



MARCH-APRIL 2024



B.J.MEDICAL COLLEGE



BJITES'

SENSORIA



The arts in cover pages are by **RAKSHIT PATEL & ARMAN MEMAN**

From...

DEAN'S DESK

Greetings to all Bjites!

It gives me the utmost joy to present to you the new edition of BJites' Sensoria. With each edition, we feel that the love and enthusiasm of readers, especially the student community towards the magazine has grown. In the ninth year since its inception, BJites Sensoria has seen tremendous growth in terms of active participation from students, resident doctors and faculty members. It has become a great way to tap into one's creative energy in the most amazing way.

With the amount of stress the doctors are facing, it has become important to put emphasis on the development of the extracurricular talents of medical students. This will not only help them rejuvenate for their professional duties but also help them see life from a different perspective. Being associated with B. J. Medical College, BJites Sensoria provides a medium for all the medical students and faculty members to pursue their interests and communicate their thoughts. This will also give readers a chance to understand the views of the new generation and help in connecting with them. This, in the longer run, will help to grow the B. J. Medical College community with better interpersonal relationship amongst students and faculty and staff members. We encourage our budding medicos to bring out their creativity and participate more in the future editions. I hope that the readers will cherish reading the new edition of BJites' Sensoria. We welcome your feedback and suggestions regarding the same.



Dr. Hansa Goswami
Dean,
B.J. Medical Collage,
Ahmedabad

Editorial

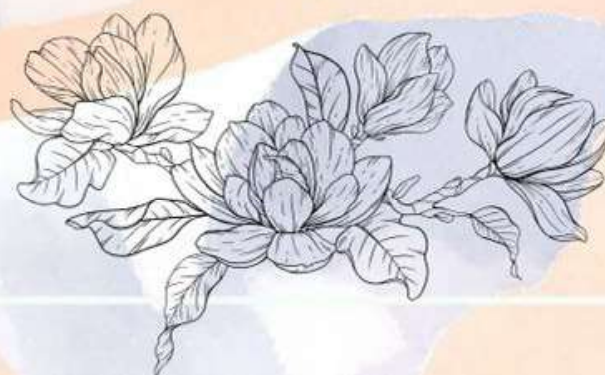
Dear readers,
Greetings from Team BJites' Sensoria.

We are very happy to present you with such a celebrated magazine of our institute. Obviously, it was not a smooth sail for the team to present you with such a marvel, but the astounding response we got due to the spirited and vibrant enthusiasm of the students and faculties of the institute, was really appreciable. It was really a fabulous and thriving experience for the Editorial team to work on the present issue and to add one more milestone to the great legacy of BJites' SENSORIA.

While the magazine runs the same vibrant sections in the current edition, it's important to mention few notable highlights. From heart touching poems in Affective articulations to hilarious responses in Cross sectional survey, from fabulous sketches to amazing travel diary; readers are bound to be intrigued by the novelty of original contributions in current edition. The philosophical and spiritual articles in 'School of Thought' as well as Vrutant's article in 'P < 0.05' section are quite interesting. Not to forget, articles in the section 'Learning Objectives' and 'Alpha Waves' are particularly noteworthy. Readers will also enjoy revisiting important events conducted in the institute in 'Together Approach' section.

We hope the readers would cherish reading this issue and be encouraged to contribute to the magazine. Happy reading!

With warm regards,
Team BJites' Sensoria



THE TEAM

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6

Affective Articulations

Immerse in the ocean of arising Cyclones and Hurricanes of Emotions, dreams, imagination and passion created by Words of Radha Erande, Arman Meman, Khushi Soni, Piyush Rabari, Yash Majithia and Akarsh Agrawal

13

Surface Marking

Dr. Bhavin takes us on a tour of Om Parvat and Adi Kailash with along with his two friends. The vivid narration of their travelling surely takes us to the Visual Voyage via words.

17

Together Approach

Reflecting the most memorable events of the recent past from the campus. Sensoria gives you a glimpse of White coat ceremony, BJ Beats, BJ BUZZ and Independence Day Celebration.

22

Learning Objective

The narration of Dr. Tribhuvan on 'Exploring International Museum Expo 2023' will take you on a journey through some of the most intriguing installation and highlighting artifact which whisper tales of bygone Eras.

