

# BRAIDED BREAD WITH STUFFING

## *For bread*

- |                  |             |
|------------------|-------------|
| 1.milk- lukewarm | 1 cup       |
| 2.egg            | 1           |
| 3.instant yeast  | 1 tbl spoon |
| 4.maida          | 1 tbl spoon |
| 5.powdered sugar | 1 tbl spoon |
| 6.maida          | 3 cups      |
| 7. Salt          | 1 tsp       |
| 8.butter         | ¼ cup       |



Mix items 1,2,3,4,5 and rest for 10 mts. Then mix with 6,7,8 by kneading thoroughly, repeated, folding and kneading and make a smooth dough. keep in bowl covered with wet cloth till the filling is made. ( Need not rest the dough for longer time)

## *For stuffing*

- 1.onion- i medium sized-finely chopped
- 2.cauliflower florets- ½ kg- finely chopped
- 3.ginger garlic paste-1 tbl spoon
- 4.black pepper-2 tbl spoon
- 5.corn flour – 2 tsp in ¼ cup wtare
6. Salt to taste
- 7.soy sauce- 2 tbl spoon
- 8.butter or vegetable oil- 2 tbl spoon

Heat tawa, add oil, then onion, ginger garlic paste, cauli flower florets, then black pepper, salt and then keep the pan closed with lid for 5 minutes in low flame, then add corn flour paste and mix thouroughly and finally add soy sauce.

## *Final preparation*

Then take the dough, divide into 2 parts, spread into rectangular sheets using roling pin. Then cut the sides so that it looks like our coconut leaf. Then fill the stuffing.fold the sides as you braid. Preheat the oven at 180 degree c for 5 min and bake for 15-20 min at the same 180 degree c.

**Dr Sathi M.S.**



# JELLY LAYER PUD-DING



For biscuit layer-180g digestive biscuit powdered -40g butter  
Pour biscuit mixture into a mould and spread evenly. Refrigerate for 10minutes to set.

For second layer

1cup 225 ml of full cream milk ,120ml condensed milk,2table spoon cornflour,1/4tsp vanilla essence

Mix well and cook until it thickens. Pour a thick layer on top of biscuit mixture ..keep in fridge for 15minutes

For third layer -jelly layer

Jelly packet of your choice

120ml boiling water

60ml cold water

Mix well until it dissolves. Let it cool in room temperature and then pour the mixture on top of the pudding.

Keep for 2 hours in refrigerator to set.

Once set cut into desired shapes/

**Dr. Jayalakshmi**





## CHICKEN CASSEROLE

### Ingredients

250g boneless chicken breasts  
1/2 cup refined flour  
Salt, crushed baby corns  
Oil for shallow frying  
1tbsp butter  
1tsp dried rosemary for sprinkling  
16-20 button mushrooms  
1/2cup white wine  
1medium sized onion finely chopped  
1cup cheese spread  
4-5 baby tomatoes  
1capsicum cut into small pieces  
Cheddar cheese plus breadcrumbs plus butter  
Red chilli flakes  
Pizza seasoning

Method -mix together flour, salt, crushed pepper corns in a bowl.add chicken slices and mix well.heat some oil in a nonstick pan.shallow fry till lightly browned.drain in an absorbent paper.preheat oven to 180 degree c  
Heat butter in same pan.add garlic ..saute well.add onion ..saute well.add rosemary and mushrooms .mix and saute for a minute.add tomatoes and capsicum.add white wine ..mix and cook for a minute.add 1 cup cheese spread.add salt and crushed pepper corns.mix ,cover and bring to boil.add pizza seasoning and red chilli flakes.arrange fried chicken pieces in a glass baking dish .top with mushroom mixture and repeat procedure once more.sprinkle cheddar cheese grated mixed with bread crumbs and butter.add salt and pepper and rosemary .put dish in a preheated oven .bake for 15-20 minutes.serve hot

**Dr Jayalakshmi**



## Chocolate Muffins

Maida 11/2 cups  
Cocoa powder 2tbsp  
Baking powder 1 tsp  
Baking soda a pinch  
Sugar 1 1/4 cup  
Salt a pinch  
2 eggs  
Butter\_ 1/ 4 cup  
Vanilla essence 1 tsp  
Milk \_ 3/4 cup  
Cream together butter at room temp and powdered sugar till well mixed  
Add eggs one by one and beat well  
Add vanilla essence and milk and mix well  
Mix dry ingredients well and after sieving, add to the wet in thirds and fold together well.  
Grease the muffin tray and fill each upto half to 3/4 th. Garnish with chocochips.  
Preheat oven to 180 and bake for 20\_ 25 mts

**Dr Geetha A.P.**





## COCONUT HALVES

1 tbsp. Vegetable oil

● 250 g onions

● 20 g ginger

● 3 green chillies

● 1/4 tsp salt

● 400 g boneless chicken cooked with salt & 1 tsp. Garam

masala & 1/4 tsp. Pepper powder and hand shredded. " 6 eggs; (5 of them

hard boiled & shelled out; 1 raw egg)" 300 g steamed and mashed potato

● 1 tablespoon corn flour ● 75 g breadcrumbs

### Method

1. Finely dice the onion, garlic, green chillies and ginger.

2. To one egg, add 2 teaspoon corn flour and little water to make a thin batter.

3. Heat 1 teaspoon of oil in a heavy based non-stick pan over a medium high heat.

4. Add the onion and ginger then reduce the heat to a medium low setting and cook down until golden. Then add green chillies, mashed potato and shredded chicken, stir and cook for a further 1 minute and set aside to cool.

5. Then divide the chicken - potato mixture into five portions, make each a ball.

6. Flatten out each ball and place a shelled egg rolled in dry corn flour in the middle and cover the chicken- potato mixture around the egg to shape it like a de-husked coconut.

7. Repeat this process for the remaining eggs. Dip each egg in the batter of egg and corn flour, roll each in bread crumbs and fry in oil for 2-3 minutes to a slight golden colour. Since all ingredients are already cooked, see not to over fry.



Dr Shirley John



## Chicken PIE

For the pie crust

### Ingredients

1) 2 1/2 cups refined flour

2) 1/2 cup powdered sugar

3) Salt to taste

4) 75g frozen unsalted butter

5) 4 to 8 tbsp of chilled water

### Method

To make the crust dough, knead 1 to 5 ingredients to get a semi stiff dough add in chilled water little by little. divide the knead into 2 equal portions & cover with cling film; refrigerate for 1 hr.

### For the filling

Saute chopped onions with garlic & chicken keema..

Add in pepper, chilli flakes, salt & once bit cooked add in tomato puree & let it simmer...add vegetables of ur choice origano & cook till dry

### For setting up the pie

Preheat oven to 180 c & set up ur baking tray with butter & dust with flour. roll one half of crust dough with rolling pin & place on tray to cover fully overhanging the edges. fill it with chicken keema. Cover the tray after rolling the other half into the braided design & seal it well. brush with egg wash. place in oven & bake for 45 mins. remove once done & let it cool a bit before serving. enjoy the crusty tasty pie.

Dr Elizabeth Jacob





## CHOCHO BROWNIE

### *Ingredients*

200g dark chocolate  
1/2 cup unsalted butter  
1 1/2 cup granulated sugar  
3 Eggs  
1/4 tsp salt  
1 tsp instant coffee powder granules  
1 1/2 tsp vanilla essence  
1/2 Cup flour  
1/4 cup of cocoa powder  
1 tsp baking powder

### *Method*

preheat oven 180c ..line a baking tray with parchment paper.melt the butter with dark chocolate in a sauce pan on low flame &keep aside for 15mins.in a mixing bowl add eggs,granulated sugar,salt,coffee powder, vanilla essence.seive in the flour,cocoa powder, baking powder&keep aside to the mixing bowl add in the melted chocolate with butter&then fold with the dry ingredients. Pour batter into tray &bake for 35mins.let it cool...decorate with whipped cream & chocolate syrup&chocolate chips. enjoy tasty brownies.

**Dr Elizabeth Jacob**

## Easy Ghee Cake

### *Ingredients*

Whole Wheat/all purpose flour-1 Cup  
Ghee-1/2cup  
Milk- 1/2cup  
Powdered Sugar-1/2cup  
Egg-1(or thick curd-2 tbsp)  
Baking Powder-1tsp  
Baking Soda-1/4tsp  
Vanila essence-1tsp



### *Method*

Cream the sugar and ghee. add milk and vanilla essence and mix well. add the egg (or curd) and whisk. sieve and flod in the flour, banking powder and naking soda to the wet ingredients. Do not overmix. pour the better into a greased pan and bak in preheated oven at 180 deg for 25-30 min.

**Dr Megha**





# MANGO CHEESE CAKE

## Ingredients:

Arrowroot/ glucose biscuits -25  
Melted butter 75 gms

## Mango cheese layer:

### Ingredients:

Ripe mangoes 2- 3  
(roughly 500 ml mango puree)  
Amul cream 200 ml  
Cream cheese (or substitute with amul cheese spread) 200 gms  
Sugar 1/2 cup (use more as needed)  
Gelatin 2 tbsp  
Water 1/2 cup



## Top mango layer

### Ingredients:

Ripe mango 1  
Gelatin 1 1/2 tsp  
Water 1/4 cup  
Sugar 2 tsp (optional)

To decorate. White chocolate/ whipped cream

### Method:

For biscuit base...crush biscuits in a food processor to fine crumbs, add melted butter, blend again...transfer to a greased springform pan and press firmly. chill in fridge for 1 hr. For filling, soak gelatin in water and wait for 10 minutes, melt by double boiling. Into a blender add chopped mangoes, sugar, cream cheese, fresh cream, melted gelatin & blend well. Pour over biscuit layer and chill for 4 hrs till top is set.

For mango jelly, melt gelatin. Into a blender, add chopped mango, gelatin, sugar & blend well. Pour over the mango cheese layer, chill in fridge for 12 hrs or overnight. Release sides of pan, decorate with white chocolate gratings or whipped cream

**Dr Swapna Mohan**



# BUTTER FROSTING CAKE

## Ingredients and method

- 2 large eggs
- 1/4 cup veg oil
- 1 cup powdered sugar

Mix them fully and keep aside.



- 1 cup maida/atta
- 1/3 cup cocoa powder
- 1 tsp baking soda
- 1 tsp baking powder
- 1/2 tsp salt
- 1 tsp instant coffee powder

Mix these well and add to above mixture

Then add 1/3 cup hot water, 1/2 cup full cream milk and 1 tbsp white vinegar to the batter and mix well.

Pour it into a cake mould and keep in stove. After 40 mins, the cake will be baked to perfection.

### \*Buttercream\*:

1 cup butter, 2-3 cups powdered sugar, 2 tsp vanilla essence, pinch of salt, 2-3 tbsp cream

### \*For white chocolate ganache: \*

3:1 ratio of white chocolate compound: Cream

**Dr Shyama**

## അവൽ പായസം (Aval Payasam)

അവൽ : 250 ഗ്രാം

നെയ്യ് : രണ്ട് വലിയ സ്പൂൺ

പാൽ : 1 ലിറ്റർ

പഞ്ചസാര : 375 ഗ്രാം

കേസർ പൗഡർ : ഒരു നുള്ള്

ഏലയ്ക്കാപൊടി : അര ചെറിയ സ്പൂൺ

നെയ്യിൽ വറുത്ത അണ്ടിപ്പരിപ്പ് നുറുക്കുകൾ - രണ്ട് വലിയ സ്പൂൺ

തയ്യാറാക്കുന്ന വിധം

അവൽ കുറച്ചു നെയ്യോഴിച്ച് വറുത്തെടുത്ത്, മിക്സിയിൽ റവ പരുവത്തിൽ പൊടിക്കുക.

