break a few rules.

# *THE GOD WHO PURRED FOR US*

The transition from living to dead, journey of the soul, from surety of life to void of uncertainty, basket of life to surrender to the divine light. God...demure, mysterious & existential like a cat...purring on his creation... leading them along...to the other side or the lack of it.

*She hissed and purred demurely  
Covertly reticent yet overtly coy  
What lies on the other side  
Across blue seas, great mountains, dark clouds  
..... And beyond life.*

*She conducts the choir of creation  
To pulsating vibrancy of life  
Creaking twangs of ageing.  
She plays out too  
Elegiac dirge of placid death.*

*She stands at the thresh  
From the known to the unknown.  
She silently slips the soul across  
Existence to a meaningful lack of it  
A world beyond human comprehension*

*An infinite void of perceptless.  
She is the one we seek out  
The God we rever  
The fate we dread.  
The unknown, the unseen  
That threads into us  
Mercy needless, hemming and hawing.*

*We lapse in the comfort of her lap  
Trait of legacies that run cold  
At her vigil  
The resonance of life  
To virgin nothingness of the soul.*

Dr Vishak Acharya K



Professor & Unit head  
Pulmonary Medicine  
KMC, Mangalore

## FROM A HIGHWAY TRAVELLER'S HEART

*Burning the rubber on the fiery asphalt;  
Passing through those beautiful fields with lovely yellow flowers;  
Ready crops blowing in the cool winter breeze;  
Beautiful farmhouses and the rustic rural traditions;  
Those muscular, moustached gentlemen subtly romancing the beautiful shy ladies;  
Adorable kids running around with their innocent, simple games;  
The lazy knowing eyes of black, white and brown bovines;  
The bleating of the goats, neighing of the horses and oinks of the pigs;  
Laying around in the lazy afternoon, enjoying, and at peace;  
Beautiful birds, white and black, blue and green spreading their wings in the clear blue skies;  
Those large puddles, simulating a lake, feeding the farms and the cattle alike;  
The small multicoloured village temple, sometimes isolated, at others times a source of festivity;  
I can't help but notice a beautiful countryside;  
Falling in love with the countryside. Is it just me, or is it...*

*Huge electricity poles and their long snaking wires;  
Few red brick houses and cottages with yellow and red plastic thatched roofs;  
Long bridges over the broad pristine water ways of the rivers;  
Giant trucks are rolling on the highways;  
Cars of every make model and colour streaking between them;  
Huge blue boards, yellow speed signs, seemingly endless kilometer between cities;  
Bales of straw from the cut crops, await their disposal on the roadside;  
Construction workers in yellow and red jackets and helmets, trying to make more highways;  
Try to remind me of the city. But fail miserably in the beauty of this simplistic district;  
Falling in love with the countryside. Is it just me, or is it...*

*Speeding across the highway towards the beauty missed for a few days;  
Yearning the sound of giggles, that always cheer me up. Those grey eyes,  
Looking forward for my arrival, wondering whether I'll make it, though confident that I would;  
An inviting bed, the warmth of home, and the opportunity to rest my shoes;  
Drive me to the city, my destination, my home, my family;  
And yet I simply cannot erase the things I see, etched in my memories; thus,  
Falling in love with the countryside. Is it just me, or is it...*

