

VIBE

COLLEGE MAGAZINE 2024



PMS COLLEGE OF DENTAL SCIENCE AND RESEARCH
VATTAPPARA, TRIVANDRUM



Editors: Nadhuba Nazim, Roshan Kumar K V, Naveen Rose Stuver
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The grace of God Almighty is best reflected in parents with integrity and children who strive hard to realize their dreams. The late

Sri. P.M. Shahul Hameed B.A (1920-1995)

was a parent who strived hard to give his children the best gift in life, quality education, at a time when few realised the wonders that education could work in the lives of men and women.

The PMS College of Dental Science and Research is a monument to the memory of that visionary soul.

EDITORS

NOTE



"A magazine is not just a collection of pages,It's a reflection of the hearts that beat behind the pens."

Dear Readers,

It is with immense joy and pride that we present to you Vibe 2024, the annual magazine of PMS Dental College – a mosaic of memories, knowledge, voices, and vision. This magazine is more than a tradition. It is a time capsule of our collective spirit – echoing the laughter in our corridors, the silence of learning, the spark in our clinics, and the poetry in our purpose. In these pages, the academic and the artistic come together, hand in glove, like a wellcrafted prosthesis – functional, beautiful, and full of life.The making of Vibe was no easy task. It demanded time, thought, patience, and passion. But most of all, it required unity – a coming together of minds that care and hands that create

We express our deepest gratitude to Dr. Shyam Mohan A, whose insightful guidance gave this magazine its shape and soul. To Dr. Abha Nair, Dr. Lekshmy S R Nair, and Dr. Nikhil Murali, thank you for walking every step of this journey with grace and grit. We express our considerable appreciation to all the authors of the articles in this magazine. These contributions have required a generous amount of time and effort, It is this willingness to share knowledge, concerns and special insights with fellow beings that has made this magazine possible.

Thank you all!!

This edition celebrates not just our academic excellence, but the emotions, aspirations, and talents that make us who we are. Within its folds are stories that inspire, artworks that stir the heart, and reflections that challenge the mind. To the students who dared to write, to the teachers who chose to guide, and to every soul who believed in this dream – this magazine belongs to you. As you flip through Vibe 2024, may you smile, wonder, reminisce, and most of all – feel proud to be part of the ever-growing legacy of PMS Dental College.

With love and respect,

Nadhuba Nazim

Roshan Kumar K V

Naveen Rose Stuvart

The editorial team

Vibe 2024

From the
STAFF ADVISORS
DESK



Creativity when unleashed brings out colors that are either novel or withheld under dire circumstances. These hues are thus iridescent with human emotions and desire. Our attempt was to be a prism to split these hues and spill it on to the very pages of VIBE 24. What other way than to entrust this task to the vibrant student trio editors, and goading them and watching along the sides while they take the rainbow ride vibing!

Dr. Shyam Mohan A
Dr. Abha Nair
Dr. Lekshmy SR Nair
Dr. Nikhil Murali

CHAIRMAN'S

MESSAGE



PMS CDSR's vision of making dental professionals of international standard with social commitment and empathy sees fruition in VIBE 24. The task entrusted to an all student led editorship is testimony to our goal of empowering students to future key positions in the society. Contribution of faculty members gives them the much needed encouragement. This magazine also strives to reflect the myriad hues of campus life and the angst of life outside this bubble. The growth of PMS CDSR from the first self-financing college in 2002 to research center of Ph.D and other major studies is the result of keen dedication and hard work by our team of professionals, students and staff.

The college is also the first NAAC accredited Dental College in Kerala. Our students now have smart class rooms with lab attached facilities, (CLAB) chances to interact with International faculties and expose to leading institutions of the world. For this PMS organized International Faculty Week in the College, signed MOU with foreign Universities like Rutgers University, USA, College of Medicine & Dentistry (CoMD), Ulster University, UK, to name a few.

A special note on the staff advisors who's spearheaded this edition of the college magazine and believe that this endeavour really makes an added effort to our mission of producing global dentists of tomorrow.

Dr P S THAHA

PRINCIPAL'S

MESSAGE



It gives me immense pleasure to know that VIBE, the college magazine for the year 2024 is being released and from the bottom of my heart, I whole heartedly congratulate the dynamic student editorial team and Staff Advisors for their efforts in making it possible. As the name suggests this magazine is a mirror to the vibes of our New Gen and hope that the readers too get in tune to these VIBE!

Dr RAJESH PILLAI

A Legacy of Excellence – An Overview of the PMS Community

Located in the picturesque state of Kerala, PMS College of Dental Science and Research has emerged as a beacon of excellence in dental education. Since its inception in **2002**, the college has been at the forefront of shaping the future of dentistry, nurturing talented individuals into skilled professionals.

Founded under the visionary guidance of **Dentashreshta Dr. P.S.**

Thaha, the college is a unit of the NRI Service and Educational Trust.

Recognized by the Dental Council of India (DCI) and affiliated to the Kerala University of Health Sciences (KUHS), PMS College of Dental Science and Research has consistently raised the bar for dental education in India.

As the first self-financing dental education institution in Kerala, the college has pioneered a new era in dental education. Today, it stands tall as one of the top dental colleges in Kerala, with an impressive array of international and national collaborations, and more than two decades of wisdom and experience to its name.

The college's commitment to excellence has earned it the coveted NAAC Accreditation for Health Education, with an "A" grade. This distinction places PMS College of Dental Science and Research among the top 40 dental institutions in India, as recognized by India Today Magazine.

Over the past 22 years, the college has dedicated itself to creating dental graduates equipped with the knowledge, skill, and confidence to excel in the global dental community. With a robust curriculum offering BDS and MDS courses in 8 specialties, the college also offers Ph.D. programs in 6 dental specialties as well as diplomas for Para Dental courses, making it a hub for advanced research and learning.

Beyond academics, the college's emphasis on holistic growth is reflected in its state-of-the-art infrastructure, comprising dedicated departments, innovative clinics, and excellent facilities for students and patients alike. Our institution has well-trained, experienced teaching faculty and is home to excellent infrastructure facilities spanning over a lush green campus area of more than 3 lakh square feet. With a well-equipped library, hostel, gym, yoga centre, swimming pool, turf and a buggy service for patients and students, PMS College of Dental Science and Research provides a golden opportunity for holistic growth to the students and is committed to scale new heights.

As we delve deeper into the story of PMS College of Dental Science and Research, we will explore its remarkable journey to be an outstanding Dental & Research Institute of International repute for producing dental professionals with skills, knowledge and values.



My Journey Through the 2nd ISPRP National UG



When I first heard about the 2nd ISPRP National UG Convention being hosted at our college, I never imagined I'd be part of the core team driving it. It began with a simple meeting invite — I walked in as a curious member and walked out with responsibilities that were, quite frankly, daunting at first. But little did I know, this journey would turn into one of the most transformative and fulfilling experiences of my academic life.

From the moment I was inducted into the organizing team, it was a whirlwind of meetings, planning, brainstorming, and endless to-do lists. Each department — Conservative Dentistry &

Endodontics, Prosthodontics, and Periodontics — came together in perfect sync, united by one goal: to host a national-level event that would Engage, Elevate, and Excel — not just as a theme but as a lived experience.

Being a part of this core team was no small feat. Coordinating hundreds of moving parts — speakers, students, sponsors, scientific events, creative programs — came with its fair share of pressure. There were days we stayed back late on campus, reworking schedules, redesigning posters, reassigning duties... and rechecking everything again. But each challenge only brought us

closer, more bonded as a team, more determined to pull off something.

December 12th arrived like a celebration. PMS College of Dental Science and Research had never looked more vibrant. Nearly 600 delegates from colleges across the country flooded in — some excited, some nervous, all curious. The air was charged with anticipation.

Having Honourable Minister Shri G. R. Anil inaugurate the event felt like the universe acknowledging our efforts. I remember watching the inaugural session from backstage, my heart pounding — partly from pride, partly from panic — hoping everything went as planned.

The academic sessions weren't just lectures; they were sparks.

Listening to seven powerhouse speakers redefine interdisciplinary dentistry was like watching the future unfold. As someone who's always been academically inclined, seeing young minds present over 150 posters and papers was nothing short of inspiring. Their clarity, passion, and ideas made me proud — not just as an organizer but as a fellow dental student.

I still remember the panel discussion on Interdisciplinary Case Management. What was meant to be a 60-minute session stretched beyond schedule, not because of delay — but because



the energy in that room was electric.

The beauty of this convention lay not just in the lectures or presentations. It was in the Table Clinics that turned into storytelling sessions of clinical hacks. It was in the Dental Arts corner, where creativity exploded in colours, carvings, and clay models. It was in the *Quiz Competition* that had the entire auditorium cheering like it was a cricket final.

And oh, the *Trade Fair*! Watching student's geek out over the latest in dental tech — scanners, tools, materials — was pure joy.

If there was one evening where all our exhaustion melted into celebration, it was the banquet night. Themed, twinkling, musical — we danced not just to tunes but to the rhythm of a job well done.

And for our delegates — what's a trip to Kerala without some soulful travel? Carefully curated tour packages gave them a glimpse of our backwaters, beaches, and traditions. The thank-you messages we received after were proof that



we touched hearts beyond the lecture halls.

What This Journey Gave Me????

This convention wasn't just an event I helped organize. It was a classroom without walls. It taught me leadership, patience, collaboration, crisis management — and most importantly, the power of belief.

There were moments of doubt — days when plans fell through, speakers dropped out last-minute, or logistics went haywire. But every time, someone from the team stepped up. We held each other up, filled in gaps, and kept going. That's what made it work. That's what made it ours.

Signing Off... Grateful & Hopeful

As I reflect on those two days — and the months that led to them —



I realize we didn't just organize a convention. We built something larger: a platform, a memory, a legacy.

