



Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel
National Police Academy
Hyderabad

Newsletter

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Republic Day Parade 2026



Blood Donations Camp and Games of Republic Day 2026



78 RR Sankranti Celebrations



78 RR Holi Celebrations



78 RR Friends of Snakes by Nature & Eco Club



78 RR Forensic Science Module



78 RR Election Attachment Briefing



78 RR Jungle Module



78 RR 15 km Route March



78 RR Interrogation Road Module



78 RR Interrogation (REID Module)



78 RR Artificial Wall Climbing



78 RR Unarmed Combat



78 RR Swimming



Volleyball Match between 78 RR and IRMS Probationers



78 RR Cycling



78 RR Library



78 RR 5 km Run



78 RR BOAC



78 RR Weapon Training



78 RR Map Reading



73RD ALL INDIA AQUATIC MEET



73RD ALL INDIA AQUATIC MEET



Inservice Courses

Economic Offences 16th to 20th February, 2026

ABOUT THE COURSE:

A 05 days Course on “Economic Offences” has been conducted by the Academy.

OBJECTIVES OF THE TRAINING PROGRAMME:

To have a better understanding about the genesis and magnitude of economic crimes.

Review the existing laws, policing, procedures and other control mechanisms for tackling such crimes.

Analyze the limitations and constraints in enforcement and to suggest ways and means for their resolution and

Appreciate current and future trends in economic crimes with a view to exploring new strategies and tactics for effective tackling of such crimes.

40 members attended the course

Course Director
Radhika G



Urban Operations 9th to 13th March, 2026

ABOUT THE COURSE:

A 05 days Course on “Urban Operations” has been conducted by the Academy.

OBJECTIVES OF THE TRAINING PROGRAMME:

To make the participants Conversant with:-

Mechanics of Urban Operations

Room Entry Techniques

Appreciate Plan and execute Police operations in urban scenario

To provide a platform for officers of different organizations to share their experiences and learn from each other.

25 members attended the course

Course Director
Kalmeshwar Shingenavar



Inservice Courses

Use of Technologies in Policing - Learning from each other

16th to 18th March, 2026

ABOUT THE COURSE:

A 03 days Course on “Use of Technologies in Policing - Learning from each other” has been conducted by the Academy.

OBJECTIVES OF THE TRAINING PROGRAMME:

Technology is a force multiplier and every State/UT/CPO/CAPP is using the same for increasing their efficiency in service delivery.

The idea of this workshop is that all States/UTs/CPOs/CAPPs gather at one place and showcase their efficient use of technology so that others may learn from the same.

Each State/UT/CPO / CAPP will be provided with one stall to showcase their Apps / tech products which will be visited by officers from other State / UT/CPO /CAPP. For the sake of clarity, each State / UT/ CPO/ CAPP is requested to divide their technology products.

32 members attended the course

Course Director
Ilango R.



Advanced Training in Vigilance Investigation for CVOs

23rd to 25th March, 2026

ABOUT THE COURSE:

A 03 days Course on “Advanced Training in Vigilance Investigation for CVOs” has been conducted by the Academy.

OBJECTIVES OF THE TRAINING PROGRAMME:

To get in-depth knowledge in the area of Vigilance Investigation.

To get acquainted with organizational structure and to understand the work flow.

Interface with the other investigating agencies.

Peer group learning and experience sharing.

28 members attended the course

Course Director
Ilango R.



Inservice Courses

25 years Reunion Seminar 2001 Batch IPS Officers (54 RR)



Sitting Left To Right S/Shri : Nishit Kumar Ujjwal, B. Shanker Jaiswal, Ajit Pratap Singh, AD (IT-II), Dr. Siva Prasad Y, DD (Admn), Dr. M. Tamilvanan, DD (Works), Rohini Priyadarshini, AD (Estt) & Seminar Director, Amit Garg, Director, SVP NPA, Rohini Katoch Sepat, DD (BC-I), Dr. Ram Niwas Sepat, DD (BC-II), Dr. A Srinivas, DD (MCTP), Chaitanya S, DD (IT-I&IS-2), E Sai Charan Tejaswi, AD (IS-I), Dr. Akun Sabharwal.