25

Colour Atlas

Hand's precision with scalpel and sutures is akin to an artist's brush strokes on canvas, crafting healing master pieces with every procedures. Explore the life like sketches and paintings by Bhoomi Jadav, Rakshit Patel, Meet Patel, Karan Dirwan, Nuzahat Hingora, Chandresh Vadhel, Zil Mochi, Khush Kaneriya.

33

Screening Test

Wondering about which book to read next? Here, Jaina Sindha screens the book 'A Thousand Splendid Suns' for fellow Bjites. Deep Chaudhari gives a quick look about developing AI Technology in Tech review Section. Krish Dabhoya's Food review will surely stimulates your testbuds. Let's see how justifiable they are.

School of Thought

What is the Deep meaning of life ? A philosophical words by Dr. Nida and Spiritual phrases by Dr.Smit Modi will surely inspire you to live your life more meaningfully.

37

Cam Flutter

Throught the lens,Moments freeze in time, capturing emotions, stories and memories with every click.Team Sensoria brings you a tour into the moments captured by Utkarsh Khimani, Dhairya Shah, Dr. Sujal Parikh, Krunal Bhuriya, Shubham Mandaliya, Dhrumil Rajguru and Mandeep Dabhi.

39

P<0.5

It is always fascinating to interact with peers having unique perspectives.Vrutant Vora shares his experince at MSAI's National general assembly in Nashik. Lets eplore the Medicine and beyond through his words.

46

Alpha Waves

We all have eperienced backache while studying for long hour. Here, Dr. Rutvik Raval brings us with notion of good postures while studying.

48

Cross Section

As we all are Law abiding students of BJMC, some times you might have thought to change some rules of collage, so here we are with some hillariously suggested rules from fellow Bjites.

We medicos being so familiar with the side effects of many drugs. Team sensoria thought if any one of us is a drug then what will be its side effects. Let the responses contract your Risorius up to fullest.

51

Phraseology

Words have the power to change the world and transform the way you think.Let the right dose of the inspirational quotes to keep enlighting the Chingari within you.

52

And She Soars

Her wings are ripped off.
No one can say that
She finds balance
In her chaotic flight
She is shackled.
It is foolish to believe that
She is decisive
With fire in her eyes
The reality is
She has no voice
In this abyss of a world
It is insane to think that
She breaks what binds her
To soar high freely.



Radha Erande
I MBBS

ગઝલ

મનના મહેલ કંઈક અથડામણ થતી હશે !
અમસ્તી નહિતર ભીની પાપણ થતી હશે?

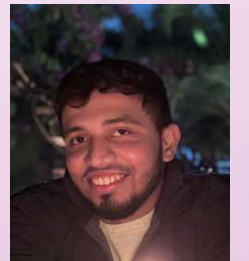
એમને મળવાનું એ તો હરખ ની વાત ,
હરખ ની વાતમાં ગભરામણ થતી હશે.

ત્યાં તારો ઝિક્ક સદા અચૂક થશે જ ,
મહેફિલમાં મારી વાત જ્યાં પણ થતી હશે.

એ મોસમોની જગતમાં લેવાય છે નોંધો
જ્યારે એક વ્યક્તિ વાતાવરણ થતી હશે.

હકીકતમાં સાબિત થઇ ગઇ છે બેવફાઇ, હવે
બસ દુનિયાને દેખાડવા ડહાપણ થતી હશે.

એવું વિચારી વહેવા દીધી યાદો આંખો વડે ,
હૃદયનાં પાંજરામાં કદાચ ગૂંચળામણ થતી હશે.



Arman Meman
III/I MBBS

I See It Now

મીઠપ રાંધો હરખ રાંધો, વ્હાલપની કોઈ પરબ બાંધો
ખલકમાં ખીલ્યું રે નમણું ફૂલ
યાંદો લાવો સૂરજ લાવો, એમાંથી ઘુઘરીયું રે ઘડાવો
જાણું છું મોઘેરા એના મુલ
અખંડ રહેજો રે અંજલાળા, ઓ આકાશે રહેવા લાળા
લખજો હેતથી એના લેખ

— Milind Gadhvi

I took your stiff, cold, wrinkled hand in mine and caressed it. i saw, i saw in your eyes. i saw when it began.

