



GOVERNMENT MEDICAL COLLEGE SURAT



Med-Image



*Bulletin - 9
with Special COVID-19 Bulletin
August 2020*

Dean
Dr. J. M. Brahmhatt

Medical Superintendent
Dr. Ragini Varma



Dr. J. M. Brahmbhatt
M.S. (Gen. Surgery),
M.Ch. (Plastic Surgery).
Government Medical College,
Surat

Welcome to Government Medical College, Surat and to one of the best college of South Gujarat. Our mission is high quality education, research and service! Our mission as an institution is to teach with creativity and dedication, to heal with quality and compassion, and to inspire discovery and innovation with integrity and resolve! We have outstanding and dedicated faculty in the College. Our ideals, partnerships and unique opportunities enable each of us to live up to the mission. We look forward to supporting the personal and professional growth of our graduate and post graduate students, faculty members as well as our medical fraternity.

Dear Students, I am sure you all have many great and exciting years ahead of you! Everyone has a talent and so do you. Let it shine out...that's all you have to do...! Enjoy this time it is fun! Be courteous and supportive to one another, to your patients and to yourselves. We hope you enjoy your journey as you prepare for your future medical career. I wish you all the best for brilliant future!

Dear Faculty, under your guidance you nurture this young talent, the future medical professionals. Your support and counsel can lift them to great heights. And we grow along with their growth. Let us all together provide this young energy an encouraging environment and a caring culture!

This 9th Bulletin of Med-Image, our e-magazine of GMCS has a special dedicated Supplement Bulletin to COVID-19. The glimpses will remain printed forever, as we all combat through CORONA-Crisis together. The journey is yet not complete, but we are indebted to all who have and still are putting their lives at stake, giving priority to Community Health, maintaining Professional Ethics and Conduct, and working as Front-line CORONA Warriors selflessly just like the soldiers at LoC.

About Us

Government Medical College, Surat was established in the year 1964 with the primary objective of imparting medical education and for extending tertiary level care for the patients of South Gujarat and surrounding regions. Government Medical College is affiliated to Veer Narmad South Gujarat University. The campus sprawling over an area of 130 acres, now houses the main buildings of Medical College, New Civil Hospital, hostel for students and residential quarters for different categories of staff. At present the college admits 250 students for M.B.B.S. degree course every year. College is running PG courses in 22 Broad speciality subjects. Total 177 seats of Post-graduate courses seats are offered in the subjects.

Well experienced & learned faculties cater to the academic needs of UG & PG students of our institute, which is considered best across state of Gujarat. They are supported by efficient administrative and support staff to carry out academic and research activities in the best conducive environment. Institute has well equipped and furnished laboratories & demonstration rooms. Institute has all necessary infrastructure facility with best of the equipments and manpower.

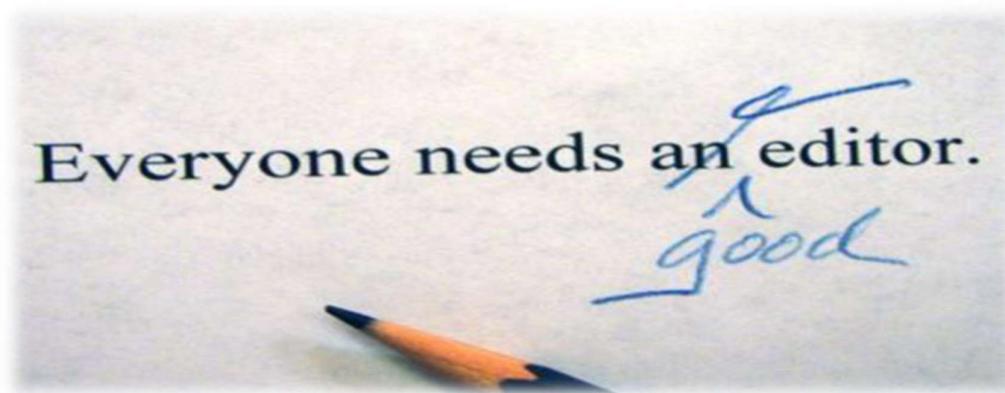
New Civil Hospital, Surat was established before five decades in the year of 1964 with the facility of 300 beds for indoor patients with the primary objective of imparting medical education and for extending tertiary level health care for the patients of South Gujarat and surrounding regions. It was the part of the Government Medical College, Surat which was established in the same year. Gradually, over fifty years, it has grown to the present size and dimensions with teaching- bed capacity of 1150 beds with other 110 beds for ICUs and Special rooms; over and above these.

