



Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel National Police Academy

News Letter

VOL 30 NO 2

June, 2019



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Parliamentary Committee visit to NPA



Director's Parade



Interaction with Shri J.F. Ribeiro, IPS (Retd.)



Interaction with Dr. Aniket Alam



Interaction with Shri Rajender Singh



Interaction with Prof. Dr. S.L. Vaya



Interaction with Ms. Aparna Kumar, IPS, DIG, ITBP



Interaction with Shri Pankaj Kumar Thakur, IPS, Jt. Director, IB



Interaction with Shri A. K. Mishra, IPS, Addl. Director, IB



Interaction with Shri Ritwik Rudra, IPS, Jt. Director, IB



In - Service Courses

03 days Course on 'Regulation of Cyber Crimes and Legal Aspects' (06th to 08th February, 2019)

ABOUT THE COURSE:

A 03 Days Course on **Regulation of Cyber Crimes and Legal Aspects** was conducted at the Academy from 06th to 08th February, 2019 for officers of the rank of Asst. Superintendent of Police and above.

OBJECTIVES OF THE COURSE:

- To analyse the legal aspects as under the current Indian law frame work.
- To comprehend challenges affecting effective implementation of cyber law framework of the country with focus on necessary aspects of institutional framework.
- To understand technical and forensics aspects involved in combating cyber crime from legal perspective.
- To understand related judicial interpretations and clarification.

A total of 18 officers from various states attended the course.



Course Director :
Bhushan Gulabrao Borase,
Asst. Director (SC).

05 days Course on 'Cyber Crime Investigation' (11th to 15th February, 2019)

ABOUT THE COURSE:

A 05 days course on **Cyber Crime Investigation** was conducted at the Academy from 11th to 15th February, 2019, for the police officers of the rank of SP to IG from various States/UTs and CAPFs/CPOs.

A total of 19 officers from various states attended the course.



Course Director :
P. Vimalditya,
Asst. Director (IT).

In - Service Courses

05 days Course on 'Urban Operations' -13 (18th to 22th February, 2019)

ABOUT THE COURSE:

A 05 days Course on **Urban Operations-13** was conducted at this Academy from 18th to 22th February, 2019 for the Police Officers of the States Police, Central Armed Police Forces (CAPFs) and Central Officers Organisations (CPOs) of the rank of SP, Addl SP, Dy SPs from various States Police, and Second in Command, Deputy Commandant, Assistant Commandant from CAPFs/CPOs attended this course.

OBJECTIVES OF THE COURSE:

- Mechanics of Urban Operations.
- Room Entry Techniques.
- Appreciate, plan and execute the police operations in urban scenario.
- COB Drills.

A total of 35 officers from various states attended the course.



Course Director :
B. D. Paulson,
Deputy Director (TAC).

02 days Course on 'Road Safety: National Consultation with Stakeholders' (19th to 20th February, 2019)

ABOUT THE COURSE:

A 02 Days Workshop on **Road Safety: National Consultation with Stakeholders** was conducted at the Academy from 19th to 20th February, 2019. It was conducted in collaboration with Ministry of Road Transport and Highways, Institute of Road Traffic Education, New Delhi

OBJECTIVES OF THE COURSE:

- Understanding the best practices followed by different departments across the states and understanding the viewpoints of stakeholders.
- Identifying the roles and the responsibilities of various agencies.
- Identifying the communication gaps among the various departments and strategies to bridge the same.

A total of 36 officers from various states attended the workshop.



Course Director :
Bhushan Gulabrao Borase,
Asst. Director (SC).

In - Service Courses

03 days Course on 'Negotiation Skills' (20th to 22nd February, 2019)

ABOUT THE COURSE:

A 03 Days Course on **Negotiation Skills** was conducted at the Academy from 20th to 22nd February, 2019 for IPS officers of the rank of SP to IG (5 to 22 years of service) and equivalent rank officers from other services of IFS, IC & CES, IRS (IT), Officers from CAPFs, Railways etc.

OBJECTIVES OF THE COURSE:

- To understanding the individual role in negotiation process.
- To developing effective and successful negotiation strategies.
- To create a sense of mutuality while negotiation with others.
- To emphasize the importance of Human Psychology through communication and influencing the Negotiation.

A total of 33 officers from various states attended the course.