Standing Left To Right (1st Row) : Dr. Soorya Thankappan, Prem Anand Sinha, T.S. Anbu, T. Senthil Kumar, Dr. Atul Fulzele, Sumit Chaturvedi, Shyni, S, Shalin, Prafulla Kumar, Gyanendra Kumar Verma, Tarun Gauba, Deepak M. Damor, Manoj Kaushik.

Standing Left To Right (2nd Row) : Anand Chhabra, Najmul Hoda, Lunsieh Kipgen, Pramod Verma, H.G.R. Suhasaa, Vineet Brij Lal, Ashutosh Kumar, Dr. Mahender Kumar Rathod, A.R. Santhosh Varma, Vipul Aggarwal, Sanjay Bansal.

30 years Reunion Seminar 1996 Batch IPS Officers (49 RR)



Inservice Courses

35 years Reunion Seminar 1991 Batch IPS Officers (44 RR)



Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel National Police Academy, Hyderabad-500052
 "35 Years Re-Union Seminar of 1991 Batch(44RR) IPS Officers"
 (26th-27th February 2026)

Sitting Left to Right S/Shri : Dr. S Darvesh Saheb, Manoj Agarwal, Sanjay Tarade, Satyendra Narayan Singh, V. Madhu Kumar, Dharam Chand Jain, Amit Garg, Director, SVP NPA, Akshay Sachdeva, K. Babu Rao, Dr. Sanjeeb Patjoshi, A. Natarajan, T.V. Ravichandran, Vinay M. Kargaonkar.
 Standing Left to Right (1st Row) : Kalmeshwar Shingenavar, DD (Tac & Sec), Dr. Ram Niwas Sepat, DD (BC-II), Radhika G, DD (CoE), Ajit Pratap Singh, DD (IT-II), Dr Shiva Prasad Y, DD (A) & Seminar Director, Bipin Kumar Singh, Ravi Prakash Meharda, Dr. Bishnoi Lajja Ram, Piyush Anand, C.H. Pratap Reddy, Neeraj Sinha, E Sai Charan Tejaswi, AD (IS-I), Ilango R, AD (SC), Arvind Sukumar, AD (Works).
 Standing Left to Right (2nd Row) : Rajeev Ranjan Verma, Jagannathan S, Gyanendra Pratap Singh, Sunil Agarwal, Braj Bhushan, Sadanand Vasant Date, A. Sunil Acharya, Ravi Gupta, Chaitanaya S, DD (IT-I & IS-II).
 Standing Left to Right (3rd Row) : Rajeev Krishna, Madireddy Pratap, Dr. Sudhanshu Sarangi, Arun Kumar Choudhary, Jag Mohan, Atulchandra Madhukar Kulkarni, Karuna Sagar, R.K. Padmanabhan, Mahendra Pratap, Bijaya Kumar Maurya, Shankar Jiwal, Kiran Jadhav, Shatrujeet Singh Kapoor, Abhash Kumar.

18th Mid Career Training Programme Phase - V



Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel National Police Academy, Hyderabad-500052
 18th Mid-Career Training Programme Phase-V
 (02nd to 13th February, 2026)