പാലിൽ കുറച്ച് വെള്ളം ചേർത്ത് അടുപ്പിൽ വെച്ച് കുറച്ചു വറ്റിയ ശേഷം, അവൽ ഇട്ട് പാകത്തിന് വേവിച്ച് പഞ്ചസാര ചേർക്കുക. വറ്റുമ്പോൾ വാങ്ങിയ കേസർ പൗഡറും, ഏലയ്ക്കാപൊടിയും, അണ്ടിപ്പരിപ്പും ചേർക്കുക.

Dr Mini Balakrishnan



## TRÉS LECHES CAKE

### Ingredients:

For spongecake

All purpose flour -1/2 cup sugar

¾ cup

Eggs 3

Baking powder 1.5 tsp salt 1 pinch

Cocoa powder ¼ cup milk ½ cup

Butter 50g

Chocolate 30g

**Milk bath:**

Chocolate 20g

Milk ½ cup

Cream ¼ cup

Condensed milk ¼ cup

**Whipped cream:**

Whipping cream ¼ cup cocoa

powder 1 tbsp sugar 1 tbsp



Step 1: In a dry bowl melt chocolate and butter in microwave for 30 seconds

Step 2: Separate egg yolk and egg white

Whip up egg white and with ½ tsp lemon juice in a clean metal or glass bowl, once the egg white starts to foam add 1 tbsp sugar at a time and continue whipping until it foams at the peak

Step 3: In another bowl add cocoa powder and milk and give this a good stir, then add mixture from step 1 followed by the egg yolk and dry ingredients, combine together. Next Add egg white mixture and fold carefully.

Transfer to a 7 inch pan, buttered, floured and lined with parchment paper. bake at 160o c for 25 mins in a preheated oven. Let it cool completely in a wire rack.

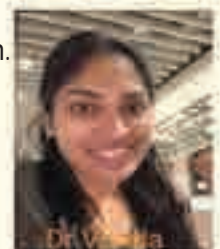
Chocolate milk bath Melt chocolate + milk + cream + condensed milk in a pan.

Put the cake back in the pan and poke holes all over it with a fork.

Pour milk on the cake and refrigerate for 2 to 4 hours (the longer the better).

Whipped cream topping Whip ¼ cup whipped cream + 1 tbsp cocoa powder and 1 tbsp sugar. Cover cake with this and serve

Dr Vrinda





# FLAMMKUCHEN

## Ingredients

Flammkuchen dough-

- 2 cups (220 gr) all purpose flour  
(set aside a few tablespoons for rolling)
- 1/2 cup (120 ml) water (lukewarm)
- 2 tbl olive oil
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- Topping-
- 1/2 cup creme fraiche (120 ml) /fresh cream
- 1/4 tsp ground nutmeg (optional)
- 1/4 tsp ground pepper
- 1/4 tsp salt
- Also-
- Thin sliced or diced onion (see notes)
- 1/2 cup (diced small) meat vegetable of your choice
- 1/2 cup cheese (if desired)

## Instructions

For the dough.

- ▶ In a mixer, combine the flour, salt, oil, and water. When it's fully mixed, take it out and knead the dough on a floured surface for a few minutes. You will feel it change and get smoother (or you will get impatient, and just stop). Wrap the dough in plastic wrap and let it rest somewhere warm (not hot) for 25-30 minutes. (I put mine in the microwave so it's out of the way)
- ▶ Prep the toppings
- ▶ In a bowl mix the creme fraiche with salt, pepper and nutmeg.

- ▶ Dice the meat vegetable of your choice
- ▶ Slice the onions thinly
- ▶ Turn on the oven to 480 degrees Fahrenheit
- ▶ Put a cookie sheet into the oven (if it has a lip, put it in upside down) on the low rack to heat up with the oven
- ▶ When your dough has rested, sprinkle some of the reserved flour on a surface, and roll it out. I do this on top of a sheet of parchment paper to make transferring it easier.
- ▶ This part is important. You need to roll it very thin... and it wants to spring back. Just keep at it.
- ▶ Spread the creme fraiche over the rolled-out dough (try to avoid the edges)
- ▶ Sprinkle on the toppings
- To bake-
- ▶ Use the parchment to slide the whole thing on to a cookie sheet... Then open the oven and slide the parchment onto the hot cookie sheet in the oven. (This way you don't have to juggle the flammkuchen or fold it or drop it on the ground... Or take the hot sheet out of the oven!)
- ▶ Bake 18-20 minutes.
- ▶ When it's all baked, slide it out onto the cool cookie sheet or serving tray. The parchment should slide away easily.

Dr Reji Mohan



**Chocolate tart**  
Dr Simi, Koyyayam



**Lady with Cappuccino**  
Dr Sinsila Elizabeth



**Reindeer Brownies**  
Dr Shyama





The  
Healing  
ARTS  
KFOG 2021

**MUSIC  
IS MAGIC**





**Dr Bhavani L Nair**  
*Assistant Professor*  
*Sree Gokulam Medical*  
*College and research*  
*foundation*  
*Venjaramood, Trivandrum*

## MUSIC IS MAGIC

Music is an artful arrangement of sounds across time. It is the strongest form of magic. It is the language of the spirit. It is the language of emotions. It has great qualities of healing a person emotionally and mentally. Music is not only used as a recreational activity but also a medicine, a vitamin. Listening to music may relax patients and lead to fewer complications. Music has some healing powers. Levels of the hormone oxytocin are raised when people are singing together. Oxytocin is associated with empathy, trust and relationship building. Our sensitivity to pain and stress hormone cortisol decreases when we are involved in group music making activity. Research shows that at least some musical education has a positive impact on social and cognitive development of children. And these effects are long lasting - better hearing, better motor skills, improved memory, better verbal and literacy skills. Music engages our brain's reward system, releasing a feel good neurotransmitter called dopamine - the same chemical that is released when we taste delicious food, see something beautiful or fall in love. When we sing our neurotransmitters connect in new and different ways, releasing endorphins that make us smarter, healthier, happier and more creative. And when we do this with other people, the effect is amplified. We can sing songs, go to concerts, play an instrument and listen to music daily to enhance our lives and the lives of people we care about. Music is the moonlight in the gloomy night of life. It is the social glue that clearly enhances our mental well-being.



**Dr Kammappa**  
*Mannarkkad*

എനിക്ക് എക്കാലത്തെയും ഏറ്റവും ഇഷ്ടപ്പെട്ട മലയാളം പാട്ടെന്തെന്നു ചോദിച്ചാൽ ഒരുത്തരമേ ഉള്ളൂ ഹിമശൈല സൈകത ഭൂമിയിൽ നിന്നു നീ പ്രണയപ്രവാഹമായ് വന്നു **MD** രാജേന്ദ്രന്റെ വരികൾക്ക് ദേവരാജൻ മാസ്റ്ററുടെ സംഗീതത്തിൽ മാധുരി അനശ്വരമാക്കിയ ശാലിനി എൻറെ

കുട്ടുകാരി എന്ന സിനിമയിലെ പ്രണയ ഗാനം ആ സിനിമയിൽ വേണു നാഗവള്ളിയും ജലജയും തമ്മിലുള്ള മുകാനുരാഗത്തിന്റെ തീക്ഷ്ണത ഈ ഒരൊറ്റ പാട്ടിലൂടെ സംവിധയകൻ ആവാഹിച്ചു ഈ പാട്ട് കേൾക്കുമ്പോൾ മനസിലേക്കോടിയെത്തുന്ന മറ്റ് രണ്ടുപേരുണ്ട് എൻറെ സീനിയർസ് ആയിരുന്ന രണ്ടുപേർ അവർ പ്രണയത്തിലായിരുന്നു ഫോർത്ത് ഹയർ പഠിക്കുന്ന സമയത്താണ് നായികക്ക് ബ്ലഡ് കാൻസർ പിടിപെടുന്നത് ഇതറിഞ്ഞ ഉടനെ നായകൻ നിർബന്ധിച്ചു അവരുടെ വിവാഹം നടത്തി എന്നാൽ chemotherapy ഇന്നത്തെ advanced അല്ലാതിരുന്ന അക്കാലത്തു ആറുമാസത്തിനകം നായിക മരിച്ചുപോയി എനിക്കറിവുള്ളിടത്തോളം അദ്ദേഹം പിന്നെ വിവാഹം കഴിച്ചില്ല തിരിച്ചു കിട്ടാതെ ഞാൻ ഏതോ ദിവാസ്വപ്നമായി തിരിച്ചുകിട്ടാത്ത ലോകത്തേക്ക് പ്രണയിനിയെ നഷ്ടപ്പെട്ട ആ മനുഷ്യന്റെ കാര്യമോർക്കുമ്പോൾ മനസിലൊരു നീറ്റലാണ്



**Dr.M.K.Geetha Rajeev**  
Consultant,  
Gynaecologist,  
Nucleus  
Healthcarepital,  
Nadapuram,  
Vadakara.

## Music is magic.....

By Dr.M.K. Geetha

Music as we all know...relaxes our body, elevates our mood , pacifies our mind... I am not any authority to write about music.. but as an ardent music lover, I would like to pen down certain random thoughts about music in my life... The other day my old school mate asked me” Geetha, you must be so obsessed with music that your house in Purameri is named “ Raagam” and the one in Vadakara is named “Geetham”. I just smiled...I would like to think it that way.. but the fact was that the first house had the first letter of his name and subsequently the second house had my name... The prayer

songs which we children were taught to sing with so fervently at our house in the evening ... and at the assembly at school really filled our mind with devotion to the supreme... and then the film songs both Hindi and Malayalam from the Radio of my father which I still recollect with nostalgia... The long drives to distant places after marriage was made memorable by the songs of Mukesh and Rafi ... which were my husband's favourites which I too enjoyed. But I like new melody songs too.. Then in my fifties I realised that just like hearing music.. singing also relaxes our mind and body and makes us euphoric... like Yoga.. So with much practice and encouragement from our music club IMA I attempted a few songs in our IMA functions.. When both my daughters got married and the” empty nest syndrome” ...apart from the post menopausal syndrome took their toll , I found solace in music and Yoga... which give me immense relief. Thus in a way it was a music therapy for my dejected mood and depressed mind... Really music is magic... Don't you all agree



**Dr Priya  
Radhakrishnan**

വലിയ പതക്കമുള്ള മാലയിട്ട്, ചുരുണ്ടമുടിക്കാരി... കണ്ണടയിട്ട ആ ഗാഢവക്കാരിയെ തെല്ലൊരു അസൂയയോടെ നോക്കിക്കണ്ട പതിനഞ്ചു വയസ്സുകാരിയായ ഞാൻ .....- 50 പരീക്ഷയുടെ റാങ്കുകാരിയായ അവൾ കവിയിൽ നിന്നും സമ്മാനം ഏറ്റുവാങ്ങുമ്പോൾ ഞാനറിഞ്ഞില്ല, പിന്നീടൊരു പത്തുവർഷം സഹപാഠികളായി പഠിക്കുമെന്ന്.....പഠനത്തിരക്കിനിടയിൽ വെവേറെ സരഹ്യവലയങ്ങളിൽ പെട്ടു ,പുഞ്ചിരിയിലും ചെറു വാക്കുകളിലും ഞങ്ങളുടെ ബന്ധം ഒതുങ്ങി ..