Course Director :
Nikhil J. Gupta,
Deputy Director (SC).

03 days Course on 'Social Media Analysis & Setting up of Social Media Labs' (11th to 13th March, 2019)

ABOUT THE COURSE:

A 03 Days Course on **Social Media Analysis & Setting up of Social Media Labs** was conducted at the Academy from 11th to 13th March, 2019 for IPS officers of the rank of Asst. Superintendent of Police to Inspector General of Police and equivalent rank officers from CAPFs.

OBJECTIVES OF THE COURSE:

- To enable the participants to do basic analysis of data collected from Social Media.
- To enable the participants to develop report on a given situation from Social Media.
- To introduce participants in use of Application Programmable Interface (API) to collect data from Social Media.
- To give exposure to participants to basics of python, access token, Mango DB, JSON, CSV, Graph API, etc.

A total of 35 officers from various states attended the course.



Course Director :
Bhushan Gulabrao Borase,
Asst. Director (SC).

Shramdan



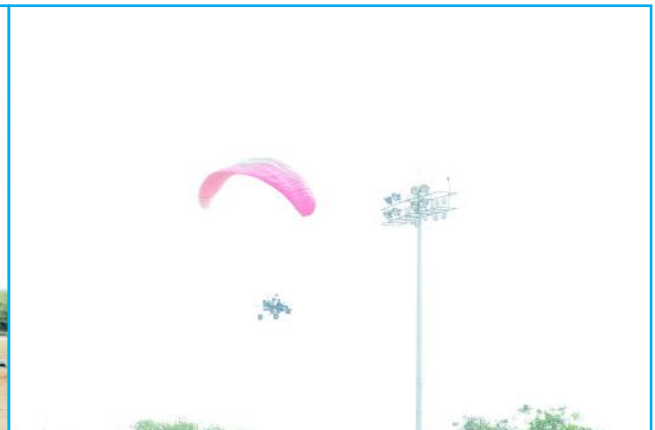
Tac Demo (Indication of Target and Fire Control Order)



Cross Country Running



Para-motoring Event



Cultural Nite 'Utsav'



Visit to Police Station



Visit to Gandhi Hospital



Formal Dinner



Investigation Simulation



Holi Celebration



Election Attachment



Reunion Seminar 1969 Batch (22 RR) (25th & 26th Feb, 2019)



Visit to Telangana State Forensic Science Laboratory



Anti Terrorism Mock Drill Exercise



Model Police Station



First Aid Drill



Forensic Science



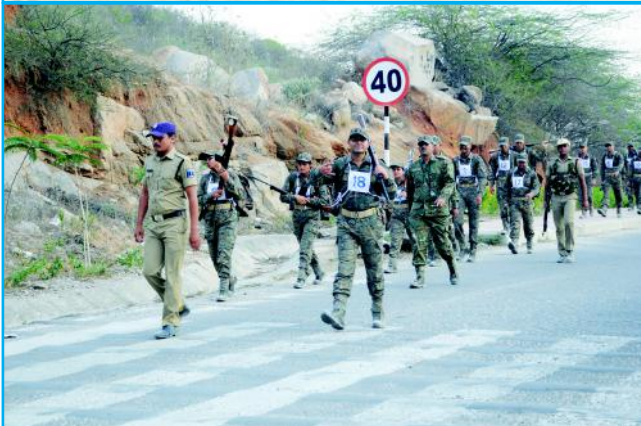
Visit of Mr. Antonio Salgado Delgado (INTERPOL) to NPA



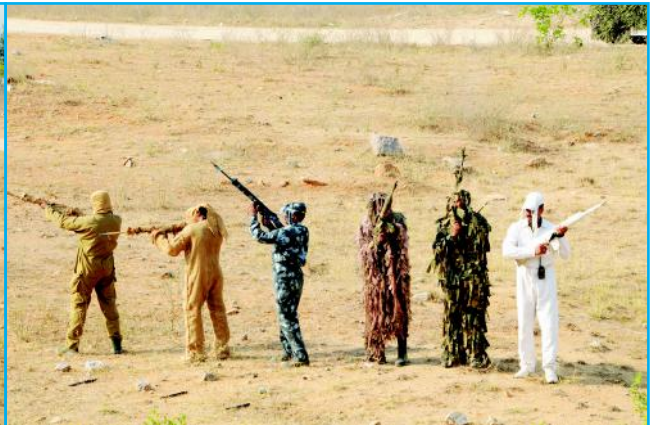
Volleyball Match between IPS and IRS Officer Trainees