Sitting left to Right (S/Shri) : Satyapriya Singh, Samir Sadanand Ilme, Sharad Agarwal, D. S. Chauhan, Rekha Lohani, Rashmi Sinha, Amit Garg, Director, SVPNPA, Dr. A. Srinivas, DD (MCTP), R. Hitendra, M. Rajamurugan, Dipanshu Vijay Kaabra, N. Madhusudhana Reddy, Hargobinder Singh Dhaliwal.
 Standing Left to Right (1st Row) : Shaachi Ghildyal, Lata Manoj Kumar, Alok Kumar Vashista, M. Stephen Raveendra, Thummala Vikram, Manish Kharbikar, Rupinder Singh, Dr. Immanuel K Muivah, Dinendra Kashyap, Ponugumatla Ramjee, Sibash Kabiraj, Rakesh Agrawal, B. Shanker Jaiswal.
 Standing Left to Right (2nd Row) : Ashok Yadav, Dr. Ram Niwas Sepat, DD(BC-II), M. Chandra Sekhar, Brajesh Kumar Jha, Dharamvir, Rajesh Kumar, Patel Piyush Purushottamdas, Dr. Vipul Kumar, Rohini Priyadarshini, DD(Estt), Dr. Siva Prasad Y. DD(Admin), Dr. Rohini Katoch Sepat, DD(BC-I), Radhika G, DD (CoE), E. Sai Charan Tejaswi, AD(IS-I), Ilango R, AD(SC).

एक दौर रहा था

एक दौर रहा था
मैं कुछ और रहा था
मौज मेरी फितरत थी
आवारगी मुझे रास आई थी,
वह दौर बदला
मैं कुछ और हुआ
सलीका आया, समझ आई
आवारगी ने मुझसे तौबा किया।

जब कुछ ना था
चैन था, बेफिक्री थी
अब जब सबकुछ है
रंज है, व्याकुलता है,
हर वैभव हर उपलब्धि
एक कीमत मांगती है
जिसे चुकाने में मैंने अपनी
सरलता को भस्म किया।

मैं याद करना चाहता हूँ
उस निष्कपट बालमन को
लेकिन घुटने टेक चुकी है
मेरी थकी हुई स्मृति,
यह दुर्भाग्य ही है मेरा
कि मेरे परिपक्व जीवन में
मेरे अबोध मन के लिए
अब कोई जगह शेष नहीं।



Madhav Gupta, IPS(P)
78 RR

जब अस्त था आदित्य मेरा

जब अस्त था आदित्य मेरा ,
था हर पल अंधेरे का पहरा
अंगने की बगिया थी निर्जन
जब टूट रहा था अंतर्मन
तब आए तुम मेरे द्वार
अंतर में लिए असीम प्यार

जब पग पर थे रोड़े अनंत
समीप था अस्तित्व का अंत
था मन में ज्वाला फूट रहा
यश तप बल सब छूट रहा
तब हुआ तुम्हारा प्रवेश
लेकर के खुशियाँ अशेष

जब ग्रह नक्षत्र प्रतिकूल हुए
ताज तख्त सब धूल हुए
जीवन में व्याप्त हुआ एकांत
प्रताप का तूर्य पड़ गया शांत
तब आए तुम इस कूल
रौंदते मेरे पथ के शूल

ए मेरे जीवन के वसंत
आभार तुम्हारा है अनंत



Rishabh Bhatt, IPS(P)
78 RR

These Dancing Trees

These dancing trees
To the gushing breeze
The calm within
The storm within
Little birds of love
In the air, so light
Those clouds so dark
But we'll fight
the gushing breeze
In the solitary twilight
The drops that fall
They'll always do
Memories of the rains that have gone
Cravings for the waters that may never pour
And despite the darkness of the clouds
There's a lion that will always roar
Despite the impediments
Despite the oceans
Despite the incessant rains that'll always pour
Remember my friend,
You are a lion who is born to roar
And with the darkening skies beyond you think
You have it all that'll take you to the shore
Remember, you are a lion born to roar.

Every drop of your tear
Will become a crown that you proudly wear
Even in all the turmoil
There's a voice within
A calm within
A storm within

Your decisions today
However dark and painful
Your actions today
Whatever be the mountains
That come your way
You have it in you
And yours will be the day.

At the cusp of history
Your feet stand today
At your darkest hour
In the history books of greatness
Today you stand at your lowest ebb.

