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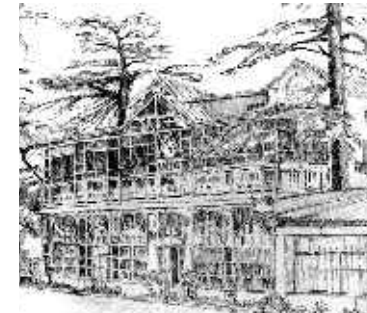
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# The ACADEMY

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We seek to promote good governance by providing quality training towards building a professional and responsive civil service in a caring, ethical and transparent framework.



## NEWS SPARKS

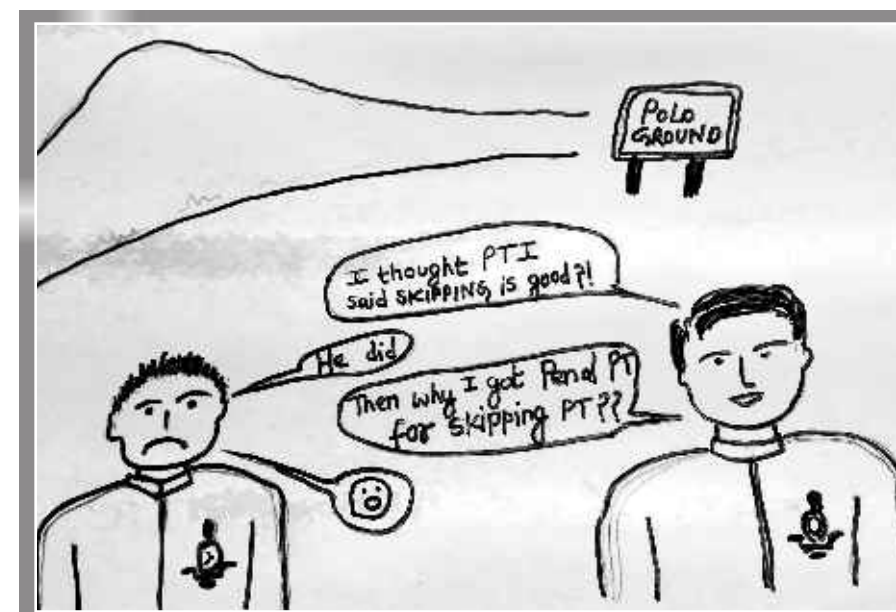
### 21st and 22nd May 2016 Zonal Day

The North-West Zonal Day and the South-East Zonal Day were held on 21st and 22nd May 2016. On the respective days, the local culture and traditions were depicted in the forms of cuisines, games, activities and cultural performances. Various kinds of local delicacies were served in the Officer's Mess during all three meals. Various regional

sports and games were organized by the Officer Trainees ranging from Kite-flying to Rangoli decorations.

The cultural evening for all the zones was organized on 22nd May where the culture of entire India was beautifully showcased in the form of plays, dances and folks songs. The Officer Trainees participated in great numbers in all these events proudly showcasing their Culture and that of their respective cadres.

### OTs CORNER



PT Cartoon

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*Officer Trainees showing their talent in Zonal Day celebration*

**25th May 2016**

### **अकादमी में एक शाम, सूफी संगीत के नाम:**

अकादमी में पिछले दिनों सूफी संगीत के भारतीय गायक कैलाश खेर आये। फाइन आर्ट्स सोसायटी के इस आयोजन में कैलाश खेर ने अपनी खनकती आवाज़ और सूफियाना अंदाज़ का जादू जमकर बिखेरा।

कार्यक्रम की खूबी यह थी कि कैलाश खेर ने अपने संघर्ष के समय और सफलता मिलने के बाद के खट्टे-मीठे अनुभव भी प्रशिक्षणार्थी अधिकारियों से साझा किये। सचमुच कैलाश खेर एक कमाल के गायक और संगीतकार होने के साथ ही एक बेहतरीन इंसान भी हैं। जीवन के शुरुआती दिनों में बेइंतहा संघर्षों से जूझने वाले कैलाश खेर आज भी ज़मीन से जुड़े हैं। देसी अंदाज़ में हँसते-गाते जीवन के मन्त्र दे देना उनकी खासियत है। मस्तमौला सूफी व्यक्तित्व के कैलाश 'अल्लाह के बन्दे हँस दे' कहकर हर निराशा से उबरने और हरदम मुस्कुराने की प्रेरणा देते हैं।

सम्पूर्णानन्द सभागार में प्रशिक्षणार्थी अधिकारियों से रू-ब-रू होते हुए उन्होंने अपने कला-संस्कृति के संरक्षण और विरासत को सहेजने की अपील भी की। भारत सरकार के 'स्वच्छ भारत अभियान' से जुड़े श्री

कैलाश खेर को कार्यक्रम के अंत में निदेशक श्री राजीव कपूर ने स्मृति चिन्ह भेंट किया। संचालन निशान्त जैन और संयोजन महेंदर सिंह तंवर ने किया।



*Enjoying Kailash Kher with his amazing vocal*

**30th & 31st May 2016**

### **Golden Jubilee Reunion of 1966 Batch**

The Golden Jubilee Reunion of 1966 Batch was organized in the Academy on 30th and 31st May, 2016. Shri Rajeev Kapoor, Director, LBSNAA addressed the participants. A compendium, titled "Making a Difference" was also released.