i saw, with the rise of my chest on my first breath, a hike surged in your heart, not with a blast, but with a flicker, and then it beat differently for the rest of your years. i saw, i saw life in your eyes. and just like that, i became the brightest star in your sky, a small, small, but a significant fraction of your soul. and when i raised my tiny palms to catch the toy you were shaking over my nose to get my attention, i failed, but i caught your heart instead. did you, did you let your tears fall on my little body when they placed it in your arms for the first time? did you, did you cry while you laughed so much?

i saw, i saw how you meticulously assembled the highs and lows of your laughter around one another, and crafted a rattle toy for me, and placed it in my tight fist carefully, like each bead encompassed all your gold and silver. your days got spend swinging my crib so lightly as if a delicate daisy had just bloomed in your garden and a strong breeze might uproot it. your love was established into a perpetual fountain sprinkling over me. your vision, dripping with adoration, projected an eternal rainbow arching over my pillows.

i saw you move your body to the cracking voice of my first song, it was almost spiritual for you. when i started walking my initial frail steps, you always waited with open arms at the end, you wanted me to run straight into you. but i fell instead, i fell over and over again before i could reach you. but indeed you had laid all your floors with utmost care to suit my fragile knees. i saw, i saw how you had twenty little toes running around your house and you loved them all but your hands always got laid under only two tiny feet wherever they landed.

you manipulated your long legs to sync with mine as i held your finger in my small fist and still ran wherever i ran every evening you took me to the park. i played with my shadow, never stepping out of it, chasing it around and so you did the same, mimicking my childish act, only to amuse me. you picked the prettiest flower in vicinity that matched my dress and pinned it in my hair.

i saw, i saw how when we fell from your bike, my knees were the first to be dusted by your hands, how all your birthday cakes were mine, how a single tear of mine would cost you all your good health. had you, had you ever lost against anyone but me? but you did, you did stake your life over me, didn't you?

i saw, i saw how you allowed the stars in your eyes free and let them put on a sparkling show only for me, every night before i fell asleep. with each pat of your hand on my head, you snatched away the darkness and permeated my dreams with colours. i know, i know i have never felt warmer than being in your arms.

i saw, i saw us sitting by that window, you playing mouth harmonica as i put my fingers on that toy keyboard.
i saw, i saw through the years, us sitting by that window every summer evening and talking. i saw how we
still sat by the window each summer but a little more distant every year until i started skipping summers
when the window frame wasn't big enough to accommodate our distances.

I saw, i still saw, after all these years, the ceiling of your old room being lit in dark with those radium moons
and suns and boats and planets. i still saw, half your cupboard and trunks, full of my footprints on ivory silk
cloth pieces, plastic sparrows that sing but sing no more, a box of pastel bows and ribbons, amateur drawings
with colours spread outside the lines, cardboard huts and matchbox furniture wrapped in glitter papers,
orange skies and dried little flowers and dainty gold earrings and old, worn out pictures, tearing at the seams,
yet one framed and preserved like your most prized possession.

i saw, i saw it all, but i still couldn't see how i realised that you were sick inside that vigorous, dynamic body,
that your guts were ripping apart and eating you from the inside. i saw, i saw life in your eyes until death
started crawling and staggering and crippling in from the edges.

i saw, i saw a man, walk and walk and then walk some more, day and night, until he couldn't anymore. did it,
did it hurt, not being able to walk? i saw, i saw a man who never moved, i saw him tremble. i saw, i saw life
but i saw, i saw death in your eyes too, when you couldn't tell that the one you saw was your own creation.
and then i saw death again, containing you a little more every day.

i saw, i saw how you called me home every time you saw stars in your own eyes, telling me that i do not want
to regret missing your last show. oh, how you fooled me all those months. but did you, did you indeed call me
to your last? was it, was it the best?

i saw, i saw, with your stiff, cold hand in mine. i saw it all in your pretty eyes, even as they lay tightly closed
then. i held your hand and appreciated the contrast between yours and mine. i caressed the wrinkles of your
skin. and just like i could count every crease on the back of your hand, i wish i could run my fingertips on
every cell that hurt you and put you to rest. only then, only then did i realise that you had never rested more
than that moment.

so then, i laid my forehead against yours and whispered in your ear, "does it, does it hurt to become weak?"
so then, they lifted you for your last ride. were you, were you ever so light to be lifted away so easily?

for my Nana (Navin Shah). i miss you in the most random moments. i still dial your number just to see my
phone screen light up with your beautiful face. i have seen you stand tall and strong even when the waves
were hitting you in your weakest parts. you're one of the strongest people i know. missing you.