And Oh the invincible Lion
Today,
Of all the days in the cosmic eternity
Don't hold yourself today
Break the shackles
Break the barriers

Swim across the Oceans
And let the insurmountable mountain that you are,
Rise to kiss the Himalayan dream.

Remember
This is the darkest hour.
Undoubtedly,
The dawn is just here
The sunshine is vouching for its fiercest fighter
Waging the greatest battle
And coming out of it
With a mark of invincibility.

Rise up
Shed off all the dirt that holds you back
And fight this for the sake your own progeny
Fight this , Oh Lion, for the sake of your kingdom
Discover the diamond that lies dormant in your
core
For, you are a king who is born to roar.

To the dancing trees
To the gushing breeze
To the calm within
To the storm within

On the sands of time
Don't you wait
Let it rain even if it is meant to pour
You are a diamond who is invincible to the core
However dark The night
Your infinite Soul will take you to the shore
What if there are mountains in the Oceans
Your story is the making of an epic Lore
For, you have the courage, that too galore
Because You are a Lion who is born to roar
And you'll roar
And be hailed as the king of the Jungle.



Abhinandan Singh, IPS(P)
78 RR

The essence of being one's self

Scene one

The story goes like this. It was a huge building having the prestige and historical importance of giving best of best administrators to this nation whom Sardar Patel has called steel frame. A young enters with blazer on shoulders, nervousness in heart and anxiety in eyes. She entered the building showed the admit card and gone to the main entrance and later to central hall. While sitting she met her group interviewees. Two female, five male on the one table. While the documentation was going on, she looked around herself and her group mates. Some looking very smart, some very beautiful, some tall, some fluent and all very good in their gesture, demeanor, looks and language. The girl started conversation with them. For a moment she felt bit underconfident while talking to them. Some kind of inferiority has amassed in her heart related to her looks, her height being short, her not being so beautiful, not so fluent in English and many more things. Till now she had been just thinking of what she did not have. Be it the beauty or be it her non fluency of English, she was thinking of only one thing, “ whyI cant be like others”? Why I didn't get beautiful face or taller height, why I cant have as good command over English like others, why I just stop between while talking? While she was travelling this self conversation path, her turn for interview arrived. While everything was going smooth, her underconfidence conquered her. On one question she was stuck, she could answer it properly in English. But the luck was on her side, somehow the interviewer get to know that she could answer well in hindi. He asked her to continue in hindi only. Later she switched to it ad continued her expression in hindi. After 30 minutes, she came out of room and later from building; went to her father and cried. She said, “papa, I could not speak in English. I am going to fail”. A loving father, a caring mother consoled her to not worry and leave everything on God now as she give her best”

Scene Two-

It was the day of result. The girl was praying to God and getting herself prepared for not finding the name in the list. Then arrived the time and the pdf. Surprisingly her name was there in the list and very unexpectedly on a good rank. Later she got to know that it was because of her interview, that she got selection.

That day, the Girl realized a lesson. The lesson of being one's own self, the most pious, the most authentic and the most raw-version of one's own. The girl realized that though she didn't speak English very well, she spoke hindi flawlessly and that made her selection successful. So one should always try to be the best of their own version. Everyone should be the one who they are, not what others are. Because in order to be like others, we cant become themselves because we don't have their essence; at the same time we also lose our own essence because we didn't hold on to it or could identify and cherish it. It does not matter what we don't know, what matter is what we know and how confident we are about it. What matters is to portray our knowledge with confidence and assertion and stick to our originality. Looks, language, outer persona are just the covering, the real thing lies in our essence and understanding of self as well as its presentation with self confidence. This gives uniqueness to our personality and that only radiates and makes us shine. Take any example be it history, politics, or literature, it is only the uniqueness or originality that has been cherished and was preserved in the annals of history; what vanished was copy paste and mere replication.