To every volunteer who ran around with checklists, every student who dared to present their work, every faculty who guided, and every delegate who clapped — *thank*

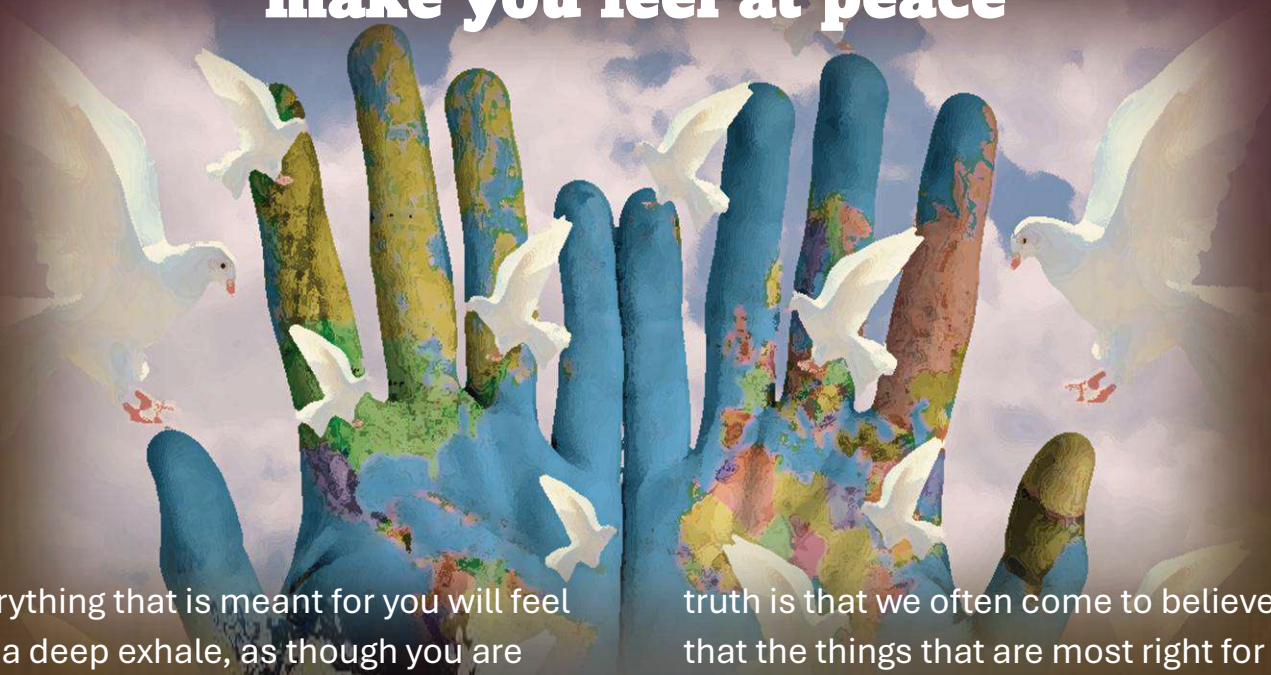
you. You were the heartbeat of this convention.

And to anyone wondering if it's worth taking on extra responsibility or stepping into uncharted roles — do it. *Trust the process. The growth is real. And sometimes, the most unexpected journeys leave the deepest impact.*

Dr Arunima P R

Director of UG Studies

Everything that is truly right for you will make you feel at peace



Everything that is meant for you will feel like a deep exhale, as though you are returning home to a place you forgot existed. We so often yearn and want for the things that help us escape who we are, but the things that are actually meant for us - the ones that arrive and stay – they make us feel a sense of steady calm. We do not need to be swept off our feet but grounded through them. In the moment is where love really exists. In the moment is the only place we can come alive. Everything that is truly right for you will make you feel at ease. Everything that is truly right for you will seem so simple, so obvious, so comfortable. Everything that is truly right for you will choose you as quickly as you choose it. Everything that is truly right for you will happen serendipitously and spontaneously. It will come to you when you expect it and when you don't, as both a surprise and a certainty. It will seem like such an obvious fact of your life and yet entirely new, all at once. The

truth is that we often come to believe that the things that are most right for us are the ones that give us the biggest emotions, and that is a mistake. The things that are truly right for us give us the deepest emotions. Love is a pervasive, steady presence, not a heart pumping dash of lust. Destiny is a subtle coincidence, it makes you stop and say, well, isn't it funny how that worked out. The truth is that the things that are most right for us are also the easiest to miss, because they are often subtle at first. Little things become big things over time, we just have to give them a chance. We just have to stay the course. We just have to realize that life will magnetize to us what is meant to be ours. Our only job is to step out of the way. And if it's meant for you, it will be yours. Even if you are betrayed, it doesn't necessarily mean they are evil or unjust. It will not make any difference; in the end the world was what it was

Rohit Prakash
III yr BDS

FOAM

Sinking into my foam mattress

Sinking into bodily comfort

I feel my head merging with the fabric

My neurons weaving with the foamy threads,

My fingers drowning

My body floating on a giant cloud that feels like a hug.

One might think this is an ad for peps?

No

This is an ad for sleep

Foamy beautiful drowning sleep

If u miss your bed now.....

Go fix a coffee and get on with life

(If you are the annoying kind who doesn't drink coffee, go and fix yourself a hot cup of green tea)

The world needs u.

Foamy mattress can wait

Abhirami

III yr BDS



Her Bookshelf

Her soul echoes with the boundless chapters of a timeless library

She'll write you in to her story

Her bookshelf now a tapestry of crowded tales

Of the people who flicked through her pages

But closed the book before the end

No one tried to push it to very back

That's sits collecting dust

There is books she's scared to open

And books she never wanted to close

The stories of every person she met

Unfold like a boundless narrative ,each unique

Some people held in every pages

But some others were barely a footnote in her grand epic

You might wonder , will she ever find someone willing to read her to the very
end?

But all she wanted was someday she'll mean enough

For someone to write about her too

Such was her hope, buried under layers of untold stories and faded
chapters, waiting to be discovered by someone who could see the entire tale
she yearn

Nadhuba Nazim

IV yr BDS

രാത്രിമഴ

മഴവന്ന രാത്രിയിൽ വാതിൽപടിയിൽ ഞാൻ
കണ്ണിമ ചിമ്മാതെ നോക്കിനിന്നു
ഇരുളാകും കാർമേഘക്കൂട്ടങ്ങളൊന്നായി
പാടിടമാകെ മറിച്ചിടുമ്പോൾ
അലസമായ് വീശുന്ന കാറ്റിന്റെ കുഴൽനാദം
കുളിരായ് വന്നു പൊതിഞ്ഞിടുന്നു.
ഇടിമിന്നൽ കർണ്ണപടങ്ങളിൽ കൺകളിൽ
നാദമായ് ദീപമായ് വിങ്ങിനിൽക്കേ,
പെയ്യുന്നു പേമാരി തുളിക്കൊരുകുടം;
വിണ്ണിന്റെയോമന തേൻകുടങ്ങൾ.
പുതുമഴ പുലർമഴ കുളിർമഴയിങ്ങനെ
എത്ര മഴകൾ നാം കിടുന്നു
കുളിരിന്റെ കൈകളിൽ ആലോലമാടി ഞാൻ
മഴയുടെ ദംഗി നുകർന്നു നിൽക്കും
മഴവെള്പ്പാച്ചിലിൽ കവിയുന്ന പുഴയുടെ
കളനാദം കേട്ട് രസിച്ചിരിക്കും
എത്ര പറഞ്ഞാലും മതിവരില്ല
മഴതൻ വിശേഷവും വാർക്കതെളും.

അഭിജ കെ ഉണ്ണി

IV yr BDS



Dr. Biju Balachandran
Administrator

From Surprise to Spotlight: My Journey as Organizing Secretary – Twice!



When I first heard the words, “*You are the Organizing Secretary for the PMS 20th Anniversary Conclave*”, I was genuinely shocked — and perhaps a little terrified. Organizing an event of such scale had never been on my to-do list, and here I was, suddenly entrusted with the responsibility of steering a milestone celebration for our institution.

That first experience was a whirlwind. I stumbled, learned, adapted, and eventually found joy in seeing it all come together. The success of that event, however, wasn’t my achievement alone. It was built on the shoulders of seasoned mentors and colleagues like Dr. Sangeeth Cheriyan and Dr. Rajesh

Pillai, and an organizing team whose experience and calm guidance kept the ship steady even in stormy moments. By the end, I was exhausted but deeply grateful — and I thought that chapter was closed.

Little did I know, a year later, the curtain would rise on an encore.

This time, the challenge was bigger — a **Global Academic Conclave**. But unlike last year’s surprise, this time I was ready. The apprehension was gone, replaced with a quiet confidence and a team I knew I could count on. And what a team it was!

What began as a modest idea quickly snowballed into something far grander than we’d imagined. We envisioned a simple academic

gathering; what unfolded was a **power-packed event featuring 23 renowned speakers, 5 hands-on clinical courses, and the presentation of 7 prestigious awards in 3 categories** to legends of dentistry in India.

The driving force behind this transformation? Our dynamic and visionary Chairman, **Dr. P. S. Thaha**. His enthusiasm was infectious — the kind of energy that makes you push your limits and aim higher.

The Highlights

The conclave brought together experts from across the globe, each contributing unique insights into the evolving landscape of dentistry. The sessions ranged from cutting-edge paediatric techniques to advances in digital workflows, ensuring that every attendee — whether a student, clinician, or academic — walked away enriched.

The **clinical courses** were a major attraction, offering practical exposure that participants could directly translate into their professional practice. Seeing delegates from varied backgrounds exchange ideas and techniques in real time was a reminder of why academic gatherings like these are so important.

And then came the **awards segment**, a heartfelt celebration of some of the stalwarts of Indian dentistry. Watching these legends like **Dr Paul Salins, Dr Anil Kohli, Dr Sandesh Mayekar** receive recognition was a



humbling reminder of the paths they've paved for the rest of us. Our students were extremely lucky to have such an opportunity to meet such legends and listen to their stories.

Behind the Scenes

Of course, what the audience sees is only the tip of the iceberg. Behind the glamour of the stage was an intricate web of planning, coordination, and troubleshooting and unwavering support of the entire organizing team. Budgets had to be balanced, schedules juggled, speakers hosted, travel managed, and last-minute hiccups smoothed over. It was an exercise in patience, teamwork, and problem-solving.

On a lighter note, people often ask me what the most difficult part of the entire process was. Some might expect me to say logistics or dealing with last-minute cancellations. But honestly? The toughest task was deciding **the colour of the brochure**. If you know, you know (#IYKYK). Hours of debate over shades of blue and green can test even the strongest friendships.

What I Took Away

If the first conclave was about

discovering my ability to lead, the second was about refining it. I learned that preparation is key, but so is flexibility. Plans will change, surprises will pop up, and sometimes the best moments are the unplanned ones.

Most importantly, I learned that the real magic of such events lies not in the decorations, the programs, or even the lectures — but in the connections they foster. The conversations over coffee, the sharing of experiences, and the mutual respect among professionals from different corners of the world are what make it all worthwhile.

As the final session concluded, we felt the same mix of relief, pride, and gratitude as I had a year ago. Organizing such a conclave is not easy, but it is immensely rewarding — and if given the chance, we'd do it all over again, because we had a brilliant and energetic team behind.

For now, I'm just thankful for the journey, the friendships, the laughter, and yes — even the brochure debates.