ഹാസ് സർജൻസി കഴിഞ്ഞ ഇടവേളയിൽ അടുത്ത പ്രവേശന പരീക്ഷ കടമ്പ കടക്കാനുള്ള യജ്ഞം ..... തൊട്ടടുത്ത വീട്ടിൽ ജനിച്ചു കണ്ണുതുറന്നപ്പോൾ മുതൽ കുട്ടുകാരിയായ മറ്റൊരു സഹപാഠിയൊത്തു ,അവൾ വീട്ടിലെത്തി..ഞങ്ങൾ വീണ്ടും കുട്ടുകാരായി. ഞങ്ങൾ ,രണ്ടു പ്രിയമാരും അവരും ദൈവാധീനത്തിൽ ആദ്യ പരിശ്രമത്തിൽ തന്നെ ബിരുദാനന്തരപഠനത്തിനു ചേർന്നു.

പിന്നെ 3 വർഷം ഞങ്ങളുടെ സഹൃദയം വളർന്നു. ഡ്യൂട്ടി കഴിഞ്ഞ് കാത്തുനിന്ന് കാറിൽ ലിഫ്റ്റ് തന്നു വീട്ടിൽ എത്തിച്ചിരുന്ന കുട്ടുകാരി....വളരെ നീർബന്ധിച്ചാൽ ഒന്നോ രണ്ടോ വരി പാടി തന്നിരുന്ന ,മാധുരിയമ്മയുടെ ആരാധികയായ പ്രിയസഖി... കാറ്റുംപോയി മഴക്കാരുംപോയി ആവണിത്തുമ്പിയും അവൾപെറ്റ മക്കളും എത്തിയ തിരുവോണ നാളിൽ പോയി മറഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ ..... ഇനിയൊരു ഓണവും നിന്റെ ഓർമ്മയിൽ കണ്ണീർപൊഴിയാതെ കടന്നുപോകില്ലെന്നു നീ അറിയുന്നുവോ...

(സ്നേഹിച്ച് തീരാത്തൊരാളാവിൻ ഉൾക്കടൽ ദാഹവുമായി മാഞ്ഞുപോയ കുട്ടുകാരി.. നിനക്കായി 90 ബാച്ച് ഗ്രൂപ്പിൽ ഇപ്പോഴും മാധുരിയമ്മ പാടുന്നുണ്ട് ...

കാലം ഖനീഭൂതമായി നിൽക്കുമക്കരെ കാണാ കയങ്ങളിലൂടെ സ് മൃതിയായി മാറിയ പ്രിയ സഖി, നീ എൻ പ്രിയമാനസനെ അവിടെയെങ്ങാനും കണ്ടുവോ?



# പാട്ടുപുസ്തകം



**Dr Reshma sajan**  
Associate Professor  
Government medical  
College, Palakkad

ശ്രീലതകൾ തളിരണിഞ്ഞുലയവേ ശ്രദ്ധിച്ച് അക്ഷരത്തെറ്റില്ലാതെ എഴുതിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുകയായിരുന്നു. അപ്പോഴാണ് റോസിയമ്മായി ഇൻസ്പെക്ഷനു വന്നത് . മിഷിൻ സ്കൂൾ എന്നറിയപ്പെടുന്ന മിഷൻ സ്കൂളിൽ ; പത്താം ആീഹല! പഠിക്കുന്ന, റോസിയമ്മായിയായിരുന്നു വീട്ടിലെ കുട്ടിപ്പടയുടെ ലീഡർ .... കളിയാണെങ്കിൽ കളി, തല്ലാണെങ്കിൽ തല്ല്... പെട്ടെന്ന് ഒരു ദിവസം രാവിലെ ഇന്ന് അടുത്ത വീട്ടിലെ ആരിഫി നോട്ട് മിണ്ടരുത് എന്ന് ആജ്ഞാപിച്ചാൽ ഞങ്ങൾ കുട്ടികൾ ശിരസ്സാവഹിച്ച് അമ്മായിയുടെ ആജ്ഞാനുവർത്തികളാകും...

ആ അമ്മായിയാണ് ഇൻസ്പെക്ഷനു വന്നിരിക്കുന്നത്. നീ പാട്ട് എഴുതുന്നതിൽ തീരെ ശ്രദ്ധിക്കണില്ല .. ആകെ എത്ര പേജ് എഴുതി ?

5 എണ്ണേയ് .....  
എന്തായിത് രേഷ്മാ .....  
ഈ പാട്ട് ബുക്ക് എനിക്ക് നാളെത്തന്നെ തിരിച്ചേൽപ്പിക്കാനുളളതാണ്. എന്നാലേ സുസ്ഥി അടുത്ത ബുക്ക് നാളെ തരളളൂ .....

ആജ്ഞകൾ തുടരുന്നു...

പിന്നേയ് , പാട്ടിന്റെ സിനിമാപ്പേരും പാടിയവരുടെ പേരുകളും സെക്ച്ച് പെൻ വെച്ചു തന്നെ എഴുതണം. നീ കുറച്ച് ഡിസൈനൊക്കെ ചേർത്തോ ..... എനിക്ക് ഇതു കഴിഞ്ഞിട്ടു വേണം തികളാഴ്ച്ച സ്കൂളിൽ സബ്മിറ്റ് ചെയ്യേണ്ട മലയാളം കോപ്പി പുസ്തകം എഴുതാൻ..... ഇതിപ്പൊ രണ്ടു കൊല്ലമായി ഈ അസുഖം തുടങ്ങിട്ട് ..... പാട്ടുപുസ്തകം കൊണ്ട് വരുന്നു ..... പകർത്തിയെഴുതുന്നു ..... തിരിച്ചു കൊടുക്കുന്നു .....

ഒരു മേശവലിപ്പ് നിറയെ ഒരു പാട്ടെഴുതിയ 7-8 പുസ്തകങ്ങൾ .....

അമ്മായി ഇന്ന് വരെ ഒരു മുളിപ്പാട്ട് പോലും പാടുന്നത് ഞാൻ കേട്ടിട്ടില്ല ....

ആീരെ ശ്രമം മഹാമുഖ്യശ്രവണേ .....  
അല്ലെങ്കിൽ നാളെത്തന്നെ കളിയിൽ ഞാൻ ു..... അയ്യോ ആലോചിക്കാൻ സമയമില്ല .....

അരിയും ഈഞ്ഞാലും ..... അരിയൊരിയുഞ്ഞാൽ അതിലിരുന്നാടും .....

എന്ത്?

കനകലിപികളിലെഴുതിയ കവിത തൻ അഴകെഴും ..... അങ്ങനെ പാട്ട് അന്വേഷിച്ച് ഞാൻ ചെന്നതിയത് ഉസ്താദ് റോസിയമ്മായിയുടെ മടയിൽ ..... ഒരു പാട്ടുപുസ്തകം ദക്ഷിണയായി വെച്ച് ..... ആറാം ക്ലാസിലെ ഉച്ചയ്ക്കുള്ള ഒന്നാം പിരീഡിൽ തോന്നിയ രാഗത്തിൽ ഒരു കുടജാഗ്രിയിൽ കുറയാതെ തന്നെ കാച്ചി ശ്രുതി യമയും ലയമച്ചനും വഴിയിൽ ഉപേക്ഷിച്ച് അനാഥനായ എന്റെ കുടജാഗ്രിയിൽ പദസമ്പത്തു മാത്രമുള്ള വേദനിക്കുന്ന ഒരു കോടീശ്വരനായി അന്ന് ആസ്വാദകരുടെ കണ്ണുകളെ ഹൃദയത്തിലിടിച്ചു അപ്പുറത്ത് അഞ്ഞുറോളം വരുന്ന കാസറ്റുകൾ നിറഞ്ഞ വാപ്പാടെ ഷെൽഫിലെ ടേപ്പ് റെക്കോർഡറിൽ ഒരു തമിഴ്പാട്ട്: യാർക്കാക .....

ഇത് യാർക്കാക .....

മലയാള സംഗീതം മനസ്സിൽ കൊണ്ട് നടക്കുന്ന എല്ലാ സംഗീത ആസ്വാദകർക്കുമായി ഞാൻ ചികഞ്ഞെടുത്ത കുറെ നല്ല പാട്ടുകൾ. ഇഷ്ടമാകുമായിരിക്കും.ഇഷ്ടമാകണം അല്ലേ.സംഗീതമെന്ന അനന്തസാഗരത്തിന്റെ കരയിൽ നിൽക്കുന്ന കൊച്ചുകുട്ടി .എന്നും അത്ഭുതങ്ങളും പുതുമയും കുളിർമയും തരുന്ന അനന്തമാം സാഗരത്തിൽ മുങ്ങാംകുഴി ഇട്ടപ്പോൾ കിട്ടിയ ചില മുത്തും പവിഴവും നിങ്ങൾക്കായി. ഇത് ഒരു തുടക്കമായി കരുതി ഈളിയിടാം നമുക്ക് ആ സംഗീത സാഗരത്തിൽ. വെറും രണ്ടു അക്ഷരം മാത്രമേ തിരഞ്ഞുള്ളൂ ഇനിയുമില്ല അനേകം അക്ഷരങ്ങൾ. വാക്കുകൾ കൊണ്ട് അമ്മാനമാടിയ ഗാന രചയിതാക്കൾക്കും അവയെ ചിട്ട പെടുത്തി നമ്മുടെ കാതുകൾക്ക് ഇമ്പമായി നമ്മുടെ മനസ്സിലും ഓർമ്മകളിലും എന്നും ഒരു മൃദുല വികാരമായി തിരകളെ പോലെ വീണ്ടും വീണ്ടും സന്തോഷിപ്പിക്കാൻ അനുഗ്രഹിച്ചവരെ സ്മരിച്ചു കൊണ്ട് സാദരം സമർപ്പിക്കുന്നു.