So be yourself, excel in it and set exemplary figure. At the end I would like to quote my poem-

तुम बेनज़ीर हो
तुम बहार हो,
तुम खुद ही खुद का श्रृंगार हो
नायाब हो सबसे तुम,

प्यार हो तुम अपना
अपनी ही तुम परवाज़ हो।



**Kriti Tripathi, IPS(P)
78 RR**



Saloni Vats, IPS(P)
78 RR

The survival guide to N.P.A

What is NPA?

For me, NPA means Never-ending Physical Activity. Recently I was speaking with my friends over phone. I told them that I am currently training in the National Police Academy. Their reaction was one that of a shock as they knew the 'types' that I belong to. I had a tough time convincing them that I had joined the NPA to train as an IPS probationer not for working as a chef or gardener. Such is the assessment they have made of me that I would be the last person in the world to join as an IPS OT.

For me the rigorous police training started long back before coming to NPA. It traces back to my younger twin sisters. More stronger, sharper and wittier I used to be at the receiving end most often. When it came to wrestling for the TV remote I lost, when it came to the fight for the last piece of snack I was trampled. Having come from such an oppressive environment I find NPA to be very kind, gentle and compassionate. Compared to my sister my DI and ADI's appear angelic.

Now comes 7th December. I walked across the NPA gate. All the Tamil films in police genre was running my mind. Singam, osthe (the tamil version of dabaang), siruthai (tamil version of rowdy rathore), these were the things. Having this at the back of my mind during the WT class I removed the smith Wesson revolver in a stylish fashion from and pressed the trigger without DI sahab asking me to do so. Result 5 squats. Since then I have been trying to do ctrl+shift+delete all these movies from my brains hard disk.

Then comes morning cardio activites. Here again with over enthusiasm I visualised myself to be Kipchoge, usain bolt, PT usha. I thought like them and ran like them My leg shin bone said, "No, you are not them and swore at me," and then my shin decided to take a vacation. Ever since I have been a regular visitor to the physiotherapy centre.

In Week Two, while my leg was healing, my nose decided to join the protest. Sinusitis. Have you ever tried to look like a tough, serious protector of the law while struggling with the box of tissue papers? I hope I don't become one when I go to the field.

I have always competed with bats and owls to be the long-lasting nocturnal animal. Mornings and afternoons used to be my sleeping time. So, after coming to NPA it has been a biological shock for me, waking up at 'midnight 04.30am. Just as my genes are evolving to become a diurnal from a nocturnal animal the surprise night call for fall last week has once again confused my genes as to who I am? Maybe I should destroy all my time devices and evolve to be nocdiurnal animal.

But jokes aside, NPA has given me a new meaning and identity. As the Michelangelo statute reads, I feel that I am being chiselled to bring out the finest version of myself. Being the junior most member of IPS, whose senior members have brought peace, welfare and stability to our nation, I feel my shoulders heavy foreseeing the gravity of responsibility I would be shouldering in the near future. I am sure that NPA training would strengthen my should to carry this responsibility with courage, honour and integrity bring honour to my service and nation.

Having successfully survived the NPA training, the biggest achievement in my life so far, for 4 months I would summarize a few things under the header of 'The ultimate survival guide to NPA training': 1. Live in real world and not in reel world; 2. As an IPS you work profile demands 24/7 application of mind – it is not a sacrifice but it is living a life of challenge and accomplishment; 3. We need not be the best, consistent survival over longer periods of time is the key; 4. Comply and then complain; 5. The final lesson is that keep your uniforms ready else you ll have to run 15 rounds with AD OD sir.

I'll finish with a line from my all-time favorite movie The Shawshank Redemption:

"Remember, hope is a good thing, maybe the best of things, and no good thing ever dies."

Thank you!