It caters to the needs of nearly 4000 patients on outdoor basis and on an average 150 to 200 patients are admitted as indoor patients. There are spacious, well ventilated and furnished general wards and special A.C. rooms. Outdoor patient department is well equipped with computerized Registration counters with token system, with separate window for senior citizens and disabled, stretcher & wheel- chair bay, drinking water & sanitation facilities and broad-speciality and super - speciality consultation services. Hospital has its own round the clock Ambulance services with well- equipped ultramodern Ambulance vehicles and 'ICU on Wheels'. To provide latest Healthcare, Medical Education and Research, Hospital is equipped with most sophisticated, ultramodern and state of the art equipment, instruments & diagnostic services.

There are NABL accredited laboratory services for Pathology, Biochemistry and Microbiology and NABH accredited Blood bank in Immuno-histology and Blood Transfusion department. Hospital has its own Nursing college and Physiotherapy College. The ART center of this hospital is awarded the Best ART center in the state serving maximum number of patients with its allied PNC Clinic and STI Clinic.

Now, in last 4 months, a 1000 bedded Designated COVID19 Hospital is functional, and one more 800 bedded is in the last phase of completion.

EDITORIAL REVIEW BOARD



PATRONS

Dean

Dr. J. M. Brahmbhatt

Medical Superintendent

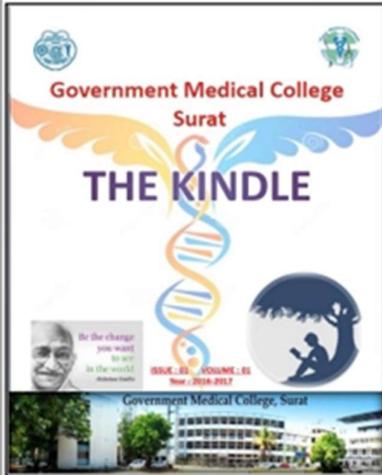
Dr. Ragini Verma

EDITOR

Dr. Ritambhara Mehta

Additional Dean

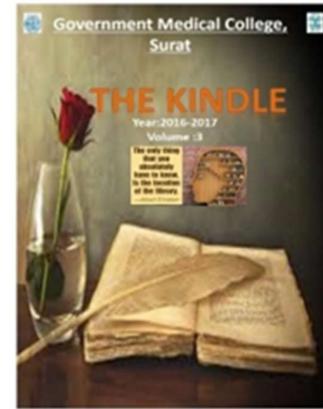
Volume - 1



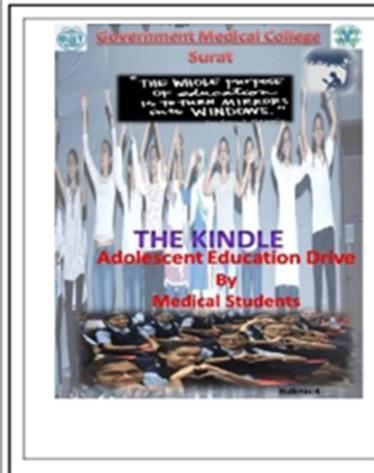
Volume - 2



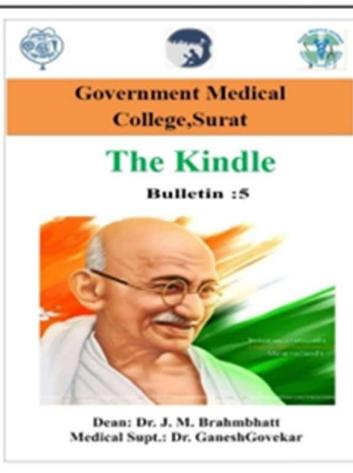
Volume - 3



Volume - 4



Volume - 5



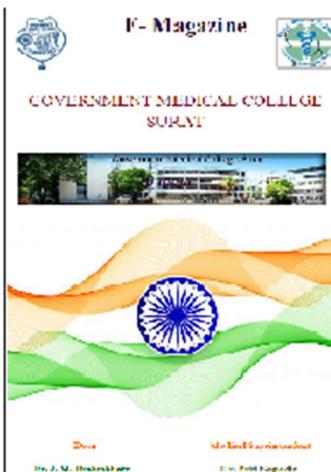
Volume - 6



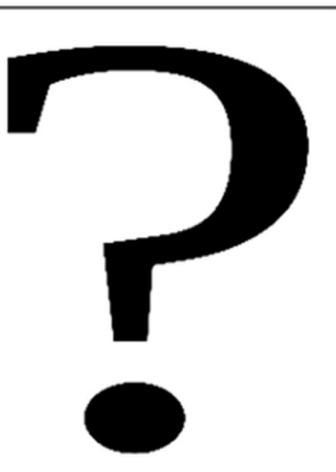
Volume - 7



Volume - 8



Volume -



“DO CONTRIBUTE AND PRINT YOURSELF FOR ETERNITY.”