Dr Deepak Jose

Associate Dean of Student Affairs

Masks!

I was not so happy about u first

I was mad at u for masking my soft wine-coloured lipstick

But as time passed,

I started liking u because now I can disappear

I can now smile without smiling

I can grunt without grunting

I can use u to soak up my tears less embarrassingly

I can also pretend to be mysterious around cute guys in a supermarket

And on a much less relevant note,

I can also protect Myself from a constantly mutating virus.

Maybe I judged you too swiftly.

You're growing in me.

Abhirami

III yr BDS

It's up to you

One song can spark a moment

One flower can wake the dream

One tree can start a forest

One bird can herald a spring

One smile can bring a friendship

One handclasp can lift a soul

One star can guide a ship at sea

One word can start a tall goal

One vote can change the nation

One sunbeam can light a room

One candle can wipe out darkness

One laugh can conquer gloom

One step can start a journey

One hope can raise our spirit

One touch can stir your care

One voice can start wisdom

One heart can feel the truth

One life can make a difference & you see, it's up to YOU

Abhija K Unni

IV yr BDS



Afreen TS
(Vgr BDS)



Lost

“Lost are the words you held in
Your mouth
Never to be spoken, forever
Unspoken.

Lost are the thoughts you kept
In your heart,
Never poured out, forever
Locked apart.

Lost are the feelings you never
Expressed.
Forever hidden, forever
Repressed.

And what is lost can never be
Found,
Like me, lost and forever
Bound.

Mahima Stephen

Intern

കാഴ്ചയിലെ സംസ്കാരം



കാലചക്രത്തിന്റെ വിഹാരപാതയിൽ നിരന്തരം മാറ്റങ്ങൾ വിധേയമാക്കുന്ന വസ്തുതയാണ് സംസ്കാരം സംസ്കാരത്തെ പല രീതിയിൽ നമുക്ക് വ്യാഖ്യാനിക്കാം. സമഗ്രജീവിതശൈലിയാണ് സംസ്കാരം എന്ന് റെയ്ച് വില്യംസും സംസ്കാരമെന്നത് പരിസ്ഥിതിയുടെ മനുഷ്യ നിർമ്മിതമായ ഭാഗമാണ് എന്ന് ഹെർസ്ട്രോം വില്യംസും പറഞ്ഞുവെക്കുന്നു. എന്നാൽ, ഇന്നത്തെ സമൂഹത്തിൽ നാം മനസ്സിലാക്കുന്ന സംസാരത്തെ ഇപ്രകാരം നിർവചിക്കാം: ഒരു സമൂഹത്തിന്റെ സ്വഭാവരീതികൾ, ജീവിതരീതികൾ, കലാചാര്യം, വസ്ത്രധാരണം, ഭാഷ, ആചാരങ്ങൾ, വിനോദങ്ങൾ, വിശ്വാസരീതികൾ തുടങ്ങിയ എല്ലാറ്റിന്റെയും ആകെതുകയാണ് സംസ്കാരം. കാഴ്ചയിലെ സംസ്കാരം എന്ന വിഷയത്തെക്കുറിച്ച് സംസാരിക്കുമ്പോൾ പ്രഥമദ്യക്ഷിയാൽ മനുഷ്യ ജീവിതത്തിലെ കാഴ്ചപ്പാടുകളെ കുറിച്ചുള്ള അവബോധം സൃഷ്ടിക്കണം. ഓരോവ്യക്തിയും ഒരു വസ്തുവിനെ പലരീതിയിൽ കാണുകയും മനസ്സിലാക്കുകയും നിർവചിക്കുകയും ചെയ്യും. അത്തരത്തിൽ സ്വയംകരുതുന്ന ചിന്തകൾ പലരിലും വ്യത്യസ്തരീതിയിലുള്ള സംസ്കാരത്തിന്റെ രൂപം നൽകിയേക്കാം.

കാഴ്ചയിൽ ഉരുത്തിരിയുന്ന സംസ്കാരം ഒരു വ്യക്തിയുടെ സ്വഭാവത്തെയും ജീവിതശൈലിയേയും, വസ്ത്രധാരണത്തെയും, ഭാഷയെ വരെ സ്വാധീനിക്കുന്നു. നിരന്തരം കുമട്ടുന്ന വ്യക്തികളുടെയും കടന്നുപോകുന്ന ജീവിത സാഹചര്യങ്ങളുടെയും ഒരു വ്യക്തിയുടെ ജീവിതത്തിൽ പല മാറ്റങ്ങൾ സംഭവിക്കാം. നവീനവും കൗതുകവുമായി കത്തുവരോട് കത്തുന്നവരോട് സ്വാഭാവവുമായി അഭിഷ്ടമാകുന്നത് മനഃസഹജമാണ്. എന്നാൽ അത് വ്യക്തി ജീവിതത്തിൽ ചെലുത്തുന്ന സ്വാദിനം വ്യക്തി ഹത്യക്കുവരെ കാരണമാകുന്നതാണ്. സമൂഹമായുള്ളതുടെ ധാരാളിത്തവും അത് പകരുന്ന അറിവുകളും സാധാരണമായ സാഹചര്യങ്ങളിലൂടെ കടന്നുപോകുന്ന ഒരു വ്യക്തിക്കുകുന്ന മാറ്റം നന്മകുതകുന്നതാകണമെന്നില്ല. അത് പരസ്പര താരതമ്യങ്ങൾക്കും ജീവിത പ്രശ്നങ്ങൾക്കും കാരണമായേക്കും. അത് ഒരു വ്യക്തിയുടെ സംസ്കാരമായി രൂപംകൊള്ളും. അത്തരത്തിൽ രൂപപ്പെട്ട സംസ്കാരത്തെ കാഴ്ചയിലെ സംസ്കാരമായി മനസ്സിലാക്കാം.

കടന്നുപോകുന്ന നാൾവഴികളിൽ സ്വയത്തമാകുന്ന കാഴ്ചയിലെ സംസ്കാരം കാലക്ര

മേണ പരിപൂർണ്ണമായി. വ്യക്തിയിൽ നിന്ന് സമൂഹത്തിലേക്ക് വ്യാപിക്കുന്നു. ആ പരിവർത്തനം സമൂഹത്തിൽ നിലനിന്നുപോകുന്ന പല സംസ്കാരങ്ങളെയും മാറ്റത്തിന് വിദേയമാകും. സ്വയമേ അവ പുതിയ സംസ്കാരത്തിന് രൂപം നൽകുകയും ലോകത്തിന്റെതായ പുതുതകളിലേക്ക് അവർ ആകർഷിക്കപ്പെടുകയും ചെയ്യുന്നു.

ഇതിനെ സംസ്കാരധിനിവേശം എന്ന് വിശേഷിപ്പിക്കാം. ഇത്തരം മാറ്റങ്ങൾ സാഹചര്യമുള്ളപ്പോൾ തികച്ചും ഉപയോഗപ്രദമായവകാണാനും സ്വായത്തമാക്കാനും ഒരു വ്യക്തി എന്ന നിലയിൽ നാം പരിശ്രമിക്കണം. അങ്ങനെ കാഴ്ചയിലെ സംസ്കാരം സമൂഹനന്മക്ക് ഉതകുന്നതായി തീരട്ടെ.

അലീന എസ്. ബി

IV yr BDS



To the one who knew me the best

You were always the one-
The open door I never feared to knock.

You heard my joy before I sang,
Knew every shade of hurt and pang.
From trembling tears to loud delight,

You held my heart without a fight.
But something shifted in the quiet,
A silence where laughter used to live.

I try to find the way back home

I miss the me I was with you,
So open, honest, clear and true.

Now even in a crowded space,

I long for that familiar face.

I don't know what turned the tide

A change I never meant to feel.

Lakshmi

Intern



A Poem For Him

I was prepared
For the silence between us
But it still hurts me so much.....
That my eyes won't stop racing
Maybe I was afraid
Afraid of not being understood
Afraid of being vulnerable.
A part of me wanted to open my heart
As it was just a box.....
Full of emotions and let you see the
Storm inside, inside the storm
My bleeding HEART.
But then I took a long breath
Calmed my racing heart
So much, that it takes
Every ounce of me to keep me
From breaking down again

Abhija K Unni

IV yr BDS

കനവ്

നിദ്രയിലാക്കാ നേരത്തിനപ്പുറം
നേത്രമൊന്നങ്ങനെ സ്വപ്നിക്കുകയായ്
ഉറക്കച്ചടുവുമായങ്ങോളമിങ്ങോള
മേതോ നിഴൽപ്പാത തേടുകയായ്
കനവിലായ് കേട്ടു മറന്നൊരാ പാട്ടിന്റെ
താളത്തിലായ് ഞാൻ മെല്ലെ നടക്കവേ,
ആഴിയിലോളമായാവോളം
തുള്ളിരസിക്കാനുള്ളം കൊതിച്ചു.
ചപലമാമചലവും അനന്തമാമബ്ധിയും
മീതെ പറക്കാനുള്ളം തരിച്ചു.
എന്നാനം തന്നിലെ ആനന്തഭാവത്തിൻ
ഹേതുവിതാണെന്നു ഞാനറിഞ്ഞു
വീുമൊ സ്വപ്നലോകത്തിലേറാൻ
എൻ മാനസമാകെ മോഹം പരന്നു.

പാർവ്വതി അശോകൻ

1 yr BDS

The velvet silence

How long must I wear this silence?

So long, it's become a weight-
Heavy, hollow, endless stillness,
And in its depths, I lost my shape.

I hate this hush I never chose,
A quite not of peace, but chains.

My voice, once fire, now merely smoke-

A ghost beneath the strain.

I feel-I am- a bird in cage,
Wings clipped by every swallowed scream.

I sink so deep, I can't emerge,
Trapped inside this muted dream.

I don't want silence. I want sound.

But silence hold me tight.

So quite now, I've disappeared-

A shadow lost to night.