Dr. Saumya H Mittal

DNB (Neurology) - Batch of 2014  
Consultant Neurologist  
Noida



## BALANCE FOR BETTER

*Cruising in the ocean of life*

*Rambling mind here and there*

*Harmonizing struggles and strength*

*Mind whispers **Balance for better.....Balance for better***

*Many times I tried so hard*

*Striding one after another*

*Chaos does not end*

*Troubles hang around like heavy rains*

*Mind whispers **Balance for better.....Balance for better***

*Lost in my mind tired in my thoughts*

*I slumbered with certain hope*

*In the sleepy nest to a dreamy realm*

*I touched a star, an angel whispered*

***Balance for better.....Balance for better***

*Be a strong woman she soothed*

*Rippling through challenges who smiles*

*Attired with strength and pride*

*Awake! Begin the new journey with oomph*

*She vanished saying*

***Balance for better.....Balance for better***

*Today the strong woman is in me*

*I respect her and I admire her*

*For being my inspiration balancing life*

*I learnt to .....*

***Balance for better.....Balance for better***

**Dr Nayanatara Arun Kumar**  
Associate Professor  
Physiology



## MEMORIES OF INTERCLASS FOR BATCH OF 98

*We lived in hostels 2k kms away from home*

*Pressure of studies yet had no an iota of boredom*

*In an era where there was no internet let alone social media,*

*Yet we had lots of friends, unitmates and an encyclopedia!*

*A different world it was altogether*

*We were so gelled and stood up for each other,*

*To clap, to cheer, to laugh n to boo!*

*Interclass was what we looked forward to.*

*Each time there was a new idea and a new strategy,*

*Fashion show, Just a Minute, singing and Variety,*

*Sports events with nail biting end!*

*You name it and we had the talent.*

*Interclass brought us together in Townhall,*

*Even the silent n meek ones shouted tall,*

*It was a show of strength and camaraderie.*

*Made us sporty, fashionista and literary!*

*Fun, enthusiasm, excitement, zeal and thrill was in air,*

*No biases and prejudices, judgement was always fair,*

*Proud we all yelled for the much sought shouting holiday*

*Those memories are with us even today as fresh as yesterday!*

**Dr Ruchi Kapoor**  
MBBS: 98-04  
MD Anesthesiology: 2004-07



# SNAPPED



**1**  
**Dr. Abraham M Joshua**  
Associate Professor Sr Scale  
Physiotherapy

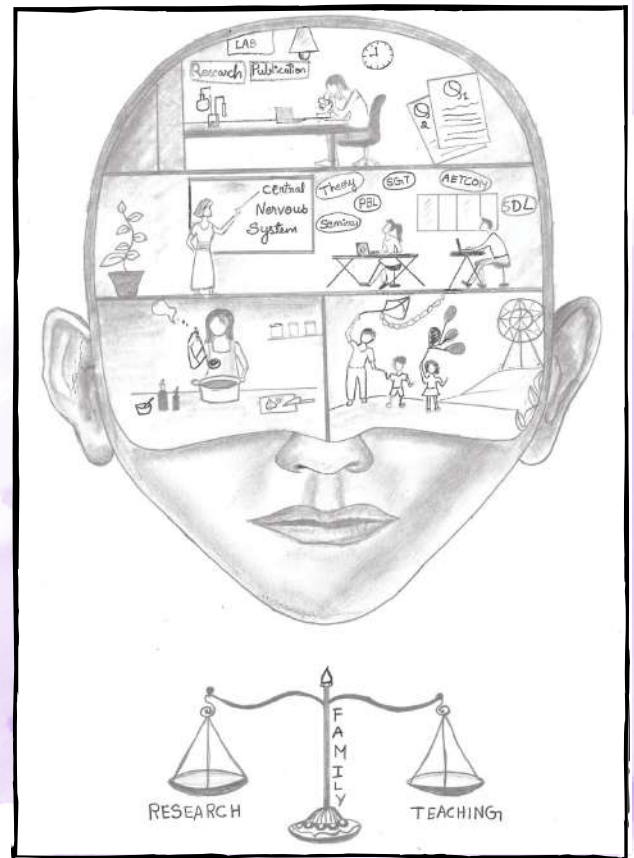
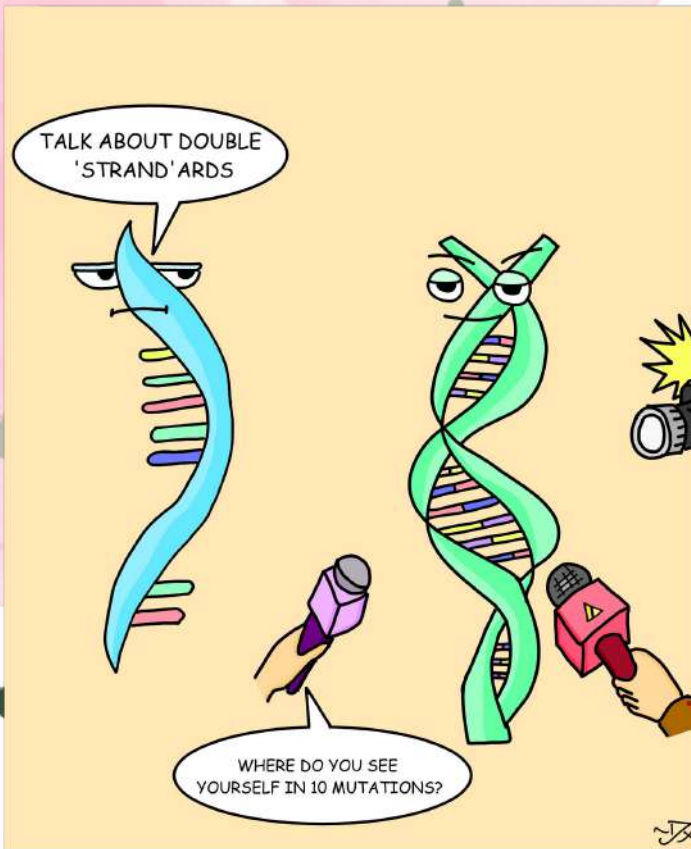