Route March -15 KM



Tac Demo



Annual Day, Assam Nursery School



Visit to Centre for DNA Fingerprinting and Diagnostics



The Sheepdog

A little boy lay prone in the grass, his chin resting on his hands. He suddenly found himself overwhelmed by a heightened awareness of all that was amiss in this society, the murderers, the rapists, the pedophiles and all those deplorable beings walking around with an invisible smirk inside their miserable heads, having escaped the clutches of justice. The wretchedness of this setup we call civilization wouldn't let him sleep. Suddenly, this microcosm of society seemed to swell and become one with the universe. The rapt mind of the boy contemplating it interpreted the experience in religious terms and eventually led him to priesthood, with the slightest sliver of hope of reforming this society with his prayers for whatever it was worth.

In another time and space, that boy could have been any of us. We, however, are dazzled by the stars on our shoulders and heady with the night scents of frangipani and trumpet flowers blooming in NPA's garden, eagerly awaiting the next dawn in the hope of learning another new police skill. In this nondescript village called Shivarampalli, a good hour's drive from any place that bears the slightest semblance of a metropolis, we rise. Because 5 months at NPA has made us privy to the evils that unravel in the dark. Though our sleep deprived, bloodshot eyes may say otherwise, we're up, fueled by passion, having realized what is most important in our lives – JUSTICE.

Why the same experience and emotion should have led the boy to become a priest and us, police officers is not an easy question to answer.

What I can say with conviction, however, is that there is this raging fire in each of us that makes us want to obliterate and burn down to the bone, every injustice in society. And it is this drive that makes us run towards a ticking bomb when everyone around is running for their lives, it is this that makes flying bullets sound like music, it is this that makes us stand toe to toe and fight men twice our size with conviction, it is this that makes us put our lives on the line for people whose faces we'll never see. Because we have learned from the PT ground here, the most unlikely of places, yes, that there is glory in spending ourselves in a worthy cause, in the pursuit of something much greater than ourselves, in reaching and falling, for what matters more is how far we've reached before falling. Because the greater danger for most of us lies not in setting our aim too high and falling short, but in setting our aim too low and achieving our mark.

This is why we relentlessly train every single day. So our draw may be quick and our aim true. For despite all the hate that the society harbors for us, we know that we can't afford to let it down when we need to deliver. For 5 months here has taught us that there are no second chances in the police. But all that apart, we know deep within that we're all that stands between the wolves and the sheep, the monsters and the meek. Look as much like the wolf we might, we are a breed apart, we are the sheepdog. We are the POLICE.



K Vijay Shankar,
71 RR

सीने में बेचैनी थी

सीने में बेचैनी थी
साँसों में गर्माहट थी
ज़ेहन में था एक घमासान
और
होठों पे घबराहट थी
वो थम सा गया
उसे महसूस हुआ.....
कुछ खुल सा गया था सीने में
कुछ अटक गया था आँखों में
खुल जो गया वो बक्सा था
कुछ किस्सों का, कुछ सपनों का
जो बंद हो गए थे सीने में
एक लंबी आह के ताले में
जो अटक गया वो आंसू था
या खून था उन सब सपनों का
जो कत्ल हुए थे आँखों में
उन तन्हा-तन्हा रातों में
वो बैठ गया उस कमरे में
ना सह सका न समझ सका
एक सन्नाटा था चेहरे पे
न बोल सका, न छुपा सका
वो टूट चुका था अंदर से
बस खुद को समेटे रखता था
आज खुल जो गया वो बक्सा तो
वो भी टुकड़ों में बिखर गया।



Safin Hasan,
71 RR

Morning 5:20 am! (Or PT!)

Morning 5:20 am! (Or PT!)

Before the morning sun embraces the sky,
We stand, erect and aligned, silencing our inner cries;
And with the sound of the bugle, our hearts begin to pace...
Contemplating the endless rounds, today we need to race!

And as we begin to run, determined to outdo ourselves this time,
The demons of exhaustion and fatigue sheepishly overtake our minds...
And we try hard to push: our body, mind, heart, and soul,
And try to triumph the temptation of giving up and letting go!