Lakshmi

Intern



Al Ameen S
14 yr BDS



The Backstabber



The man on the chair wasn't taking no for an answer. "No, no, I completely disagree, beheading may not be the best way to get the job done, but it really is the most exhilarating, and haven't you heard?, times have changed, people want to enjoy their jobs now, getting paid isn't a good enough reason to get to it anymore." He said animatedly. "Henry, we weren't talking about beheading at all. Please try to focus." "Weren't we, sir?", he asked me smiling crookedly, "Because I honestly believe this makes for much better conversation." I sighed deeply and loosened my tie. Henry Samwell has been one of the greatest enigmas the world had ever seen. Trained amongst the best psychologists, he dealt with the most gruesome cases that others declined without a second thought. Nothing got to him, no amount of murderous claims and allegations, not a single traumatising detail ever made him feel the need to send away a client. It was almost as if he sympathised with them, with their need to commit the most heinous of crimes to silence the

screams inside their own head. It was his greatest attribute, one that helped revive many patients from the Wilbury Mental Asylum to normalcy. There once was a time when the asylum was considered a first choice for any kind of behaviour out of the ordinary. A simple chat with the doctor had the illness diagnosed and treatment underway. It was also, however, his greatest downfall, for he sympathised so much with his patients and word gets around easily, even amongst murderers apparently, that he managed to capture the attention of 'The Backstabber'. You see, there'd been about twenty murders within the city in the past two months alone, with every victim found with a butchers knife sunken into the back of their necks. The name became popular after a local publisher decided to publish an article entitled "The Backstabber: psychoanalysed" and subsequently became the nineteenth victim. Henry's wife was the twentieth. And there hadn't been any victims since. Henry was a changed man after his wife's death. He

was found in his flat next to his wife's corpse, contemplating strange writings in blood drawn haphazardly all over his walls. The man had been in a similar state of shock ever since. He hadn't spoken a word to anyone, and now, here he was, sitting in front of me in this dimly lit room, and I'm tasked with helping him. "I was asking you what or who you saw last on fourth of may, when you entered your flat after work." I remind him, shifting the clipboard in my hand. The clipboard seemed to make clinking noises every time I moved it which was concerning but I couldn't bring myself to investigate, I was terrified to take my eyes off the man. "And I keep telling you, I saw a woman sleeping on the couch." "You mean you saw a dead woman on the couch, isn't that right Henry?" "No, she was snoring, so I'm pretty sure she wasn't dead yet." He said, smiling indulgently like one would to a child. "But that would imply that you reached home before your wife expired, Henry, and we both know that that's impossible." "Why would it be impossible?" He asks, still smiling unnervingly. I sit a little straighter in my chair, and stifle a tremor at the clinking noise of my clipboard again. "It would be impossible because that would assume she died in your presence. It would mean that you were in the presence of the killer, that you could've even seen the man." I

you say?" I ask him. "You've already reported us Henry, hence we find ourselves in this cell waiting to meet our cell mate." His voice seems very quiet suddenly. "Why are you calling me Henry? I don't understand." I tell him, straining to focus. My vision had started to blur, and he seemed hazy, like an image of smoke in an

could feel hair rising on my flesh, the resulting wave of goosebumps sweeping up till my toe ends. "Oh I saw the killer alright." He says giggling. "He's a mighty handsome fellow, my wife would've swooned if she wasn't asleep." He stood up straight, and I shrank back in my chair, the clinking louder than ever. "But nobody else could've entered the flat that night. The security cameras inside the building and around the flat ensure it." I say faintly, clutching my chest. "And finally, he puts two and two together." Henry says happily, shifting from one foot to the other vaguely, the picture of complete serenity when I feel nothing but horror. "You killed your own wife?" I whisper terrified. "And the other nineteen that you mentioned." He says admonishingly, like he was offended that I thought him capable of only one. "And now that you know, what are we going to do about it?" "We?" I gasp, and gasp again, because the clinking sounded louder now, but it must not be my clipboard after all, for my hands are empty, i must have dropped it in shock. "We' aren't going to do anything Henry. 'I' am going to have to report this." I stand up shakily, and turn towards a barred door. Strange, I don't remember seeing that when i entered. In fact, I can't even remember how I entered. "Don't bother leaving sir, you already have." He says disappointedly. "What'd

otherwise clear room. I could hear footsteps from a distance, and I limp over to the opposite wall and wait with my head in my hands, trying to make clarity of all the mess. I peep out through my fingers to see if he was still there. The last I see of him is his mocking smile. He disappears to nothing as soon as the barred door opens

and a man in uniform enters. He pushes in an older man that eyes him apprehensively. "Alright you'll be bunking with the doctor for the day, don't worry, he's been handcuffed so he can't be up to anything. Keep to yourself and be ready for your transfer at six tomorrow, clear?" He says gruffly. The old man nods nervously and moves to sit on the metal slab attached to the opposite wall. The policeman looks over at me and sneers once before leaving slamming the door and locking it. I sit facing the man, my handcuffs clinking loudly with every movement. He eyes me warily and looks

away, refusing to meet my eyes. I scan him from head to toe, but something shiny catches my eye. The metal bar he sat on seemed to have a rough corner, the metal having corroded in that area. It's sharp crooked corners seemed to glisten unnaturally from the rest of its body. "What do you think of making him our twenty first?" Henry whispers to me inside my head. "I can't think very well right now." I whisper back, I could feel one of those headaches creeping in, clouding my vision again, along with my judgement. "Then let me in, let me take control." He croons into my ear. I let him and my vision clears.

Naomi Jacob

IV yr BDS

The End



I couldn't quite open my eyes, crusted shut from tears I wept last night. As I came to, I could sense the deathly cold embrace of the sheets, I could hear the melancholic pitter patter outside, I could smell the sickly comforting half-dried clothes begging to be brought back to life but I felt...Nothing. No disdain for the sheets. No despair for the rain. No disgust for the clothes. How oddly comforting it is, to feel nothing. I'm so used to feeling depressed—the kind of heaviness that could crush mountains and drown deserts. The kind of unfathomable, all consuming darkness that no one could handle, that no one would want to. Slowly stumbling out of bed, I thought to myself:

“Maybe this is how you feel when you've decided to die.”

It made sense—this decision to die. It was all too much. Living. Breathing. Existing. It was unfair to the others. My family—who couldn't understand, my friends—who wanted to understand and my roommate—the only one who held space

for me. When I thought of her, I did feel something—Guilt. I felt horrendously guilty for putting her through all my dark days. The tears, the rants, the screams—it felt selfish to pull her into my labyrinth of despair, to inflict this venom of despondence upon her.

All she ever did was listen. Rarely, she would mumble an earnest:

“Hmm... It's Okay.”

But it wasn't in the words she said or lack thereof. It was in her perennial presence. She never left me alone. When she heard my cries at night, she would gently knock on the door, let herself in and lie down on the floor next to me. I would hold the broken pieces of me and sit next to her crying, wanting to stop but not knowing how. She would hold my hand sometimes; sometimes she would place a limp hand on my foot and mumble as she drifted off to sleep:

“Hmm...It's Okay.”

She never complained, never chided me or belittled my tears. She never got tired of me. Her, I will miss.

Brushing my teeth for the last time, I went over my plan. Call my parents-- short casual conversation. Talk to my roommate before she left for work—short casual conversation. Keep the front door unlocked. Head to my room. Write a note apologising to everyone for the pain this will cause them. Lock my door and plunge into Freedom. It should take a couple of minutes give or take. Maybe I'll struggle for a bit, that's alright. I'll lose consciousness soon enough. It's all in the slip knot. I should put a bag over my head. I don't want to scare her when she finds my body later. I looked at myself in the mirror. My face was calm. My eyes clear. No fear, no second thoughts, no questions. I'm ready.

Making my way to the dining table, I sat down waiting for my roommate to say goodbye. She always left the same way. A brisk walk out of her room to the table, a quick sip of water, a hurried,

“I'll see you in the evening. Call me if there's anything.”

A small smile, a warm touch on my shoulder and she'd be out the door. Most days I wouldn't even look at her. Mornings were tough for me. But she knew that. I glanced at the clock. It was past 8 'o' clock. She's usually out by now. After waiting a little longer, I decided to go in and check on her. Was she sick? That would make things a little difficult for me. Maybe I should postpone...

I gently knocked on the door. Seeing as the door was unlocked, I slowly opened it

when my eyes landed on a pale, limp hand lying on the floor. I barged in and froze. There she was, lying on the floor, a pool of blood beneath her head, eyes open, beads of sweat on her ashen face, lips pale and lifeless. I tried to scream for help, but I couldn't make a sound. Kneeling beside her, I tried to revive her. But touching her ice cold face I knew it was too late. I was too late.

I sat there next to her, not knowing what to do next. Should I call someone? I didn't know anything about her. Did she have family? Friends? I sat in disbelief for what seemed like forever, my mind volleying back and forth. What happened? Did she trip? Did she get scared? Was she on a call? Did she faint? Staring at her lifeless hands that once held mine, my eyes wandered in numbness searching for clues or answers. I lifted my gaze and I found them all at once.

I stared in shock....at Myself.

Hanging, lifeless from the fan in her room, a bag over my head, a perfect slip knot around my neck...was I dreaming? Is this some sick joke? I crawled over to the hanging body and gingerly touched the pale upturned toes. It WAS me! Wait...I'm... dead? What??? When did...But...So I'm....a ghost??? My head was spinning. Not really from the realisation that I'm dead, but more so for the realisation that the one person who meant something to me is dead because of me. I killed her. My recklessness. My selfishness. What was I thinking?

I felt my body shivering and my head turning ice cold. I wanted to scream, I wanted to cry, but I couldn't make a sound. I couldn't shed a tear. I couldn't cope. Why did I do this to her? Why did I do this to myself? Did we deserve to die?

I crawled back and lay down beside her. Holding her hand, I closed my eyes:

"My dear dear friend. I am so terribly sorry..."

"...Hmm...Its Okay."

Eyes opened wide, I jumped up to look at her face. Her eyes were still open, her lips still pale, her mouth still lifeless. I looked across the room, and there she was, leaning against the doorframe. To say it felt surreal would be an understatement. I walked over to her and touched the back of her head:

"Did it hurt?"

Looking at my fingers, I saw no blood. There was no wound. She started to wince but then looked at me with surprise:

"I don't remember. I feel nothing now. I feel...empty."

We gazed at our bodies that now seemed so far away. Without looking at me, she asked:

"Do you feel better? Has it finally stopped? Your pain?"

I closed my eyes as I thought about her question. Did I feel better? Did my pain stop? That was the reason for all of this. Was it worth it? The pain was there. It was still very much there. But it no longer felt like a battle I was fighting and losing. It felt like the pain won. It engulfed me, I was now one with the pain. A kind of dull, all consuming pain. What was the point of it all? I am stuck. I can't go back. We can't go back.

"No."

She looked visibly disheartened. As she turned around to leave, she looked back at me with those same calm, clear eyes that always held space for me. She gave me a small smile and said:

"Hmm...It's Okay."

Dr Varsha Rajeev

Associate Professor, Prosthodontics

Vroom

Vroom, vroom-

You were my childhood flame,
A dream that roared through every lane,
I craved you like thunder craves the storm,
And when my hands met your frame,
I sparked electric-reborn.