**Dr Reji Mihan**  
Associate professor  
SAT, Trivandrum

1. അല്ലിയാമ്പല് കടവിലന്നരയ്ക്കു വെള്ളം  
അന്നു നമ്മളൊന്നായ് തുഴഞ്ഞില്ലേ കൊതുമ്പു വള്ളം...
2. അറബിക്കടലൊരു മണവാളന്
3. അല്ലിമലർ കാവില് പുറം കാണാൻ
4. അകലെ...  
അകലെ നീലാകാശം
5. അനുരാഗ വിലോചനനായി
6. അഴകേ നിമിഴിനീർ മണിയികുളിരി ല് തുവരുതേ
7. അഞ്ചുശരങ്ങളും പോരാതെ  
മന്മഥൻ നിന് ചിരി സായകമാക്കി
8. അന്തിപൊൻവെട്ടം.... മെല്ലെത്താഴുമ്പോള്  
അന്തിപൊൻവെട്ടം കടലിൽ മെല്ലെത്താഴുമ്പോള്
9. അകലെയകലെ നീലാകാശം
10. ആരെയും ഭാവഗായകനാക്കും
11. ആത്മാവിൽ മുട്ടിവിളിച്ചതു പോലെ
12. അനുരാഗിണീ ഇതാ എൻ കരളിൽ വിരിഞ്ഞ പൂക്കൾ
13. അന്തിവെയിൽ
14. അല്ലിയിളം പൂവോ
15. അനുരാഗ ലോല ഗാത്രി
16. അരളിയും കദളിയും

- 17 അഴകാലില മഞ്ഞച്ചുരടിലെ പുത്താലി
- 18 അനുരാഗത്തിൽ വേളയിൽ വരമായി വന്നൊരു സന്ധ്യയിൽ
- 19 അന്നലുഞ്ഞാലത്ത്
- 20 അമ്മ മഴക്കാറിനു കൺ നിറഞ്ഞു
- 21 അരികത്തായാരോ
- 22 അമ്മ മഴക്കാറിന്
- 23 ആത്മവിദ്യാലയമേ...
- 24 അമൃതമായി
- 25 അരികിൽ നീ ഉ ധയിരുനെന്നകിൽ
- 26 അഴലിന്റെ ആഴങ്ങളിൽ
- 27 ആലിലത്താലിയുമായ് വരു നീ തിങ്കളേ ഇതിലെ ഇതിലെ
- 28 ആയിരം പാദസരങ്ങളു്
- 29 ആനയ്ക്കെടുപ്പതു പൊന്നുഭൂ
- 30 ആലിലകണ്ണാ നിന്റെ മുരളിക കേൾക്കുമ്പോൾ
- 31 ആരാദ്യം
- 32 ആകാശമദീപങ്ങളു്
- 33 ആ രാത്രി മാഞ്ഞു പോയി, ആ രക്ത ശോണമായ്,
- 34 അമ്പലപ്പുഴെ ഉണ്ണിക്കണ്ണുനോടു നീ
- 35 ആരോവിരൽ നീട്ടി മനസ്സിന് മൺ വീണയിൽ
- 36 ആത്മാവിന് പുസ്തകത്താളിൽ ഒരു മയിൽ പീലി പിടഞ്ഞു  
വാലിട്ടെഴുതുന്ന രാവിന് വാല് കണ്ണാടി ഉടഞ്ഞു
- 37 ആലില മഞ്ചലിൽ നീയാടുമ്പോൾ  
ആടുന്നു കണ്ണായിരം
- 38 ആലാപനം തേടും തായ്മനം  
വാരിളം പുവേ ആരീരം പാടാം
- 39 ആകാശ ദീപമെന്നും ഉണരുമിടമായോ  
താരാഗണങ്ങൾ കുഞ്ഞുറങ്ങുമിടമായോ
- 40 ആരേയും ഭാവഗായകനാക്കും  
ആത്മസുന്ദര്യമാണു നീ
- 41 ആയിരം കണ്ണുമായ്  
കാത്തിരുന്നു നിന്നെ ഞാൻ
- 42 ആകാശമാകെ
- 43 ആ നിമിഷത്തിന്റെ നിർ വൃതിയില്
44. ആഗാനം
45. ആരോ നെഞ്ചിൽ
46. ആടിവാകാറ്റേ പാടിവാ കാറ്റേ ആയിരം പൂക്കള് നുള്ളിവാ
47. ആലായാൽ തറ വേണം
48. ആരാധികേ
49. ആട്ടുതൊട്ടിലിൽ നിന്നെ കിടത്തിയുറക്കി മെല്ലെ
50. ആരാരും കാണാതെ ആരോമൽ തൈമുല്ല





# TRAVELOGUE

Collected by  
**Dr. Emy Globin,**  
**Dr. Megha Jayaprakash**

## THE YONDER WANDERER - AN ARMCHAIR TRAVELOGUE

If travel is a state of mind, here I sit in the lap of Western Ghats and start my journey across the seven seas through the eyes of my colleagues.

Across the virgin greens of KERALA, I start:



The Silent Valley view tower...too cold and windy – **Dr. Padmam**



Majesty of AJANTA ELLORA CAVES:  
**Dr.Bhavani**

To the tiny emerald land of GOA:



With a casino cheer girl...new experiences – **Dr. Padmam**



KASHMIR  
“Agar duniya mein kahi jannath hai,to bus yahi hai,yahi hai,yahi hai.....” **Dr.Reshma Sajjan**

# THE YONDER WANDERER- AN ARMCHAIR TRAVELOGUE

ANTARTICA:



I lay sleepless in the hot summer night  
wishing for a cool breeze dreaming ...



**Dr.Kammappa**

Waking up into aromatic bed coffee in  
MALDIVES:



**Dr.Vrinda**





"The unfathomable pull of the sea on my heart, My soul is full of longing for the secret of the sea, even my eyes brim with ocean salt and the heart of the great ocean sends a thrilling pulse through me."

I can't think of anything that excites a greater sense of childlike wonder than to be in a country where you are ignorant of almost everything.

#### MALAYSIA :



**Dr.Miniat** snow world

#### SINGAPORE memories:



**Dr.Divya**

## HONGKONG

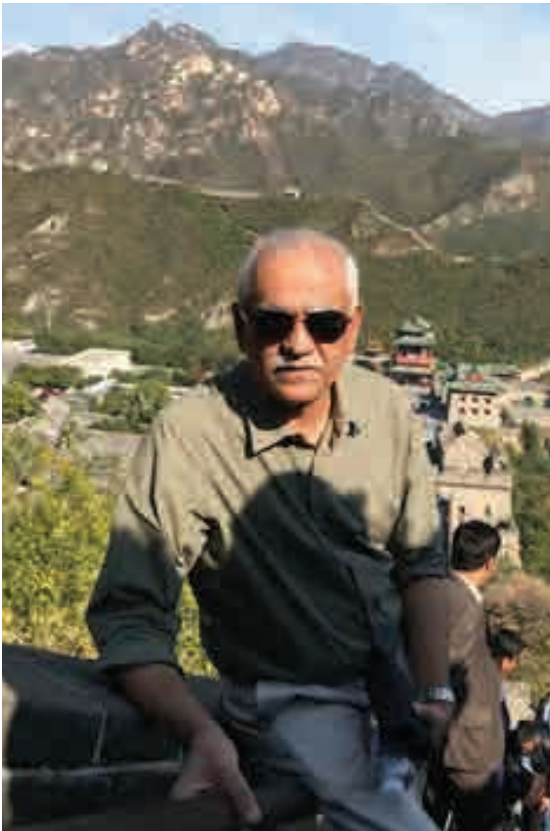


Disneyland

Delicious lunch at VILLA ESCUDERO, the waterfall restaurant in PHILIPPINES:



Crossing the border - THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA:





DUBAI:



DUBAI GATE

TURKEY:



CAPPADOCIA CAVE HOUSES, TURKEY

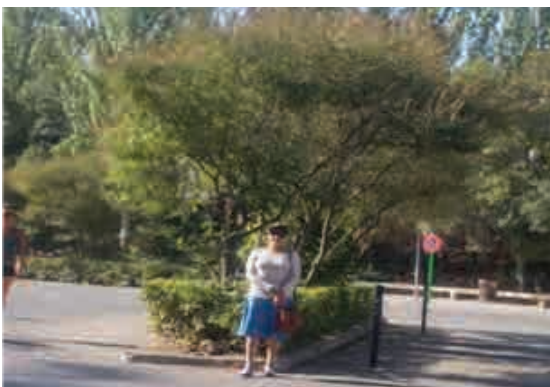


Off to EUROPE:

Some pictures speak for themselves –  
**Dr. Padmam GREECE:**



SPAIN:



**Dr. Hema**



SCANDINAVIAN COUNTRIES: **Dr. Geetha**

The countryside



PARIS:



Louvre Museum



Eiffel Tower

The GREAT AMERICAN DREAM:



**Dr.Suchitra** at THE BEAN,CHICAGO



CLOUD GATE MONUMENT,  
MILLENNIUM PARK





THE AMERICAN BEAUTY -NIAGRA FALLS

BRAZIL:

CHRIST THE REDEEMER  
STATUE, RIO de JANEIRO,  
BRAZIL



SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE



"I AM NOT THE SAME HAVING SEEN THE MOON SHINE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD"

To the tip of AMERICAN  
CONTINENT:



ARGENTINA:



IGAZU FALLS, ARGENTINA



TASTE OF AUSTRALIA - **Dr. Padmam**



**HaLong Bay, Vietnam**

A truly memorable visit to this place which is one of the New Seven Natural Wonders of the World! Waking up to one of the most beautiful sunrises on a cruise liner in Ha Long Bay is worth the travel. Kayaking in the pristine aquamarine waters of these secluded islands is an experience one can never forget.

It is also listed by UNESCO as a World Heritage Site for its outstanding geological and geomorphological value and its also a member of the Club of the Most Beautiful Bays of the World.[23]

The name Ha Long means "descending dragon". It consists of about 2000 limestone islands that have evolved over millions of years and boasts of a rich variety of endemic flora and fauna.

**Dr Megha Jayaprakash**

Associate Professor  
Govt Medical College Thrissur



# **SALADS AND FOOD PHOTOGRAPHY**

Collected by  
**DR. SINSILA ELIZEBETH**





**DR GEETHA A.P .**  
MOTHER HOSPITAL,  
THRISSUR

Mixed Veg Salad



**Dr. Deepthy M.**

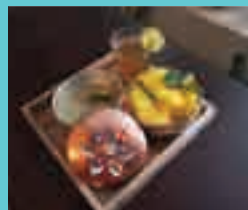
CHILLI PANEER



CHILLI IDLI



PAAV BHAJI



KAPPA WITH  
CHAMMANDHI



**Dr Elizabeth Jacob**  
*Kochi*

CARAMEL CAGE for the  
CARAMEL PUDDING



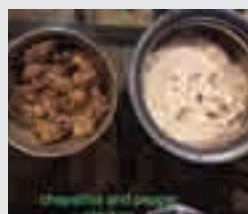
CHICKEN STEAK WITH JEERA  
RICE&STEAMED VEGETABLES&CREAMY  
MASHED POTATOES



CHILLI CHICKEN FRIED RICE



**DR Megha JP**





BREAD GULAB JAMOON- DR SHYAMA DEVADASAN



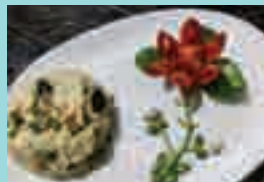
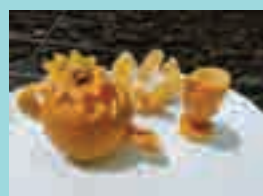
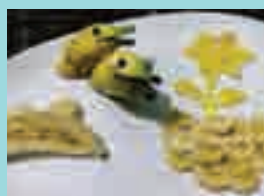
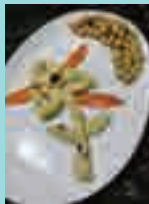
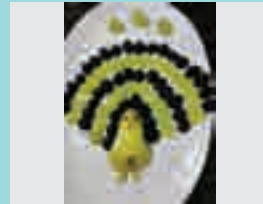
PULAO- DR SHYAMA DEVADASAN



DR SHYAMA DEVADASAN



Dr Sinsila







INSTANT MONACO BISCUITS VEG SANDWICH



MASALA ALOO NEST WITH PANEER EGGS



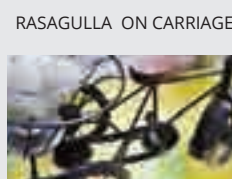
PANEER ROLLS



VEG PAKORA SAILING ON CABBAGE SALAD



VEG MANCHURIAN



RASAGULLA ON CARRIAGE



POTLI SAMOSA



HEARTY OATS CUTLET

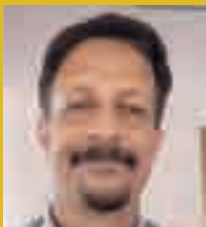


KASHMIRI PULAO



INDEPENDENCE DAY SPECIAL TRICOLOUR

**DR SWAPNA CHERIYIL**



**Dr. Jayakrishnan**



RAVA LADDU



CHOCOLATE POPCORN



PLUM CAKE



TAWA PIZZA



CHOCOLATE CAKE



**Dr. Reshmi Thrissur**

**DUM BIRIYANI**



TORTILLA WRAPS WITH SALSA



STIR-FRIED VEGGIES



SCHZWAN NOODLES



NASI GORENG



**DR.SUCHITHRA  
SUDHIR**



Lady Saladia With Kalmas  
(Rice Cakes stuffed with spicy chicken)