Finally, after having braved through this gush of dismay, doubt, and despair,
Lying flat on the ground, into the clear blue-skied, when we gaze...
The sweat trickles down our hot flushed skin,
And the beauty of this ordeal suddenly dawns, forcing us to grin!

That we have succeeded in leaving behind few more footprints on this oft-dreaded ground,
Mixed with some more fears, that so far used to hound!
And with grit and grime, despite the countless times...
We tried and failed, yet again, each day we happily embrace this grind!!



Lavina Sinha,
71 RR

The Promise of Success

One's potential is so huge and so vast,
Yet, why is it, that so many fail, and usually come last?
So few truly succeed, that when they do, others are jealous and totally aghast,
Let us all believe in success, and I promise that failure will be part of the past.

The things you think, and the things you believe,
If they are true, then those are the things that you will achieve,
But if your thoughts are false, or they are used to deceive,
You'll be stabbed in the back, and that is a promise that you had better believe.

Get rid of depression, worry, and fear,
Because success is so often so very, very near,
Tell your subconscious, "success is mine", and tell it to hear,
Remind it often, then success will be yours, that is a promise, my dear.



Bisma Qazi,
71 RR

उतारें सांझ तक हर क्लेश की भंग

उतारें सांझ तक हर क्लेश की भंग
वो कहते हैं उनको
पसंद नहीं रंगों में खुद को भरना।
पानी से भीगकर,
पागलपन की हद तक गुजरना।।
भागना इसके—उसके पीछे,
जैसे लुटेरे हों किसी की सादगी के।।
ये नहीं हैं शौकीन,
इस जिददी आवारगी के।।
भला क्यों चेहरे को काला करें,
क्यों आज के दिन को मधुशाला करें।
कुछ तो दो, हमें रंगीन होने की वजह
किस बात हो हल्ला, ये नुक्कड़—चौराहों पर हर जगह।
नहीं—नहीं हमें तो साल भर बिना वजह,
गुस्से में लाल होना है पसंद।
हमें ईर्ष्या में खुद को
बेहाल करना है पसंद,
हम तो लुटेरे बनेंगे पर अच्छाई के,
झूठ में डूबे रहेंगे, दूर सच्चाई के।।
ना—ना हम तो मानव हैं,
क्या कहा ?
हम में ही कोई दानव है।।
पीले हैं हम किसी से,
हरे होते बस, स्वयं की खुशी से।

ना मानो पर रक्त नीला अधिक है,
खुशी का फव्वारा रहता क्षणिक है।।
मैं मानता हूँ, जिएं उसे जो है अभी,
बने आज पागल मिलकर सभी।
लगाएं खुद पर हर द्वेष का रंग,
उतारें, सांझ तक हर क्लेश की भंग।
उतारें सांझ तक हर क्लेश की भंग।।



Amit Budania,
71 RR

Feminism: Is it what you are shown or what you believe in?

For some, it is simply black and white, as choosing an extreme helps them stay afloat. Nature forced the creation of culture and thus culture (no matter how highly imbalanced) should prevail. For some, it is a superficial idea, all glittery and shiny but really not worth the time. And for some, nonadherence to it is blasphemy. If you don't believe in it, the force shall never be in your favour. Thus feminism, as an ideal keeps simmering in unending debates, furthering at times the age-old gender divide.

For me, feminism has been an experience that I have lived through and learnt from. It is growing in a patriarchal society as a girl and yet being empowered to make my own choices. It is the freedom to speak my mind, to influence, to encourage and to dissipate the wrong. It is definitely not sugar and spice with everything nice. But then neither is it the murkiness that many men and unfortunately some women make it be.

Let us call it a right in the sense that would allow men to love pink as much as it would allow women to cuss. It would allow girls to fight dirty and not get labeled as aggressive while letting the men shed their share of tears. It would allow women to earn for their families and men to be the homemakers. It would allow a fit girl to leave her 'reserved for women' seat on the bus and let a not so fit man to sit on it. So when you accept feminism in the truest sense of the word, your *aham* (self) gets transformed into *atma* (true knowledge). It is exactly at this stage of acceptance that you see the world from someone else's point of view, thus widening your horizon. At this peak point, strikes the epiphany about the numerous restrictions that you held not only for yourself but also for others.