71st Republic Day Celebrations

26 Jan 2020



CO-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

Importance with Examples



“It is the supreme art of the teacher to awaken joy in creative expression and knowledge.”

- Albert Einstein

Department of PSM arranged a Guest lecture which was delivered by Dr Aditya Gaur, St. Jude Children's Research Hospital, Memphis, USA on 25th February, 2020, on the Topic :*Patient Voices in Healthcare: Pause, Listen, Share*Dr Aditya Gaur discussed empathetic communication by healthcare providers and encouraged students to keep themselves in patient's role and feel that difference. It was attended by faculties, Residents, Interns, UG students and Alumni.



Department of Radio-diagnosis: CME in collaboration with RIA Surat on 15th February 2020.



Two PGs selected from GMC Surat for MD Thesis financial assistance from ICMR.

1. DrShambhaviVerma, Department of PSM, Guide:Dr J K Kosambiya

Topic of thesis: "Factors associated with viral suppression and non - suppression among PLHIV on 2nd line ART Centre of South Gujarat :A mixed method study

2. DrHariPriyankaDept of Radiology, Guide:DrPurvi Desai

Topic of thesis: "Cross sectional study of Three Vessels Tracheal view in diagnosing Congenital Heart Disease in Fetus at 18-20 weeks of gestation in correlation with Standard Four Chambered View".

World Cancer Day- Awareness campaign organised in the presence of PadmashriYezdiKaranjiya. Skit play was performed by Nursing students portraying the causes & consequences of cancer & preventive & precautionary measures for it.



An International CME AIICME-2020 conducted by BJMC, Ahmadabad in collaboration with AIPNA and ICP from 31st January to 2nd February. Dr.Mandakini Patel, Prof. Pathology, GMCS chaired a poster presentation session as a judge in the CME. 7 Posters were presented from GMC Surat. Two residents from Pathology department secured awards for poster presentation. Dr. KomalPaghadhar- 'Congenital Malaria'
Dr. RazvinSomani- 'Solid Pseudo papillary Pancreatic Neoplasm'.



Department of Community Medicine organized a Workshop with IAPSM-GC on 28th February 2020 on "Air Pollution: Public Health Concern of Recent Times". 150 delegates from interdisciplinary departments: Community Medicine, Gen. Medicine, Paediatric, Respiratory Medicine, Microbiology, Pathology, SMC Health, SMC Engineering & Architecture , NGOs attended the workshop. Guest speakers of National repute shared their knowledge, experience & vision with audience.

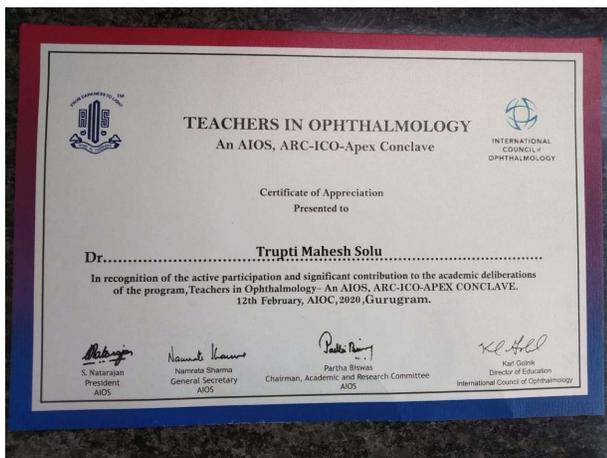




GMCS Medical Education Unit under the Monitoring & mentor ship of MEU Coordinator DrArpitaNishal; successfully organised a 3 day Revised Basic workshop in Medical education Technologies from 4-6 March 2020 at Government medical college Surat, under guidance of MCI nodal centre, PS Medical College Karamsad. There were 30 participants comprising of Professors, Associate Professors, Assistant Professors and tutors .It was an effective workshop which adhered to all the requirements of MCI for a Revised Basic MET Workshop.