But oh, how fleeting was that light,
A pulse that danced just out of sight.
Years I chased you fought and bled,
I earned the scars to call you mine,
Yet my soul was left unfed.

Why so cold, when I burned for you?
Why so distant, when I drew close too?
Even in silence, I hear your whine,
Know this in the hush of night-
No twist, no tie, no force
Can keep me from making you mine.

Lakshmi
Intern

യാത്രാമൊഴി

വിരഹത്തിൻ വേദനയിൽ സ്വയം ഉരുകുമ്പോഴും
എൻ പ്രാണനായ നീ പോയെന്നറിഞ്ഞിട്ടും
ഒന്നുമറിയാതെ പകച്ചുനിൽക്കുന്നു ഞാൻ
ഇല കൊഴിഞ്ഞ മരം പോലെ
വരുണങ്ങിയ താഴ്വാരമായ് ഞാൻ
ഒരു ചില്ലുകുടുപ്പോലെ എൻ സ്വപ്നങ്ങൾ തകർന്നു
ഒരു കാറ്റായി വന്നെന്നുള്ളിലെ അഗ്നിയണയിച്ച്
എന്റെ എല്ലാമെല്ലാമായ നീ
എന്തേ പറയാതെ പോയി ?
കാണാതിരിക്കാൻ പറ്റാതെ
ഒന്നു മിറിക്കാൻ പറ്റാതെ
എന്റെ മനസിന്റെ ഓരോ താളവും നീ അറിഞ്ഞിട്ടും
അറിയാത്തതായി ഭാവിച്ചതെന്തേ?
അന്നു സൂര്യന്റെ പ്രകാശത്തിൽ
ആയിരം സൂര്യരശ്മികളെ സാക്ഷിയാക്കി
എന്റെ ജീവിതത്തിലേക്ക് നീ കടന്നുവന്നു
ഇരുട്ടിന്റെ താഴ്വാരത്തിൽ നിന്നും എന്നെ കയറ്റി
എന്റെ സ്വപ്നങ്ങളിൽ നീ നിറഞ്ഞു.....
എന്നും എന്റെ കൂടെ നടന്നിട്ട്
ഇപ്പോൾ നീ എന്നെ തനിച്ചാക്കിയതെന്തേ?
ഒരു യാത്രാമൊഴിപോലും പറയാത്തതെന്തേ?
ഒരിക്കൽ നീ തിരിച്ചുവരും എന്റെ ജീവിതത്തിലേക്ക്
നീ അത്രമേൽ സ്നേഹിച്ചിരുന്നുവെന്നെ
അന്നു നിൻ കണ്ണിൽ നിറയുന്ന കണ്ണീർത്തുള്ളികൾ
എന്നെ കാണുന്നതിന് തടസമാകും.

നവീൻ റോസ് സ്റ്റുവേർട്ട്

Intern

THE NEW DAWN

The art of kintsugi

Aids in renovating a broken life to a beautiful one,
Embracing the before laden cracks and patches,
Embracing the scars filled with wisdom lined by gold,
Some of which we gained through our past defeats
Creating an unshakable core within,
True happiness lies not in prized possessions,
But in the joy that grows when shared

Celebrate life,

Let others celebrate too.

In shared joy, find purpose anew.

Look within, discover yourself,

Wisdom, essence be life's real wealth.

It's time now to live with gracious strength and might,

To nurture one's true self upright.

To lift the needy, to share and care,

To spread the abundance that life makes fair.

Open your inner eye and feel the phoenix rise

Spread those wings and conquer life's new days.

Abhirami

III yr BDS



Dr. Yeshaswini

Professor. Omfs

NEWCOMERS FESTIVAL



Newcomers' festival. The Day of newcomers. The day in which a fresh bunch of students inducted into the course. One of the grand ceremonies in the college. A beautiful beginning of our career. It was conducted exuberantly every year.

Years back, As a first-year student, while coming for the Induction ceremony, I didn't have any idea about it . But was really excited and quite anxious about my new beginning. How will it be? Will I able to manage?

When I arrived excited it was slightly drenched in the morning shower as if nature has purified & beautified itself to welcome us. Accompanied by my family, entered college. It was beautifully decorated with flowers. A red carpet was laid in the entrance. And there was registration counter near it .I

have registered there first. They gave a file with college profile

Then went inside and was taken to lecture halls. It was not for lectures but for the distribution of white coats and ID cards. In between, interacted with few batchmates and got acquainted with them

After wearing white coats and ID cards, we were taken to Auditorium where parents were already seated. While entering, we were presented with a bouquet and Dairy milk by seniors. Felt like the symbol of love and care towards us. Then were seated on green and white chairs. On each chair, a balloon hanged. While sitting on those chairs, felt very special.

After that program began. The induction ceremony was inaugurated by the Deputy speaker of Kerala and there were many other guests on the Dias. A lamp

was lighted and college profile video was played giving a glimpse of the college.

Then we stood up for the Hippocratic oath and took the pledge without knowing its relevance. Now it forms the pillar of our ethical values and accountability towards the patient. Then we were asked to unhang the balloons unitedly by untangling the thread. The balloons flew high. Another beautiful moment of the event

After that, program winded up and there was students' guidance session .Then collected the textbooks and leaved the college happily.

Ironically, I entered the college that day with a fresh mind and clear soul. Then

white coat was as new as a white canvas. Now it's not only stained with spattered ink and molten wax but also with unforgettable experiences. My hands were as soft as a cotton. Now to my astonishment, it has become comparatively more heat resistant and rough with scars of lancet blades and ortho wires.

Within these years, on many occasions, my hands bled to become more skilled, and my eyes shed tears to replace it with light of knowledge and confidence. There were many ups and downs. Also, had many beautiful memories and got a bunch of caring friends. Passed between few rude and many friendly and helpful seniors. At the end, one thing is definite. I will surely learn to survive.

Fathima Suhana

Alumns

New beginnings

When winter's grasp at last begins to wane,
And tender buds dare breach the barren earth,
Then dost the heart, long shackled unto pain,
Recall the secret of its hidden worth.

What joy in sunrise after darkest night!
What hope in fields where once no green did grow!
The soul, reborn in morning's gentle light,
Doth cast aside its heavy cloak of woe.

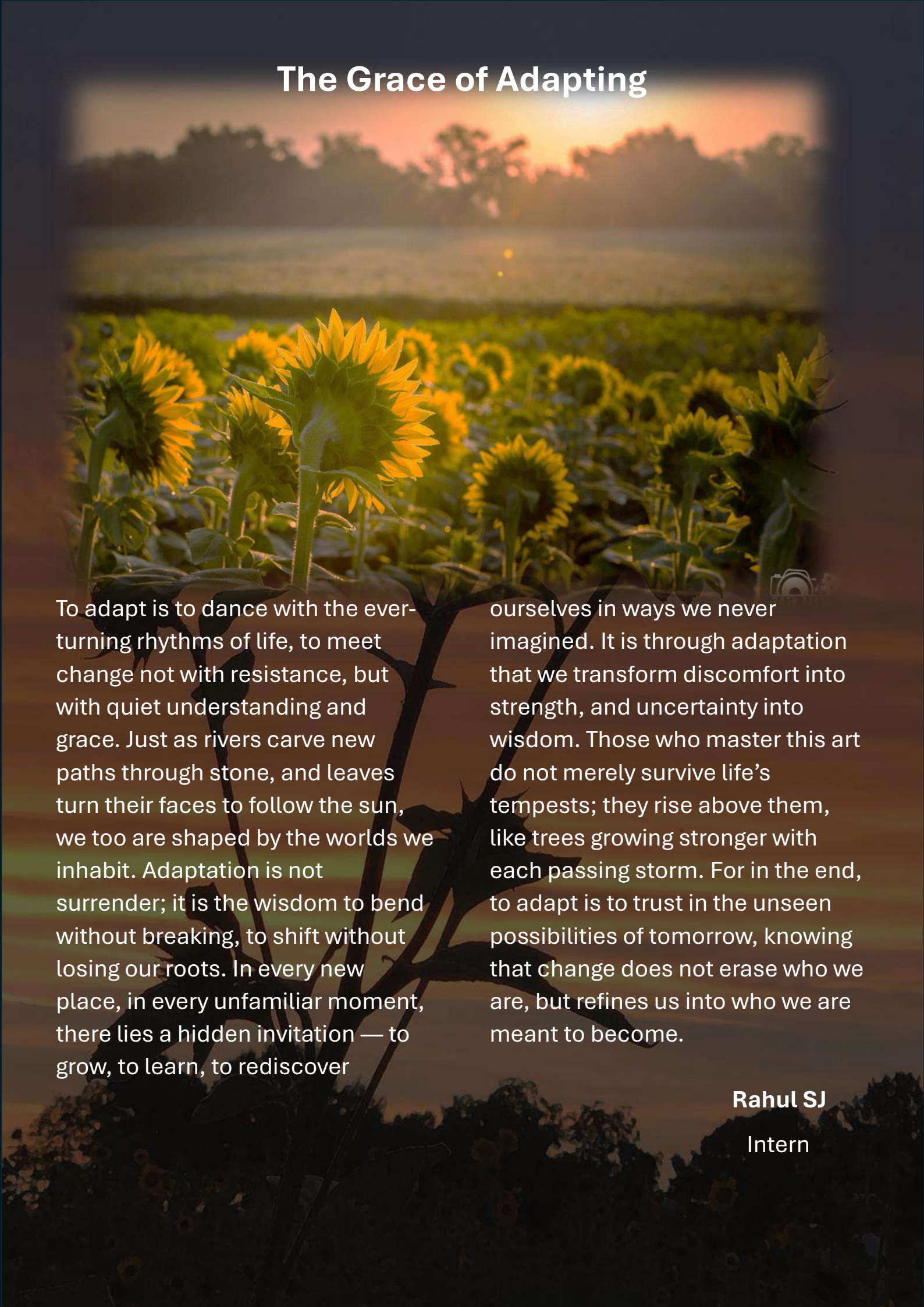
For all must change; so sings the rolling sphere,
And Time, that ancient thief, renews his lease.
What seemed an end proves but a start made clear,
And sorrow's storm gives way to quiet peace.

Embrace, dear friend, the path thou canst not see:
New worlds are born where brave hearts choose to be.