Many a times I feel the women in this world restrict themselves from every achievable success not because they are not capable but because they have been always told that they are not capable. And this benevolent art of subtle assertion comes more from fellow women than men. Hence the idea of feminism is actually nothing but liberating the mind from the constant obstacles we keep creating for others. And this internalization of restrictive behavior has held us back. There is no glass ceiling, we just keep pulling the ladder away!

So it doesn't matter if you choose yourself to be Sita from Ramayana, the kind soul, the caretaker, the epitome of sacrifice and love, the silent sufferer or Draupadi from the Mahabharata, the one born out of fire, the avenger, the woman who laughed and who chose among the best, not because she was a princess but because she knew she was worth it. Whatever you become, you simply have to be free to be that person, free from stereotypes and liberated from biases created by people who never knew better. A shackle free feminist would not SURVIVE, he/she would THRIVE!

The feminist in you should question the so-called justices that have prevailed so far denying the true identity to men and women, boys and girls. The feminist within you answers to calls of defiance by the weak and vulnerable. Feminism is not the absolute right but the ability to fight for what you believe is right. Feminism is liberation. It is a virtue that you hold when you are true to yourself. So as a feminist you would not only accept equality but also fight for it.

In its true spirit, the essence of feminism defies the age-old notion of a woman being the spring board

of a successful man. It would also kick against the modern notion of a woman leading and her man lagging. It is simply a walk, a brisk one if you would prefer, with the head held high, and the man and woman walking side by side. So embracing feminism would make you realize not only your true identity but also rise above the identities created by others.

And for all its worth, why waste energy on restricting ourselves and our feminism. It is high time we started imploding with ideas that would diversify feminism, enlarge its scope and embrace within itself the LGBT group, the specially able, the orphaned, the victimized and everyone out there who need whatever good humanity has to offer.

But of course, this is just my idea of feminism. You would have yours and glad am I to tell you that I am OK with your idea as well. After all, I am a feminist!



Shristi Pandey,
71 RR

A Joy Forever

After a jading journey of about 7 hours, I was finally in Jaipur, the city of forts. I was drained out, yet enthusiastic because I was there to hang out with my friends for the next two days.

I had left Delhi at 1:00 pm in the afternoon and by 8 pm I was in the middle of the glorious pink city. I deboarded the bus at Sindhi camp bus stand; in begrime clothes, with shabby hair and a layer of soot all over my face and hands. It is never easy to travel in regular government service buses in India, long distances often become horrible. I hurried through the street, crossed over the road to get to the line of restaurants on the other side. Exhausted by the long travel, I was hungry. The aroma of luscious street food sold by roadside vendors was drooling. I slipped into a small restaurant nearby to put my appetite to rest. I scanned the menu up down 3 times to get a glance of combo fitting my pocket and I traded off by ordering *dal fry*, *tandoori roti*, and *sabzi*. The meal would cost me around Rs 90, reckoned my brain and that was not expensive, attempting to screen out all dissonance. While I kept waiting for my order to come, a youngster probably in his mid-twenties, wearing oversized specs and a bag dangling on his shoulders entered into the restaurant and after a tardy inspection for locating a seat, eventually decided to sit with me. Reluctantly, I readjusted my bag, water bottle, and mobile which I had spread over the table to make space for him. Meanwhile, my order arrived. I couldn't wait and started feasting upon the food. Taste is good and so it would do, I thought. The person sitting next to me was calmly waiting for his order to come, biting off the edges of salad pieces. As his order came, I was intrigued to see what he had ordered and stealthily peeked to check his plate. People are victims of the drive of carrying self-evaluation by comparing themselves to others. In this case, I was carrying out a comparison to assess myself against the other person on the basis of the dishes ordered! Weighing a person's worth on the basis of the restaurant bill sounds too bizarre. But this is a basic human tendency, as propounded by Leon Festinger in his Social comparison theory. To my surprise, his order was the same as of mine, same dal, and same roti. Now we were even, none of us was superior or inferior, thus sense compatibility prevailed in me.