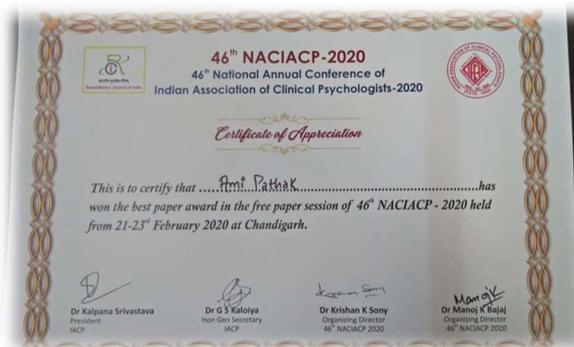
Dr. TruptiSolu, Associate Professor at Ophthalmology Department delivered an oration at AIOS Teachers' Conclave on 12th February, 2020 at Gurugram. Her topic was "Training in wetlab before surgery on patient - Required or not". She was appreciated for her contributions as a Teacher in Ophthalmology.



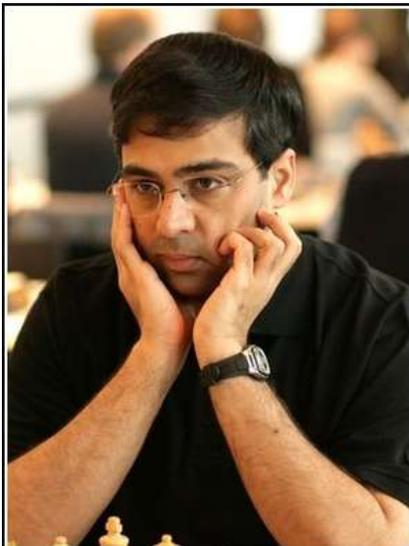
Assistant Professor Dr Vishal Mandlewala from Department of Orthopaedics has completed Fellowship in Arthroscopy and Sports Trauma at BG-Unfallklinik, Tubingen, Germany as well as Fellowship in Shoulder and Elbow Advanced Arthroscopy and Arthroplasty at Hopedale Cervesi, Cattolica, Italy.



Ms. Ami Pathak, Clinical Psychologist from Department of Psychiatry won the Best paper award in scientific session paper titled "Role of Clinical Psychologists in dealing with Juvenile Delinquency: Concept, Factors and Intervention Plan" in 46th National Annual Conference of Indian Association of Clinical Psychologists (46th NACIACP-2020) held on 21-23 February, 2020 at Chandigarh.



Extra Curricular Activity



Parents, first and foremost, it is important to... understand and recognise the activities your child is naturally gravitating towards. It's important also to ensure that your child likes what he or she is doing. I believe in exposing children to as many hobbies and extracurricular activities as possible.

— *Viswanathan Anand* —

AZ QUOTES

GMCS-Students' Sports Festivals: Volleyball tournament... few Glimpses!



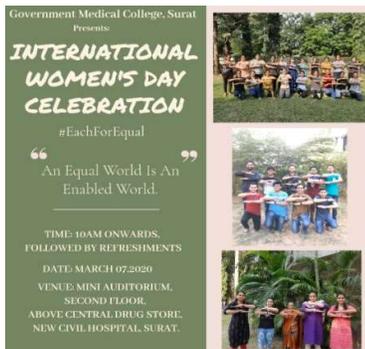
GMCS-Students' Sports Festivals: Kho-Kho Teams... few Glimpses!



DrChetanAcharya, Head of the Department of Pharmacology, won Gold medal in chess in our College Sports Week, Zest 2020.



International Women's day celebration



The first College event that was cancelled due to CORONA, but the Spirit of women was high as always. Digital Diaries created beautiful images with the theme as 'EQUALITY'



International YOGA-Day

Yoga is very important for exercising and relaxing the body. It makes the mind and body both calm. GMCS shared a Yoga instructional video. All did Yoga at Home and shared online in these CORONA times.



STUDENT CORNER

Our 1st MBBS student SheetalYadav, from Batch 101, won the FIRST Prize in POETRY Competition held on the theme of CORONA WARRIORS by VNSGU. Her poem is quite inspirational for all the CORONA WARRIORS.