*Inaugural Golden Jubilee of 1966 Batch*



### **FACEBOOK PAGE OF ACADEMY LAUNCHED**

The Facebook page of Academy was launched on 24th May 2016 by Director, Rajeev Kapoor. In this information age it has become quintessential to have a presence in the Social Media. This would help the Academy to release important news and announcements regarding various on-going and forthcoming courses. The page was created by the House Journal Society and would be run by its Office Bearers.



*A group photograph with Director, Rajeev Kapoor at the launch of Facebook page*





## LITERARY WORKS



### संगम

*Nishant Jain\**

खेल-खेल में खेलें दिल की, सारी परतें आज,  
इक-दूजे के संग संजों लें, खट्टी-मीठी याद।

लाल-लाल से बादल ऊपर, नीचे धानी चादर,  
दूर क्षितिज पर ढलता सूरज, कहता नीचे आकर,  
आओ मिलकर संग बजाएं, दिल के सारे साज।

रिश्तों की गरमाहट महके, जीवन भर हम सबमें,  
इन मुस्कानी की मिठास, बस जाए अंतर्मन में,  
'संगम' में कह दें खुलकर, अपने मन की आवाज़।

(\*IAS Phase I, 2015 Batch)

### Meri Mussoorie!

*\*Pamela Satpathy*

I had a Dream.  
A 'Little-Big' dream  
which I wondered, Why had I ever seen?!  
The dream seemed distant,  
almost impossible to achieve.  
And that was why I wanted to own it,  
surrender all I could ever give.  
The jolly days of youth,  
the warmth of family,  
the companionship of friends,  
the fashion, the fervour and the trends.  
I would choose solitary confinement,  
and sleep on a bed of books.  
Pages and pages would fly in my dreams,  
Dates, people, places- uttered in silent screams.  
I would look into the mirror,  
and graying eyes would stare.  
I was there somewhere,  
yet I wasn't anywhere.

Mortal fear gripped me by.  
My dream could be stolen,  
if I didn't hide it high.  
Soon!  
I hid my dream under the clouds,  
and hid the clouds in the sky,  
then hid the sky above a Hill,  
and to hide more had patience still.  
So, I hid the Hills in the Mists of Mussoorie,  
and hid Mussoorie in the safest of safes.  
This safe was my soul,  
to breach it, the world had to take me whole.  
Dig my grave and bury me in,  
But I would still have my Mussoorie within.  
After failing to climb the Hill,  
to see the sky and cuddle the clouds-  
I had immense doubts,  
on self, on Destiny, on God.  
But My Dream was so endearing,

That I started again enduring-  
Pain, soul shearing pain.

Outcast by the world,  
mocked by friends...  
If sorrows have beginnings,  
they also must have ends.  
They mock and they will mock.  
But I must meanwhile unlock-  
the courage to Dream again.  
Thought then,  
I have hid my dream  
in the mists of Mussoorie.

Someday I would go there,  
although tired, beaten and weary.  
And today...  
The clouds have conspired to bring me here.  
I have met my dream,  
A dream so dear.

PS: Happy days in the Hills have come to an end and it is time to say bye-bye Mussoorie. So, just thought of reliving the moments that brought me here, into a whole new world of beautiful people and bountiful nature. Thank you Mussoorie!

(\*IAS Phase I, 2015 Batch)

### Ganga Room No: 100

*\*Geromic George*

After the end of the long and tiring Bharat Darshan, it was time to go to Mussoorie again for Phase I. The Room No: 101 in Ganga hostel was the room which was allotted to me and it was on the ground floor of the hostel. The only thing positive about the room was that it was close to the Ganga gate and I could leave for PT at 6:10 am in the morning. Apart from that, there was nothing else positive about the room. It was on the extreme end of the corridor - always dark, cold and damp. Some of the OTs liked to call that part of Ganga as the "Dungeon".

The "Dungeon" had one peculiarity; it had an extra one room which was right next to the water cooler and also next to my room - Room No: 100. It was not allotted to any OT and always appeared to remain locked. Its purpose also was unknown. I have always assumed it as a store room of some sort until the incident happened.

When I was checking into my room, the receptionist said to me, "Here's your key, sir, and also one more thing; don't look into the room next to you."

"Which room?" I asked him.

"Room No: 100, sir" replied the receptionist firmly. It was not a request; it almost sounded like an order.

I unlocked my room and began to unpack. The words of the person behind the reception counter kept replaying in my head. I was about to sleep when I decided to take a peek through the keyhole of the room next to me - room no: 100. I saw a woman in the corner of that room muttering something. Shocked, I couldn't think or do anything else. Slowly I made myself go back into my room with the image of the muttering woman appearing in my dreams again and again.