**Kavimozhi M V, IPS(P)
78 RR**

सिंघनाद जब हुआ प्रबल उस मेवाड़ी प्रासाद में

सिंघनाद जब हुआ प्रबल उस मेवाड़ी प्रासाद में,
अक्षय सूरमों का टोला तब डूब गया अवसाद में

राणा के चित्तोड़ द्वार पर एक पापी प्रहार हुआ,
राजा रतन सेन के उर पर खिलजी का रण वार हुआ

जिन वीरों की रणधीरों की शौर्यशिला पुरुषार्थ रही थी,
उनके रक्त रहित रूहों की ग्लानि गुहा यथार्थ रही थी,

वहीं कहीं पे शमशीरों की, शेरों की टंकार हुई,
शीश कटा इक परमवीर का, त्राहि-त्राहि चित्कार हुई

बिलख उठा जब राजमहल और तुरक ध्वजा स्वीकार्य हुई,
प्रभुता की कुलदेवी, बलिवेदी जाने को अनिवार्य हुई

तभी दुर्ग के अंतःपुर की आभा बोली यलगार है,
'अरि जिनके सम्मुख बैठे उनका जीवन धिक्कार है'

यह आभा थी सुमन सुता, सौंदर्य सुधा अभिमानी थी,
कलानिधी की चमक झुठलाती वह मर्दानी, पद्मिनी रानी थी

उठा वेग गोरा के अंदर, चिंगारी जल काल हुई,
उसके कृपाण के परम तेज से खिलजी सेना लाल हुई

पर कहाँ विजय पा सका है कोई कपटी, छली, अज्ञानी से,
जिसके सर पर कामुकता का कीट चढ़ा उस प्राणी से

खिलजी ने तलवार उठाई काट दिया सिर पीछे से,
बूंद-बूंद फिर लहू गिरा, अभिषेक रुधिर के छींटे से

यह युद्ध विरोधी नीति देख रानी का तन-मन स्याह हुआ,
गुराई वह, क्षपट पड़ी, दुश्मन सेना में हाह हुआ

सिद्ध शेरनी भी पह गति जूना के दिल के पार वर्ष,
रानी को पाने की हसरत तिल तिल कर भरमार हुई

अडिग नजर से देख रहा था वह पद्मिनी के हर वार को,
हर सैनिक के गिरते सामर्थ्य को, उनकी पीड़ा और हार को

जिसकी छवि पे मोहित हो, था टूट पड़ा मेवाड़ पे,
उसके भुजबल की छटां देख मदहोश खड़ा कीवाड़ पे

ईक-ईक कर मर गए रथी जब, रानी की सेना परत हुई,
पल-पल लड़ती उस अबला की ओज, शक्ति नतमस्त हुई

तब रावण से बचने को सीता ने प्रभु का नाम लिया,
दौड़ी पहुंची भवन मध्य और धमनदीप को धाम लिया

सोलह हजार की संख्या थी मेवाड़ कुल में वनिताओं की,
अपनी लज्जा की रक्षा करती जगमग दीप्ति शिखाओं की

रानी की जलती मशाल से चन्दन को पहली आग लगी,
रो पड़ी थी उस दिन मानवता, विपुल धरा को दाग लगी

अनल देव भी मनुज धर्म के मरने पे शायद रोते थे,
क्रूर चिता को लपट समर्पित करने को बागी होते थे

एक साथ 'जौहर' पावक धारण करने का ध्यान चला,
अपने चरित्र को अग्नि समर्पित करने का स्नान चला

धू-धू कर जलती तन ढेरी, धूआँ-धूआँ राख हुई,
जला वहीं पर वेद सार और मानुषता की साख मुई

वह आग अभी तक बुझी नहीं, हर खिलजी को यह ध्यान रहे,
लगते लगते ही आग लगी थी, हर राख का सबको ज्ञान रहे