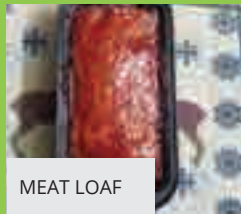
VEG SALAD



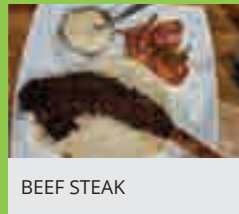
VEG SALAD



**Dr.Sushanth Y.S.**



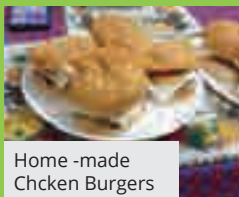
MEAT LOAF



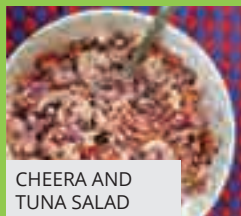
BEEF STEAK



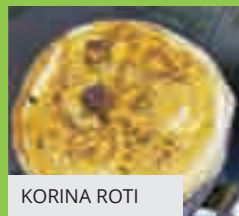
SWEET CORN  
SALAD WITH  
CHICKEN FINGERS



Home -made  
Chcken Burgers



CHEERA AND  
TUNA SALAD



KORINA ROTI



CURRY DOSA

**Dr Shony**



OUTDOOR CHICKEN GRILL



**Dr.Thulasi**





# TRASH TO TREASURE



Collected and Compiled by  
**DR. VRINDA ANDREW**  
Wayanad

## One man's trash is another man's treasure

Up cycling represents a variety of processes by which the "old" materials which are no longer useful is converted to "new" things which are more beautiful or useful. It also means readaptation or repurposing in a creative way. The environmental benefits of this are huge . Apart from minimising the volume of waste and discarded materials being sent to the landfills it also helps in reducing the pollution and the need for production of new materials and often conservation of global resources.

Here are few examples of Up cycling.

Make the used useful, upcycle the bottles and make beautiful decoupaged bottles to decorate home and office. Decoupage is an art of decorating bottles or boxes with paper cut-outs and then painting over them. This originated in France as an idea for decorating furniture and other accessories.

Bottle art doesn't end here. Painted bottles take decor styles to a whole new level

Few more mind blowing ideas

Bottles decorated with a grains dipped in several colours

Wine battles transformed into decor pieces

Newspaper craft is another popular one. Newspaper is cheap and easily accessible

Wall decor with newspaper craft adds beauty to the living room

**Newspaper can also be made into attractive figurines**

Kitchen items which are often discarded without a second thought once their life is over is converted to planters .

Many a times the cups and bottles are thrown off of their sides or handles are broken, here's a great idea to upcycle them

Plastics waste is a matter of serious concern due to its disruptive impact on the environment. Here let's have a look at how plastic bottles are upcycled to an awesome decor piece/planters'

About 85 % of the hospital wastes is non infectious according to WHO and bulk of that is recyclable or upcyclable , yet most of these are either land filled or burned,

Here are some amazing ideas to repurpose them.

Planters made from thermocol containers of injections

Most Houses acquire their fair share of useless socks , while they aren't good to wear or their pair missing consider these creative ways to upcycle.

Coconut shell craft is very popular in Kerala due to its wide availability and long shelf life , It adds elegance to the living space.

Out worn , out grown old shoes are a fact of life , Unlike other items they cannot be upcycled or donated easily. Here is great idea to repurpose them.

Clothes are something every house has donated atleast once in their life . Old worn clothes which are not worthy of donation bins can be upcycled into a thing of beauty . Shawls and sarees snipped and threaded together to create beautiful rugs.

Pista shell DIY crafts are adorable home decor items .Here's painted Pista shells made into a picture

Glass, being a common material, is found everywhere. Odds are there is glass somewhere within your line of sight. Broken glass ans mirrors can be easily upcycled into useful objects. Here's an aquarium for fish made out of broken glass.



Dr. AMRITHA, KOCHI



Dr. ANURAMA R.,  
KOCHI







Dr. Bessy Bina Sam,  
Kottayam

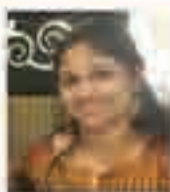


Dr Bhavani  
Trivandrum



Dr Deepa Mathews  
kottayam





Dr. Janaki  
KOOCHÉ



Dr. JAYAKRISHNAN,  
PERIYATHUMALAI



Dr. ANASAGI PATEL,  
BIOAVULU







Dr. PRIYA RAO  
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA



Dr. VISHMA SAJJAN  
PALAKKAD



Dr. SABIRA  
KOTTAYAM



Dr. SHIRLEY JOHN,  
KODIM



Dr. SWAPNA BHASKAR,  
KODIM



Dr. SHYAMA DEVADASAN,  
MYSORE



Dr. SIMI KURIYAN,  
KANNER



Recycling  
hospital  
wastes...



Reuse  
of  
Betadine  
Bottle





Dr. SINSILA ELIZABETH,  
THRISSUR



Dr. UMA RANDEER,  
KANNAD



Dr. Vrinda Andrew  
Wayanad





# MUSINGS

Compiled and Collected by  
DR. LAIZA JUBY



# THE CIRCLE OF LOVE

Being the only one staying back in hometown, and a talkative one, I was my grandmother's favourite grandchild. My childhood has the sweet scent of my grandmother- Minnaminna – as we all fondly call her. All those treasured snapshots of my childhood has Minnaminna in it! My ancestral home in the beautiful, calm and picturesque village was the backdrop of all those memories. My parents, both working in the nearby small town, would take me to my grandma's house every weekend. I would fall asleep in the bus in my parents' lap and wake up when its about to reach our village bus stop. The moment we reach the gate of the old mansion, even the grumpiness of untimely sleep would just vanish..I would run ahead of my parents..to the courtyard. The house is in a depth, several fleet of steps lead to our courtyard. About ten steps at a stretch, then a landing, and three such fleet of steps..Cashew trees and jack fruit trees lined both sides of the steps. And near the courtyard there were hibiscus 'trees'.



Minnaminna grew hibiscus of all colours one could think of ! Deep red, pink, light pink, white, yellow, combinations, single layered, multilayered and what not ! I would run to my grandparents, both of them would be waiting in the red floored veranda. My grandfather was a calm and gentle soul. He was blind, and a handsome man of few words, in stark contrast to my Minnaminna. My grandma would ask me all my news- about my school, my friends, my pet cat. She would feed me with her hand, telling me interesting stories. Every night she would tell me new story- about Lord Krishna and his childhood pranks. She would enact the dialogues and I would listen eagerly. Some days she would recite poems, Sanskrit verses from epics and explain the meaning. For me she was the epitome of knowledge, wisdom and efficiency. She taught me



**Dr. Divya Nair**  
'Thanal', Thirupuraickal  
nagar Melamuri,  
Palakkad - 678012

Divyaa Speciality Center,  
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Kinnadssery P. O  
Palakkad 678701



hymns, bhajans and small poems. I can still recall the taste of the rice and ghee she would feed me; it tasted of love. Her fair, smooth and soft hands patted me to sleep. We had cows in the household, and Minnaminna would churn the curd everyday. We children would gather around, eyeing the butter. No butter tastes better than the one she used to give me- freshly made, light and frothy and drenched in buttermilk! The butter would fill my small hands and I would lick up, imagining I am like the little Krishna who loved butter. Minnaminna had a gang of assistants around the house. Raman and Janaki to milk the cows, Maani to pluck coconuts and mangoes, Kallu to help her in kitchen, Paarur to buy provisions from market. Minnaminna made sure none of them left our house hungry. She would advise them to send their kids school and not to marry off the girls too soon. On Monday mornings, tears rolled down my sad eyes when saying goodbye to her and to our lovely house- 'Sreenilayam'. I would wait for it to be Friday again to go back to our village and our house and to the love of my grandma. Years went by, my grandfather expired; my father and his siblings decided to bring Minnaminna to our town and close down the ancestral house. Minnaminna missed her home ground, still kept herself busy doing chores around the house. Whenever I visited her, she would feed me with her hands and I would be a child again. She was very happy when I joined for MBBS; I remember showing her the 'humerus' and she had asked me if those were plastic models or real bones..!

When she knew it was a real one, she had quietly gone to the wash basin and washed her hands well! She would keenly listen to my medical college stories, her eyes full of joy and pride. My mother is an alumni of my medical college and she would narrate her college days. I was my father's girl, and more than my mother, he influenced me. But, when I lay shivering with fever, bitterness all over my tongue and senses, in my hostel room, it was my mother's lap I longed for - I would somehow go home, and the mere sight and touch of my amma would heal me! I had often wondered how could my amma not have chocolates and save them for me! I myself couldn't resist chocolates and could not imagine giving it up for anyone! I completed my MBBS and started internship, and was posted in the department of Surgery. My Minnaminna was diabetic since long and she had troublesome leg pain. When I first came home during internship, she called me by her side and showed me her feet. I palpated her peripheral pulses and diagnosed peripheral vascular disease. I wrote my first prescription for my first patient- Minnaminna. She had called me later happily to convey how her pain had decreased and a sense of joy and pride overwhelmed me.. Time flew..marriage, postgraduation, first job..whenever she saw me, my Minnaminna would complain that I was not eating well and it showed - she would feed me- like old times..and then she would show me her cardiologist's prescription. She knew the names of all her medications by heart, in correct doses. She asked my opinion on any illness or medications she had. For

her, I was the best ! I would just smile, I didn't even know the cardiac drugs, but she would ask me before she had them. When I had my baby, I understood what motherhood meant. Sleepless nights, pains and discomfort, mood swings and blues....still my baby lit up my world ! It seemed like my whole world revolved around him, he was the nucleus of my existence. I did not go back to work for about a year, I was also a new mother, learning a new thing or the other everyday and thoroughly enjoying every bit of it. My mother was my pillar of strength then. I could not have sailed through those days and nights without her. Minnaminna grew older and frailer, but her spirits were high as always. Her face would light up every time I visited her with my infant. My son taught me to be a mother, a good one. He taught me virtues of patience, of selfless, unconditional love. I understood why a mother is a child's most valuable asset. How a mother is someone irreplaceable in a child's life. I would happily give up my life if needed for my child, without a second thought and it was a first time for me ! I unlearned and relearned many things in my journey as mother. I remembered my mother and my grandmother with gratitude, I loved them even more after I was a mother myself. My dear Minnaminna passed away at her ninety fourth year. She had lived a full life, a fruitful one. She epitomized intelligence, wisdom, courage and resolve. Long after she was gone did I come to know the person she was! My grandfather was a simpleton and had asked his eldest son to join a job

after school. But Minnaminna had plans for her children, and she was adamant that they would all pursue higher studies and do well in life. And they all did . One of our distant relatives , now a retired bureaucrat, was telling my father how my grandma always gave him food whenever he came to our house and how she had helped him financially to meet his study expenses. Her own nephews and nieces had stayed with her and went to college. A lady, who was a domestic help and who had been with Minnaminna since many years was a single mother. Her daughter was raised by my grandparents. She grew up along with us and Minnaminna showed no difference between us. It had made me jealous many a times seeing my grandparents care for her. I had even thought Minnaminna loved her more than she loved us. She made sure the girl went to college and got a job, she asked her sons settled abroad to support her education. She was married off to a decent family. Over years I have realized that the way we act when faced with difficult situations define what we are. our subconscious mind, we collect trinkets from our childhood, adolescence and growing up years. Bright and shiny words and deeds are kept safe as peacock feathers in the chest of memories. People who inspired me with their kindness and generosity stay safe in mind. I feel I mimic all these people subconsciously and they speak and act through me...And yes, blood is definitely thicker than water; genes pass on..the good, the bad, nobility, kindness, awkward habits..everything passes on.. in new shape and form. In younger days