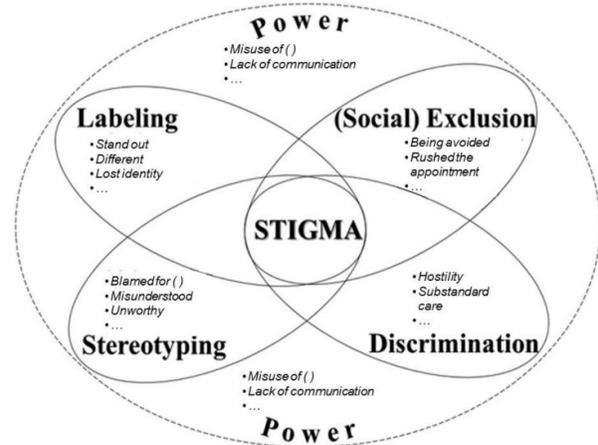
कोरोना वॉरियर्स

मानवता इनका धर्म है,
जन कल्याण इनका कर्म है।
महामारी के हैं ये प्रबल योद्धा,
कोरोना वॉरियर्स है इनका सम्बोधन।
कोई अस्पताल में उपचार में जुटा है,
तो कोई सड़कों पर जनता को सावधान करने में लगा है,
तो कहीं दवाइयों पर शोध है जारी,
कोरोना के विरुद्ध हमें ही है बाज़ी मारनी।
इनका भी मन कहता है,
घर जाना है, अपनों को गले लगाना है।
थक गए हैं ये भी,
आराम इन्हें भी करना है।
अपने जज्बातों से ये घबराते नहीं।
मुसीबत को पीठ दिखाकर भागते नहीं।
मौत का खौफ इन्हें सताता नहीं।
जरूरत मंदो को असहाय छोड़ देना इन्हें आता नहीं।
एक ने पत्थर बरसाए,
तो दूजे ने हाथ काटा,
तीजे ने महामारी फैलाई,
और चौथे ने अभद्रता दिखाई।
इन्होंने नहीं संयम छोड़ा,
अपने विवेक से समस्या का हल खोजा।
ना खाकी ने रौब दिखाया,
ना चिकित्सको ने अभिमान का कोट पहना।
सुपर हीरों की इस दुनिया में,
इन्होंने जाँबाज़ी दिखाई है।
जीतेंगे हम कोरोना से,
कोरोना वॉरियर्स ने कसम खाई है।
- शीतल यादव

लोग क्या कहेंगे?

ज़िंदगी के दिन चार,
मत करो उन्हें 'लोग क्या कहेंगे' पर कुर्बान।
उनके कहने से नहीं होगा जीना आसान,
खुद हो जाओगे हलाल।
बेबाकी से अपने मन की करो।
जो सही लगे, वो रास्ता चुनो।
बाल की खाल उखाड़नेवाले हैं हज़ार,
उनकी बातों पर मत दो ध्यान।
बिना हड्डी की है ज़ुबान,
इससे क्यों तोलना अपने ज़मीर का गोदाम।
नकामियाबी है कुछ देर की मेहमान,
आगे बैठा है खुशियों का आसमान;
यही लोग तब गाएंगे तुम्हारा गुण- गान।
ज़िंदगी के दिन चार,
मत करो उन्हें 'लोग क्या कहेंगे' पर कुर्बान।

-शीतल यादव, Batch – 101





Polychrome

The White hot sun rises and shines,
Nurturing toddlers in,
The great grass fields; the kids lick winds,
And shine a naive grin.

Few differences is all it takes,
For trust to Gray and rust,
And forge the fathomless chaos,
Tick tock tick tock and burst!

Black night cools the sweat of women and
men,
Who toiled in poverty.
The Black night lulls the draughts of rich,
Who thirst for new morn's tea.

The shades of Green are not just seen,
In tall trees and short grass.
Its human counterpart creates,
Discordance and contrast.

The Silver tongues preach big fat lies.
Golden truth naught for them.
Their glitter shatters sacred faith,
Causing scores of mayhem.

The Crimson blood runs yards apart,
Distance changes it not.
Yet difference calls for it to shed,
And spill and daub and blot.

The boundless Blues of morbid depths,
Engulfs the naive mind.
And swallows it in vile vortex,
To purge the last of kind.

They sit in silent silent rooms,
And yearn for them to turn.
Lonely Yellow mellow pages,
That keep treasures to learn.

Tick tock tick tock it ticks and ticks,
Counting down pale doom,
Amongst the shadows that awaits,
Colourless wails to boom.

A brush away is Colourful love,
Coveted in palette,
So paint and paint and paint in love!
The Canvas free of hate!

~DhruvParmar, Batch 97, GMCS, 3rd year

A poem of Adolescent Confusion of Gender Expression

लड़के मजबूत होते हैं, कहा था लोगोंने!
पर मजबूत तो लोहे भी होते है!
मेरा सवाल जो पढ़ रहे हो,
पता है, की कल उसकी मर्दानगी भी एक सवाल था?