**2**  
**Dr Jagrut Udeshi**  
Junior resident  
Pathology



**3**  
**Mrs Megha Nayak**  
Assistant Lecturer  
Physiotherapy

# Through the Strokes



**Dr. Donald Xavier Sequeira**  
MBBS Batch of 2014



**Mrs. Megha Gokul**  
Tutor  
Physiology



**Dr. Deepthi Shanbag**  
MBBS Batch of 1993  
Associate Professor  
Dept of Community Health  
St John's Medical College



# AGE IS JUST A NUMBER

When I made a life changing decision of giving up my career at its peak and returning to pursue higher education, apart from raised eyebrows from people around me, I had to handle the raised tensions within myself. I knew that the 10-year long hiatus was not an easy leap what with all my batchmates now at the peak of their career and way ahead of me in the field I now wanted to pursue at almost beginner level. It took me at least 3 years to understand that it is what I truly wanted in life and I will never be happier if I continued in the place I was in. So began the long journey from the corporate Dubai world back into the Wenlock Hospital hallways. My family was always very supportive. Now when I look back, I can't imagine walking that path without their help. They were there with me, besides me, ahead of me and behind me. I was cushioned from all sides and never had a moment of regret about my decision. But surprising was the way in which my friends handled the situation. They were all encouraging to an extent that I wondered why I even had those doubts! One huge issue that always gnawed at my brains was the fact that I was older than the other residents. Being petite, my age never showed up physically and I loved the astonished looks on the faces of people every time they found out I was a mother of three, but I was apprehensive of co-inhabiting with people from a different generation. What I missed to realize that these were medical students and the fate of medical students had not changed a bit in all these years. And so, I was welcomed into a community that was exactly the same as I had left it 10 years ago. In fact, a bit more mature than the yesteryears! Although my colleagues never ever made me feel old (and sometimes even made me feel childish), they loved to joke about my age. So, when I squinted to read a damningly small font, presbyopia was an instant diagnosis. Marie Curie became by classmate, communication was via pigeons during my days and my MBBS days were all spent in black and white. One specific incident that always cracks

me up is the time when my co-resident came into the OPD and when he didn't find me, was compelled to ask a junior resident 'Where is the fossil?' I still chastise the junior for pointing in my direction without even smirking. Of course, it was all taken in good spirit and I enjoyed every bit of that annoyance. At a point in life where I felt that making best friends is no more possible, I was happy to make so many in a short span of 3 years. My personal life definitely was much different than my colleagues. I had to come back home to 3 kids that were just 2 years apart and the youngest was a toddler. So when my batchmates took a nap and read in peace, here I was feeding a kid, shouting at other and trying to make a powerpoint presentation, all at the same time. I kept telling that parlour lady 'next time' every instance she talked about a manicure or pedicure that she finally gave up. On call duties were becoming a nightmare until I decided to move closer to the hospitals which changed things dramatically. As an icing on the cake, my batch was one of the most competitive and I had to keep up with their energy if I had to succeed. My kids had a visiting mother in the true sense. I could hardly spend time with them, and quality time was impossible. Now when I am filling in for those lost parenting years, I am amazed at the way they were raised by my dad almost single handedly in my absence. They have grown into these adorable darlings (the naughtiness didn't fade out much though). But they definitely bring the brightest sunshine during the gloomiest days. So, whenever someone asks me about going back to books after a long time, I always tell them that it is a great idea if they really want to pursue in that direction. Of course, it is not easy but definitely not impossible. Plus, there are those little incentives that are so irresistible!!



**Dr. Kshithi K**  
Senior Resident  
Otorhinolaryngology



# COLOURS OF PREJUDICE

*My skin meets people before I do.  
They see me and assume.  
If fair,  
I am the embodiment of purity, a goddess  
of virtue.  
If dark, heaven forbid,  
I am an unseemly abomination, a herald  
of pains to come.  
They think of this before I have said a  
word before they know who I am.  
It is a constant shadow.*

Boys do not want dark girls. Who will marry you if you are not fair?

Whether spoken by a worried mother or your very own Lady Catherine de Bourgh, these familiar sentences stem from the same societal norm, albeit with different tones.