Saira Mariam P J

IV yr BDS

The Grace of Adapting



To adapt is to dance with the ever-turning rhythms of life, to meet change not with resistance, but with quiet understanding and grace. Just as rivers carve new paths through stone, and leaves turn their faces to follow the sun, we too are shaped by the worlds we inhabit. Adaptation is not surrender; it is the wisdom to bend without breaking, to shift without losing our roots. In every new place, in every unfamiliar moment, there lies a hidden invitation — to grow, to learn, to rediscover

ourselves in ways we never imagined. It is through adaptation that we transform discomfort into strength, and uncertainty into wisdom. Those who master this art do not merely survive life's tempests; they rise above them, like trees growing stronger with each passing storm. For in the end, to adapt is to trust in the unseen possibilities of tomorrow, knowing that change does not erase who we are, but refines us into who we are meant to become.

Rahul SJ
Intern

The Weight of Gold, the Wings of Dreams



In a village where tradition sat heavy upon every rooftop, and women's worth was still weighed in sovereigns and silk, lived a girl named Meera — the daughter of a humble schoolteacher and a mother who stitched dreams into every fold of her daughter's dupatta. Meera's eyes, deep and defiant, had always looked beyond the narrow lanes of her village, past the horizon where the sun kissed cities filled with books, ideas, and freedom.

As she grew, so did the whispers. "Who will marry her if she studies too much?" "Her father must be

saving gold by the gram."

"Daughters cost more than they bring." Meera heard it all, but she answered in silence, her fingers tracing poetry between the lines of her textbooks.

Then came the day of proposals — families arriving not with questions of her heart but with demands measured in dowry: twenty sovereigns, a motorbike, and a plot of land. The boy's family sat with pride in their posture; their words soaked in entitlement. Meera's father, a man who had built his life on honesty and meagre earnings, bowed his head beneath the

invisible weight of gold he could never afford. That night, Meera heard her mother weeping softly, saying, “We taught her to fly, but in the end, her wings are clipped by tradition.”

But Meera was no delicate flower meant to wilt beneath the shadow of greed. The next morning, with a heart wrapped in courage, she stood before her parents, her voice steady like the morning sun: “If society measures my worth in coins and cars, let me measure my worth in dreams and dignity. I will not be sold like cattle to a family who sees only the ornaments on my neck, not the light in my mind.”

With tearful blessings and trembling hands, her parents watched her leave — not towards marriage, but towards Mumbai, where she carried nothing but her books and a fierce belief that her destiny belonged to no dowry. Years passed. Letters came back, each one carrying news brighter than the last — a scholarship, a

degree, a position in a company where men and women alike listened when she spoke.

One day, Meera returned to her village — not draped in bridal silk but in confidence. She came not as a bride but as a builder of futures, opening schools for girls, creating jobs for women whose talents had long been buried beneath household chores. The same villagers who once counted her worth in sovereigns now counted the number of daughters she had saved from the same fate.

When asked if she would ever marry, Meera only smiled, her answer soft but unshakeable: “I give no dowry. I give dignity. I give education. I give wings. That is the only gold I carry.”

And so, Meera became not just a daughter of her house, but a mother to a generation of women who learned from her that no woman is born to be weighed or bought — she is born to rise.

Aswini Anand

IV yr BDS

Rainy Reflections

Dazzling drops fall on my Palms

Through the window

A gentle gesture of happiness

The beauty of mundane

They are life's treasures.

The rhythm of the raindrops on the window pane

Awakes the little me

Who loves the rain

But somewhere along the way,

I lost the happy me

Who forgot to laugh, evenSmile.

Yet life's uncertain tide

Rain brings tears instead of Smiles

Beauty hides in the strom's dark Shade

And in the silence, I find my Voice.

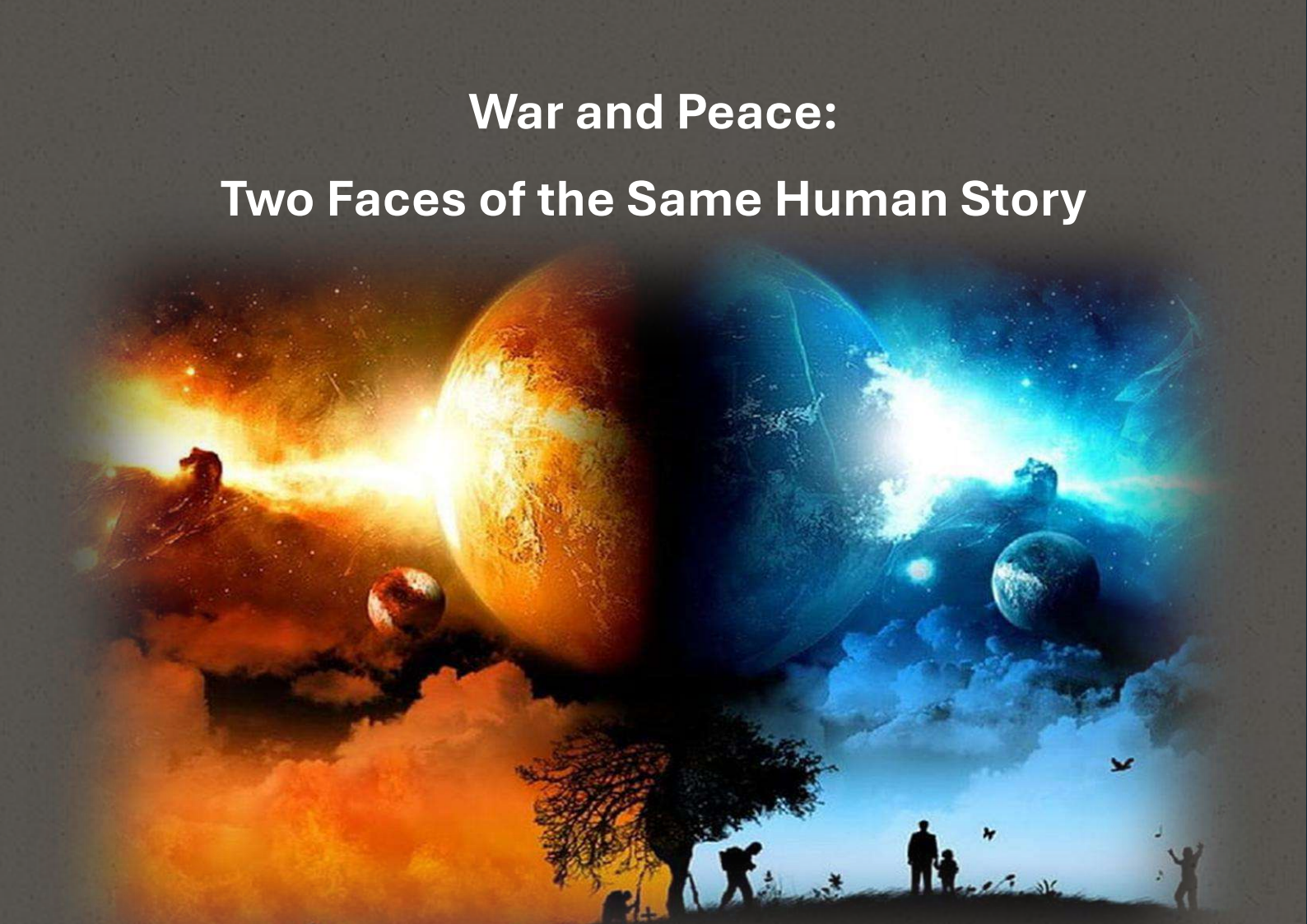
Mahima Stephen

Intern



Fathima Shanavaz
1st yr BDS

War and Peace: Two Faces of the Same Human Story



Throughout history, humanity has lived between the shadows of war and the fragile light of peace. From the bloodstained battlefields of ancient empires to the silent negotiations of modern diplomats, the world has swayed between conflict and harmony as if bound to a cycle it cannot break. Yet, as we reflect upon the stories of our ancestors and the news of our present, we are forced to ask: Why does war continue to erupt where peace could have blossomed? And how does peace endure where hatred once burned?

War, in all its forms, has been humanity's darkest invention. It begins with pride, with greed, with the thirst for power disguised as justice. It turns brother against brother, neighbour against neighbour, reducing cities to ashes and futures to dust. War steals not only lives but innocence; it robs children of their laughter and mothers of their tears. Yet, in its cruelty, war also reveals the depths of human resilience. In the rubble of destruction, we find courage — the soldier who risks his life not for glory but to protect, the civilian who rebuilds her home stone by

stone, refusing to surrender to despair. War forces humanity to confront its worst — but in doing so, it reminds us of the value of what we almost lose: peace.

Peace, in contrast, is silent. It does not march. It does not roar. It breathes quietly through acts of kindness, through words of forgiveness, through hands extended not in violence but in trust. True peace is more than the absence of war; it is the presence of understanding. It requires effort, patience, and humility — qualities far harder to cultivate than weapons. Where war divides, peace connects. Where war wounds, peace heals. Yet, peace is fragile. It needs tending like a garden, watered with empathy and protected from the weeds of prejudice and hatred.

The irony of history is that many of our most lasting periods of peace have risen from the ashes of our

most terrible wars. From suffering, nations have learned the value of dialogue. From division, humanity has discovered the strength of unity. Perhaps this is why the pursuit of peace remains humanity's noblest struggle — because it fights not against others, but against the worst within ourselves.

Today, in a world still trembling with conflict, the message is clear: war may shape borders, but only peace shapes hearts. It is not found in treaties alone but in classrooms where children of all faiths learn together, in communities where differences are celebrated rather than feared, and in every human decision to choose compassion over cruelty.

War shows us what we can destroy. Peace shows us what we can build. Between these two forces, we must ask ourselves which legacy we wish to leave behind.

Shahna Sherin P

IV yr BDS

Thy Time is Now

Why dost thou linger, doubting thine own might?
The stars were not more constant than thy will.
Rise up, fair heart, and meet the breaking light,
For Fortune waits on those who climb the hill.

What fear can chain thee, when thy soul is free?
What shadow halt thee, when thy flame doth burn?
The world doth yield to those with eyes to see,
And from each fall, the wise and strong return.

Let not the tongues of cowards shape thy course,
Nor let despair corrupt thy gentle mind.
Within thy breast there lies a noble force,
More vast than seas, more fleet than tempests' wind.

Thy fate is thine, not written in the skies —
But forged each day by hands that dare to rise.

Sahalamol T B

IV yr BDS

The Silent Ache of Distant Homes



Homesickness is not a mere longing tied to geography; it is a slow ache stitched deep into the very fabric of the soul, a quiet grief that awakens not only in lonely nights but also in the brightest hours when laughter feels hollow and conversations lack warmth. It is the weight of unseen memories pressing upon the heart — the soft glow of familiar lamps at twilight, the worn scent of old wooden cupboards, the taste of simple meals crafted with a mother's knowing hands, and the invisible embrace of a home that asked nothing of us but to simply exist within its shelter. To be homesick is to wander amidst a sea of strangers, carrying within oneself a

world that no one else can see — a world of roads we no longer walk, of faces we no longer meet, of festivals that pass in distant echoes while our own hearts beat out of rhythm with the place we stand. It is the sound of one's name pronounced in a voice that belongs to no one here, the absence of hands reaching out in effortless affection, the ache of solitude when surrounded by crowds who cannot comprehend the depth of this silent mourning.