I used to complain about my profession-how demanding, how draining, how unfair it was..I cursed myself to have chosen to be a doctor, more so choosing to be a gynaecologist. While my friends were cosily sleeping at their homes, I was toiling hard in the middle of night in labour room. But when years added up to my age and silver strands to my crowning glory, wisdom dawned upon my conscience. I began to see the bigger picture..a greater perspective and the more I saw of it, the humbler I became .., my mind knew more joy. Contentment and gratefulness brimmed the cup of life.. You don't have to do great feats nor compare yourself to the greats and sulk. However little your efforts may be .., if they help bloom a life, bring smiles to people who seek your help , your life has served its purpose. Then each new day, every new achievement is just one more blessing.. You are already full and content and successful. Once I realized this, I started loving my job. Today it is the tonic to my mind, it recharges me. I thank God for being kind to me and ask for the hand of providence in all my endeavours.

**Dr Divya Nair,**  
*Palakkad.*





## ***THE LONE BLOOM***

Alone i bloom spreading hope  
and cheer  
The golden rays of the sun do  
hold me close  
Here, let me hold your  
hand,wipe your tear  
As you walk your chosen path of  
life's woes.



**DR GEETHA A.P**  
*MOTHER HOSPITAL  
TRICHUR*





**DR CYNTHIA UNNI**  
Consultant Gynaecologist  
Taluk Hospital,  
Thirurangadi

## ME CORONA ....

It was a little bat who recommended  
That human blood was very homely...  
He never dreamed..in his wildest dreams  
That I would shoot to such fame..  
With me these humans were so obsessed....  
They even forgot their enemies..  
But I was you know quite pretty..  
They ran me in all the front columns!  
I was the great bond builder..  
All the children returned home..  
They viewed parents with affection  
They even learned to love..  
And then the bodies started falling  
I just couldn't help myself..  
They donned such dresses to avoid me  
But I knew all the trapdoors  
These humans,they were terrified  
They kept locking and unlocking themselves...  
Even the children knew Corona..  
I had made my mark....  
After months of perseverance  
I thought enough was enough...  
Actually I was a trifle bored..  
It was the same old routine  
And when I finally bade farewell..  
So did the children ...they too left  
The mothers wept for many hours  
The fathers left for work...  
But I loved to be with people  
Especially parties and all  
I never want to leave these humans...  
I really want them whole!....  
Cynthia



# A BITTER EXPERIENCE...

## A TRUE STORY.

Once when we were in Chennai ,we decided to visit the Emu Birds' park near Mahabalipuram.. It was summer holidays for my daughters and we were visiting my sister staying at Mylapore, Chennai.After a sumptuous lunch we started in her car. At the Emu park, the children were so much thrilled to spend the time in the vast area of the park and so many Emu birds of different sizes.. There we saw a small restaurant and as it was tea time my husband said that we can have tea there.Though we ladies and children did like the look of it, we condescended as there were no other hotels nearby.We ordered tea and snacks. To pacify us, husband told that we would have our dinner at a five star hotel



**Dr.M.K.Geetha Rajeev**  
*Consultant Gynaecologist  
Nucleus Healthcare Hospital  
Nadapuram.*

on our way back.The waiter brought our tea. I took a sip from my cup ...it was bitter. My husband too tasted it and said ..." It's ok..maybe the sugar is less.." and finished it. I called the waiter and asked for some sugar. The waiter went back to the kitchen and came back with another man... He said " We are very sorry .. The cook had mistakenly put Aginomoto instead of sugar in the tea.." . What" I lamented loudly.. The children had not tasted it as it was rather hot. I was concerned about my husband as he alone had consumed the tasteless tea. I exchanged a few hot words with the waiter.I looked at my husband and asked "Are you feeling ok".He tried a heroic smile and said" ok" Was he pretending not to alarm us as he was the solitary male in our group..I never had an occasion to treat Aginomoto food poisoning case.. We left the restaurant and got into the car..... just to reassure myself ..I felt his pulse. ." Shall we go to a hospital.."No... he denied .We reached home and had home made dinner.. which tasted better than any five star hotel food that day. I gave him credit for one...he can withstand any bitter experience in life with a smile...







## Practice in the time of Corona.



**Dr.M.K.Geetha Rajeev**

*Consultant Gynaecologist  
Nucleus Healthcare Hospital  
Nadapuram.*

The day seems dreary , never ending. And today's work still pending..... The scorching sun too hot to bear, The hot breeze blowing my unruly hair, The fan in full swing Ac switched off, Masks feel stuffy but not be put off, Nose is tingling but a taboo to touch. The throat dry and parched mouth. Water is handy but dare not drink, Corona might catch you up in a wink. Head feels heavy and reeling, The hands crimson and skin peeling. But undeterred, doctors we carry on, Warriors are we always on our own.



**DR SUCHITHRA SUDHIR**  
KANNUR

# MORNING GLORY

Oh God of Wonder, God of Light,  
Where fled the darkness of the night?  
Wherefore this bright and glorious  
dawn...

For whom do you, these colors  
adorn?

The shy pink blush of maiden dawn,  
Awakens the chirping birdies in the  
morn....

Flowers and grasses are dewdrop  
fresh,

Gentle breezes do the trees caress...

The Sun King rises in his chariot of  
red and gold,

Vanquishing the darkness  
with his gleaming sword!

But we dull humans in our fumbling  
way,

Snore on, till the middle of the day,

And miss all this pristine beauty,

Waking up to a day, which is by  
then, dusty and so

Let's not miss the Morning Glory,  
It can inspire and change our Life's  
story!



**Dr Hema Warriar**  
Palakkad

## why hide behind your husband's name

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Now that women's day is done and dusted, I have this question to all ladies: Why do you hide behind your husband's first names?

What is in a name?

My name is my identity. Ask Gogol of "Namesake" fame.

Commonly names have 2 parts: a given name and a surname.

What is a given or first name? It is the name your parents thought you should be known by. Like Hema or Mohamed or Kavitha or Diana.

It reflects their sense of beauty, religious beliefs, political ideology or even state of mind.

Not everyone has a middle name. In the West it may be the name of your godmother, or someone your parents admired. In Maharashtra your father's first name is your middle name. Therefore I am Hema G. Rama Warriar in my MBBS certificate.

Now the most difficult part. A surname, or a family name, is your identification in the society. It was handed down generations. Surnames probably started as a way to denote one's tribe, or place of origin, or even trade. Like Sonawalla or Carpenter or Kumbar. Now surnames more or less define a person in the society. While in the West surnames belong to families and their origin





is obscure, most Indians have a different kind of a family name. It may be a caste name eg. Menon or place name eg. Mahabaleshwarkar or the name of your ancestral home eg. Chiriyankandath. People in South Kerala prefer the names of their ancestral homes as surnames. Look at the names of Catholic priests: Rev. Joseph Alappat; Bishop Franco Mulakkal.

A surname helps you trace your lineage. Perhaps they even prevented incestual marriages once upon a time.

Many societies do not have a surname especially in rural Tamil Nadu so they just put their father's first name as surname eg. Karthi Chidambaram.

Most South Indians do not know the difference between a "given" name and a "surname". This becomes evident if you would only look at their passports. My son carried a passport with Warriar as first name and Arjun as surname for a long time. He got it corrected finally.

What are initials? In a western name initials usually denote the first and middle names. For example J. F. Kennedy is John Fitzgerald Kennedy. In South India initials stand for your family name. Mohanan C. is Mohanan Cherunellikkat. It may have started because most South Indian names especially surnames were unpronounceable to our colonial masters.

Thus, when a child is born, it is given a name, and it inherits a surname. In matrilineal families your surname is your mother's surname. In patrilineal ones, you get your father's. I simply love the matrilineal

system. You are forever your mother's child, whether single, married or divorced.

When a girl gets married she usually adopts her husband's surname. This is universal in North India. The girl practically loses her connection with her blood relations and becomes a member of her husband's family. For instance Shalini Gupta, my classmate, got married to Anil Agarwal and became Shalini Agarwal. My daughter in law, who was Robyn Bremner, chose to become Robyn Warriar after marriage. I the proud matrilineal, chose to remain Warriar. Otherwise my friends would have been twisting their tongues pronouncing Cherunellikkat!

Some parents put the father's first name as the child's surname eg. Abu ben Adam or Priya Santhosh. Some girls take their husband's first name as their surname eg. Uma Girish or Mary Joseph. The reason might be that we have become accustomed to hearing a 2- part name. It may be an effort to copy western names, but this is not the way it happens in the West. It is the surname you adopt, not first name. Neither does it serve the purpose that surnames are meant to have: trace the owner's lineage.

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## MISS FUNNYBONES

"A DAY WITHOUT LAUGHTER IS A DAY WASTED" \_CHARLIE CHAPLIN.  
THE GORGEOUS MISS FUNNYBONES INVITES ALL OF YOU TO JOIN HER ON  
A LAUGHTER CRUISE. SO DO HOP IN AND LET YOUR HAIR DOWN.....DR  
LAIZA JUBEE ( FOR MISS FUNNYBONES )



**Dr. Saraswathi  
Krishnamoorthy**  
*Cochin*

## Funny Vs Steely bones

Hi Miss Funnybones, Greetings to you from a kindred spirit, Mrs Steelybones( my admirers call me a steely lady )

Thanks to an RTA, 25 years ago, a fall or two, in between, a 'trip ' down the stairs, my bones have been liberally endowed with plates, nails and screws of steel.

Hence, try as much as I do, I'm not able to shed weight (read as flab). I have been advised by my well wishers, that tickling my ' funny bone' will get me into shape, from a "ROFL ". It is to this effect that I am appealing to your good sense, to send me a liberal dose of your medicine."LAUGHTER", in the future editions of KFOG Hub Souvenir!

Consider this an appeal from one vertebrate to another,

Yours hopefully,  
**Mrs. Steelybones.**



**Dr RAMANI  
PHILIP**  
*Cochin*

## The Nutty Question

In the 1980s and early 90s I was employed by Zambia Consolidated Copper Mines in the Mines Hospital in Chingola. Chingola has the second largest Open Pit in the world. Also an enormous Underground Pit, with trains deep below the ground to transport workers and then miles and miles to walk to reach the new areas of jackhammer operations. Accidents were always bound to happen. Every Miner had to have passed First Aid Theory and Practical exams. And every Doctor had to give a series of 8 First Aid lecture classes every year.