Colourism is not an invention of the new world but an old friend from the tumultuous history of the Indian subcontinent. Though it has been traced back to as early as the Aryans, the presence of the Mughals certainly solidified it. The records of Emperor Akbar describe him as having skin the colour of golden wheat. A sign of glory, a just king with the face of the Sun. For he was fair, in all senses of the word. And they want you to know that.

Then came the British and Eurocentric features became the ideal. It was not just discrimination based on the colour that they perpetuated but also up came the idea that anything less than fair was not enough.

But can we blame everything on the invaders? Does the practice of untouchability and the caste system not work in a similar fashion?

The rich and the influential were often light-skinned, the lower castes dark. The caste system is not just a social hierarchy but a mentality that has taken such deep a root that it remains in our subconscious. It is an origami of ideas, with layers upon layers that end up defining who we are and how we perceive the people around us.

Colourism also follows internalised racism in the way that we wish to be separate from the rest of the population. This is especially seen in terms of North and South India. The divide between them is more than the Deccan Plateau. Different traditions, cuisines and yes, skin tones. The North having a temperate climate has more people with lighter skin while South India nestled below the Tropic of Cancer has its fair share of melanin. That's our body's way of protection from sunlight, no big deal there, right? *Right?*

*Fair is good*

*Dark is bad*

*White vs Black*

*As simple as that*

For all the development in society today, we still have not been able to change this mindset. We wish for things to be different, but we follow on anyway. Media representation further emphasises it with the fact that most successful actors in our Bollywood movies are fair. And even if we were to have a dark-skinned character as the female lead, our first reaction would be, "Couldn't they have chosen a fairer actress? She is so dark."

But that is not strange, quite normal even.

Perhaps it has something to do with people just liking the idea of advocating for a cause, of performative activism as they retweet a video about discrimination. Or on a kinder note, maybe they once did try to make a difference, but it is difficult to swim against the current.

*You can drown.*

So, choosing to be part of the system, however flawed it may be is the easier option.

So, this is the presentation of colorism in society in all its murky glory. But what about the person who is affected here?

One feels bound, finding themselves inadequate when presented with the checklist of expectations.

The self-hatred that takes root due to colourism is the worst crime of all. Looking into the mirror and feeling helpless about something you cannot change, hating your body when you were meant to love it. Maybe you want to. But cannot.

How do we cope? We try to change our looks to fit the unattainable standard. Here marks the grand entrance of fairness creams and similar products, a major industry, further proof of a sense of low self-esteem ground out by the craze to fit in. Women also commonly apply makeup that is of a lighter tone than their skin. The results are comical. However, I am not laughing. And neither should you.

The controversy around Fair and Lovely and its subsequent name change shed light on this issue. It is reassuring to see people taking a stand against stereotypes, but did it really affect us in the long run?

This is not enough. None of it is. Are the psychological and emotional effects not enough to call for a change?

I miss being a child. When I saw people for what they did and who they were. Now I, too, am a product of my surroundings, frantically trying new totkas to make me fair.

I wonder.

Can we stop seeing ourselves through the lens of society? Can we just love ourselves without seeking approval from others? Can I be comfortable in my skin, truly?



**Kinshuk Dhaliwal**  
MBBS Batch 2020



# INTERN AND PG

**May 2019**

"Good morning sir", I said as I entered the OPD. "Is there a staff or senior PG whom I can meet here? It's my first day as PG". He replied, "good morning, I am the intern, you can sit and start seeing the patients. It's gonna be a long day".

What began as a short tribute to my amazing interns has turned into something really special. To sit and pen down some of my most cherished moments with them means to include every single day at work. I've done my best to restrict this to under a thousand words, and hopefully, a picture should add a thousand more. There is a unique bond that is shared between interns and PGs, unlike many other relations which is either professional or personal, this one spills over. While one looks up to the other imagining what it would be like to be a PG, the other is a bit sad that he is never gonna get back those wonderful days of being an intern ever again.

It's always those little moments like, "Sir, I'll manage, go have dinner" or "Ma'am, I ordered food for all of us. Let's clear the casualty quickly and get down to business" that gets you going through the night on those super busy OPDs with endless admissions.

The feeling you get when you 'settle' the ward for the day and head out with your 'gang', I can't help but hear Tagore's Gitanjali, "where the mind is without fear and the head is held high" or the more pragmatic me hearing the background score from KGF! Post OPD brunch was always the best. The most outgoing intern picks the restaurant, the one vegetarian who disagrees, one other who wants to go back home and sleep, and my favourite, one cool dude who would trace investigations on the way.