आज जिसे हस्ता हुआ देख रहे हों,
पता है, की कल रोया था?

लड़के रोते नहीं, ज़माने से रिवाज है!
पर ज़ज्बात लिंग तो नहीं देखते,
मेरी उठी आवाज जो पढ़ रहे हो,
पता है, की कल तक वहीं अल्फाज़ दबाया हुआ था?

आज जिसे हस्ता हुआ देख रहे हों,
पता है, की कल रोया था?

एक ढांचे मे रखे हुए लिंगों की व्याख्या अब बदलने को है,
और समय उसका निर्माण करेगा!
मेरे खयाल को जो तुम पढ़ रहे हो,
पता है, की कल तक वो दफनाया गया था?

आज जिसे हस्ता हुआ देख रहे हों,
पता है, की कल रोया था?

By MentalDoc



“A Girl”

Darkness.Darkness.Darkness. And then suddenly, I got almost blinded by light. I had no orientation of where I was. Heck, I was having trouble placing who I was. I tried to block the light from flooding these things in my head that were helping me see (I was having a hard time remembering what they were called), but to my horror, I realised that I had no control over my body. I could barely feel it, let alone try and move a part. I could listen though, because the world around me subsequently filled with horrific and agonising cries of someone, even as my see-things began to adjust to the incessant attack of brightness. And then, I felt it. The cold touch of a stranger that I could see in a blur. The touch felt squishy to my body, like someone was touching a semi-liquid jelly that was applied all over the brown layer that was covering my body. My vision focused on the this strange person, who all of a sudden, turned me over and hit me with quite some intensity on my back. I felt a sudden burst of emotion running throughout my core and I had the sudden urge to draw water from my see-things. As I let loose and started crying inconsolably, I felt a strong gush of air rushing inside and filling up what seemed like my entire body for the first time. It was something that I had never felt before in my entire life. Over my crying, I heard someone say something, upon which I realised that I did not understand the language they were speaking in. I could see the now relatively dimly lit room, the three people standing in it and another one lying down, looking exhausted because of the howls that she'd been making earlier. I felt a wave of love towards that person, which was peculiar, considering the fact that I did not even know her. In fact, I did not know anyone in that room. My head was spinning, even as one of people standing did the unthinkable and cut the long fleshy thread connecting me to the person lying besides me into two. It wasn't too painful, thankfully. Then she picked me up with no apparent difficulty and covered me with a white cloth. I suddenly felt much warmer and drier, which made me realise that I'd been feeling quite cold before. The person then walked forward with me and gave me to the person that was lying down. I still couldn't understand what they was saying. I was wondering what that word meant which they were repeating quite a lot. As my head was pushed forward to the pair of heaving round structures on that person's bosom, I still kept wondering about that word. Even as I instinctively opened the cavity in my head which I'd used earlier to cry and latched on one of those two round things, I still couldn't stop thinking about what that word meant. Even as that gaping hole in my face filled with white fluid that seemed to meet all my requirements at the moment, my mind was still holding onto that word from the conversation between the two people in the room. "A girl", they'd said. I wondered for another moment about it before letting it go and completely immersing myself in the task in front of me.

I didn't know if it was a problem or if it was just normal, but all I did for the next 24 hours was cry like my life depended on it, gulped down the elixir that was the white fluid whenever I was allowed to do so, drift in and out of consciousness and soiled myself way too often. I'd found out by eavesdropping on the people in the house that the person that was providing me with the 'milk' (as the white fluid was apparently called) was my 'mother', whatever that meant. But it implied one thing, that it was her womb that I crawled out from, and I wondered if that would explain the inexplicable feeling of warmth that I felt around her. I would cry and cry, but every time my mother picked me up, I would gaze at her tired face and instantly felt my yelps getting alleviated as if on cue. Her face would form creases on her forehead and get contorted into different shapes, and if I didn't know any better, I could've sworn that it was the face of someone who wasn't too happy to see me.

Utter darkness had enveloped me. I was trapped inside this pitch blackness, unable to move save for a few kicks every few minutes. I tried crying out loud for my mother to hear me but no sound came out. Instead, I drank a large gulp of a fluid that had me suspended in what felt like weightlessness. I was terrified that this darkness would consume me, and I was certain that I would drown in this fluid that had engulfed me. I cried out again in desperation and thrashed about my prison, swallowing more and more of this liquid death. I became conscious of my breathing, and by doing so, I realised that I wasn't. There was no heaving of my chest, no short shallow rapid hungry breaths of air. It was almost as if I needed one of those sharp pats on my back to make me gasp for air. And then, I realised that all of this looked vaguely familiar. I wondered if this had already happened to me before. I had barely begun to process the realisation that all of this might be happening in my head when I woke up to more darkness.