PS — no man has looked more beautiful when seen from my eyes, dada. now you know it.



Khushi Soni
III/II MBBS

કન્યાદાન

માનસપટલ પર એ ક્ષણ સદૈવ અંકિત બની રહી
સ્મિત સાથે આંખોની ભીનાશ નો તે અદ્ભૂત સંગમ.
જવાબદારી પરિપૂર્ણ થયાનો સંતોષ છલકાતો,
સાથે વિરહ ના આંસુ ઉમળકા કરતા રહ્યા.
આ પ્રાગણ નો દીવો બુઝાવા જઈ રહ્યો ને હવે,
બીજાનું મકાન તે ઘર બનશે આ મીણબત્તી થકી.
પ્રસંગ માં ખોટ કંઈ ના રહે એની તકેદારી તો બહુ,
પણ નાના હૃદયમાં ક્યાંક મોટી કમી ખલવા જઈ રહી.
સમય ક્યાં સરસરાટ વિતી ગયો ખબર નહીં,
પણ થંભી રહી ને અતિત ડોકીયા કરી રહ્યો.
કાલે જ તો કાલીઘેલી બોલી માં પાપા સાંભળ્યું તું,
ને હજી સવારે જ તેને શાળા માં મુકવા ગયો તો.
મારી દીકરી મારી લાડલી જ રેશે હંમેશ,
પણ પાસ નહીં તે વિચાર વ્યથિત કરતો તો.
જિંદગી ભર પુરુષ ની પરિભાષા સાર કરી,
પણ આજે મનભરીને રડી લેવાનું મન થયું.
સાંત્વના આપવા માટે તેને ફરી પથ્થર મૂકી હૈયા પર,
પુરુષ બની હાથ માથા પર રાખી 'કન્યાદાન' કરી દીધું.
કવિ શોધતા રહ્યા ઉપમા આ હરેક બાપ માટે,
તે 'પિતા એજ પિતા' સાથે અનન્વય બની રહ્યા.



Piyush Rabari
Intern

GLITTER OF HOPE

You...
Being yourself in this world...
Isn't it sometimes so exhausting?
The norms of the world are so daunting!

Constantly bombarded by expectations,
Time is ticking.
You are scheduled for thousands of destinations,
You'll be welcomed there by all the trials and tribulations.

You've got some responsibilities on your shoulders.
But life will eventually try to crush them with boulders.
Boulders of failures...
Of heartbreak,
Of disappointments,
Of betrayal,
It will... Yes, it will.

You'll sometimes end up in the void of nothingness.
These are all the dark phases of life you've got to witness.

Does everything end here?
NO! You must cling on to hope, dear.

Just take a step back from everything.
It may seem like the most scary thing...

But what do you've got to lose?
Its nothing!

Count the things you still have in your life.
Like branches left on the stem,
Be grateful for them.
Gratitude gives us hope.

Hold on to your loved ones tightly.
They will open up arms for you widely.
Crying your heart out is not unlikely.
Love bears in it—a hope.

Just close your eyes.
Yes, the poor heart cries.
Just let the burden of your sunken heart melt
and come out as tears.
There are millions of emotions it bears.
Pour it out and open your wet eyes.
That blurred vision still carries hope.

Wrap your arms around yourself tightly.
Loving yourself opens up your heart gently.
Take a deep breath and smile sprightly.
Self-love provides hope.

The darkness within you will begin to fade
away.
Yes, by the glitter of hope, they say!



YASH MAJITHIA
Intern

'I HOPE'

I hope I never get tired of the night sky and watching the sun come up,
I hope I never get tired of those meadow flowers which all together perfume the air,

I hope I never let little things upset me,
I hope I never get tired of watching cream make galaxies in my coffee,

I hope I never stop getting delighted when I see my favorite food,
I hope I never get tired of my lust to wander,

I hope I never stop dreaming and exploring
I hope I never stop dancing crazily when nobody's around,

I hope I never forget those wordless apologies that breaks the tension,
I hope I never get tired of cuddling with a great novel in the bed under the sheets,

I hope I never get displeased by the pain in the stomach after a great laugh with friends,
I hope I never forget the sound of my favorite track on radio,

I hope I never stop admiring the beauty of nature,
I hope I never grow to be someone who no longer can see the small beautiful things that fills
heart near to bursting with happiness!

Akarsh Agrawal
Ex-Intern
BJMC, A'bad