While my brain was busy doing all these mental calculations and comparisons, I had devoured the whole bowl of dal fry. Yet to sate my hunger, I called the attendant to bring me some more dal. He said, 'OK I'm bringing you another 'half' dal fry but that will cost you extra. We have no policy of providing a free extra dish. Before I could approve, the other person eating on my table offered me to share his dish. I didn't know how to respond but he insisted and I said OK. Aversely, I cut a piece of roti, dipped in his bowl and took a bite of it. I was overwhelmed, filled up by unknown fervency, thinking why did he do it, he doesn't know me; he has never seen me before and hence after we may never meet again. Why did he even bother to offer a part of his meal to me? I looked at him to decipher the answer only to spot a broad heart-warming smile on his face. I had enough of my dinner and had not just my stomach filled but heart also.

When I was about to leave I thought of asking him his name, but something stopped me from doing so. Names are indicative of religion and ironically religions have stereotypes associated with them. Religion sometimes performs a dysfunction of fostering separate identities and divisions. I decided not to ask him his name but to treasure that moment of joy forever. I thought let this act of sheer humanity not be blotted by the tag of religion and stereotype but last with me till eternity, concealed in beautiful anonymity. And thus I moved out without asking him his name but not without establishing a bond, a bond of kindness and humanity.



Suhail Qasim,
71 RR

Life is Either a Daring Adventure or Nothing

For most of my life, my biggest adventures comprised of nothing more fascinating than a good book and an equally intriguing cup of coffee to match. So when the ITBP attachment came up it was with a certain measure of apprehension that I found out that Bungee Jumping was a part of the activities.

I naturally researched into the bungee jumping and all the ways I could survive and come out of it unscathed. But as I began reading into it the senses of adventure started appealing to me and the infectious excitement of my fellow squad mates also helped me to look forward to it.

D Day arrived and the day was perfect as it could be for the bungee jump. I must admit that I was a little apprehensive and last minute nerves did happen. So while waiting instead of letting the nerves overwhelm us, we decided to go attempt the Flying Fox, the adventure where you zip line under the force of gravity. The activity was extremely enjoyable given the fact that we were able to do it in threes. Once the flying fox was done with, now it was time to head to the Bungee Jumping platform. All the apprehensions came back rushing and I couldn't stop pacing. But that is why friends are for and my entire squad kept on encouraging each other and building our courage to do the jump. So finally my turn arrived and there was I on the platform and with what seemed like seconds the instructions were over, the harness was tied and the edge of the platform was there. With the final rush of blood in my ears, the countdown started and before I knew it I had jumped.

The feeling of jumping is indescribable and the sheer exhilaration of the jump was unmatched. All too soon the jump was over and the ground personnel escorted us off. Once the jump was over we were pretty proud of ourselves and we had a wonderful time at the small stream at the base of the jumping platform. As for me, I discovered that I too had a small adventurer in me who immensely enjoyed the jump.

Last but not least, special mention must be made of my squad mates Manish Joshi and Vaibhav Gaikwad for encouraging me and getting me to do the jump. The ITBP attachment was truly one where we went from being part of a squad to being part of a family and made us look forward to having more adventures with the squad. After all, life is meant for good friends and great adventures.



Kiran Shruthi,
71 RR

Turnout

Whatever it's meaning maybe technically, this piece here is dedicated to the National Police Academy's meaning of turnout, as perceived by me. It has been told to us that turnout is one of the 3 golden teachings of outdoor training here, the other two being fitness and firing. Regarding turnout the first thought that churns out is that turnout is the way we wear our uniforms. The more accurate and neat, the better. And if our movements, while donning this cloth woven from long-cherished dreams, are that of perfect drill, then, better. No best, because there are always scope for mistakes, or, for the fashionable optimist, scope for improvement.

After this, we are easily into the second layer of thought, that is whether turnout has any consequences. Some philosophical thinkers say that humans can be categorized into two ontological/consequential and deontological. I am convinced, till now, that humans are ontological in nature, their actions are driven by perceived consequences, exceptions being selfless love, for e.g. Generally, the relationship between parent and child. Applying the same here, let's explore the consequences of turnout for someone to follow this principle by heart. Let's simplify turnout as being presentable, for convenience, kindly forgive my pathetic translation. One consequence, generally, is that being presentable helps us get our way, which I am sure my readers if anyone is reading this at all, get what I want to say. Being able to have our way thus makes us feel powerful, which is generally desirable to people, whether they were actively seeking it or not; because strangely, this is one taste that everyone seems to be in agreement of being tasty and to some lost, insecure soul at their current point in life, addictive.