I'll always remember the first of my interns. They were well accustomed to working at Wenlock, but I was new. By new I mean new at work and new to Mangalore as well. They showed me where the ultrasound room was, they taught me how to fill blood forms and they took me out to the beach for the very first time. It was a beautiful sunset. As I laid back on the shore and looked up, I saw the white glistening clouds float past, birds flying in perfect symmetry and the day turn into twilight and later, darkness. I was thinking of back home, I was thinking of mom. I missed her.

### **August 2019**

The monsoon was in full swing. The heavens had opened and it was raining cats and dogs. My birthday was round the corner. I had planned to go home; family calling. A landslide was reported on the road to home. Railway lines were clogged and flights cancelled. So basically, I was in distress. I hadn't been home since joining and this was my time.

My senior called me around 11pm on my birthday and took me to my interns' apartment. They had a surprise for me with serial lights arranged to illuminate the walls and around the cake! It was an amazing birthday. Cake, desserts, gifts, hugs and most of all, countless memories. My first birthday away from home became an unforgettable day; a golden page in my Mangalore diary.

### **9th October 2021**

Final year of PG is usually filled with thesis, studies, more studies and it's usually the first years that have maximum interaction with the interns but thanks to the pandemic, we had a batch deficit. Since the "show had to go on", it meant continued duties for us. Fortunately for me, it was a memorable one thanks to all my wonderful '16 batch of interns.

All of us Kannadigas planned a meet.

From Dr Rajkumar's blazing song "huTTidare Kannada naaDalli huTTabeku" to Upendra's signature blend of "Maari kaNnu horimayaage", it was a frivolous evening and an amazing night. I had the pleasure of meeting some amazing people that night, who became special to me and the friendship continues to this day.

As the speaker buzzed to 'Preeti maaDabaradu, maaDidare...' in the melodious voice of SPB, very crucial round tables were mediated about life. 'Maga, aadre doctor ne madve aagodu', to 'eyy! Naan single aage irtini' were the highlights of the night.

Many come into our lives, more and more each day; we don't get to choose them, but we do get a say in choosing who remains close at heart. "You don't die for your friends, you live for them". I have learnt, unlearnt, re-learnt, worked and grown with my interns. One of my intern always said PGs pulled them forward, but I'd like to think of it as charting the cobbled path ahead so that they don't have to tread on the same stones we had to endure. After all, that's what progress is, isn't it?

Move on...

*Odd how we entered quietly  
Into each others' lives  
Ate at a common table  
From the platter of sweetness  
And took solace in each other's smiles  
Little was said, a lot more done though.  
There was no pain  
What was the gain you ask?*

*It was time to move on  
Onto bigger things  
The door was shut behind  
And the light ahead felt real.*

*Lying on the sandy shore at night  
Staring at the stars above  
Their radiance reflecting in each of us  
There was no caption needed  
No testimony  
There was not the tiniest doubt  
These memories were etched to last forever*

*Life's an arduous journey  
So much to learn from  
So much more to yearn for  
And so much to give back  
The future never misses to thrill us  
But the past always revisits, haunting  
Giving you the chills*

*It's time...  
The knots of the past may get frayed  
But we're not afraid  
It's time, to move on...*



**Dr Prajwal K P**  
Senior Resident  
General Medicine

Special thanks to my friends- Chinmay, Nagendra, Prabodh, Tejaswini who have been with me through thick and thin.

And a ton more to my super crazy interns- Indraja, Roshni, Simin, Swathi, Yathish, Ahamedunnisa, Aishwarya Guntur, Abhishek koppal, Vishwa varun, Kiran, Vishal, Amrutha, Yashaswini, Devraj, Jeevan, Hanumantha, Basavanna, Sudesh, Aditya, Anubha, Sowmya, Sanjana, Shalaka and the list is exhaustive...

# INVITING ENTRIES FOR THE NEXT ISSUE THEME: REUNION

Showcase your original artwork,  
photography, poems, articles,  
travelogues, cartoons, reviews, cover  
designs in our e-newsletter.

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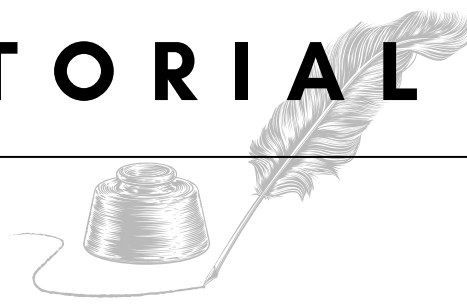
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MBBS Batch 2020

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