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दीदार

“ बेज़ार दरख्तों को फिर से खिलते देखा है,
फ़ाख़्ता को आज मैंने, नशेमन पे देखा है

ये आसमाँ और अब्र की मसावात का जादू,
ज़मीं को गयी शब, मैंने बोलते देखा है

भुला चुके थे मसरत-ए-हयात को हम,
जाने किन निगाहों से, अब उसने देखा है

मालूम है दरिया को मुस्तक़बिल अपना,
दरिया को कब कहीं, तुमने रुकते देखा है

आईने को अब कैसे झुठलाया जाए, कि उसने,
अश्रकों को चश्म-ए-पुर नम से बहते देखा है

एक अरसे बाद हम मुस्कुराएं है 'फैज़',
एक अरसे बाद हमको, उसने देखा है “

दरख़्त = पेड़/trees

फ़ाख़्ता = पक्षी/birds

नशेमन = घोंसला / nest

अब्र = बादल / clouds

मसावात = बारिश / rain

शब = रात/night

मसरत-ए-हयात = जीवन की खुशियां/happiness of life

दरिया = नदी/river

मुस्तक़बिल = भविष्य / future

अश्रक = आँसू / tears

चश्म-ए-पुर नम = नम आखें / tearful eyes



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Families: The pulse of a nation

Neither are we the strongest nor are we the most hardworking species alive on earth. Individually taken there are species which can outperform us on these parameters. Even 100 men or women put together wouldn't match the might of an elephant. Likewise, we are miles apart from the tiniest of ants in terms of resourcefulness.

But, notwithstanding the above stated facts, one simple Google search for the most successful species on earth would point the result directly towards us. This definitely demands an exploration to find the cause behind this paradigm.

This leads us to one peculiar feature of our existence: Families. Rarely is this found in any other species.

What is a family?

A social institution wherein our relationship with other fellow human beings is driven by permanent commitments. The commitment here is not by any financial, legal or other materialistic considerations.

Now we are led to another peculiar aspect which underpins families, i.e., unconditional love. Love and unconditional concern for the welfare of the near and dear one's fuels the families. In family, vulnerabilities of an individual do not result in the threat to an individual. In the case of any other species weakness of an individual would have resulted in the extermination of the individual aligning with the principles of natural selection.

But for us, the institution of family by virtue of showing unconditional love ensures that vulnerabilities are respected and patched up resulting in creating a virtuous cycle of support and sustenance across generations.

Now, what is link between family and the nation?

The existence of civilizations and nations are built on the foundations of mutual trust, hope and welfare of all.

When trust is lacking, competitive behaviour and zero-sum mindset come to the fore. This results in a win lose relationship causing mutual destruction. However, in families there exists the ultimate assurance of absolute support, sharing and caring. This trains the individual minds towards mutual trust eliminating conflicts in society and thereby nation. Any person assured of his or her welfare ultimately works for the welfare of others.

Secondly, families create hope in the society. Hope is the fuel that powers progression in the society. In situations of difficulties and uncertainty hopelessness sets in and efforts cease. But with the unflinching support and sacrifice of family's uncertainties are converted into opportunities. Ultimately with newer opportunities nations flourish.

Mental health is a topic that is often neglected and generally involves a stigma around it. Families have traditionally been safe place for discussing and resolving mental depressions without fearing judgement or stereotypes.

Families are thus basic fundamental life unit of a nation. The health of the institution of family is very important for the long-term welfare of the nation. Times change, social values change and hence it is normal for the dynamics of family relationship to undergo change, but the institution of family will have to survive for a strong nation and harmonious society.



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The election season in India is loud

The election season in India is loud, charged, vituperative, and unforgiving. It is the most visible manifestation of the theatre of democracy: rallies swelling with slogans, candidates trading accusations, and a citizenry pulled into the gravitational force of politics. And alongside this spectacle, almost as a shadow that moves but is seldom seen, stands the police. And, unfortunately, almost predictably, the police become the easiest target. It is, as many of our seniors say, “open season” on the police.

We are accused of bias before we act, of excess when we act, and of failure when we choose restraint. We are scrutinised both for what we do and for what others perceive we might do. The police must be visible enough to deter violence, yet invisible enough not to intimidate the voter. We must be firm without being forceful, neutral without appearing inert. Election policing is unlike any other law-and-order duty. It is about maintaining peace, but more than that, it is about upholding the trust the citizenry has placed in us. So, in a very real sense, the police are the custodians of the democratic process.