The third layer of thought that naturally follows now is whether it has good consequences beyond the benefit of the individual, that is, for the society, when an individual implements turnout, looks presentable. This is considered the third layer because one will bother about a thought more only when the condition that self is not harmed by it, is met. So when the second thought's future is in affirmative, that it not only does not harm but benefits, the thought bubble easily expands to include more people's benefits and here is where I would like to make my point. It affects society on a much larger scale than I had ever imagined or read before. Basically, when I make an effort to make myself look presentable, it not only gives me power in the sense that it gives me confidence because of which I have my way, it also makes the other person feel as being taken seriously. For e.g. When someone goes to meet somebody and they are well dressed, then easily a thought strikes that the person has made an effort to look good for him/her. Let's not be narrow with "looking good" as in only the outermost visible skin. It is in a much broader sense, that the person has made an effort to have his/her company enjoyed, the other person being taken seriously and sincerely, respected, thought of, given time and resources to, given importance. And thus, the person in front feels powerful too, which is again, liked, generally. And here, we have a win-win situation, turnout has helped both the people feel better about themselves and about each other and what more do we want than contentment?

I shall not bore further but for once. The fourth layer of thought comes when we further expand the thought bubble to include the world as we know it, the society at large, all things living and non-living. And I think India is a fair enough sample size to use for explaining. The dirt that we see around, the garbage, the spits, the faeces, the unhygienic pools of water and the likes, are an example of our "I don't care" whether it is presentable-or-not attitude, which is indispensable and unambiguously linked to turnout here. Had we really cared about how we look to the person in front of us, to the

people we meet, we would not only dress well but also keep our homes clean, the current place where we are in clean, wonder whether he/she felt my effort to make him/her feel good in my presence, in areas under my control. And this easily extends to the area in front of my house, to my vehicle, to the homes of people who listen to me or whom I care about, whether I have passed on to them the obvious but often ignored that people like being respected. Whether I am at peace with the town/city/state/country/region/world I am in, with the way it is, if presentable to the newbies, the newborns. Had turnout been ingrained in us, naturally our attitude would have been “I care” and that’s why we would make that effort every day to look presentable, to make people we meet feel good, to make ourselves feel satisfied, after all, I am convinced of consequentialism. Unfortunately, the state had to turn into a nanny state and formulate policies like Swach Bharat Abhiyan to force us to undergo behavioural change, to make us care for each other.

Nevertheless, though old but gold, its better late than never. We, the probationers are also being taught the same and needless to say it is unfortunate that we are still learning to feel a feeling as basic as love, but let’s just accept our ignorance and progress to make others and our life, better, more content. Turnout has such deep implications, let us not allow the tip of this iceberg to sink our ship of ignorance due to negligence. Whether one believes in the existence of purpose to our existence or not, whatever school of thought one may belong to, even consequentialism or not, it is desirable for all to turn-out to make this one life we have the best we can for ourselves and others around us.



Mrigakhi Deka,
71 RR

The Break!!

The (not so long a) break!!

For some, it was ..to see the sight of those longing eyes,

That brightened up the minute we set our feet inside...

Caressing and scolding at the very same time,

For meeting her after such a long time, “*kitna sookh gaya hai*” was all she managed to cry!

For some, it was.. the sheer joy of meeting the man behind the struggle,

Who eagerly waited, from his little child into an able officer, to witness this transformation...

The sheer joy of finally giving him a salute and utter “Jai Hind”, the words that now reflexively juggle out...

The hint of pride, tears welled up in those eyes... to be able to see this day, felt like a celebration, of its kind!

For some, it was..to meet the people of their society, town or village,

Who have been anxiously waiting as they wage through their troubled lives,

For me, to discuss, debate, resolve and try and unriddle...

And be their beacon of hope to end their daily strives... !

For some, it was.. to meet the love of their lives,

The sheer thought of this day had been a sight for our sore eyes...

While all these days apart had felt like years...

All it took was an alluring smile, to blissfully revel in the magic of the moment,

And kiss away all our worries and miseries aside!

Ah..the careless banter,

The endless chatter...

Away from our daily NPA routines

Of running helter-skelter...!