I was confused. I was supposed to get pulled out of the unilluminated crevice of my mind when I woke up. That's what had been happening every time I starved myself out of sleep, or ejected brown milk through the rear, which was usually followed by my waking up and crying my soul out till someone took care of it. But this time, the darkness persisted. I could not see anything even at a grabbing distance. The pitch black environment, even though unsettling, was not something that demanded my highest concern at the moment. I realised that even though I'd woken up, the wet surroundings around me hadn't vanished. The liquid that touched me was colder, and more fluid than the one threatening to suffocate me in my sleep. The lack of breathing that I'd been picturing in my sleep was now turning into a reality as the fluid was filling up the dark void. The most frightening thing though, was this alien sound that was resonating all around me that seemed to be coming from beyond the darkness. This constant splattering sound that I'd never heard before made me aware of every breath that I took, or was it the fact that I'd started to drink some of this fluid around me with my every instance of inhaling? Either way, it was enough for me to start crying again, which was a bad idea, because it sped up the rate at which I was gulping down this fluid. I had given up all illusion of control, seeing that I couldn't even move my own body. I kept on crying, hoping that my mother would hear me and come to my rescue. My head started feeling light, and I began to drift in and out of consciousness. I was waiting for the darkness to swallow me. The darkness that I had seen and lived in for months before I got almost blinded by light the day my mother pushed me out of her womb. I did not understand much of what was happening, but I could feel that it wasn't pleasant. It was inherently uncomfortable, and the suffocation was crippling. And just like that, as I was getting ready for the sleep I knew I would not get up from, the darkness of my sky cracked in two, nearly blinding me with light a second time and splattering me with more of the fluid I'd been drinking, before all went dark again.

I was standing at the beginning of a long alleyway. It went straight down the middle and kept on going for a long way, with stone walls arched around its sides, completely blocking any view beyond them, before ending at the foot of a giant door, gaping open, bright light emanating from it. Although I preferred the darkness more, simply because I was more used to it, this brightly lit doorway had something appealing about it. Something almost calming. I was lying there on that alleyway on my back, not seeing anything except that bright light at the far end. I realised that even though I couldn't use my body, in this place, I didn't need to. I just had to think in my mind about moving towards the light and my body followed suit, no matter how slowly.

There were a lot of beeping sounds and loud voices coming from the room. I still couldn't see anything, probably because I wasn't fully conscious. But the squeezing suffocation came back, along with a sharp burning pain in my neck. I could listen to this cacophony too, much to my displeasure as it was so much worse than the calm and tranquillity of the long alleyway I was in a few moments ago, patiently floating towards the light. "Outside in the storm", I heard someone say. I wondered what a 'storm' was. More beeps followed. "Box outside a church", someone else chimed in. More questions bubbled in my head. "Barely looks a day old", the first voice continued. "Aspirated quite some water", a third voice said. I didn't know what 'aspirated' meant, but I was sure I'd heard my mother say 'water' before, whatever it suggested. More chatter in the room. "Wait outside", the third voice continued in a commanding tone, before the sounds got lost in the darkness again.

I was back at the alleyway, cruising along towards the beacon beyond the doorway. It seemed much closer now than the last time I was here. The pain and the suffocation had gone. I didn't realise that the first time, but feeling it again in the room full of shouts and beeps made me more aware of its absence this time. I couldn't explain what it was that I was feeling in this alleyway that was so much better than being in that loud room. As I inched closer to the source of the light, I wondered where my mother was.

"She's critical", was the first voice I heard when I got transported back into that room. The pain returned. I could feel my face stuffed with something. I couldn't cry. But at least the suffocation had subsided. "Keep her intubated", I heard the commanding voice say. I was starving. I longed for the milk from my mother's bosom. But she was not here. I wondered if I would be even able to latch on to her if she were here, seeing that my face was so stuffed that I couldn't even cry. I also heard words and phrases tossed around here and there that I didn't know the meaning of. "Inhumane" was used a couple of times. "Monsters" made its appearance a few times. "Parents" and "father" was used quite a lot along with "mother", which peaked my

interest. But sadly, I didn't have enough knowledge of the tongue they were speaking in to make any sense of it all. I got tired of the pain. I felt hungry. I felt cold. I wanted to go back to the alleyway where I felt none of this. As if on cue, my mind began to drift into haziness. It made the room in the backdrop fill with loud beeps and fierce shouts. "We're losing her" was the last phrase I heard before it all stopped.