I had just taught them about Dizziness, told them they should make the patient sit down and put his head down between his knees.

Picture this petite Indian lady doctor in a saree, 32 yrs, 48

kg, 5 ft nothing, facing a class of about 60 huge, burly, tough African miners.

One giant gets up and very politely asks me.... "DOC, B e t w e e n whose knees should the guy put his head???"





# THE D'S OF OBSTETRIC SONOGRAPHY

**Obstetric sonography: How many “D”s do you have up your sleeve?**

I was jolted awake from deep slumber the other day by an early morning call from a clinician friend, asking whether I perform a “4D scan for anomalies”.

A couple of years back, I would probably have given her a discourse on the difference between the “D number” of a scan and the “levels” of obstetric sonography.

With experience though,

I had learnt to accept the futility of the exercise. Though

not quite to my liking, I had begun to reconcile to the fact that most patients and a good number of clinicians either do not understand or conveniently ignore the fact that a “4D scan” is not meant to be an “anomaly scan”

and that it cannot give you the same depth of information that a Level 2, 2 D scan does. That at the back of my ‘temper’al lobe, this “friendly enquiry” that came uninvited in the wee hours of a Sunday morning, even before my favourite cup of Ye Ye coffee, struck an unusual chord within me. Uncharacteristically for me, I shot back that I only perform “5D scans” these days. Rather than berate me for this outlandish statement, she instead thanked me and her patient diligently reported to my OPD the next day, holding out a request for a “5D anomaly scan”!



**Dr. Vivek Krishnan**

*Head, Fetal Medicine & Perinatology  
Amrita Institute of Medical Sciences,  
Kochi*



# The Obste- Tricks

കോവിഡ് കാലത്തും അല്ലാത്തപ്പോഴും ഇടിവെട്ടിയതും , തലയിൽത്തേങ്ങ വീണതും പാമ്പുകടിച്ചതും, പട പേടിച്ചോടിയതും , പന്തം കൊളുത്തിപ്പടയെ നേരിട്ടതും എല്ലാം നമ്മൾ ഗൈനക്കോളജിസ്റ്റ് ആയതുകൊണ്ടുള്ള ഒരു എളിയ ഗൈനക്കോളജിസ്റ്റിന്റെ ചെറിയ അനുഭവക്കുറിപ്പ്...🙏🙏🙏

Disclaimer : ഈ കുറിപ്പിൽ കാണുന്ന സന്ദർഭങ്ങളോ കഥാപാത്രങ്ങളോ തികച്ചും ഫിക്ഷണൽ ആണ്.

NB: Shopping festival alle.....ഓരോ വരിയിലും വേണ്ട വികാരവിക്ഷേപങ്ങൾ അറിയുവാനായി Smilies discount ര്ലഭ്യമാണ് .... പ്രത്യേകിച്ച് ചിരി .....😄😄😄

കോൾഡ്യൂട്ടി. 2nd gravida in labour ന് meconium ഇടാൻ കണ്ട നേറം6 cm.....😄

CTG machine കണ്ടുപിടിച്ച മുതൽക്കൂടിയതാണ് ഫീറ്റൽ distress ന്റെ ശനിദശ.....😄

ഇനി അതിനുspecial effect കൊടുക്കാനായി CPD ഉണ്ടോ എന്ന സംശയം.....🙏

SNCU bed ഉള്ളെന്ന കാര്യത്തിൽ പിന്നെ ഒരു സംശയവുംഇല്ല ഇല്ല.....😄

By standers ന്റെ കാര്യമാണെങ്കിൽ പിന്നെ പറയുകയേ വേണ്ട ..... All or none.....🙏

Consent പ്ലേ ഇടേണ്ട ആൾക്കുണ്ട് ജില്ലാ ആശുപത്രിയിലെ ബ്ലഡ് ബാങ്കിൽ .....🙏

As usual ഇവിടെ കല്യാണം അവിടെ പാലുക്കച്ചൽ & Vice versa ...സോറി എഴുതാൻ സമയമില്ല. ....

(സോറിSmilie യും ഇല്ല ..... )

OT യിലേക്ക് കൊണ്ടു പോയപ്പോൾ PV ചെയ്യേണ്ടിയിരുന്നില്ല .....😄

എന്നാൽ പിന്നെ OT യിൽസകലഭവങ്ങളെയും വിളിച്ച് വാക്വം ഇടേണ്ടി വന്നിരുന്നില്ല.....😄

വെറുത്തെരനെസ്തറ്റിസ്റ്റ്ന്റെ ചിത്ത കൊളുളണ്ടിയിരുന്നില്ല .....😄

ഇതെല്ലാം കഴിഞ്ഞ് പുറത്തിറങ്ങുമ്പോൾ അത്Paediatrician ന്റെ notes - intrapartum asphyxia .....🙏

ഫസ്റ്റ് ഇയർ PG ചെയ്യുമ്പോൾ ലേബർറൂമിലെ senior ആയസർവീസ് PG തന്നെ അപ്പാർ intro - black and white flashback ആയിഇന്നും വരുന്നു....

" പെണ്ണുങ്ങൾ പ്രസവിക്കുന്നതും റോഡിൽഓട്ടോറിക്ഷ തിരിക്കുന്നതും ആർക്കും മുൻകൂട്ടി അറിയാൻ കഴിയില്ല .....".🙏

അല്ല പിന്നെ....

What an ഉപമ സർജി.....🙏

രാത്രി 2 പ്രാവശ്യം UPT weakly positive ആയacute abdomen ന് ectopic Pregnancy confirm ചെയ്യാനായി ലേബർറൂമിലെ അവസാനത്തെ UPT Kit എടുത്ത് urine test ചെയ്ത എന്ന് വേണംതല്ലാൻ .....

(സോറിശിലായുഗമായതിനാൽUSG ഇല്ല)... UPT negative ആണെന്ന .....🙏

പക്ഷേ symptoms and Signs ???.....🙏 അങ്ങനെ അടുത്ത കല്യാണം പാലുക്കച്ചൽ..... 😄

blood വേണ്ടത് ഇവിടെ ..... 🙏

blood bank അവിടെ.....🙏

bystander എവിടെ ??? 🙏

Emergency laparotomy.....😄

അതേഅനെസ്തറ്റിസ്റ്റ് .....😄

Incision ഇടുമ്പോൾ നല്ലവണ്ണം പ്രാർത്ഥിച്ചു .....🙏

ectopic ആകണമെങ്കിലും.....🙏🙏

ജീവിതത്തിൽ ഈ അടുത്തൊന്നും ഇത്ര സന്തോഷിച്ചിട്ടില്ല .....🙏

ആത്മഗതം കുറച്ച് ഉറക്കെയായിപ്പോയി.....

"ഹായ് haemoperitoneum.....".🙏🙏



**Dr Reshma Sajan**  
Associate Professor  
Government Medical  
College  
Palakkad

പിന്നെ പാലക്കാട്ടെ Wnc യിൽമാത്രം കണ്ടുവരുന്ന പ്രത്യേക തരം

കാറ്റ് .....🙏🙏

കാറ്റ് 1 .....🙏

2 gm Hb and puberty menorrhagia ഉള്ള എട്ടാം ക്ലാസ്കാരി .... അതൊന്നുമല്ല വിഷയം..... അവൾ ആകൊല്ലത്തെ 'തയ്യിക്കോണ്ടോ ' ജില്ലാചാമ്പ്യൻ ആണ് ...🙏..

അപ്പോൾ പിന്നെ PRBC യും കൊടുത്ത് Hb 10gm ആക്കിയ നമ്മളാ.....

ഹേറാ .....

.....അപ്പോൾ പിന്നെ ഞാൻഅറച്ചു കലക്കി കുടിച്ച് 🙏Williams..... High risk.....

Ian Donald .....??? Novac..... Te Linde .....

(വലുത് തന്നെ ഇരിക്കട്ടെ .....) 🙏

Students ന് ഇപ്പോഴും അറച്ചു കലക്കി സ്പൂണിൽ കൊടുക്കുന്ന Mudaliar., Shaws, Dutta .....🙏🙏🙏🙏

ആരുമില്ലാത്തവർക്ക് പടച്ചോൻ തുണ...🙏🙏

അതായത് ഈ എനിക്ക് .....🙏

duty gynaeologist ന്.....🙏🙏

## A DATE WITH SENTIMENTS

My initial years of practice following PG.

I always had this penchant for high ranges, misty mountains, shivering cold nights, and tea plantations.

So, naturally, I ended up in a Christian missionary hospital in the hills. It was at the height of 6300 feet above the MSL, inside the vast expanse of tea plantations.

The facilities were sublime. Cleanliness was the prime attraction. My consultation chair had a view of the winding brook and never-ending sea of tea crops punctuated by silver oak trees for shade. The hospital campus was full of colorful blooms .

An independent Gynaecologist in a wild interior hospital immediately after passing out was a risky gamble. But I was not married at that time and was floating like a kite with a snapped string. So nothing frightened me other than the oversized spiders in the quarters.

Ayyo, creepy.

I hated them and always kept a Baygon spray for

them.

A few days later, when the patient load picked up, I realized the need for a scanning machine. The old machine was not buried for some mysterious reason, even though it was dead and decaying for a while. Discussions were made with the Director priest, and a decision to buy a new machine was agreed in principle.

Then the news trickled in. A famous busy lady radiologist died of breast cancer. Her machine was there at their home clinic. It may probably be available for grab.

Father and I travelled to her house in the hospital-owned Jeep with a driver. Tumultuous terrain combined with scintillating views made for an exhilarating trip. On the way, the jeep stopped at a high range 'BAR ATTACHED' hotel. Father invited me to order whatever I wanted. I ordered chicken soup, chicken noodles, and chicken 65 since the chicken was my personal, national bird.

Father stared at me.

'Nothing else?' He inquired with knitted brows. 'Are you suggesting something, father?' I held his eyes with a naive pious expression. And without waiting for the reply, I called the waiter and ordered two bottles of King Fisher strong beer. Usually, I hate religious persons.

HOWEVER

occasions like this, make me love priests, nuns, churches, and Christianity as a whole  
Ha ha ha

No offense intended.

The good thing about doing a sin with a priest around is that the confession and clemency can be executed instantly.

After the sumptuous meal, I slept in the rocking jeep for a while and woke up when we reached the doctor's house.

Her husband was a retired bank manager, doing some agricultural activities and looking after their grandchildren.

Being an orthodox Christian

he invited us with heavenly reverence and glory.

Father confessed, 'I'm extremely sorry for your wife's untimely departure.'

The retired manager stood there with a crumpled face.

'We came here to buy the scanning machine, in case you're planning to sell it.' The priest added.

The man looked shaken. He was lost in thought for a second and announced. 'I have a sentimental attachment to it, so no plans whatsoever to sell it.'

'And the decision is final, father, sorry.' He put his foot down.

Father stood up and was about to leave, when I secretly asked him,

'Can I deal with it?'

'I don't think he will budge. Anyway, give it a try.'

Then I took over.

'Sir, I comprehend that it's your estranged wife's memory. And you have a lot of sentimental attachment to it.

'So, why don't you put a sentimental prize to it?

'So that we can start to negotiate.'

His face lit up

'Don't you want to see the machine first?'

'Of course, we would love to.'

The machine was in pristine condition. She must have done thousands of scans with that machine. Still, the image was clean and clear.

I begged. 'So, what is your sentimental prize?'

He mumbled, 'Six hundred thousand, last rate.'

'Do you have a sentimental printer also with it?'