Homesickness is the quiet grief of missing the mundane — the crack of doors we recognize by sound alone, the lull of monsoon rains against the windowpanes we once pressed our faces to as children,

the clatter of vessels from kitchens where love was cooked into every grain.

And yet, homesickness is not entirely sorrow; it is, too, a profound testament to love — to the power of belonging, to the roots that hold us steady even when we drift afar. It reminds us that home is not built of bricks and beams alone but of voices, glances, traditions, and the small unnoticed rituals that shaped our days. It teaches us patience, humility, and gratitude, for what we once took for granted now glows in memory like a lantern against the darkness of absence. Even as distance stretches across oceans and mountains, the homesick heart carries within it the unbroken thread of connection. That longing shapes us, makes us

softer, more human, reminding us that to feel such absence is evidence of having truly belonged somewhere, sometime, to someone. Homesickness endures not only in solitude but often in our successes too, when achievements feel dim because the ones who cheered for us from doorsteps far away cannot witness our joy. Yet, from this ache, strength is born — the strength to build bridges with new hearts, to craft spaces of warmth even where roots do not run deep, to honor the home we miss by carrying its lessons forward with quiet dignity. For even as we move through strange lands and unfamiliar streets, a part of us forever walks the paths of home, listening for the call of voices that once told us who we are.

Rena Milan

IV yr BDS

Where You Are Not

Where you are not, the hours grow slow,
And time forgets the art of gentle flight.
The days wear faces I no longer know,
And even dawn feels paler in its light.

The streets stretch on, but lead me not to you,
Their stones hold whispers strangers cannot hear.
Each evening sky turns lonely shades of blue,
As distance carves your absence ever clear.

I miss the laughter folded in your voice,
The kindness resting soft within your eyes,
The way your presence made the world rejoice,
And stitched sweet solace beneath troubled skies.

Yet though we stand with oceans in between,
My heart still walks the places we have been.
In dreams you come where silence dares not part,
And dwell, unspoken, always in my heart.

So let the world grow vast, the seasons stray,
Love finds its home — it never drifts away.

Tawfeeqa Abdul Khader

IV yr BDS



Nasrin Nazam
III yr BDS

Lanterns in the Dark: The Unseen Strength of True Friendship



There are moments in life when the world seems to turn its face away from us, when days stretch grey and heavy, and even the stars seem reluctant to shine. In such seasons of quiet suffering — through loss, despair, illness, failure, or the simple loneliness that comes from feeling misunderstood — it is not fame, fortune, or fleeting pleasures that carry us forward. It is friendship. Not the loud, boastful friendships of convenience, nor the smiling faces that scatter at the first sign of storm, but the steady, unwavering bonds that stand beside us like lanterns in the dark.

True friendship reveals its worth not beneath the bright skies of happiness but beneath the clouds of sorrow. When the world falls silent, a true friend speaks — not always with grand words or perfect solutions, but often with simple presence. They become the one who listens when we have no words, who believes in us when we no longer believe in ourselves. They sit with us in our darkest hours, asking nothing, offering everything: patience, understanding, and the quiet assurance that we are not alone.

Such friendships are rare, for they are built not on shared interests alone but on shared humanity. A

friend who walks with you through hardship is one who has seen you at your most unguarded, your most uncertain, and loves you still. They understand the language of silences, the weight of sighs, the courage it takes just to face another day. They offer laughter like a balm, shoulders for tears, and sometimes simply their quiet, enduring company. In a world that prizes speed, achievement, and surface connection, these friendships are sanctuaries — slow-growing, deep-rooted, resilient as old trees weathering countless storms.

History has shown us time and again that in the darkest chapters of human life, whether war, exile, illness, or personal despair, it is the steadfast friend who helps carry the burden. Letters exchanged in wartime trenches, hands held in hospital rooms, long phone calls across continents — these moments of human connection remind us of our worth when everything else seems uncertain. They remind us that no darkness lasts forever, and that light can be

found in the simplest acts of kindness and loyalty.

Friendship in dark times teaches us patience, forgiveness, and hope. It shows us that even when all seems lost, there is someone who sees our quiet victories, who celebrates our survival, who offers us not just their strength, but the gentle mirror of our own. Through their faith in us, we begin to find faith in ourselves once more.

In the end, we remember not the brilliance of days when everything went well, but the tenderness of those who stood with us when nothing seemed right. These friends become our chosen family, the ones who turn strangers into home, and lonely nights into places of quiet courage. Their love does not demand repayment; it exists because to love in darkness is the purest form of light.

So let us cherish these friendships — the lanterns in our dark. For though life's seasons may turn cold and uncertain, the warmth of a true friend's hand will forever guide us back towards hope, towards healing, and towards the light.

Fida Parvin

IV yr BDS



©naivee photography

Maveen Rose Stuart
Intern

An illustration of a woman with long, wavy brown hair adorned with white flowers. She is smiling and holding a young child with short brown hair. The background is a dark, muted brown with scattered white flower petals. The text of the poem is overlaid on the illustration.

Amma

I love how your eyes sparkle when u smile,
One day I kept staring at those beautiful
Doorways to see if they let me into your soul

And they did

I saw you for who you are

I saw the struggles

I saw the pain

And I saw love

Tremendous load of love

The only thing that scares me when I look into your eyes,

Is how I will ever live up to you

The strong beautiful person you are

My eyes beam with pride to have you as my mother

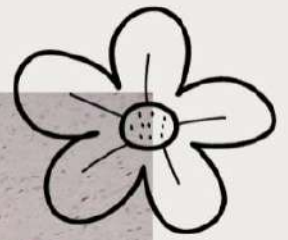
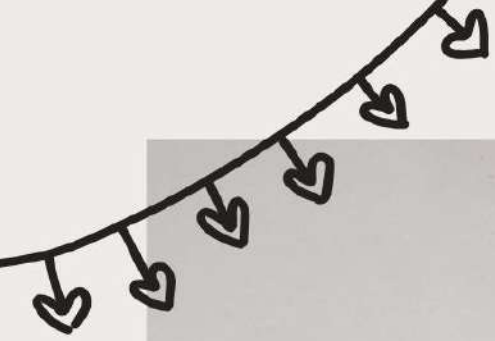
And one day I hope yours beam too for me.....

Abhirami

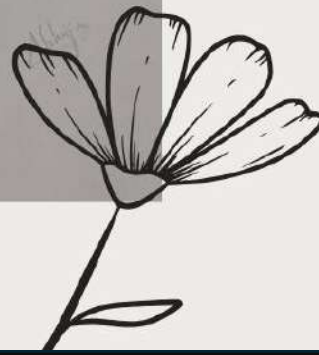
III yr BDS



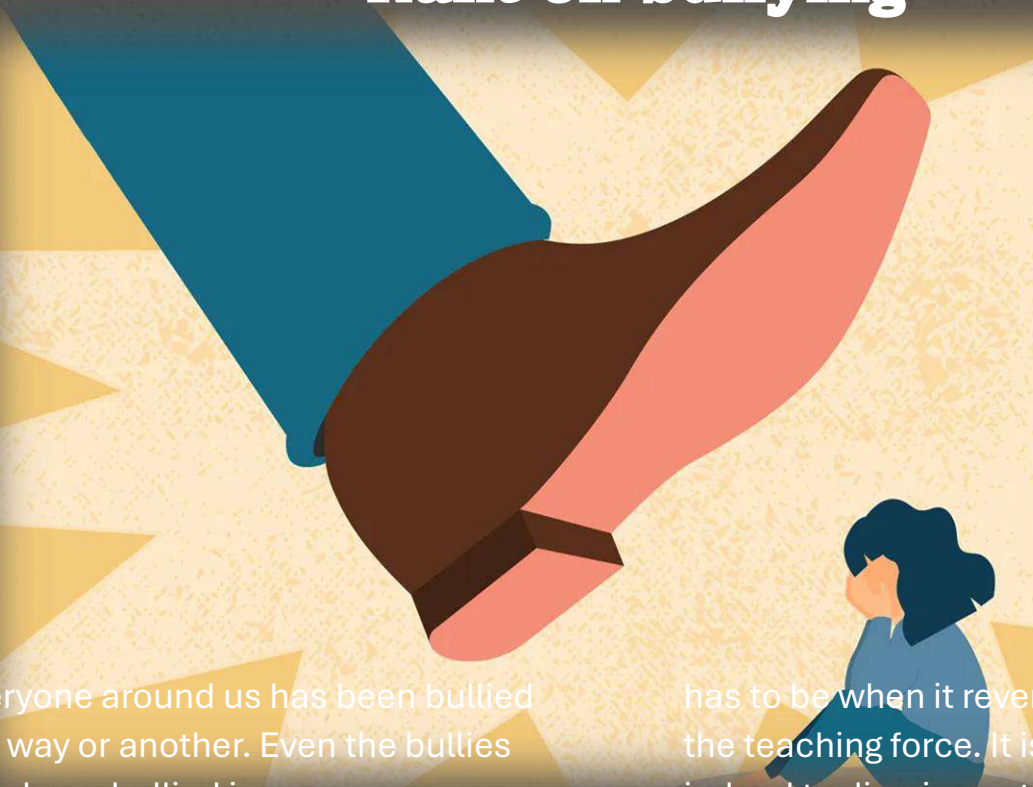
Dr Biju Balachandran
Administrator



ABHIJA K UNNI
IV yr BDS



Rant on bullying

An illustration at the top of the page shows a large, blue-sleeved hand holding a brown shoe with a pink interior. The shoe is positioned as if about to be dropped onto a small, blue-clad person sitting on the ground. The background consists of a dark grey gradient with several yellow, triangular rays emanating from behind the shoe, creating a dramatic, spotlight effect.

Everyone around us has been bullied one way or another. Even the bullies have been bullied in some way or another. It is astonishing to see that some things never fade away, even though awareness of their dangerous effects is now common knowledge. With every era, the concept matures and evolves to involve a new aspect, discarding the old, but always existing. It has many facets; it could be subtle, or it could be loud and ugly. It could be the young and foolish spoiled child next door, or it could be a teacher, or even a parent.

With the current world romanticizing the concept, it makes one wonder where we are going as a people, what we are evolving to be. Even our movies portray the ‘quiet, suffering, docile’ bullying-egotistic duo to be heart-throbbing and desirable. If we are to think about it, bullying exists everywhere, be it the workplace, school, or home.