Curiosity got the better of me. The next day after classes were over, I looked again and there was something red. It was like a wall of red and only red.

Puzzled by it, I decided to go to the man behind the reception counter and told him what I saw.

The receptionist said with a strange expression on his face, "I might as well tell you. There was an OT who resided there many years ago and she died in that room - room no: 100. No one knows how she died. It is said that her ghost still haunts that room.... And she has red eyes!"

(\*IAS Phase I, 2015 Batch)

## 'A'cute bent

*\*Srikanth palli*

That was yet another gloomy day. Once again I failed. I had been trying for a decent job since I completed my Masters. But there was no opportunity. The days were passing while the hope that is left was depleting. One day I sat on the dunes of a beach with an empty mind. I had a bad news in my hands as well. I flunked in one more attempt as I already mentioned. Time was lapsing at its own pace. And i was into myself. Flickering thoughts started clattering. My mind soon occupied with all ruckus. I felt like entangled amidst a million negative thoughts. My future seemed to be pessimistically hazy. I was almost clasped in the cruel clutches of great uncertainty. As my situation was too agonizing I started struggling to come out of it. But my attempts were clearly failing. I was looking for a diversion.

It actually happened then!! I saw her for the first time. Yes, I saw her while she was playing with a few kids around her. You know what!? That moment looted all the turbulence away from me and it also reinstated my peace that was lost. My inner self suddenly turned calm and pleasant. In other words, I just lost myself in no time. She was so pretty. And she was so tactical. Her looks were sharp enough to pierce my heart. Her smiles were mischievous. She was jumping like a lamb in the shallow cold salt waters. My heart started skipping its beats. I started listening to all

new beautiful melodies in silence. Densely packed rainbows started blooming deep within my heart. I just lost myself in staring at her mischievous smiles. But, this time, the time lapsed so quickly. The sun went missing, and the vivid colours of the sky as well. There was a call from a distance. She waved a bye to the children and gave them a big smile. She turned back and disappeared in the night. My loneliness struck me back. Turbulence was reappeared. But this time she was the centre of my thoughts. All my rainbows were distracted. There was a mourning with in. I approached the children and attempted enquiring her details. But they could not give me any clue about her. I lost my treasure soon after I found it, I felt. Such a stupid I was, I could not find the name of my treasure even!

It has been almost a year since it happened. Now I settled in the job that I dreamt of. I have been regular to that beach since that day. The winds remained the same. The waves are turbulent as usual. And my heart has been searching for my girl. My eyes are looking for her reappearance. I'm waiting with a hope that defies all logic. I'm aware of that. But still I believe that hope is the cheapest dope. Wish me the best.

(\*IAS Phase I, 2015 Batch)

## Bridge of Spies

*\*Swapnil Tembe*

The weather was getting treacherous every passing moment as the snowfall became severe. The Glienicke Bridge had never looked so dreary as if a betrayal was on the offing. It was dark and it was time. Both sides were present at the respective ends of the bridge with an exchange of spies on the cards. No one present there could still fathom how this deal was actually happening at the peak of the cold war.

How on earth could the Americans and the Russians agree to a deal? These men were certainly no ordinary spies. Something pivotal was at stake which the rest of the world was myopic to.

The two spies started their long walk to freedom. Bogdon and Peter had been subjected to severe degrees of torture as the respective Police departments tried their best

to get any information about the status of nuclear programs. They had been beaten, sliced and butchered but none of them had revealed anything like true patriots. Bogdon was hopeful that he would certainly be rewarded by the Soviet for his unrelenting loyalty. Peter was thoughtless. They had made a stone out of him. He could hardly feel any nerve.

As they crossed each other, Bogdon glanced sideways at Peter but he could only see the scares. There was nothing in his eyes. It was as if a walking dead going back to Uncle Sam. Bogdon now was half past the bridge. His steps were getting bigger and his pace faster. He was hopeful for normalcy. Peter kept the same pace. As if he knew what beckons on home turf. When a spy returns to his home country, there is this one little problem. How do they ensure, he is still "their" spy?

But Bogdon had a better picture in mind nothing less than a knight, shining bright. He had been successful at his mission. He had revealed no information. And he had been successful in sending loads of information back home.

But to his surprise, he was arrested as soon as he stepped into his country. Soviet intelligence had doubts over his integrity. Was Bogdon with the Americans now? There was no way to find out. He was kept in custody for all these years and no intimation was given to his family. To them, he was already a martyr.

Bogdon had lost his composure by now. He shouted out loud his innocence which only fell on deaf ears. They wouldn't risk anything for the security reasons. What was his fault anyway? He gave up everything to go live anonymously in a foreign land risking whatever he had with him. He gave up his family, his loving wife Maria and his little boy Konstantine. They didn't even know that he was alive and decaying in their own country. Slowly he gave up hope. He remained in that dark cell forever. No one knows what happened to him.

And, on the other continent, no one knows what happened to Peter!

(\*IAS Phase I, 2015 Batch)