'Yes,' He gave the thermal printer from the shelf.

Then I spoke, loud and clear.

'Well, we'll buy your sentimental machine, plus sentimental printer, minus sentimental dirty torn canvas cover, for four hundred thousand bucks.'

'I said 6000.' The man protested.

'Sorry, that is too many sentiments for us.'

There was a dead silence, and then he said.

'Deal'

'Deal'

Father wrote the cheque. The driver loaded the machine into the Jeep. On our way back

Father glared at me in disbelief.

'How did you manage it?'

I clarified. 'Father, when it comes to dealing things with God, priests are the best.'

'But when it comes to dealing with humans, doctors are always the ultimate best.'

He laughed in appreciation. Then I peeked at him and asked.

'On the way back, are we going to commit the same sin again?'

Father gave me a sharp, fierce, hard look and said. 'YOU MAY'



**Dr Inees  
Chiriyankandath**



# THE MISTERY BEHIND THE WEDDING RING



**Dr. Suchitra Sudhir,**  
Kannur OBG Society

It Happened To Us. There's something about our hospital.. all the staff, who join, get married in a jiffy..... It is a phenomenon that even spinsters, in their middle age, get a Prince Charming soon after coming to our Ashraya!

So, when one very pretty girl joined as our Lab Assistant, it came as no surprise that Mr Right landed in front of her eyes and lo and behold...she was to get betrothed to him in a simple ceremony in her hilly home place. As the wedding was to be in faraway Kottayam, we were invited for the ceremony in Kanhirakolli, a beauty spot in the ranges. So we were all eager to attend .

On that day, our staff, about a dozen of them, attired in bright and beautiful sarees, along with me, got into three vehicles and went as a convoy through the dark forests and winding hilly roads to her place.

She had informed the staff about the whereabouts... there was a Church on a hill and a school house just below it, where we were asked to assemble.

It was like a mini tour, the nurses were excited and chattered and laughed delightedly on the way. At last, we reached the place she had

described.

A few cars were there , on the road and some people were standing around the school house. As we climbed up the steps, me in the lead and the troupe of lovely young damsels following me, actually we seemed to be the cynosure of all eyes!

As, I, panting and huffing reached the top, one rather familiar person came out and said, “ Namaskaram Doctor, did you all come here, now? “ He seemed to be looking peculiarly at the troupe of nurses behind me, but he was very polite and asked us to sit. There were school desks arranged on either side of the hall and we seemed to occupy the majority of the chairs...

Quickly, they served some refreshments and tea. I was wondering where our heroine was.... no sign of her! So, I asked one of the women, where is the bride and groom?

She seemed shocked and went and kush kushfied to some of the men. The gentleman who had welcomed us, then came to my side and said, “ Doctor, this is the party for the retirement of our head master. This may not be the function you are intending!”

You can imagine my plight! I turned a bright red or slightly purplish hue and profusely apologised... but the head teacher said, “We are honoured to have you all here.. I remember my daughter had delivered from your hospital and many of the nurses are also familiar!”

Very sheepishly, our band of colourful females thanked them and found our way back to the vehicles... made sure of the real venue and attended the betrothal.. We had a hearty laugh and hoped that we did not finish off all the snacks intended for the real guests of the Head Master!

It happened recently and I still feel embarrassed how we gatecrashed unknowingly into the HM's retirement party!

# A Sunday Tale

By Dr.M .K.Geetha Rajeev.



**Dr.Geetha Rajeev,**  
Kozhikode.

It is rightly said by someone.. .  
“women forgive others’ mistakes but never forget them”. This incident happened many years ago.. but looking back I think we learn a lot not only from our own mistakes but from others’ mistakes also.. and we might find them rather hilarious.. afterwards...

One Saturday evening , during dinner time my husband suddenly announced” Oh I forgot..we have to go for a wedding at Calicut Taj tomorrow morning”.

‘What tomorrow?’...I exclaimed..A chance for going for shopping was doomed..I looked at him suspiciously..Did he purposely announce this at the last hour to avoid my shopping..as he is always criticising about my shopping spree.. But he was looking quite innocent.. Anyway, he is not such a scheming fellow as far as I know..I agreed to go with him though reluctantly..

But I gave him a piece of my mind..” You have made me lose an opportunity for shopping.. Don’t you know that those women who do more shopping live more.... there has been a study about that “

He lost his peace of mind.. poor guy.. But he retorted” Then their husbands will die earlier”

“How”? “ They will have heart attacks seeing the bills”

I didn’t want to start an argument. so I left it at that and opened the wardrobe to find out a suitable saree for the function.. Though there are umpteen number of sarees, finding a suitable one was quite a difficult task... The other problem was with the matching blouse...as I was always expanding sideways, to get my hand out of the sleeves was more tedious than a difficult delivery .If I was more fashionable I would have preferred a sleeveless one...but I did not wish my husband to have a heart attack..

seeing me in a sleeveless attire...

The next day we had to get up early to reach Calicut on time for the marriage.. I donned the newly starched and stiff silk saree.. the dry cleaned one...we tend to look more obese which I thought lowered one’s self esteem... Then the accessory jewellery matching the dress was worn.. When I got into the car, my husband looked at his watch but didn’t make any comments..He was always ready half an hour before the scheduled time..I used to tell him jokingly “Why, are you going to write any exam ,to reach half an hour before the speculated time..”

We reached the Taj and noticed that there were not many cars in the parking area.

We approached the receptionist and enquired about the marriage function. The receptionist replied “There’s a doctors’ CME today. Next Sunday there is a marriage function”. “..What?”..my eyes popped out.. I looked at my husband furiously...He looked like a squirrel who had lost his nuts..as in the malayalam idiom. “You are nuts”...I told and walked back to the car.. Once in the car, I bombarded him with questions...He was very apologetic and said Sorry. Then I told him that a mere sorry would not suffice for a spoilt Sunday.. I should get a saree .He ,who does not like shopping agreed.I deliberately asked him for a saree ,so that he would not do this mistake again.. After that incident ,I make it a point to verify each invitation before going for any function.

# THE LOOSING BATTLE

By **Dr.Laiza Jubee**, Angamaly

Ever since Her Royal Highness, the Awesome Corona Ma'am put in her appearance, I have been fighting a losing battle with my Egoistical Eyes and Nose. Each day when I adorn the protective Goggles and the daunting Mask, I am subject to a series of heart rending screeches and bellows. Initially I cold-shouldered them but when things came to a head, I had a one on one with my babes and these are the insights I had.. All of them are miffed with me because they are not being molly coddled ever since the Mask and Goggles put in their much hated appearance. All my sweethearts are megalomaniacs and I have been dutifully pampering them with all the paraphernalia that goes into the making of a screen goddess. My egocentric Eyes think they're drop dead gorgeous and that they have the beauty that makes people go weak in their knees. I have always been very considerate not to prick this bubble and correct their delusion. They revel and splurge in the lavish spread of all the stuff that goes into making their beauty more sublime. And if I don't comply with their quirky demands, they freeze me with their frosty looks. But ever since Madam Lockdown descended on us with the ubiquitous Mask and Goggles, I have stopped cosseting them and they are terribly peeved with me. Her Royal Highness, my Nose thinks she is Royalty and simply loves to show off her nose pin that embellishes her. She had taken a fancy to nose pins some time back and had constantly egged me on to go for the pierce and in one weak moment I had given in. Her Majesty ensures that she has a nose pin change of guard every week and though it is the most tedious and painful drill, I have always conceded to her condescending commands. But now because of the ever present Mask, I have stepped back from the Royal duty of changing the nose pin every week. And since then, she has been giving me the silent treatment. Signing off for now....

COLLECTED &  
COMPILED BY



**Dr.Laiza Jubee,**  
*Angamaly*





# ANTIQUES AND ANTICS

## Dr Raju Balram



Dr Raju Balram is an avid collector of antique items. There is an interesting story of how he developed this passion . It happened about fifteen years ago . He wanted a Pendulum wall clock for his living room. He went around looking for one , but in shops, new ones were not available because digital clocks had taken over the market. Nobody wanted pendulum clocks! His search took him to watch repair shops . And there they told him that there were many such clocks, as many a times, people who gave the pendulum clock for servicing were not taking them back! And the shops too just wanted to get rid of them. Here was a golden chance to bargain...he got not one , but several such clocks at cheap rates. His search for such items also took Dr Raju to places where old household items were sold...one such is the “Sunday Market”, near the 2nd Railway gate in SM Street in Calicut. Such visits nurtured his interest in old things displayed there.... various things

such as old pots, furniture , clothes, electrical and electronic items , telephones , musical instruments, Gramophones, knives, etc...virtually anything under sun were displayed . He instinctively took a liking for these things and started collecting them. Many people don’t know the value of these antique items, and just wanted to dispose them off. There are others who try to dupe you too, by selling relatively new things as antique items at a huge price. But Dr Raju somehow had a flair for these items, and could easily find out which is new and which is old... Many of these things were made of wood and various metals .He would take them home , clean them up, and polish them . As you can see, the collection is quite big . He got the opportunity to display this collection in his son’s School. A newspaper has published an article on the antique collection of Dr Raju

# Mayur's Old World Collections



Pendulum Clock



Night Lamp Brass



Theyyam Head Dress



Traditional Weighing Equipment



Wooden head to cast



Wooden Torso



Brass Thulasithara



Brass amulet



Glass Cigarette lighter



Iron Cash Box



Iron Cash Box Interior



Wooden Weapons

# Mayur's Old World Collections



Traditional  
Punching Machine



Wooden Grain Scooper



Wooden Oar



Soda bottle



Brass Calling Bell



Glass feeding Bottle



Kerosene Cigarette lighter



Various Shape Bottles



Perfume bottle



Wooden Weapons



Time Piece



Brass Otoscope



# Mayur's Old World Collections



Musical Instrument



Brass Torch



Cash Box



Book Shaped Wooden Box



Candle Stand



Iorn Die Cast



Lime container



Pooja Bell



Music Instrument



Floppy Disc



Time Piece



Brass Knives

# Mayur's Old World Collections



Sindhur Box



Betal Leaf box



Medallions



Milk Pathram



Steel Box



Kindi



Uruli Small



Wooden Storage vessal



Wooden Cosmetic Box



Glass Head



Iron Lamp



Kerosene Lamp

# Mayur's Old World Collections



Pocket Line Docket



Heavy Duty Lock



Sweat Strong Box



Bus/Auto Horn



Alarm Clock



Tiffin Carrier



Kerosene Lamp



Worlds War II Memorabilia



Worlds War II Memorabilia



Long Lay Recorder Play



Wooden Gramophone



Gramophone Disc



## Then and now guess : ANSWERS



01

Dr Jayashree Nayar



02

Dr Elizabeth Jacob



03

Dr Suchithra Sudhir



04

Dr Avani Pillai



05

Dr Hema Warriar



06

Dr Priya Radhakrishnan



07

Dr Sangeetha



08

Dr Mini  
Balakrishnan



09

Dr Megha Jayaprakash

## Then and now guess : ANSWERS



10

Dr Preethy Korah



11

Dr Sathi M



12

Dr Anita Asokan



13

Dr Sinsila Elizabeth



14

Dr Rajamma Rajan



15

Dr Mayadevi Kurup



16

Dr Annie Kuriyan



17

Dr Michelle Antony



18

Dr Shirly John



## MASTER COLLECTORS



Dr. Jayakrishnan



Dr. Suchithra Sudhir

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