Consider the complexity of what is expected.

Months before a single vote is cast, the groundwork begins. Advanced security liaison (ASL) meetings are conducted with central forces, intelligence agencies, and the civil administration. Vulnerability mapping is carried out down to the level of individual booths. History sheets are revisited, local tensions analysed, and preventive actions initiated. Every decision is layered with consequences. A misjudged deployment can escalate tensions. A delayed response can erode confidence. A perceived bias, real or imagined, can ripple across an entire constituency.

The term ‘Bandobast’ is often used casually in public discourse. In reality, it is one of the most complex operational deployments undertaken in peacetime India. Consider a single polling day: thousands of polling stations, many in geographically remote or conflict-prone areas; multi-layered security made up of static guards, sector officers, flying squads, and reserve platoons; real-time monitoring through control rooms operating 24/7; and rapid response protocols designed to neutralise disturbances within minutes. In states like West Bengal and Assam, where electoral violence has historical precedent, the margin for error is razor-thin.

And then there is the human dimension. No one sheds a tear for the constable who has not gone home in ten days, manning the outer cordon of a polling booth under the harsh sun, ensuring that a line of voters, each with a different political belief, can cast their vote without fear. No one realises the anxiety that a sub-inspector goes through when he is coordinating last-minute changes in route plans of a VIP because intelligence inputs suggest potential clashes. No one cares for the Superintendent of Police (SP), awake through the night, juggling calls between the Election Commission, district administration, and field units, trying to anticipate problems before they erupt.

The policeman operates in what can only be described as a zone of permanent contestation. Acting against ruling party workers when they violate the law. Protecting opposition rallies even in hostile environments. Enforcing the Model Code of Conduct (MCC) without fear or favour. Withstanding pressure – political, social, and sometimes internal. Paradoxically, the more evenly the police act, the more likely they are to be accused by all sides. Political actors, seeking advantage, question our neutrality. Commentators, seeking narratives, amplify isolated incidents. Social media, seeking outrage, circulate half-truths with full conviction.

To be constantly doubted is not easy. To be vilified in public discourse, sometimes without evidence, can be disheartening. But the uniform demands something more than validation. It demands resilience. And so, the police continue. We continue to stand between rival groups when tempers flare. We continue to escort ballot boxes through difficult terrain. We continue to ensure that the elderly woman who has waited five years for this day can vote without intimidation. We continue, even when appreciation is scarce.

This is not to suggest that the police are beyond criticism. Accountability is essential in a democracy, and no institution can claim perfection. There have been instances where the conduct of individuals has fallen short of the ideals the uniform represents. These must be acknowledged, investigated, and addressed.

But to paint the entire force with a broad brush of suspicion is to ignore the complexity and scale of what is undertaken during elections. India conducts elections on a scale unmatched globally – hundreds of millions of voters, millions of polling personnel, and vast geographical diversity. Despite this, the overwhelming majority of polling stations report peaceful voting. Incidents of violence, while serious, are statistically limited relative to the scale. Voter turnout often remains high, indicating sustained public confidence in the process. These outcomes are not accidental. They are the result of meticulous planning and execution, of which policing is the central pillar.

Perhaps what is needed is a more balanced understanding. To recognise that neutrality is not passivity but an active, often difficult, choice. To understand that restraint, in a volatile situation, can be as significant as action. To see the human being behind the uniform – the fatigue, the pressure, the quiet determination to get it right.

As a probationer in the Indian Police Service (IPS), I am still at the beginning of my journey. And if there is one lesson that election duty teaches us, then it is: the legitimacy of the police comes from adherence to duty, even when it is unpopular. The incalculable service of the police lies not in what happens, but in what does not. The riot that never breaks out. The intimidation that never materialises. These absences are the true measure of success. In the theatre of democracy, where passions run high and stakes run higher, the police is the one institution that will always continue to hold the line.



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