Even if it is an inescapable concept in the world, the most abominable form

has to be when it reverberates through the teaching force. It is a cruel thing indeed to dismiss a student’s possible capabilities simply because they don’t fit the mold according to the opinion of a few. Yet it is something we see every day.

Some people need to understand that being in a position of authority, be it a CEO, coach, or teacher, does not mean that your subordinates suddenly turn into a sub-species. We are all still people, and every person is still entitled to respect and dignity. Some teachers simply take “Acharya Devo Bhava” to the next level.

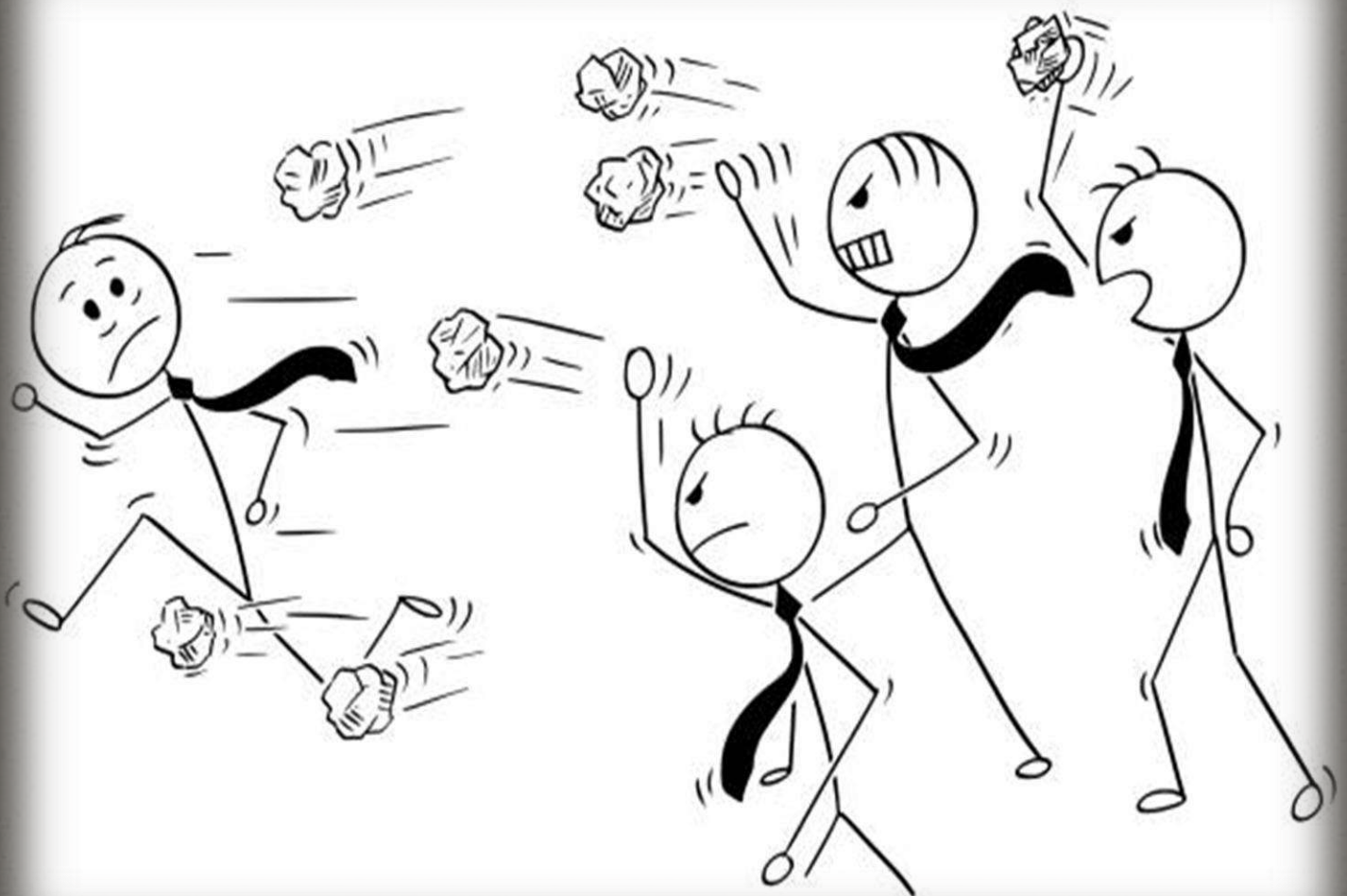
Let’s just simply put it this way: if there were a rating system that allowed your subordinates to rate you as a boss, or a teacher, or whatever it is that has put you in this place of power, and this rating should be displayed to your peers—to the “equals” in your eyes—and if that thought should worry you, then you know that you need some introspection.

That being said, we could all use some introspection. It would do the world some good if everyone looked into themselves and wondered how they were perceived by the world that they live in. If one were to take their last breath today, what would they be known as tomorrow?

If only the world really did have a rating system, one that could not be manipulated by anyone, people would think twice before they say things that cannot be taken back, before they do things that one can never come back from.

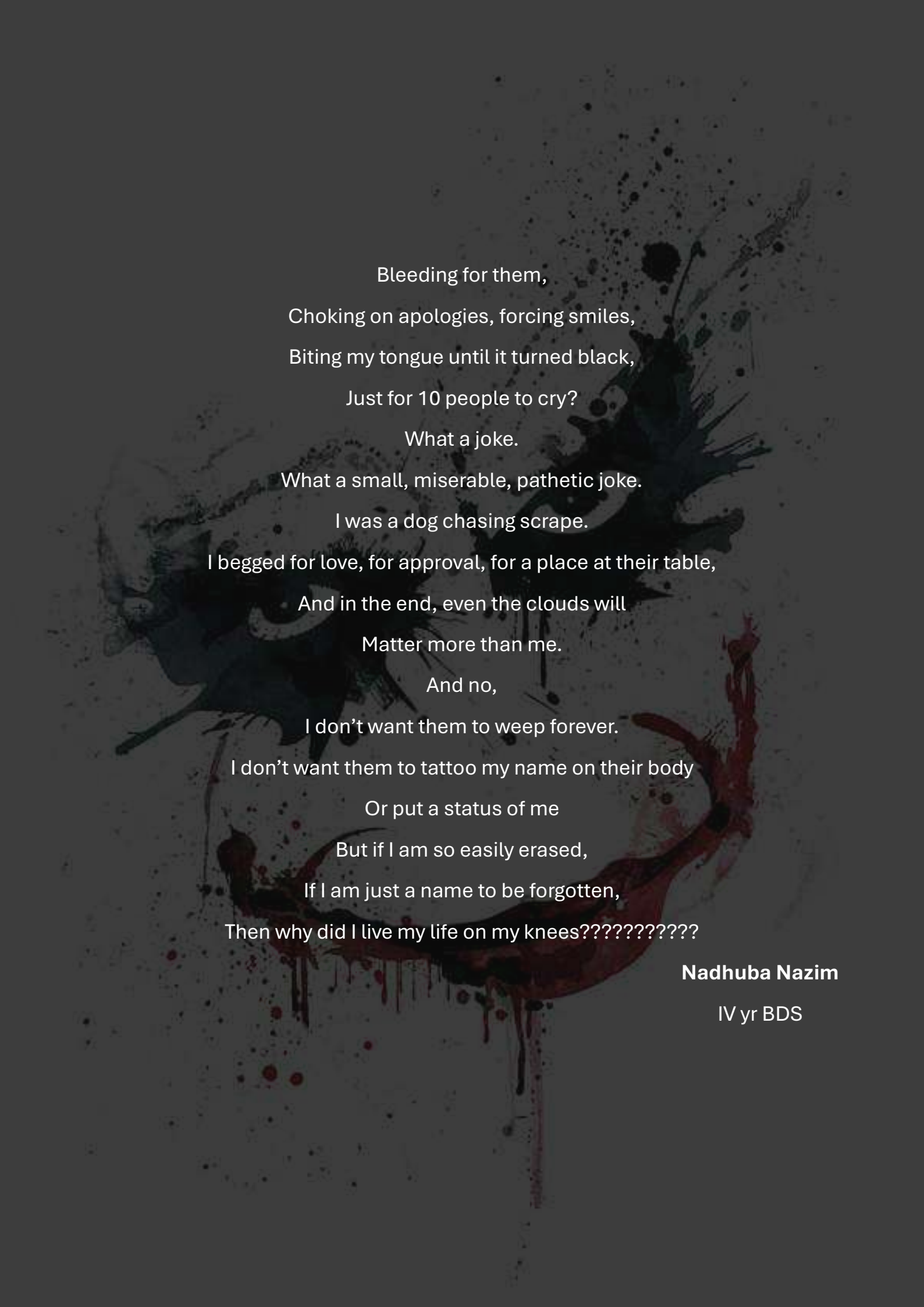
Naomi Ann Jacob

IV yr BDS



The Joke

I read somewhere that when you die
, an average of 10 people cry.
Not 100..... not 50..... Just 10,
The number of bodies at my burial? Decided by the sky.
If it rains, 90% will stay home,
If it doesn't, half will show up,
check their watches, And leave....
Two days later, they'll be eating something hot,
Something rich , Swallowing warm,
greasy food, licking their fingers,
Talking about spices and salt, about flavours and texture,
While my body rots.....
You mean to tell me-
I spent my whole life bending, breaking,



Bleeding for them,
Choking on apologies, forcing smiles,
Biting my tongue until it turned black,
Just for 10 people to cry?
What a joke.
What a small, miserable, pathetic joke.
I was a dog chasing scrape.
I begged for love, for approval, for a place at their table,
And in the end, even the clouds will
Matter more than me.
And no,
I don't want them to weep forever.
I don't want them to tattoo my name on their body
Or put a status of me
But if I am so easily erased,
If I am just a name to be forgotten,
Then why did I live my life on my knees?????????????

Nadhuba Nazim

IV yr BDS

Fire in Her

Her heart was like a half- burned candle

No flames left,

Abandoned, unloved, fading in silence.

One day, someone drew near,

And he tried to sparked her fire

Slowly, her flame reappeared,

She glowed again.

But love, unchecked,

Turned into madness.

He, feared the fire,

He once beguiled.

Gradually he started blowing out her flame!

He lit her candle-

But never helped it stay brighter.

In that hush of darkness,

She sat and saw the light

Not in him,

She realized-

Her fire need not come from him.

Now she rises, no waiting heart

She lights her own candle

And this time,

She keeps it burning strong.....!

Reshma C

III yr BDS

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