With friends and family, Loved ones who really matter...

Relishing all the oodles of love, glee, and *ghee*...

And homemade food that can only make us fatter!

Oh, we wish.. these days could last a little longer,

But alas they're flying, as if at a canter!

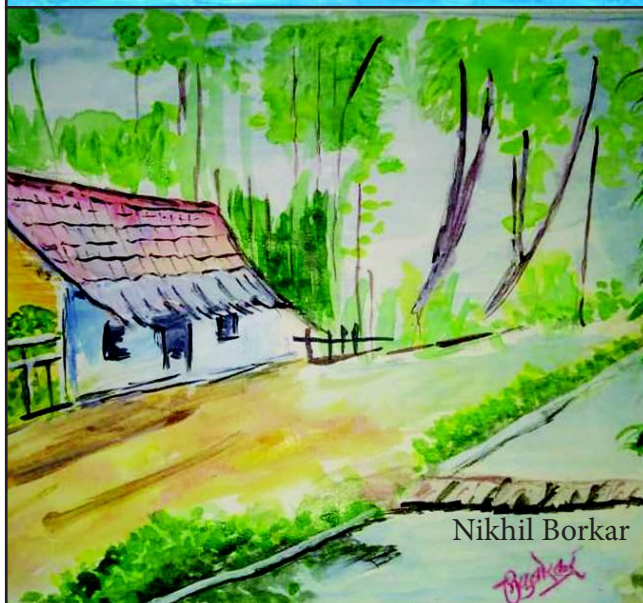
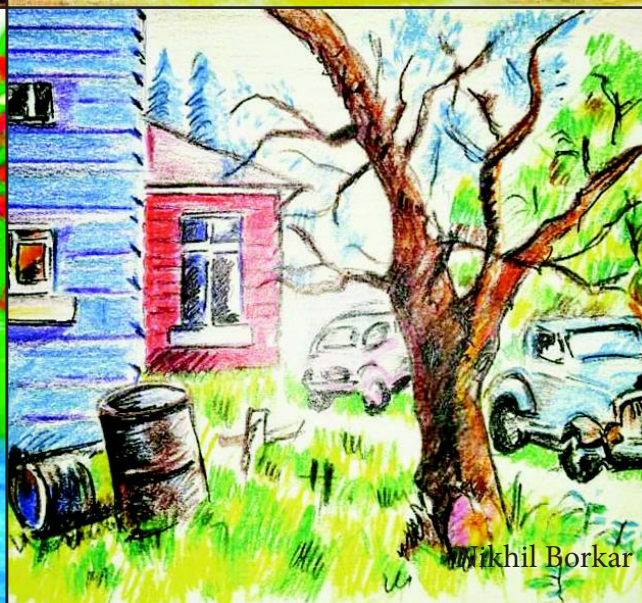
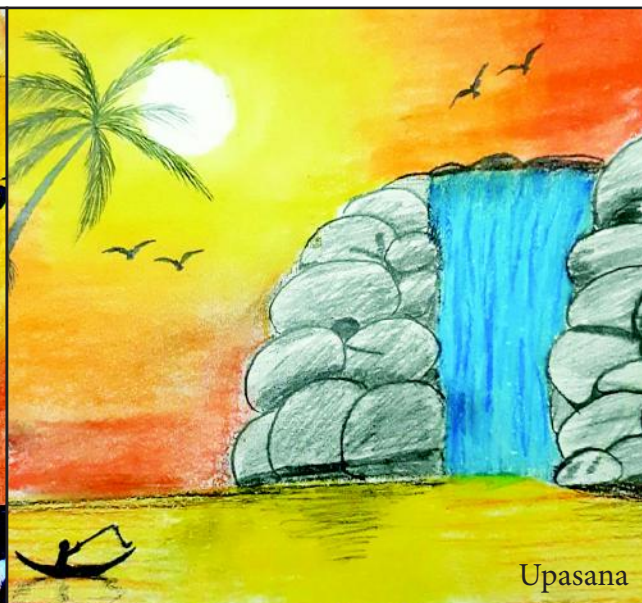
With many more miles to go, and tougher mountains to climb...

Alas, we depart, but with the promise to return, sooner, stronger and more sublime.



Lavina Sinha,
71 RR

Drawings



Until Next Time



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