The door at the end was only a little farther away now. I was almost there, merely a few steps away from that light. Somehow, I felt that as soon as I went through there, that was it. Somehow, I knew that I would never have to go back to that room again, filled with pain and noise and discomfort, as soon as my body crossed the threshold of that doorway and touched the light. I did not know for certain what was happening right now, and honestly, I didn't really care anymore. My entire being gravitated towards it. The soothing calm was almost overpowering, and it consumed me completely as I floated through the doorway into the light.

By Dr. ShubhamGovani, 1st year Psychiatry Resident



"Doctor in Coma"

Mayhem in Trauma, A Doctor in coma..

He was meant to serve in the ICU, Not get admitted there himself..

He was meant to heal the wounds, Not get wounded himself..

The scar on his face runs deep..

He was meant to fix broken bones, Not get broken himself..

He was meant to stop the blood, Not get bloodied himself..

The scar on his face runs deep..

Pain, misery, agony-

he was supposed to heal them, Not himself feel them..

Thousand sleepless nights he had stayed awake, Putting his own health at stake..

Yes, he did want some sleep and rest, But not at the cost of getting detained for protest..

What an irony, there was nobody who was ready to protect!

How could he keep his soul intact? Even the law chose to ignore the fact..

Injustice and law, had made a wicked pact..

Behind the black blindfolds, Nobody knew, judiciary had developed a senile cataract..

The scar on his face runs deep..

~ Dr. DevashishPalkar, Psychiatry Resident

STAFF CORNER

દીવો ઝળહળે ...

દીવા તળે અંધારું મળે
છતાંય દીવા ઝળહળે !

મન અને આંખો લડે
એમાં જીવ આખેઆખો બળે !

જે જેટલું નીચે પડે
એ એટલું ઉપર ચડે ?

ફૂલની આંખમાં ઝાકળ રડે
કાંટાનો સ્પર્શ સળવળે !

કોઈને યાદોનો કાફલો નડે
કોઈથી જીવાય જ એના વડે !

એ વિષ પીને પણ હું જીવી શકું
તારા નામનું જો ટીપું ભળે !

By " Misari " (Dr. Khushbu Shah)

હારજીત

માત્ર જીતમાં કઈ મજા નથી દોસ્તો,
ક્યારેક હારમાં પણ હિત હોય છે.

ચણાવી લો ભલે જીતનો મહેલ,
પાયામાં પરાજયની ઈંટ હોય છે.

ને પરસેવાની સોડમે મહેકે એ,
યત્નો બાદનું ગીત આનંદિત હોય છે.

હોય માનુષ ગમે તેટલી ટોચે,
દિલની તળેટીએ અતીત હોય છે.

કોઈ કોઈને કળી શકતું નથી, ભાઈ
સૌની વચ્ચે હવાની ભીંત હોય છે.

By "Misari" (Dr. Khushbu Shah)

Assistant Professor,

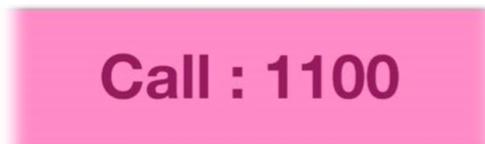
Department of Pathology, GMC, Surat

IMPORTANT WEB LINKS

- College website – www.gmc Surat.edu.in
- New Civil Hospital – www.nchs Surat.org
- College on social media : FB - @governmentmedicalcollegesurat
Twitter - @gmc Surat
- VNSGU University - www.vnsgu.ac.in
- MCI - www.mciindia.org
- Health & Family Welfare Department, Government of Gujarat –
www.gujhealth.gujarat.gov.in
- Ministry of Health & Family Welfare, Central Govt – www.mohfw.nic.in
- <https://antiragging.in> (How to fill An Online Anti Ragging Undertaking)
- www.amanmovement.org (How to fill An Online Anti Ragging Affidavit)



Psychosocial Support





GOND ART
BY
DR. ANJALI MODI (DEPARTMENT: COMMUNITY MEDICINE) &
HER SON RAGHAV

FOLLOW US:

 [@governmentmedicalcollegesurat](https://www.facebook.com/governmentmedicalcollegesurat)

 [@gmcsurat](https://twitter.com/gmcsurat)

 www.gmcsurat.edu.in